



Fuaran – iomairt dualchais le Fèisean nan Gàidheal

Laoidh Spioradail (taghadh de cheathramhan)

Laoidh le Aonghas MacAonghais

Gur muldach a tha mi
'S mi ri àireamh sios mo lochd:
Chan urrainn mi ga àicheadh
Nach eil fàillinn ann am chorp;
Ged fhuair mi 'n creideamh gràs mhor
Chum mo shàbhaladh bhon olc,
'S e dòchas agus gràdh
A bheireadh slàinte do mo lot.

'S e creideamh an ciad iarrtas
'Tha riatanach 'thoirt duinn,
A thogas dhinn na fiachan
A bha riamh oirnn bho thùs.
Ar leam gur mòr na miarailtean
'Rinn Crìosda 's an lagh ùr
Nuair nìtear clann do Dhia dhinn
Leis na briathran leis a' bhùrn.

'S e gaol do Dhia 's d' ar nàbaidh
Suim nam fàintean sin gu léir;
Ma ghlèidheas sinn na dhà sin
Cumar càch leinn air an rèir: -
Na reachdan sin cho cruaidh oirnn
Air son ar buannachd fhèin

www.feisean.org/fuaran

Fuaran – a Fèisean nan Gàidheal heritage initiative

Spiritual Hymn (some verses)

A Hymn by Angus MacInnes

I am downcast
And numbering out my flaws:
I cannot deny
That I am unblemished;
Though I received the grace of faith
To deliver me from evil
Hope and love
Would bring healing to my wound.

Faith is the first requirement
That is essential for us to receive,
That will free us from the debts
That were always ours from the start.
Methinks in abundance are the miracles
Christ accomplished in the new law
When we are made God's children
By the word and the water.

Love for God and our neighbour
Is the sum of all the commandments.
If we keep those two
We will keep the others accordingly.
Those edicts so hard on us
For our own advantage,



'S gun aithnichear am buadhannan
'N ar gluasad anns gach ceum.

Tha sòlas anns na flathas
A bhith 'n làthair cathair Dhé;
Cha do thomhais aon neach fhathast e
'Tha 'labhairt às a bheul:
Chan fhaca sùil 's cha chuala cluais,
'S cha do smaointich neach fo 'n ghréin
A mhiad 's a th' aig ar Slànaighear
Mu mhuinntir ghràdhach fhéin.

Tha buaidhean an Dia fhiughantaich
Gun tùs, gun chrìoch, gun cheann;
Gu lèir dhomh air gach taobh dhomh iad
Ged bhitheadh mo shùilean dall.
Tha 'ghnìomhannan mar leabhar
'Bhiodh mu 'm chomhair ann am làimh,
'S ged 'thionndainn mìle duilleag
Chì mi tuilleadh 's an taobh thall.

Their virtues will be seen
In every step we take.

There is comfort in the kingdom
In the presence of God's throne;
Not one person has yet measured
The words of His mouth.
Eye has not seen and ear not heard
And no-one has imagined
All that the Saviour has
For His own beloved people.

The attributes of our generous God
Are limitless, endless, eternal.
I see them all around me
Although my eyes are blind.
His works are like a book
In front of me in my hand
And though I turn a thousand pages
I shall see more on the other side