

Tàladh ar Slànaighir  
Ranald Rankin

Ranald Rankin was born in Fort William in 1811 and was priest in Moidart until 1855 when he emigrated to Australia. Gaelic Society of Inverness, Volume XV, p239 (1888-89). Tune - Cumha Mhic Arois (Margaret Fay Shaw, *Folksongs and Folklore of South Uist*, 1986, p154). Translation – Gordon Barr.

Tàladh Ar Slànaighir

Mo ghaol, mo ghradh, is m' fheudail thu,  
M' ionntas ùr is m' èibhneas thu,  
Mo mhacan aluinn ceutach thu,  
Chan fhiù mi fèin bhì 'd dhàil.  
*Aleluiah, Aleluiah, Aleluiah, Aleluiah,*

Ge 'mòr an t-aobhar cliù dhomh e,  
'S mòr an aobhar curaim e,  
'S mòr an t-aobhar ùmhlachd e,  
Rìgh nan dùl 'bhi 'm làimh.

Ged 's leanamh diblidh thu,  
Cinnteach 's Rìgh nan Rìghrean thu,  
'S tu 'n t-oighre dligheach, firinneach  
Air Rìoghachd Dhè nan gràs.

Ged is Rìgh na glòrach thu  
Dhiult iad an tìgh-osda dhuit,  
Ach chualas ainglean solasach  
'Toirt gloir don Tì is àird.

Bu mhòr solas agus ioghnadh  
Buachaillean bochda nan caorach,  
'Nuair chual iad na h-ainglean a' glaothaich,  
"Thainig Slànaighear chun an t-saoghail."

B'e sin an ceol, 's an naigheachd aghmhor  
'Sheinn na h-ainglean anns na h-ardaibh,  
Ag innseadh gu'n d'rugadh Slànaighear  
Am Betlehem, am baile Dhaibhidh.

B'e sin sgeula binn nam beannachd,  
Mun aoidh a rinn tearnachd gu talamh,  
Chan ioghnadh mi 'bhi mùirneach, geanail,  
Is gile na ghrian mo leanamh.

Dh' fhoillsich reulta dha na rìghrean,  
Lean iad mar iùil gu deas,  
Fhuair iad 'n am achlais fhèin thu,  
Is rinn iad ùmhlachd dhuit gu làr.

Thairg iad òr dhuit, mirr is tùis,  
Thug iad aoradh dhuit is cliù,  
B'e turas an àigh don triùir,  
'Thainig a shealtuinn mo rùin.

The Attraction of our Saviour

My love, my dear one, you are my treasure, my new  
wealth and my joy. You are my beautiful and  
attractive little son. I myself am not worthy of being  
your contact.

How big for me is the cause of his reputation and  
how big the cause of his caring and how big is the  
reason for his humbleness to be, in my hands, the  
King of Creation.

Although you are a lowly child, it is certain that you  
are the King of Kings. You are the lawful and  
truthful heir to the kingdom of God of Graces.

Although you are the King of Glories, they refused  
the hostel to you. But comforting angels will be  
heard giving glory to the highest of beings.

There was great joy and wonder for the poor sheep  
herdsmen when they heard angels calling out "A  
Saviour has come to the world".

That was the joyful music and news which the  
angels sang when they said that the Saviour had  
been born in Bethlehem, David's town.

That was the sweet tale of the blessings about the  
traveller who descended to earth. It is no surprise  
for me to be cheerful and happy and that the boy in  
his sunlight is my child.

Stars rose to the kings and they continued to the  
south in direction. They got you right under their  
own armpit and they brought humbleness to earth  
for you.

They offered to you gold, myrrh and incense. They  
gave you adoration and reputation. It was a journey  
of joy for the three. My love came to behold it.

'O na dh'innis aingeal Dè dhuinn  
Gun robh 'n fhoill an cridhe Heroid,  
Dh' fhalbh sinne leat don Eiphit  
Ga sheachnadh mun deanta beud ort.

O! 'Heroid a chridhe chruaidh,  
Cha choisinn d'imleachd dhuit buaidh,  
'S lionar mathair dh'fhàg thu truagh,  
'S tu dian an tòir air bàs mo luaidh.

'S fhada, fhada, bho Iudea,  
Tearuinte bho d' chlaidheamh geur e,  
'Measg nam mac cha d'fhuair thu fein e,  
'S fallain, slàn thu, 's fàth dhomh èibhneas.

Dh'aindeoin do mhi-rinn is d'fharmaid,  
Bidh mo mhac-sa cliuteach, ainmeil,  
Cha chuir e uigh an òr na'n airgiod,  
A rìoghachd cha rìoghachd thalmhaidh.

Gur galach, brònach, tùrsach iad  
An drast ann an Ierusalem,  
A' caoidh nam macan ùra sin,  
'S b' e 'n diubhail 'n cur gu bàs.

Tha Rachel an diugh fo bhròn,  
A' caoidh a pàisdean aluinn, òg,  
'S frasach air a gruaidh na deoir  
Bho nach eil iad aice beò.

Tha mi 'g altrum Rìgh na mòrachd,  
'S mise mathair Dhè na gloire -  
Nach buidhe, nach sona dhomhsa,  
Tha mo chridhe làn do shòlas.

Thainig, thainig am Messiah,  
Fhuair na fàidhean uile 'n guidhe,  
'S fhada bhon b' àill leotha thu thighinn,  
'S aluinn thu air mo ruighe.

A ghnothach gu talamh cha b'fhaoin e,  
Cheannach sàbhaladh chloinn daoine,  
'S e 'm Fear-rèite 's am Fear-saoraidh,  
Is e 'n Slànui'ear gràdhach caomh e.

Ciamar a dh' eirich dhomhsa  
'Measg an t-sluaigh a bhi cho sònraicht' ?  
'S e toil is cumhachd na glòire  
Mac bhi agam ged is òigh mi.

'S mise fhuair an ulaidh phriseil,  
Uiseil, uasal, luachmhor, fhìnealt,  
'N diugh cha dual dhomh bhi fo mhighèan,  
'S coltach ri brùadar an fhìrinn.

After an angel of God told us that there was deceit  
in Herod's heart, we left with you for Eiphit, hiding  
before blows were made on you.

Oh! Herod of the hard heart, your perfection will  
not win for you any victory and the mother, whom  
you made miserable as you went fiercely in pursuit  
of my loved one, will be replenished.

It's far, far away from Judea that he is rescued from  
sharp swords. Of all the sons you yourself were not  
affected. You are sound and healthy and you are a  
cause of gladness for me.

Despite your ill-will and your envy, *my* son will be  
famous and well known. He will not put away gold  
or silver from any kingdom, not any earthly  
kingdom.

What tearful, sorrowful, sad people they are now in  
Jerusalem, lamenting for those new little sons and it  
was the devil who put them to death.

Rachel is sorrowful today, lamenting for her young  
beautiful babies and there's a shower of tears on her  
cheek, since she does not have them alive.

I am fostering the King of Majesty. I am a mother  
of the God of Glory – isn't it lucky and happy for  
me. My heart is full of comfort.

The Messiah came and came, and all the prophets  
got their prayers. It's a long time since they longed  
for you to come. You are beautiful on my forearm.

His errand to earth was not silly, nor was his buying  
salvation for mankind's children. He is their  
reconciliation and atonement person and he is a  
loving and dear Saviour.

How did it happen for me to be so special among  
people? It is the will and power of glory for me to  
have a son, even though I am a virgin.

It's I who got a pricely treasure, useful, noble  
valuable and gentle. Today I don't expect to be  
displeased but to be like a dreamer of truth.

Cha tuig ainglean naomh no daoine  
Gu là deireannach an t-saoghail  
Meud do thròcair is do ghaoil-sa,  
Tighinn a ghabhail coluinn daonnta.

Bheir mi moladh, bheir mi aoradh,  
Bheir mi cliù dhuit, bheir mi gaol dhuit,  
Tha thu agam air mo ghàirdean,  
'S mi tha sona thar chloinn daoine.

Mo ghaol an t-suil a sheallas tlà,  
Mo ghaol an cridh 'tha liont 'le gràdh,  
Ged is leanamh thu gun chàil  
'S lionmhor buaidh tha ort a' fàs.

M' ulaidh, m' aighear, is mo luaidh thu,  
Rùn, is gaol, is gràdh an t-sluaigh thu;  
'S tus' an Tì a bheir dhoibh fuasgladh  
Bho chuibhreach an namhaid uaibhrich.

'S tu Rìgh nan rìgh, 's tu naomh nan naomh,  
Dia am Mac thu 's sìorruidh d'aois;  
'S tu mo Dhia 's mo leanamh gaoil,  
'S tu àrd cheann-feadhna 'chinne-daonn'.

'S tusa grian gheal an dòchais,  
Chuireas dorchadas air fògairt;  
Bheir thu clann-daoin' bho staid bhrònaich  
Gu naomhachd, soillearachd, is eòlas.

Thigeadh na sloigh chur ort failte -  
Dheanadh ùmhlachd dhuit mar Shlanaighear,  
Bidh sòlas mòr am measg sìol Adhamh -  
Thainig am Fear-saoraidh, thainig!

Thig a pheacaidh, na biodh sgàth ort,  
Gheibh thu na dh' iarras tu 'ghràsan;  
Ged bhiodh do chiontan dearg mar sgàrlaid  
Bidh d'anam geal mar shneachd nan àrd-bheann.

Hosanah do Mhac Dhàibhidh,  
Mo Rìgh, mo Thighearna, 's mo Shlànair;  
'S mòr mo shòlas bhith 'gad thàladh,  
'S beannaichte am measg nam mnàì mi.

Until the last day of the world neither saints nor  
people will understand the size of your mercy nor  
your love for coming to take humane bodies.

I will give you praise, I will give worship, I will  
give glory, I will give love. I have you in my arms.  
I am happy more so than people's children.

My love is the eye that looks tender, my love is the  
heart which is filled with love, although you are a  
child without anything, it is a plentiful victory  
which is growing on you.

My treasure, my joy, my love, you are a passion, a  
darling and an affection. You are the One who will  
give to them resolution, away from the chain of the  
proud enemy.

You are the King of kings and the saint of saints,  
the Son of God and your age is everlasting. You  
are my God and my baby love. You are the leader  
of mankind.

You are the bright sun of hope who will put  
darkness into exile. You will take mankind away  
from any sorry condition to holiness, brightness and  
knowledge.

The crowds would come to welcome you – homage  
would be made for you as a Saviour. There will be a  
great joy among Adam's seed. The liberator came,  
yes he came.

Sinning will come, don't be afraid. You will get  
what you wish from graciousness. Although your  
faults would be as red as scarlet, your soul will be  
white like the snow on high hills.

Hosannah to David's Son, my king, my Lord, my  
Saviour; I hope greatly that I soothe you and that I  
will be blessed among women.