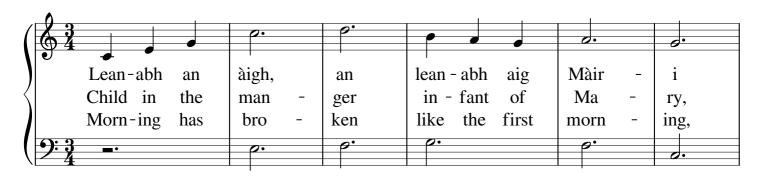
## Leanabh an Àigh, Child in the Manger, Bunessan, Morning has broken

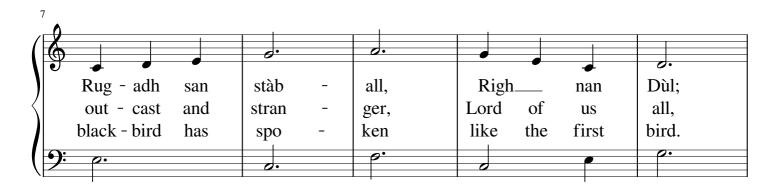
## Scottish Carol and Folk Song

Scottish Gaelic Carol Text: Mary Macdonald (1789-1872)

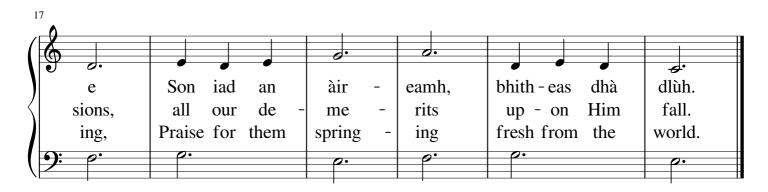
English Carol Text: Lachlan Macbean, 1888 English Hymn Text: Eleanor Farjeon, 1931

**Traditional** 





























Leanabh an àigh, an Leanabh aig Màiri Rugadh san stàball, Rìgh nan Dùl; Thàinig do'n fhàsach, dh'fhuiling 'n ar n-àite Son' iad an àireamh bhitheas dhà dlùth!

Ged a bhios leanabain aig rìghrean na talmhainn An greadhnachas garbh is anabarr mùirn, 'S geàrr gus am falbh iad, 's fasaidh iad anfhann, An àilleachd 's an dealbh a' searg san ùir.

Cha b'ionann 's an t-Uan thàinig gur fuasgladh Iriosal, stuama ghluais e'n tùs; E naomh gun truailleachd, Cruithfhear an t-sluaigh, Dh'éirich e suas le buaidh o ùir.

Leanabh an àigh, mar dh'aithris na fàidhean; 'S na h-àinglean àrd', b'e miann an sùl; 'S E 's airidh air gràdh 's air urram thoirt dhà Sona an àireamh bhitheas dhà dlùth.

Child in the manger, infant of Mary, Outcast and stranger, Lord of all, Child who inherits all our transgressions, All our demerits on Him fall.

Once the most holy Child of salvation Gently and lowly lived below. Now as our glorious mighty Redeemer, See Him victorious o'er each foe.

Prophets foretold Him, infant of wonder; Angels behold Him on His throne. Worthy our Savior of all our praises; Happy forever are His own.

Morning has broken like the first morning Blackbird has spoken like the first bird Praise for the singing, praise for the morning, Praise for them springing fresh from the world

Sweet the rain's new fall, sunlit from heaven Like the first dewfall on the first grass Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden Sprung in completeness where his feet pass

Mine is the sunlight, mine is the morning Born of the one light Eden saw play Praise with elation, praise ev'ry morning God's recreation of the new day.