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THE
BOOK OF PSALMS

IN

LOWLAND SCOTCH:

FROM

THE AUTHORISED ENGLISH VERSION.

BY

HENRY SCOTT RIDDELL.



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THE BUIK O' PSALMS.

I.

BLISSET is the man wha gangsna in the cunsil o' the ungodlie; nar stan's in the waye o' sinnirs, nar sits in the settle o' the mokriffe:

2 But his delicht is in the law o' the Lord; an' on his law deth he muuse deeplie baith daye and nicht.

3 He soll be like ane trie sette bie the ridders o' water, that brings foret his frute in his seesen; his leefe alsua sallna wuther; an' whatsacevir he deth soll do weel.

4 The ungodlie arna sae: but ar like the caff, whilk the wund dræives awa.

5 Therfor the ungodlie sallna stan' in the juuglemint, nar sinnirs in the congregacione o' the richteous.

6 For the Lord kens the waye o' the richteous: but the waye o' the ungodlie soll be uutterlie schent.

II.

WHY do the heæthin frennisinlie forgether, an' the peeple imagin ane vaine thing?

2 The kings o' the yirth sete thamsel's, an' the ruulers tak' cunsil thegither agayne the Lord, an' agayne his Anainted, sayin',

3 Let us brik thair ban's asinder, an' thraw thair coords awa frae us.

4 He that sits in heæven soll lauch: the Lord soll hae thame in skoorn.

5 Than shall he speik until thame in wræth, an' veks thame in his sair displeesur.

6 But for a' this hae I sete my King apon my haly hill o' Zion.

7 I wull speik furth the deerie: the Lord heth said until me, Thou art my Son; this daye hae I gotten thee.

8 Ax o' me, an' I shall gie thee the heæthin for thine heirskep, an' the maist owt-bye pairts o' the yirth for thy haudin.

9 Thou sallt brik thame wi' ane rodd o' ern; thou sallt basch thame intil flendirs like ane patter's vesshel.

10 Be wyse nowe therfor, O ye kings; be instruket, ye juudges o' the yirth.

11 Ser' the Lord wi' dreædour, an' rejoice wi' trimmlin'.

12 Kissè the Son, in kase he be angerie, an' ye dree destruck-shon in the waye whan his wræth is kinlet onlie awee.

13 Blisset ar a' thaye wha pit thair trust in him.

III.

¶ Ane Psalm o' David, whan he flede fræ Absalom.

LORD, howe ar thaye inkresset that truble me? Monie ar thaye that ræise up agayne me.

2 Monie ther be whilk say o' my saul, Ther is nae helpe in God for him. Selah.

3 But thou, O God, art my sheeld aroun me, my glorie, an' the uplifir o' mine heæd.

4 I cryet until the Lord wi' my voyce, an' he heärd me owt o' his haly hill. Selah.

5 I layde me doun an' sleepet; I awaukenet; for the Lord sus-teenet me.

6 I wullna be rade o' ten thousans o' peopple that hae sete thamesel's agayne me roun aboot.

7 Ræise up, O Lord; saufe me, O my God; for thou hest hutten a' mine enimies apon the cheikbane: thou hest broken the teeth o' the ungodlie.

8 Salvatione belangs until the Lord; thy blissin' is apon thy peopple. Selah.

IV.

¶ Til the chief musicien on Neginoth, Ane Psalm o' David.

HEÆR me whan I ca', O God o' my richteousniss: thou hest afore nowe sete me free whan I was in distresse: hae mercie apon me, an' heær my præyer.

2 O ye sons o' men, howe lang wull ye turn my glorie intil shæme? howe lang wull ye loe vainitie, an' seik efter lees? Selah.

3 But wæte ye that the Lord heth wælet owt for himsel' him that is godlie: the Lord wull heær whan I ca' untill him.

4 Stan' in aw, an' sinna: speik wi' your ain hairt apon your bed, an' be quæit. Selah.

5 Affer ye the saacrifices o' richteousniss, an' pit your trust in the Lord.

6 Ther be monie that say, Wha wull shaw us onie guid? Lord, lifte thou up the licht o' thy countenence apon us.

7 Thou hest putten gladsumeniss in my hairt, mair nor in the time that thair coorn an' thair wine inkresset.

8 I wull baith laye me doun in peece, an' sleepe; for thou, O Lord, onlie makist me til dwall in sauftie.

V.

¶ Til the chief musicien on Neginoth, Ane Psalm o' David.

GIE eær untill my wurds, O Lord; considdir my meditatione.

2 Herkan untill the voyce o' my crye, my King an' my God; for untill thee wull I præy.

3 My voyce sallt thou heær in the moornin', O Lord: in the moornin' wull I dereck my præyer untill thee, an' luik up.

4 For thou artna ane God that heth pleesur in wicketniss: næther sallt it dwall wi' thee.

5 The fulish sallna stan' in thy sicht: thou hætist a' wurkers o' inequitie.

6 Thou sallt destroye thame that speik lees: the Lord wull ug at the bluidie, an' slee ane leein' man.

7 But as for me, I wull cum intil thy hous in the multetud o' thy mercie; an' in thy feær wull I wurship gaitwairds thy haly temple.

8 Leede me, O Lord, in thy richteouniss because o' mine enimies; mak' thy waye straught afore my feee.

9 For ther is nae faithfuniss in thair mooth; thair inward pairts ar wicketniss itsel'; thair hauss is ane opin graffe; thaye culyie wi' thair tung.

10 Destroye thou thame, O God; let thame fa' bie thair ain cunsils: thraw thame owt in the multetud of thair wrang-gangin's; for thaye hae thrawartlie liftet thamesel's up agayne thee.

11 But let a' thae that pit thair trust in thee rejoice; let thame evir speik luudly owt for joye, because thou defen'ist thame; let thame alsua that loe thy næme be joyfu' in thee.

12 For thou, Lord, wult bliss the richteous: wi' faavor thou wult surroun him as wi' ane sheeld.

VI.

* Til the chief musicien on Negiuoth apon Sheminith, Ane Psalm o' David.

O LORD, rebuikna me in thine angir; næther chesan me in thy het displeesur.

2 Hae mercie apon me, O Lord; for I am waff; hælc me, O Lord, for my banes ar vekset.

3 My saul is alsua sair vekset; but thou, O Lord, howe lang?

4 Cum agayne, O Lord, an' deliver my saul; och saufe me for thy mercie's sak'.

5 For in deæth ther is nae remembirense o' thee: in the graffe wha wull gie thee thanks?

6 I am wearie wi' my greanin'; the lee-lang nicht mak' I my bed til soom; I water my euueh wi' my teärs.

7 Mine ee is consumet becaus o' dool; it growes auld becaus o' a' my faes.

8 Gae awa frae me, a' ye warkers o' inequitie; for the Lord heth heärd the voyce o' my maenin'.

9 The Lord heth heärd my supplicatione; the Lord wull receife my präyer.

10 Let a' mine enimies be shæmit an' sair vekset; let thame turn bak an' be shæmet suddanlie.



VII.

¶ Shigmaion o' David, whilk he sang untill the Lord anent the wurds o' Cussh
the Benjamite.

O LORD my God, in thee do I pit my trust; saufe me frae a'
thame that persikute me, an' delifer me.

2 In kase he ræive my saul like ane lion, tatterin it in pieces,
quhile ther is nane til delifer.

3 O Lord my God, gif I hae dune this, gif ther be inequitie in
my han's;

4 Gif I hae rewaridet ill til him that was at peece wi' me (ay,
an' I hae deliferet him that wuthouten caus is mine enimie);

5 Let the enimie persikute my saul, an' tak' it; yis, let him
tramp doun my liff epon the yirth, an' laye mine honor in the
mool. Selah.

6 Ræise up, O Lord, in thine angir; lifte up thyself' becaus o'
the frennisin o' mine enimies; an' awauken for me til the juudgement
that thou hest oordiret.

7 Sae soll the congregacione o' the peeple be roun aboot thee;
for their sak's therfor turn thou bak on hie.

8 The Lord soll juudge the peeple: juudge me, O Lord,
akordin' til my richteousniss, an' akordin' til my intiritie that is
in me.

9 Och let the wicketniss o' the wicket cum til ane en'; but sete
firm an' mak' siccer the juste: for the richteous God tryes the
hairts an' reens.

10 My saufgaird is in God, which saufes the upright in hairt.

11 God juudges the richteous, an' God is angirie wi' the wicket
ilka daye.

12 Gif he turnna, he wull sherpen his sword; he heth bendet
his bowe, an' mæde it readie.

13 He heth alsua prepairet for him the instruments o' deæth;
he ordeens his arras agayne the persikuters.

14 Behald the wicket travails wi' inequitie, an' heth conceefet
mischief, an' brung furth fausehuud.

15 He mæde ane pitt an' howket it deepe, an' heth fa'n intil the
seuch whilk he mæde.

16 His mischief soll turn bak on his ain heæd, an' his violent
deelin's soll cum doun apon his ain powe.

17 I wull prayse the Lord akordin' til his richteousniss; an' wull sing prayse til the næme o' the Maist Hie.

VIII.

¶ Til the chief musicien apon Gittith, Ane Psalm o' David.

O LORD our Lord, howe eksellent is thy næme in a' the yirth!
wha heth sete thy glorie aboone the heævens.

2 Owt o' the mooth o' bairns an' sookin' weans hest thou ordeenet strenth, becaus o' thine enimies, that thou michist quæit the enimie an' the avangir.

3 Whan I tak' a thought o' thy heævens, the wark o' thy fin-girs, the muun an' the sterns, whilk thou hest ordeenet;

4 What is man, that thou art min'fu' o' him? an' the son o' man, that thou shudist veesit him?

5 For thou hest mæde him awee leauher nor the angils, an' hest crownet him wi' glorie an' honor.

6 Thou mædist him til hae owerance ower the warks o' thy han's: thou hest putten a' things anææth his feet:

7 A' sheepe an' owsen, ay, an' the beæsts o' the feeld;

8 The fowle o' the air, an' the fisch o' the se, an' whatsaevir passes throwe the peths o' the seis.

9 O Lord our Lord, howe eksellent is thy næme in a' the yirth!

IX.

¶ Til the chief musicien apon Muth-labben, Ane Psalm o' David.

I WULL prayse thee, O Lord, wi' my haill hairt; I wull shaw furth a' thy mervellous warks.

2 I wull be gladsume an' rejoice in thee: I wull sing prayse untill thy næme, O thou Maist Hie.

3 Whan mine enimies ar turnet bak, thaye sall fa' an' perrishe at thy preesence.

4 For thou hest manteenet my richt an' caus; thou sattist in the throne juudgein' richt.

5 Thou hest snibbet the heæthin; thou hest destroyet the wicket: thair næme thou hest putten owt for evir an' evir.

6 Och thou enimie, destrukshons hae cum til ane perpetewal

en'; an' thou hast destroyet cities; thair memorall hæs perrishet wi' thame.

7 But the Lord shall induur foraye; he hath prepairet his throne for juudgemint;

8 An' he shall juudge the warld in richteousniss; he shall deel owt juudgemint til the peele in uprichtniss.

9 The Lord alsua wull be ane saufe hie-plece for the oppresst; ane saufe hie-howff in times o' truble.

10 An' thaye that ken thy næme wull pit thair trust in thee; for thou, O Lord, hestna forhowet thame that seik thee.

11 Sing prayses til the Lord whilk dwalls in Zion; speik furth amang the peele his doin's.

12 Whan he mak's inquærerie anent bluid, he min's thame: he forgetsna the crye o' the lawlie.

13 Hae mercie apon me, O Lord; considdir my truble whilk I thole o' thame that hæte me, thou that liftist me up frae the yettes o' deæth.

14 That in the yettes o' the douchter o' Zion I may shaw furth a' thy prayse: I wull rejoyce in thy salvatione.

15 The heæthin ar sunk doun in the pitt whilk thaye mæde: in the nette whilk thaye hæde is thair ain fit taen.

16 The Lord is kennet bie the juudgemints that he deth; the wicket is girnet in the wark o' his ain han's. Higgaiion. Selah.

17 The wicket shall be turnet intil hell, an' a' the nationes that forgete God.

18 For the needie sallna alwaye be forgottan: the expeckta-shon o' the puir sallna perrishe foraye.

19 Ræise up, O Lord, letna man get the owerance; let the heæthin be juudget in thy sicht.

20 Pit thame in dreadour, O Lord; that the nationes may ken thamesel's til be but men. Selah.

X.

WHAREFOR stan'ist thou afer aſl', O Lord? Why hydist thou thysel' in times o' truble?

2 The wicket in his prydē deth persikute the puir: let thame be taen in the contræivences whilk they hae imaginet.

3 For the wicket brags o' his haſt's desyre, an' bliſſes the greedie, wham the Lord abhorrſ.

4 The wicket through the prude o' his fece wullna seik efter God: God isna in a' his thoughts.

5 His wayes ar alwæies greisious; thy juudgemints ar fer aboone owt o' his sicht; as for a' his enimies, he pauchtilie gecks at thame.

6 He heth said in his hairt, I sallna be muvet; for I sall nevir be in wanluck weird.

7 His mooth is fu' o' banin', deceite, an' cheeterie: anunder his tung is mischeef an' vainitie.

8 He sits in the lurkin' pieces o' the clauchans, in the hidden pieces deth he murther the innicent; his eyne ar seceretlie set agayne the puir.

9 Seceretlie deth he lye in waite as ane lion in his den; he lyes waitin' til clutch the puir; he deth clutch the puir whan he wyzes thame intil his nette.

10 He cruuches doun an' hummles himsel', that the puir maye fa' bie his strang anes.

11 He heth said in his hairt, God heth forgottan: he hydes his fece; he wull nevir see it.

12 Ræise up, O Lord: O God, lifte up thy han'; forgetna the afflicket.

13 Wharefor deth the wicket condem God? he heth said in his hairt, Thou wulna requæire it.

14 Thou hest seen it; for thou behaldist mischeef an' spyte, til requyte it wi' thy han': the puir commits himsel' til thee; thou art the helpir o' the faetherliss.

15 Brik thou the ærm o' the wicket an' ill man; seik owt his wicketniss til thou fin' nane.

16 The Lord is King for evir an' evir; the heæthin ar perrishet owt o' his lan'.

17 Lord, thou hest heärd the desyre o' the hummle; thou wult prepair thair hairs; thou wult caus thine eær til heær;

18 Til juudge the faethirliss an' oppresset, that the man o' the yirth maye oppress nae langir.

XI.

¶ Til the chief musician, Ane Psalm o' David.

IN the Lord pit I my trust: howe say ye til my saul, Flee as ane burd til your mountan?

2 For lo, the wicket ben' thair bowe ; thaye mak' readie thair arra apon the string, that thaye maye hiddlinslie schuut at the upricht in haire.

3 Gif the fuundationes be destroyet, what can the richiteous do ?

4 The Lord is in his haly temple, the Lord's throne is in heæven ; his eyne behald, his eelydes trye the childer o' men.

5 The Lord tryes the richiteous ; but the wicket, an' him that loes violence, his saul hætes.

6 Apon the wicket he sall raine girns, fire an' brumstane, an' ane horrabil tempist : this sall be the portione o' thair cupp.

7 For the richiteous Lord loes richiteousniss ; his countenence deth behald the upricht.

XII.

¶ Til the chief musicien apon Sheminith, Ane Psalm o' David.

HELP, Lord ; for the godlie man ceeses ; for the faithfu' fæil fræ amang the childer o' men.

2 They speik vainitie ilka ane wi' his neeber : wi' fleichin' lipps, an' wi' ane duuble haire do thaye speik.

3 The Lord sall sneg aff a' fleichin' lipps, an' the tung that speiks pruud things ;

4 Wha hae said, Wi' our tung wull we gett the better ; our lipps ar our ain : wha is Lord ower us ?

5 For the oppressione o' the puir, for the sichin' o' the needie, nowe wull I ræise up, sayth the Lord ; I wull sete him in sauftie fræ him that wad wyze him intil skaith.

6 The wurds o' the Lord ar pure wurds : as siller tryet in ane yirthen krusabil purisiet se'en times.

7 Thou sallt keepe thame, O Lord, thou sallt preserfe thame fræ this ganæratian forevir.

8 The wicket gang on ilka syde whan the vilist men ar sete hie up.

XIII.

¶ Til the chief musicien, Ane Psalm o' David.

HOWE lang wult thou forget me, O Lord ? forevir ? howe lang wult thou hyde thy face fræ me ?

2 Howe lang soll I tak' cunsil in my saul, haein' dool in my
hairt daylie? howe lang soll mine enimie be eksaltet ower me?

3 Considdir, an' heær me, O Lord my God: lichten mine eyne
in kase I sleepe the sleepe o' deæth.

4 In kase mine enimie say, I hae prevailet agayne him; an'
thaet truble me rejoicee whan I am muvet.

5 But I hae trustet in thy mercie: my hairt soll rejoicee in thy
salvatione.

6 I wull sing untill the Lord, becaus he heth deelt buntifullie
wi' me.

XIV.

¶ Til the chief musicien, Ane Psalm o' David.

THIE fule heth said in his hairt, Ther is nae God. Thaye ar
corrup; thaye hae dune abominabil warks; ther is nane that
deth guid.

2 The Lord luiket doun frae heæven apon the childer o' men,
til see gif ther wer onie that did understan', an' seik God.

3 Thaye ar a' gane aglee: thaye ar a'thegethir becum foulsume;
ther is nane that deth guid, na, nat ane.

4 Hae a' the workers o' inequitie nae wætin'? wha eet up my
peopple as thaye eet bread, an' ca'na apon the Lord.

5 Ther wer thaye in grit dreædour; for God is in the congrega-
tion o' the richteous.

6 Ye hae shæmet the cunsil of the puir, becaus the Lord is his
scug.

7 Och that the salvatione o' Israel wer cum owt o' Zion! Whan
the Lord brings bak the captifitie o' his peopple, Jacob soll rejoice,
an' Israel soll be gladsume.

XV.

¶ Ane Psalm o' David.

LORD, wha soll byde in thy taabernakle? wha soll dwell in thy
haly hill?

2 He that gangs uprightlie, an' wurks richteousniss, an' speiks
the trouth in his hairt.

3 He that bakbytesna wi' his tung, nar deth ill till his neeber:
nar tak's up ane reproch agayne his neeber.

4 In whase eyne ane vyle persone is condemet: but he honors thame that feær the Lord: he that sweers til his ain skaith, an' jangilsna.

5 He that pitsna owt his moneye til uurie, nar tak's reward agayne the innicent: he that deth thae things sall nevir be muvet.

XVI.

¶ Michtam o' David.

PRESERFE me, O God: for in thee do I pit my trust.

2 O my saul, thou hest said untill the Lord, Thou art my Lord: my guidniss reechesna til thee;

3 But til the saunts that ar in the yirth, an' til the eksellent, in wham is my delicht.

4 Thair meseries sall becum monie that hie on til anither god: thair drynk-afferin's o' bluid I wullna affer, næther tak' up thair næmes intill my lipps.

5 The Lord is the portione o' my heirskep, an' my cupp: thou haudist up my lote.

6 The lynes ar fa'n untill me in winsume pleces: trewlie I hae ane guidlie heirskep.

7 I wull bliss the Lord wha hæs gien me cunsil; my reens alsua instruck me in the nicht seesens.

8 I hae aye sete the Lord afore me: becaus he is at my richt han' I sallna be muvet.

9 Therfor my hairt is gladsume, an' my glorie rejoicees; my flesch alsua sall reste in houpe.

10 For thou wultna leefe my saul in hell: næther wult thou thole thine Haly Ane til see corrupshon.

11 Thou wult shaw me the peth o' liffe: in thy preesince is fu'niss o' joye; at thy richt han' ther ar pleesurs for evirmair.

XVII.

¶ Ane Præyer o' David.

H EÆR the richt, O Lord; tent weel my crye; gie eær untill my præyer, that gaesna furth fræ unleiffu' lipps.

2 Let my sentince cum furth fræ thy preesince; let thine eyne behald the things that are equall.

3 Thou hest pruvet mine haire; thou hest veesitet me in the nicht; thou hest tryet me, an' sall fin' naething. I am determinet that my mooth sallna speik wrangfullie.

4 Anent the warks o' men, bie the wurd o' thy lipps I hae keepit me frae the peth o' the destroyir.

5 Haud up my gaeings in thy peths, that my fitsteps sklydena.

6 I hae ea't apon thee, for thou wult heær me, O God; leen thine eer untill me, an' heær my speeche.

7 Shaw thy mervellous loein-kindniss, O thou that saufest bie thy richt han' thame that pit their trust in thee frae thaе that ræise up agayne thame.

8 Keepe me as the apple o' the ee: hyde me aneæth the skad-daw o' thy wings,

9 Frae the wicket that oppresse me, frae my mortall faes wha ar roon aboot me.

10 Thaye ar kaset up in thair ane taugh; wi' thair mooth thaye speik prundlie:

11 Thaye hae nowe gane roun aboot us in our steps; thaye hae sete thair eyne beckin' doun til the yirth.

12 Like as ane lion that is yaup for his præye, an' as it wer ane yung lion lurkin' in hiddin pleees.

13 Ræise up, O Lord; disappoint him, ding him doun; delifer my saul frae the wicket, whilk is thy sword:

14 Frae men whilk ar thy han', O Lord, frae men o' the world whilk hae thair portione in this liffe, an' whose kyte thou fillist wi' thy hydden thesauer: thaye ar fu' o' childer, an' leefe the rest o' thair guids an' geer til thair weans.

15 As for me, I wull behald thy fece in richteousniss; I sall be satisfiet whan I awauken wi' thy likeniss.

XVIII.

* Til the chief musicien; Ane Psalm o' David, the servent o' the Lord, wha spak untill the Lord the wurds o' this sang, in the daye that the Lord deliferet him frae the maigs o' his enimies, an' frae the maigs o' Saul.

I WULL loe thee, O Lord, my strength.

2 The Lord is my rok, an' my reive, an' my deliferer; my God, my strength, in wham I wull trust; my buklir, an' the hoorn o' my salvatione, an' my hie towir.

3 I wull ea' apon the Lord, wha is wurdie til be prayset; sae
sall I be saufet frae a' mine enimies.

4 The brikers o' deaeth cam' roun aboot me; the fludes o' un-
godlie men mæde me afeærret.

5 The coords o' hell wer roun aboot me; the girns o' deaeth
preventet me.

6 In my sair weird I ea't apon the Lord, an' eryet untill my
God; he heärd my voyee owt o' his temple; my erye cam' afore
him, een intil his eärs.

7 Than the yirth shuuk an' trimmlet: the fuundationes alsua
o' the hills muvet an' wer shogglet, becaus he was angirie.

8 Ther gaed up ane reek owt o' his nostirles, an' fire owt o' his
mooth devooret; kools wer kinlet bie it.

9 He bowet the heævens alsna, an' cam' doun: an' mirkniss was
anunder his feet.

10 An he ræde apon ane cherub, an' did flie; yis, he did flie
apon the wings o' the wund.

11 He mæde mirkniss his seceret pleece: his pavilione roun'
aboot him wer mirk waters, an' thyk cluds o' the skyes.

12 At the sheene that was afore him, his thyk cluds passet;
hailstanes an' kools o' fire.

13 The Lord alsua thunneret in the heævens, an' the Hieist
gæfe his voyee; hailstanes an' kools o' fire.

14 Yis, he sendet owt his arras, an' skatteret thame; he schot
owt lichtenin's, an' dumfuunderet thame.

15 Than the chennels o' the waters wer seen, an' the fuundationes
o' the warld wer mæde bare at thy rebuik, O Lord, at the
blast o' the breath o' thy nostirles.

16 He sendet fræ aboone; he tuik me, he dragget me owt o'
monie waters.

17 He deliferet me fræ my strang fae, an' fræ thame that
hætet me: for thaye wer ower strang for me.

18 Thaye gaed afore til hamper me in the daye o' my sair wan-
luck; but the Lord was my staye.

19 He brang me furth alsua intil ane free an' roomie pleece: he
deliferet me becaus he delichtet in me.

20 The Lord rewardet me akordin' til my richteousniss; akor-
din' til the cleenniss o' my han's he heth foryeildet me.

21 For I hae keepet the wayes o' the Lord, an' haena wicketlie
turnet awa fræ thame.

22 For a' his judgements wer afore me, an' his staatutes frae me I didna pit awa.

23 I was alsua upright afore him, an' keepet mysel' frae mine inequiteit.

24 Therfor heth the Lord rewardeit me akordin' til my rich-teousniss ; akordin' til the cleenniss o' my han's in his ee-sicht.

25 Wi' the mercifu' thou wult shaw thyself' mercifu' : wi' the upright man thou wult shaw thyself' upright.

26 Wi' the pure thou wult shaw thyself' pure ; an' wi' the thrawart wicht thou wult kythe thrawart.

27 For thou wult saufe the afflicket fouk, but wult bring doun heich luiks.

28 For thou wult licht my canel : the Lord my God wull en-lichten my derkniss.

29 For bie thee hae I brokin throwe ane truup : an' bie my God I hae jumpet ower ane wa'.

30 As for God, his waye is perfite : the wurd o' the Lord is tryet ; he is ane buklir untill a' thame that trust in him.

31 For wha is God saufin' the Lord ? or wha is ane rok excepin' our God ?

32 It is the Lord wha graithes me wi' strength, an' mak's my waye perfite.

33 He mak's my feet like hinds' feet, an' setes me up apon my hie pleces.

34 He instrucks my han's howe til mak' weir, sae that bie mine ærms ane bowe o' steel is brokin.

35 Thou hest alsua gien me the sheeld o' thy salvatione ; an' thy richt han' hæs hauden me up, an' wi' thy leal kindniss thou hest mæde me grit.

36 Thou hest mæde braide my steps anunder me, that my feet didna sklyde.

37 I hae pursuet my faes an' owertaen thame ; næther did I turn agane til thaye wer consuunnet.

38 I hae wuundet thame that thaye werna yeable til ræise ; thaye ar fa'n aneæth my feet.

39 For thou hest girtheit me wi' strength untill the battel : thou hest causet thaet til hurkle doun anunder me, that ræse up agayne me.

40 Thou hest alsua gien me the necks o' my faes, that I micht destroye thame that hæte me.

41 Thaye cryet, but ther was nane til saufe thame ; een untill the Lord, but he didna answir thame :

42 Than did I betchell thame sma' as the stour afore the wund : I did thrall thame owt as the glar in the throwegangs.

43 Thou hest deliferet me fræ the strævins o' the peeple ; an' thou hest mæde me the heæd o' the heæthin ; ane peeple wham I haena kennet sall ser' me.

44 As sune as thaye heær o' me, thaye sall obeye me ; the sons o' the fremet sall gie in untill me.

45 The strangirs sall eelie awa, an' be afeærret owt o' thair cloppes.

46 The Lord leiveth ; an' blisset be my rok ; an' let the God o' my salvatiōne be sete hie.

47 It is God that gies avangemints for me, an' brings the peeple doun anunder me.

48 He delifers me fræ mine enemies : ay, thou liftist me up aboone thaer that ræise up agayne me : thou hest freet me fræ the bluid-thristie man.

49 Therfor wull I gie thanks untill thee, O Lord, amang the heæthin ; an' sing prayses untill thy næme.

50 Grit delifrance gies he til the King, an' shaws mercie til his anaintet, til David, an' til his affspring forevir.

XIX.

¶ Til the chief musicien, Ane Psalm o' David.

THE heævens speik furth the glorie o' God ; an' the lyft shaws his han'iwarks.

2 Daye untill daye utters speeche, an' nicht untill nicht shaws knaledje.

3 Ther is nae speeche nar langwudje whare thair voyce isna heærd.

4 Thair lyne hæs gane owt throwe a' the yirth, an' thair wurds til the en' o' the warld. In thame he heth set ane taabernakle for the sun ;

5 Whilk is as ane bridegroome cumin' owt o' his chammer, an' rejoyces as ane strang man til rin his rece.

6 His gaeing furth is fræ the en' o' the heæven, an' roun' til the en' o't agane ; an' there is naething hidden fræ his heet.

7 The law o' the Lord is perfite, konvertin' the saul ; the testimonie o' the Lord is siccer, makin' wyse the simpel.

8 The staatutes o' the Lord ar richt, makin' the hairet gladsome : the commandement o' the Lord is pure, enlichtenen' the eyne.

9 The feær o' the Lord is cleen, induurin' forevir ; the judge-mints o' the Lord ar true, an' athegither richteous.

10 Mair til be desiret ar thaye nor gowd, yis, nor meikle fyne gowd ; sweeter alsua nor hinnie, an' the hinnie-kaim.

11 Mairatour bie thame is thy servent wærnet ; an' in keepin' o' thame ther is grit rewaird.

12 Wha can understan' his errirs : cleense thou me frae seceret fauts.

13 Keepe bak thy servent frae the sins o' wullfu' perversitie ; letna thame hae powir ower me ; than sall I be upright, an' saikless o' the grit transgressione.

14 Let the wurds o' my mooth, an' the thought o' my hairet be accepabil in thy sicht, O Lord, my strength an' my redeimir.

XX.

¶ Til the chief musician, Ane Psalm o' David.

THE Lord heær thee in the daye o' truble : the næme o' the God o' Jacob defen' thee.

2 Sen' thee helpe frae the sanctuarie, an' refreshen thee wi' strength owt o' Zion.

3 Reca' til min' a' thy afferin's, an' accep a' thy brunt saacrifices. Selah.

4 Gie til thee akordin' til thine ain hairet, an' fufill a' thy cunsil.

5 We wull rejoice in thy salvatione ; an' in the næme o' our God we wull sete up our bannirs : the Lord fufill a' thy præyers.

6 Nowe do I ken that the Lord saufes his anaintet : he wull heær him frae his haly heæven wi' the saufin' strength o' his richt han'.

7 Sume pit confydince in chariats, an' sume in horses ; but we wull ca' til min' the næme o' the Lord our God.

8 Thaye ar brung doun, an' fa'n ; we are risen an' stan' upricht.

9 Saufe, Lord : let the King heær whan we ca'.

XXI.

¶ Til the chief musicien, Ane Psalm o' David.

THE king shall joye in thy strength, O Lord ; an' in thy salvation gritlee shall he rejoice.

2 Thou hast gien him his haire's desyre, an' hestna wuthhauden the request o' his lipps. Selah.

3 Thou gaeist afore him wi' the blissin's o' guidniss : apon his heaed thou settist ane crowne o' pure gowd.

4 He axet liffe o' thee, an' thou giefist it him, een length o' dayes forevir an' evir.

5 His glorie is grit in thy salvatione : honor an' magestie hest thou laide apon him.

6 For thou hest mæde him maist blisset forevir ; thou hest mæde him exessiv gladsume wi' thy countenence.

7 For the king trusts in the Lord ; an' throwe the mercie o' the Maist Hie he shallna be muvet.

8 Thine han' shall fin' owt a' thine enimies : thy richt han' shall fin' owt thaet haete thee.

9 Thou sallt mak' thame as ane firie oon in the time o' thine angir ; the Lord shall swallie thame up in his wræth, an' the fire shall devoor thame.

10 Thair frute sallt thou destroye frae aff the yirth : an' thair seid frae amang the childer o' men.

11 For thaye ettlet ill agayne thee : thaye imaginet ane mischeevous contrævenee whilk thaye werna yeable til carryie throwe.

12 Therfor sallt thou mak' thame turn thair bak whan thou sallt mak' readie thine arras apon thy strings agayne the fece o' thame.

13 Be thou set hie up, O Lord, in thine ain streneth ; sae shall we sing the prayses o' thy powir.

XXII.

¶ Til the chief musicien apon Aijeleth Shahar, Ane Psalm o' David.

MY God, my God, wharefore hest thou forhowet me ? why art thou sae fer frae helpin' me, an' frae the wurds o' my sair complent ?

2 O my God, I crye in the daytime, but thou heæristna, an' in the nicht seesen, an' amna seelent.

3 But thou art haly, O thou that inhabitest the prayses o' Israel.

4 Our sæthers trustet in thee ; thaye trustet, an' thou didst delifer thame.

5 Thaye cryet untill thee, an' wer deliferet ; thaye trustet in thee, an' werna confuundet.

6 But I am ane worm, an' nae man ; ane reproch o' men, an' despaiset o' the peopple.

7 A' thaye that see me lauch me til scoorn ; thaye schute owt the lipp ; thaye wagg the heæd, sayin',

8 He trustet in the Lord that he wad delifer him : let him do sae nowe, sithens he delightet in him.

9 But thou art he that tuik me owt o' the wome : thou didist mak' me houpe whan I was apon my mither's breæsts.

10 I was casen apon thee fræ the wome ; thou hest been my God sin' mine ee saw the licht o' daye.

11 Bena fer fræ me, for truble is neær ; for ther is nane til helpe.

12 Mouie bulls ar roun' aboot me ; strang bulls o' Bashan hae besette me roun'.

13 Thaye gæpet apon me wi' thair mooth, as ane ravenin an' ane rairin' lion.

14 I am teemet owt like water ; an' a' my banes are sinderet : my hairt is like waks ; it is meltet in the middle o' my bowils.

15 My pithe is driet up like ane patsheerd, an' my tung cleefes til my ja's ; an' thou hest brought me doun intil the duste o' deæth.

16 For dogs hae cum roun' aboot me : the ferkishin o' the wicket hae closet me in ; thaye peirsit my han's an' my feet.

17 I maye count a' my banes ; thaye luik an' glower apon me.

18 Thaye share my claese amang thame, an' for my stolye throw lots.

19 But bena thou fer fræ me, O Lord ; O my strength, hæsten thee til helpe me.

20 Delifer my saul fræ the sword ; my deær onlie ane fræ the powir o' the dog.

21 Saufe me fræ the lion's mooth : for thou hest heärd me fræ the hoorns o' the unicorns.

22 I wull declare thy næme untill my brithren; in the middle o' the congregacione wull I prayse thee.

23 Ye that feær the Lord, prayse him; a' ye the seid o' Jacob, glorifie him; an' feær him, a' ye the affspring o' Israel.

24 For he hæsna despæiset nar abhorret the afflickshon o' the afficket: næther hæs he hidden his face fræ him; but whan he cryet untill him, he heärd.

25 My prayse shall be o' thee in the grit congregacione: I wull pay my vowes afore thame that feær him.

26 The meik shall eet, an' be satisfiet: thaye shall prayse the Lord that seik him: your haïrt shall leive forevir.

27 A' the en's o' the wärld shall remembir, an' turn untill the Lord, an' a' the kith an' kin o' the nationes shall wurship afore thee.

28 For the kingdom is the Lord's; an' he is the governer amang the nationes.

29 A' thaye that be fat apon the yirth shall eet an' wurship; a' thaye that gae doun til the mools o' deäth shall bowe aforb him, an' nane can keepe alæive his ain saul.

30 Ane seid shall ser' him: it shall be rekenet til the Lord for ane ganæratian.

31 Thaye shall cum, an' shall speik furth his richteousniss untill ane peele that shall be born, that he heth dune this.

XXIII.

* Ane Psalm o' David.

THE Lord is my shepherd; I shallna inlak.

2 He mak's me til lye doun in green an' baittle gangs; he leads me aside the quæet waters.

3 He refreschens my saul; he leads me in the peths o' richteousniss for his næme's sak'.

4 Yis, though I wauk throwe the vallie o' the skaddaw o' deäth, I wull feær nae ill: for thou art wi' me; thy cruike an' thy staffe thaye comfort me.

5 Thou preaparist me ane tabel in the preesince o' mine enemies: thou anaintist my heæd wi' oolie; my cupp rins ower.

6 Shurelie guidniss an' mercie shall follo me a' the dayes o' my liffe; an' I wull dwall in the hous o' the Lord forevir.

XXIV.

¶ Ane Psalm o' David.

TH E yirth is the Lord's, an' the fu'niss o't: the warld, an' thiaye
that dwell therin.

2 For he heth fuundet it apon the seis, an' sete it siccer apon
the fludes.

3 Wha soll gae up until the hill o' the Lord? an' wha soll stan'
in his haly pleice?

4 He that heth cleen han's, an' ane pure hairt; wha hethna
liftet up his saul untill vainitie, nar swurn wrangouslie.

5 He soll receife the blessin' frae the Lord, an' richteousniss
frae the God o' his salvatione.

6 This is the ganæratian o' thame that seik him; that seik thy
fece, O God o' Jacob. Selah.

7 Lift up your heäds, O ye yettes; an' be ye liftet up, ye evir-
lestin' dors, an' the King o' glorie soll cum in.

8 Wha is the King o' glorie? the Lord strang an' michtie, the
Lord michtie in battel.

9 Lift up your heäds, O ye yettes; een lift thame up, ye evir-
lestin' dors, an' the King o' glorie soll cum in.

10 Wha is the King o' glorie? The Lord o' hosts, he is the
King o' glorie. Selah.

XXV.

¶ Ane Psalm o' David.

UNTILL thee, O Lord, do I lift up my saul.

2 O my God, I trust in thee: letna me be shæmet: letna
mine enimies boust thamsels ower me.

3 Yis, let nane that waite on thee be shæmet: let thame be
shæmet that transgresse wuthoutten caus.

4 Shaw me thy wayes, O Lord; teech me thy peths.

5 Leede me in thy trouth, an' teech me: for thou art the God
o' my salvatione; on thee do I waite a' the daye.

6 Remembir, O Lord, thy tendir mercies an' loein-kindnisses:
for thaye hae been evir o' auld.

7 Remembirna the sins o' my youdith, nar my transgressiones; akordin' til thy mercie remembir thou me for thy guidniss' sak', O Lord.

8 Guid an' upright is the Lord: therfor wull he teech sinnirs in the waye.

9 The meik wull he gäyde in juudgemint; an' the meik wull he teech his waye.

10 A' the peths o' the Lord ar mercie an' trouth untill sie as keepe his covenant an' testimonies.

11 For thy næme's sak', O Lord, forgie mine inequitie; for it is grit.

12 What man is he that feärs the Lord? him soll he teech in the waye that he soll chuse.

13 His saul soll dwell at eese, an' his affspring soll inheerit the yirth.

14 The seceret o' the Lord is wi' thame that feär him; an' he wull shaw thame his covenant.

15 Mine eyne ar evir toward the Lord; for he it is that soll pu' my feet owt o' the nette.

16 Turn thee untill me, an' hae mercie apon me; for lane I am an' wearifu', an' sair afflicket.

17 The trubles o' my haire ar growne grit; O bring thou me owt o' my destresses.

18 Luik apon my afflickshon an' my paine, an' forgie a' my sins.

19 Considdir mine enimies, for thaye ar monie; an' thaye hæte me wi' crewil hætret.

20 O keepe my saul, an' deliver me: letna me be shæmet; for I pit my trust in thee.

21 Let leal honestie an' uprightness preserfe me; for I waite on thee.

22 Redeem Israel, O God, owt o' a' his trubles.

XXVI.

¶ Ane Psalm o' David.

JUDGE me, O Lord, for I hae gane on in my intiritie: I hae trustet alsua in the Lord, therfor I sallna sklyde.

2 Inquæire intil me, O Lord, an' pruuve me; trye my reens an' my haire.

3 For thy loein-kindniss is afore mine eyne, an' I hae gane in the peths o' thy trouth.

4 I haena sutten wi' vaine persones, næther wull I gae in wi' cunnin' pretendirs.

5 I hae haetet the haill ferkishin o' ill-doirs, an' wullna sit wi' the wicket.

6 I wull wasch mine han's in innicencie; sae wull I compesse thine altar, O Lord.

7 That I may publishe wi' the voyce o' thanksgiein', an' tell o' a' thy wunderfu' warks.

8 Lord, I hae loet the habitatione o' thy hous, an' the pleece whare thine honor dwalls.

9 Getherna my saul wi' sinnirs, nar my liffe wi' bluidie men;

10 In whase han's is mischeef, an' thair richt han' is fu' o' budes.

11 But as for me, I will gae on in my intiritie: redeim me, an' be mercifu' untill me.

12 My fit stan's in ane een pleece: in the congregatione wull I bliss the Lord.

XXVII.

¶ Ane Psalm o' David.

THE Lord is my licht an' my salvatione; wham soll I fear? The Lord is the strength o' my liffe; o' wham soll I be in dreædour?

2 Whan the wicket, een my enimies an' my faes, cam' apon me till eet up my flesch, thaye stummelt an' fell.

3 Thouch ane host shud encampe agayne me, my hairt sallna feær; thouch weir shud ræise agayne me, in this wull I be confydint.

4 Ae thing hae I desyret o' the Lord, an' wull contina til seik efter; that I maye dwall in the hous o' the Lord a' the dayes o' my liffe, til behald the beutie o' the Lord, an' til inquæire in his temple.

5 For in the time o' truble he soll hyde me in his pavilione; in the seceret o' his taabernakle soll he hyde me; he soll sete me up apon ane rok.

6 An' nowe soll mine heæd be liftet up aboone mine enimies roun about me: therfor I wull affer in his taabernakle saacrifices o' joye; I wull sing, yis, I wull sing prayses untill the Lord.

7 Heær, O Lord, whan I crye wi' my voyce; hae mercie alsua
apon me, an' answir me.

8 Whan thou saidist, Seik ye my fece; my haire said untill
thee, Thy fece, Lord, wull I seik.

9 Hydena thy fece fer fræ me; pitna thy servent awa in angir:
thou hast been my helpe; leefena me; næther forhewe me, O God
o' my salvatione.

10 Whan my faether an' mither forhowe me, than the Lord
wull tak' me up.

11 Teech me thy waye, O Lord, an' leede me in ane plaine
peth, becaus o' mine enimies.

12 Gie me nat ower untill the wull o' mine enimies; for fause
wutnisses hae startet up agayne me, an' sic as bræthe owt
crewiltie.

13 I had swarffet, gif I hadnna beliefet til see the guidniss o'
the Lord in the lan' o' the leivin'.

14 Waite on the Lord: be o' guid cheer, an' he sall strenthen
thine haire: waite, I saye, on the Lord.

XXVIII.

¶ Ane Psalm o' David.

UNTILL thee wull I crye, O Lord, my rok; bena seelent til
me: in kase gif thou be seelent til me, I becum like thame
that gae doun untill the pitt.

2 Heær the voyce o' my supplicationes whan I crye untill thee,
whan I lift up mine han's gaitwaird thy haly orakil.

3 Draggna me awa wi' the wicket, an' wi' the workers o' ine-
quitie, whilk speik peece til thair neebors, but mischeef is in thair
hairst.

4 Gie thame akordin' til thair deeds, an' akordin' till the wick-
etniss o' thair ettelins; gie thame efter the wark o' thair han's;
rendir thame thair deserfin'.

5 Becaus thaye goamma the warks o' the Lord, the verra wark
o' his han's, he sall utterlie pu' thame doun, an' sallna bigg thame
up agane.

6 Blisset be the Lord, becaus he hath heerd the voyce o' my
supplicationes.

7 The Lord is my strength an' my sheeld; my haire trustet in

him, an' I am helpet; therfor my hairt gritlie rejoyces, an' wi' my sang wull I prayse him.

8 The Lord is thair strength, an' he is the saufin' pith o' his anaintet.

9 Saufe thy peopple, an' bliss thine inheeritence; feede thame alsua, an' lift thame up forevir.

XXIX.

¶ Ane Psalm o' David.

GIE untill the Lord, O ye michtie, gie untill the Lord glorie an' strength.

2 Gie untill the Lord the glorie due untill his næme; wurship the Lord in the beutie o' haliniss.

3 The voyce o' the Lord is apon the waters: the God o' glorie thunners; the Lord is apon monie waters.

4 The voyce o' the Lord is powirfu': the voyce o' the Lord is fu' o' magistie.

5 The voyce o' the Lord briks the cedars; ay, the Lord briks the cedars o' Lebanon.

6 He mak's thame alsua til skiff like ane cafe; Lebanon an' Sirion like ane yung unicoorn.

7 The voyce o' the Lord cleefes the flames o' fire.

8 The voyce o' the Lord mak's the wulderness til dinnle; the Lord dinnles the wulderness o' Kadesh.

9 The voyce o' the Lord gars the hinds paift wi' yung, an' layes bare the forests: an' in his temple deth ilka ane speik o' his glorie.

10 The Lord sits apon the flude; yis, the Lord sits King foreveir.

11 The Lord wull gie strength untill his peopple: the Lord wull bliss his peopple wi' peece.

XXX.

¶ Ane Psalm an' Sang at the dedicacione o' the hous o' David.

IWULL ekstoll thee, O Lord, for thou hest liftet me up, an' hestna maede mine enimies til rejoyce ower me.

2 O Lord my God, I cryet untill thee, an' thou hest hælet me.

3 Thou, O Lord, hest brung up my saul frae the grasse; thou hest keepet me alæive, that I shudna gae doun til the pitt.

4 Sing until the Lord, O ye saunts o' his, an' gie thanks at the remembirence o' his haliniss.

5 For his angir induurs but for ane jiffie; in his faavor is liffe: greetin' maye induur for ane nicht, but joye cumis in wi' the moornin'.

6 An' in my prosperitie I said, I sall nevir be muvet.

7 Lord, bie thy faavor thou hest mæde my mountan til stan' strang: thou didist hyde thy feee, an' I was trublet.

8 I cryet til thee, O Lord; an' untill the Lord I mæde supplicatione.

9 What gaine is ther in my bluid, whan I gae doun intil the pitt? Sall the mool prayse thee? sall it speik furth thy trouth?

10 Heær, O Lord, an' hae mercie apon me: Lord, be thou my helpir.

11 Thou hest turnet for me my murnin' intil dancin': thou hest putten aff my sacklaeth, an' girthet me wi' gladsumeniss;

12 Til the en' that my glorie maye sing prayse untill thee, an' bena seelent. O Lord my God, I wull gie thanks untill thee forevir.

XXXI.

¶ Til the chief musicien, Ane Psalm o' David.

IN thee, O Lord, do I pit my trust; let me nevir be shæmet; delifer me in thy richteousniss.

2 Bowe doun thine eær untill me; delifer me specdielie; be thou my strang rok, for ane hous o' defence til saufe me.

3 For thou art my rok an' my stranghald; therfor, for thy næme's sak', leed me an' gæyde me.

4 Pu' me owt o' the nette whilk thaye hae hiddlinslie laide for me; for thou art my strength.

5 Intil thy han' I committe my speerit: thou hest redeemet me, O Lord God o' trouth.

6 I hae hætet thame that goam leciu' vainities; but I trust in the Lord.

7 I wull be gladsume an' rejoice in thy mercie; for thou hest considdiret my truble: thou hest known my saul in wandrethes.

8 An' hestna schut me up intil the han' o' the enimie; thou
hest gien my feet routh o' roome.

9 Hae mercie apon me, O God, for I am in truble; mine ee is
waistet wi' dool, yis, my saul an' my bellie.

10 For my liffe is spendet wi' sorra, an' my yeers wi' sichin'; my
strength fæils becaus o' mine inequitie, an' my baues ar consuumet.

11 I was ane reproch amang a' mine enimies, but especciallie
amang my neebers, an' ane fricht til mine acquaintince; thame that
did see me owtbyre flede frae me.

12 I am forgottan as ane deæd man owt o' min'; I am like ane
brokin veshell.

13 For I hae heärd the slanner o' monie; feær was on ilka
syde: quhile thaye tuik cunsil thegither agayne me, thaye de-
væiset til tak' awa my liffe.

14 But I trustet in thee, O Lord: I said, Thou art my God.

15 My times ar in thy han': deliver me frae the han' o' mine
enimies; an' frae thame that persikute me.

16 Mak' thy feeë til shyne apon thy servent; saufe me for thy
mercie's sak'.

17 Letna me be shæmet, Lord, for I hae ca't apon thee: let
the wicket be shæmet, an' let thame be seelent in the grasse.

18 Let the leein' lipps be putten til seelence, whilk speik sadlie
agravaatin' things pruudlie an' geckinlie agayne the richteous.

19 Och howe grit is thy guidniss, whilk thou hest layde up for
thame that feær thee, whilk thou hest wrought for thame that trust
in thee afore the sons o' men.

20 Thou sallt hyde thame in the seceret o' thy preesince frae
the pryde o' man; thou sallt keepe thame seceretlie in thy pavil-
lione frae the striffe o' tungs.

21 Blisset be the Lord, for he heth shawet me mervellous kind-
niss in ane strang citie:

22 For I said in my hæste, I am cutet aff frae afore thine eyne;
natheless thou heärdist the voyce o' my supplicationes whan I cryet
untill thee.

23 O loe the Lord, a' ye his saunts: for the Lord preserfes the
faithfu', an' routhlie rewards the pruud doir.

24 Be o' guid cheer, an' he sall refreshen an' mak' strang your
hairt, a' ye that houpe in the Lord.

XXXII.

Ane Psalm o' David, Maschil.

BLISSET is he whase transgressione is forgien, whase sin is kiveret.

2 Blisset is the man untill wham the Lord impuutesna inequicie, an' in whase speerit ther is nae gyle.

3 Whan I keepet seelence, confessanna til God, my banes growet auld throwe my rairin' a' the daye lang.

4 For daye an' nicht thy han' was hivie apon me: my moustir is turnet intil the drouth o' simmer. Selah.

5 I ownet my sin untill thee, an' mine inequicie hae I nat hydden. I said, I wull confesse my transgressiones untill the Lord; an' thou forgæfist the inequicie o' my sin. Selah.

6 For this sall ilka ane that is godlie præy untill thee in ane time whan thou mayist be fuund: shurelie in the fludes o' grit waters thaye sallna cum nie untill him.

7 Thou art my hydin-pleece; thou sallt preserfe me fræ truble: thou sallt surroun me wi' sangs o' deliferance. Selah.

8 I wull instruck thee, an' teeche thee in the waye whilk thou sallt gae; wi' mine ee wull I gæyde thee.

9 Bena ye as the hors, or as the muul, whilk hae nae understan'in'; whase mooth maun be haudden in wi' bitte an' brydle, in kase thay cum neer untill thee.

10 Monie sorras sall be til the wicket; but he that trusts in the Lord, mercie sall be roun aboot him.

11 Be gladsume in the Lord, an' rejoice, ye richteous; an' crye ye owt for joye, ye that ar upricht in haire.

XXXIII.

REJOYCE in the Lord, O ye richteous; for prayse is cumlie in the upricht.

2 Prayse the Lord wi' herp; sing untill him wi' the psaltrie, an' ane instrument o' ten strings.

3 Sing untill him ane new sang; playe deftlie wi' ane luud noyse.

4 For the wurd o' the Lord is richt; an' a' his warks ar dune in trouth.

5 He loes richteousniss an' juudgemint; the yirth is fu' o' the guidniss o' the Lord.

6 Bie the wurd o' the Lord wer the heævens mæde; an' a' the host o' thame bie the bræth o' his mooth.

7 He gethers the waters o' the se thegither as ane heep; he layes up the deip in bing-houses.

8 Let a' the yirth feær the Lord; let a' the indwallers o' the warld stan' in aw o' him.

9 For he spak', an' it was dune; he oorderet, an' it stude siccer.

10 The Lord brings the cunsil o' the heæthin til noucht; he mak's the contræivences o' the peopple o' nane effeck.

11 The cunsil o' the Lord stan's foraye; the thoughts o' his hairt til a' ganærations.

12 Blisset is the natione whase God is the Lord, an' the peopple wham he heth singlet owt for his ain.

13 The Lord luiks doun fræ heæven; he behalds a' the sons o' men.

14 Frae the piece o' his habitatione he luiks doun apon a' the residents o' the yirth.

15 He fashens thair hairs alike: he tak's thought o' a' thair warks.

16 Ther is nae king saufet bie the ferkishin o' ane ærmet throck: ane michtie man isna deliferet bie meikle doucht.

17 Ane hors is ane vaine thing for sauftie: næther soll he delifer onie bie his grit powir.

18 Behald, the ee o' the Lord is apon thame that feær him, apon thame that houpe in his mercie;

19 Til free thair saul fræ deæth, an' til keep thame alæive in seanth o' fude.

20 Our saul waites for the Lord: he is our helpe an' our sheeld.

21 For our haire soll rejoice in him, becaus we hae trustet in his haly næme.

22 Let thy mercie, O Lord, be apon us, akordin' as we houpe in thee.

XXXIV.

¶ Ane Psalm o' David, whan he changet his havins afore Abimelech.

I WULL bliss the Lord at a' times: his prayse shall be continual in my mooth.

2 My saul shall mak' hir brag in the Lord; the lawlie shall hear o't, an' be gladsume.

3 O bie prayse mak' grit the Lord alang wi' me, an' let us raeise up his næme thegither.

4 I soucht the Lord, an' he heard me, an' freeet me frae a' my feears.

5 They luiket untill him, an' wer lichtenet; an' thair feces werna shæmet.

6 This puir man cryet, an' the Lord heard him, an' saufet him owt o' a' his trubles.

7 The angil o' the Lord camps roun aboot thame that feær him, an' he delifers thame.

8 O pree an' see that the Lord is guid: blisset is the man that trusts in him.

9 O feær the Lord, ye his saunts; for ther is nae inlak til thame that feær him.

10 The yung lions inlack, an' thole hungir: but thaye that seik the Lord sallna inlak onie guid thing.

11 Cum, ye childer, herken untill me; I wull teech yow the feær o' the Lord.

12 What man is he that langis efter liffe, an' loes monie dayes, that he may see guid?

13 Keep thy tung frae ill, an' thy lipps frae speikin' gyle.

14 Flie awa frae ill, an' do guid; seek peece, an' perzist in it.

15 The eyne o' the Lord ar upon the richteous, an' his eärs ar opin til thair crye.

16 The fece o' the Lord is agayne thame that do ill, til sneg aff the memrie o' thame frae the yirth.

17 The richteous crye, an' the Lord heärs, an' delifers thame owt o' thair trubles.

18 The Lord is neer untill thame that ar o' ane brokin hairt, an' saufes sic as be o' ane rewfu' speerit.

19 Monie ar the afflickshons o' the richteous; but the Lord delifers him owt o' thame a'.

20 He keeps a' his banes: nat ane o' thame is brokin.

21 Ill soll slay the wicket: an' thaye that hæte the richteous
sall be laide waiste.

22 The Lord redeims the saul o' his servents; an' nane o' thame
that trust in him soll be forlaine.

XXXV.

PLEED my caus, O Lord, wi' thame that straive wi' me: ficht
agayne thame that ficht agayne me.

2 Tak' haud o' sheeld an' buklir, an' stan' up for mine helpe.

3 Drawe owt alsua the speer, an' stap the waye agayne thame
that persikute me: say untill my saul, I am thy salvatione.

4 Let thame be confuundet an' putten til shæme that seik efter
my saul: let thame be turnet bak' an' bruug til confuusion that de-
væise my skaith.

5 Let thame be as caff afore the wund, an' let the angil o' the
Lord chece thame.

6 Let thair waye be mirk an' sklydderie, an' let the angil o' the
Lord persikute thame.

7 For withowtten caus hae thaye hidden for me thair nette in
ane pitt, whilk withowtten caus thaye howket for my saul.

8 Let wanreck cum apon him unawaurs; an' let his nette whilk
he heth hidden katch himsel: intil that verra wanreck let him fa'.

9 An' my saul soll be joyfu' in the Lord: it soll rejoice in his
salvatione.

10 A' my banes soll say, Lord, wha is like untill thee, that
freest the puir fræ him that is ower strang for him, ay, the puir
an' the needie fræ him that spulyies him.

11 Fause wutnissis did ræise up: thaye laid til my charge
things that I kennetna.

12 Thaye rewairdet me ill for guid, til the spulyeyin' o' my saul.

13 But as for me, whan thaye wer siek my clæthin' was sack-
clæth; I humblet my saul wi' fastin'; an' my præyer returnet intil
mine ain bozim.

14 I bure mysel as though he had been my frien' or brither: I
bowet doun hivielie as ane that murns for his mither.

15 But in my wandrethe thaye rejoiceet, an' getheret thamesels
thegither, ay, the wandouchts getheret thamesels thegither agayne
me, an' I kennet it na; thaye did tatter me, an' gæfena ower.

16 Wi' hypicritikil mokirs in thair gilravages, thaye naschet
apon me wi' thair teeth.

17 Lord, howe lang wult thou luik on? set free my saul frae
thair wanrecks, my deær onlie ane frae the lions.

18 I wull gie thee thanks in the grit congregatiōne; I wull
prayse thee amang meikle peopple.

19 Letna thame that ar mine enimies wrangfullie, rejoice ower
me: næther let thame blink wi' the ee that hæte me withowtten
ane caus.

20 For thaye speikna peece, but thaye devæise deceitfu' matters
agayne thame that ar quæet in the lan'.

21 Ay, thaye opinet thair mooth wyde agayne me, an' said,
Aha, Aha!

22 This thou hest seen, O Lord: keepna seelence: O Lord,
bena fer frac me.

23 Sturr up thyself, an' awauken til my juudgemint, een untill
my caus, my God an' my Lord.

24 Judge me, O Lord my God, akordin' til thy richteousniss;
an' let thame nat rejoice ower me.

25 Letna thame say in thair hairs, Aha! Aha! sae wad we hae
it; letna thame say, We hae swallet him up.

26 Let thame be shæmet, an' brung til confusione thegither that
rejoice in my skaith: let them be clæthet wi' shæme an' wanlonor
that mak' thamesels big agayne me.

27 Let thame crye owt for joye an' be gladsume that faavor my
richteous caus; ay, let thame continwallie say, Let the Lord be
magnifiēt that heth pleesur in the weelfare o' his servent.

28 An' my tung shall speik o' thy richteousniss, an' o' thy prayse
a' the daye lang.

XXXVI.

¶ Til the chief musicien, Ane Psalm o' David, the servent o' the Lord.

THE transgressione o' the wicket sayth wuthin my hairt, that
ther is nae feær o' God afore his eyne.

2 For he whytewasches himsel in his ain eyne untill his inequicie be fuund til be hætēfū'.

3 The wurdz o' his mooth ar inequicie an' gyle: he heth left
aff til be wyse, an' til do guid.

4 He devæises mischeef apon his bed; he sets himsel in ane waye whilk isna guid; he abhorrnsna ill.

5 Thy mercie, Lord, is in the heævens, an' thy faithfu'niss raxes untill the cluds.

6 Thy richteousniss is like the grit mountans: thy juudgemints ar ane grit deepe; O Lord, thou preserfist man an' beæst.

7 Howe verra grit is the virtu o' thy loein-kindniss, O God! therfor the childer o' men pit thair trust anunder the skaddaw o' thy wings.

8 Thaye sall be routhlie satisfiet wi' the fatniss o' thy hous: an' thou sallt mak' thame drynk o' the rivir o' thy pleesurs.

9 For wi' thee is the fuuntan o' liffe: in thy licht sall we see licht.

10 O contina thy loein-kindniss untill thame that ken thee; an' thy richtiousniss til the upright in haint.

11 Letna the fit o' pryd cum agayne me, an' letna the han' o' the wicket remuve me.

12 Ther ar the wurkers o' inequitie fa'n: thaye ar thrawn doun, an' sallna be yeable til ræise.

XXXVII.

¶ Ane Psalm o' David.

WURPNA thysel becaus o' the ill-deedie, næther be thou enviious agayne the wurkers o' inequitie:

2 For thaye sall sune be cutet doun like the gerse, an' wuther as the green yirb.

3 Trust in the Lord, an' do guid; sae sallt thou won in the lan', an' trewlie thou sallt be fed.

4 Delicht thysel alsua in the Lord; an' he sall gie thee the wushes o' thine haint.

5 Rowe thy waye apon the Lord; trust alsua in him; an' he sall bring it aboot.

6 An' he sall bring furth thy richteousniss as the licht, an' thy juudgement as the nuun-day.

7 Rest in the Lord, an' waite pætientlie for him: wurpna thysel becaus o' him wha prospirs in his waye, becaus o' the man wha brings wicket contræivences til passe.

8 Gae ower fræ angir, an' forsak wræth; wurpna thyscl' in onie wayes til do ill.

9 For ill-doires soll be snegget aff: but thaye that waite on the Lord, thaye soll inheerit the yirth.

10 For yet ane wee while, an' the wicket sallna be; ay, thou salt eidentlie pondir bis piece, an' it sallna be.

11 But the meik soll hand an' indwall the yirth; an' soll delight thamesels in the routhniss o' peece.

12 The wicket plote agayne the just, an' nashes apon him wi' his teeth.

13 The Lord soll lauch at him, for he sees that his daye is cumin'.

14 The wicket hae pu'et owt the sword, an' hae bendet thair bowe, til throw doun the puir an' needie, an' til sley sic as be o' ane upright waye.

15 Thair sword soll gang intil thair ain hairt, an' thair bowes soll be brokin.

16 The wee thing that ane richteous man hæs is better nor the gowd an' geer o' monie wicket.

17 For the ærms o' the wicket soll be brokin; but the Lord uphauuds the richteous.

18 The Lord kens the days o' the upright; an' thair inheeritance soll be forevir.

19 Thaye sallna be shæmet in the ill time, an' in the days o' scanth thaye soll be satisfiet.

20 But the wicket soll dee owt, an' the faes o' the Lord soll be as the taugh o' lams: thaye soll consuume; intil reek soll thaye consuume awa'.

21 The wicket borros, an' payesna agane; but the richteous shaws mercie an' gies.

22 For sic as be blisset o' him soll inheerit the yirth, an' thaye that be curset o' him soll be cutet aff.

23 The steppes o' ane guid man ar oorderit bie the Lord; an' he delichts in his waye.

24 Though he fa', he sallna be uutterlie thrawn doun; for the Lord uphauuds him wi' his han'.

25 I hae been yung, an' nowe am auld; yet hae I nat seen the richteous forhowet, nar his affspring beggin' thair bread.

26 He is evir misrecorde, an' len's: an' his affspring ar blisset.

27 Gang awa fræ ill, an' do guid; an' dwall for evirmair.

28 For the Lord loes juudgemint, an' forhowesna his saunts; thaye ar preserfet for aye ; but the affspring o' the wicket sall be cutet aff.

29 The richteous sall inheirit the lan', an' won therin forevir.

30 The mooth o' the richteous speiks wusdoom, an' his tung tauks o' juudgemint.

31 The law o' the Lord is in his hairet; nane o' his steppes sall sklyde.

32 The wicket keepes clos ee on the richteous, an' seiks til sley him.

33 The Lord wullna leefe him in his han', nar condem him whan he is juudget.

34 Waite on the Lord an' keepe his waye, an' he sall lift thee up til inheirit the lan'; whan the wicket ar snegget aff, an' thou salt see it.

35 I hae seen the wicket in grit powir, an' spreedin' himsel abreæd like ane green bay-trie.

36 Yet he passit awa, an' lo ! he wasna : ay, I soucht him, but he couldna be fund.

37 Merk the perfite man, an' behald the upricht : for the en' o' that man is peece.

38 But the wrangangers sall be destroyet thegither, an' the en' o' the wicket sall be snegget aff.

39 But the salvatione o' the richteous is o' the Lord: he is thair strength in the time o' truble.

40 An' the Lord sall help thame, an' delifer thame ; he sall delifer thame frae the wicket, an' saufe thame becaus thaye trust in him.

XXXVIII.

¶ Ane Psalm o' David til bring til remembirense.

O LORD, rebuik na me in thy wræth, nar chasen me in thine het displeesur.

2 For thine arras stik faste in me ; an' thine han' presses me sair.

3 Ther is nac suundniss in my flesch becaus o' thine angir; næther is ther onie rest in my banes becaus o' my sin.

4 For mine inequities ar gane aboone mine heæd : as ane hivie lade thaye ar ower hivie for me.

5 My wuunds smowe, an' ar corrup becaus o' my fulishmiss.

6 I am trublet; I am bowet doun gritly: I gae murnin' a' the daye lang.

7 For my lains ar fillet wi' foulsume deseese, an' ther is nae suundness in my flesch.

8 I am fordweblit an' sair brokin; I hae rairet bie reesen o' the wanrest o' my hairt.

9 Lord, a' my langin' is afore thee; an' my graenin' isna hidden frae thee.

10 My hairt dunts, my strength fæils me; as for the licht o' mine eyne, it alsua is gane frae me.

11 My loers an' my frien's stan' owt bye frae my sair, an' my kinsfowlk keepe afer aff.

12 Thaye alsua that seik efter my liffe laye girns for me; an' thaye that seik my skaith speik wansomie things, an' imagin deceits a' the daye lang.

13 But I as ane deef man heärdna, an' I was as ane dum man that opinetna his mooth.

14 Thus was I as ane man that heärsna, an' in whase mooth ar nae repreifs.

15 For in thee, O Lord, do I houpe: thou wult heær, O Lord my God.

16 For I said, Heær me, in kase itherwaise thaye shud rejoice ower me: whan my fit sklyds, thaye mak' thamesels big agayne me.

17 For I am readie til haut, an' my sorra is continwallie afore me.

18 For I wull speik owt mine inequitie: I wull be rewfu' for my sin.

19 But mine enimies ar lævelie, an' thaye ar stalwart; an' thaye that hæte me wrangfullie ar becum mae.

20 Thaye alsua that gie bak ill for guid ar mine advarsaries, becaus I follo the thing that is guid.

21 Forhowena me, O Lord: O my God, bena fer frae me.

22 Mak' hæste til help me, O Lord, my salvatione.

XXXIX.

¶ Til the chief musicien, een til Jeduthun, Ane Psalm o' David.

I SAID, I wull tak tent til my wayes, that I sinna wi' my tung:
I wull keep my mooth wi' ane brydle quhile the wicket is
afore me.

2 I was dum wi' seelence; I helde my peece een frae guid;
an' my sorra was sturret.

3 My hairet was het wuthin me; quhile I was muisin' the fire
burnet: than spak I wi' my tung,

4 Lord, mak' me til ken mine en', an' the measur o' my dayes
what it is, that I may ken howe bauch I am.

5 Behald thou hest mæde my dayes as ane han'sbreæthe, an'
mine age is as naething afore thee: trewlie ilka man at his best
stæte is a'thegither vaintie. Selah.

6 Shurelie ilka man gangs in ane vaine schaw: shurelie thaye
ar wanrestet in vaine: he hotts up guids an' geer, an' kensna wha
sall gether thame.

7 An' nowe, Lord, what waite I for? my houpe is in thee.

8 Free me fræ a' my transgressiones; makna me the reproch
o' the fulish.

9 I was dum; I openetna my mooth; becaus thou didist it.

10 Remuve thy straike awa fræ me: I am consummet bie the
fluet o' thine han'.

11 Whan thou wi' rebuiks dest correck man for inequitie, thou
makist his beutie til waiste awa like ane mæthe: shurelie ilka man
is vaintie.

12 Heær my præyer, O Lord, an' gie ear untill my crye: haud-
na thy peece at my teärs: for I am fremet wi' thee, an' ane sae-
jurner, as a' my faethers wer.

13 O spare me, that I may gaine bak my pithe afore I gae
hance an' be nae mair.

XL.

¶ Til the chief musicien, Ane Psalm o' David.

I WAITET pætientlie for the Lord, an' he leenet towards me,
an' heärd my crye.

2 He brang me up alsua owt o' ane horrabil hole, owt o' the glarie claye, an' set my feet apon ane rok, an' mæde my gangin' siccer.

3 An' he heth putten ane new sang intill my mooth, een prayse untill our God: monie shall see it, an' feær, an' trust in the Lord.

4 Blisset is that man that mak's the Lord his trust, an' respeeksna the pruude, nar sie as turn owt o' the waye til follo lees.

5 Monie, O Lord my God, ar thy wunderfu' warks whilk thou hast dune, an' thy thougts whilk ar gatewairds us; thaye caonna be rekenet up in oordir untill thee; gif I wad shaw thame furth bie speikin' o' thame, thaye ar mae nar can be nummeret.

6 Saacrifice an' offerin' thou didistna lang for: mine eärs thou hast opinet: brunt-offerin' an' sin-offerin' thou hestna requairet.

7 Than said I, Lo, I cum; in the volum' o' the buik it is writtan o' me,

8 I delicht til do thy wull, O my God, ay, thy law is in my hairt.

9 I hae preechet richteousniss in the grit congregatiōne: lo, I haena hainet my lips, O Lord, thou kennist.

10 I haena hidden thy richteousniss wuthin my hairt: I hae spokin' owt thy faithfuniss an' thy salvatione: I haena keepet owt o' sicht thy loein-kindniss, an' thy trouth frāe the grit congregatiōne.

11 Wuthhaldna thou thy tendir mercies frāe me, O Lord: let thy loein-kindniss an' thy trouth continwallie preserfe me.

12 For innumerall ills hae gethirit roun' aboot me: mine inequities hae taen haud o' me, sae that I amna yeable til luik up: thaye ar mae nor the hairs o' mine heād, therfor my hairt failets me.

13 Be pleeset, O Lord, til delifer me: O Lord, mak' haeste til helpe me.

14 Let thame be shæmet an' confuundet thegither that seik ester my saul til kill it; let thame be drein bakwards, an' putten til shæme that wush me ill.

15 Let thame be forlaine for ane reward o' thair shæme that say untill me, Aha, Aha!

16 Let a' thae that seik thee rejoice an' be gladsume in thee; let sie as loe thy salvatione say continwallie, The Lord be prayset.

17 But I am puir an' needie, nathless the Lord taketh thought o' me: thou art my helpe an' deliferer; mak' nae taigglīn, O my God.

XLI.

¶ Til the chief musicien, Ane Psalm o' David.

BLISSET is he that tak's pitie on the puir: the Lord wull delifer him in the time o' truble.

2 The Lord wull preserfe an' keep him alæive; an' he sall be blisset apon the yirth, an' thou wultna gie him up intil the wull o' his enimies.

3 The Lord refreshenin, wull mak' him stranger on the bed o' langwismint: thou wult mak' his bed in his siekniss.

4 I said, Lord, be mercifu' untill me; hæle my saul; for I hae sinnet agayne thee.

5 Mine enimies speik ill o' me: Whan wull he dee, an' his næme sinke owtwicht?

6 An' gif he cum til see me, he raves owt empie things; his haire gethirs inequitie til itsel'; than whan he gangs owtbyre he tells it.

7 A' that illwull me whuspir thegither agayne me; agayne me do thaye devaïse my skaith.

8 Ane ill ailment, say thaye, has gotten ane firm grip o' him; an' now that he lycs flat, he sall ræise up nae mair.

9 Ay, een mine ain intimat frien' wham I trustet in, whilk did eet o' my breadë, heth liftet up his heel agayne me.

10 But thou, O Lord, be mercifu' untill me, an' ræise me up, that I may requit thame.

11 Bie this I ken that thou faavorist me; becaus mine enimie desna crouslie craw ower me.

12 An' as for me, thou uphaudest me in mine intiritie, an' settist me afore thy fece alwaise.

13 Blisset be the Lord God o' Israel, frae evirlestyn til evirlestyn. Saebeid, an' saebeid.

XLII.

¶ Til the chief musicien, Maschil, for the sons o' Korah.

AS the hart langin' cryes for the water bruiks, sae lang an' cryes my saul efter thee, O God.

2 My saul thrists for God, for the leivin' God: whan sall I cum
an' kythe afore God?

3 My teärs hae been my fude daye an' nicht, quhile thaye con-
tinwallie say untill me, Whare is thy God?

4 Whan I mind thae things, I teem owt my saul in me; for I
had gane wi' the crood; I gaed wi' thame til the hous o' God wi' the
voyce o' joye an' prayse, wi' ane crood that keepet haly-day.

5 Why art thou casen doun, o' my saul? an' wharefor art thou
wanrestet in me? houpe thou in God; for I sall yet prayse him for
the help o' his countenence.

6 O my God, my saul is casen doun wuthin me, therfor wull I
ca' thee til mind frae the lan' o' Jordan, an' o' the Hermonites, frae
the Mizar-hill.

7 Deep ca's untill deep at the noyse o' thy water-spoots: a' thy
waves an' thy brikers hae gane ower me.

8 Natheless the Lord wull comman' his loein-kindniss in the
daye-time, an' in the nicht his sang sall be wi' me, an' my präyer
untill the God o' my liffe.

9 I wull say untill God my rok, Why hest thou forgottan me?
Wharefor gang I murnin' becaus o' the oppressione o' the enimie?

10 As wi' ane sword in my banes mine enimies reproch me,
quhile thaye say daylie untill me, Whare is thy God?

11 Why art thou casen doun, O my saul? an' wharefor art thou
wanrestet wuthin me? houpe thou in God; for I sall yit prayse
him, wha is the helth o' my countenence an' my God.

XLIII.

JUDGE me, O God, an' pleed my caus agayne ane ungodlie
rece: O free me frae the deceitfu' an' unjuste man.

2 For thou art the God o' my strength: why dest thou throw
me aff? why do I gang murnin' becaus o' the oppressione o' the
enimie?

3 O sen' owt thy licht an' thy trouth; let thame leede me, let
thame bring me til thy haly hill an' til thy taabernakles.

4 Than wull I gae untill the altar o' God my ekseedin' joye;
ay, apon the herp wull I prayse thee, O God my God.

5 Why art thou casen doun, O my saul? why art thou wanrestet

wuthin me? houpe in God; for I sall yet prayse him, wha is the helth o' my countenence an' my God.

XLIV.

* Til the chief musicien for the sons o' Korah, Maschil.

WE hae heärd wi' our eärs, O God, our faethers hae tauld us what wark thou didist in thair dayes in the times o' auld.

2 Howe thou didist dræive owt the heäthin wi' thy han', an' enfeftedist thy chusen anes, howe thou didist afflick the peele an' cuust thame owt.

3 For thaye gatna the lan' in haudin' bie thair ain sword, næther did thair ain ærm saufe thame; but thy richt han', ay, thine ærm, an' the licht o' thy countenence, becaus thou hadist ane faavor for thame.

4 For thou art my King, O God: oordir deliferances for Jacob.

5 Throwe thee wull we thraw doun our enimies: throwe thy næme wull we tramp thame anunder that ræise up agayne us.

6 For I wullna trust in my bowe, næther sall my sword saufe me.

7 But thou hest saufet us fræ our faes, an' hest putten thame til shæme that haetet us.

8 In God we brag a' the daye lang, an' prayse thy næme for-evir. Selah.

9 But thou hest casen aff, an' putten us til shæme; an' gang-istna furth wi' our bands o' weir.

10 Thou makist us til turn bak fræ the enimie; an' thaye that hæte us spulyie for thamesel's.

11 Thou hest gien us like sheep appoyntet for fude; an' hest dræn us abreæd amang the heäthin.

12 Thou sellist thy fowk for naucht, an' destna eke til thy walth bie the pryce.

13 Thou makist us ane reproch til our neebers, ane scoorn an' ane derizone til thame that ar roun' aboot us.

14 Thou makist us ane bye-wurd amang the heäthin, ane shakin' o' the heæd amang the peele.

15 My confuusion is continwallie afore me, an' the shæme o' my fece has kiveret me,

16 Beeaus o' the voyce o' him that reproches an' blasfemes, an' bie reasin o' the enimie an' avangir.

17 A' this has cum apon us; nathless we haena forgotten thee,
næther hae we deelt fauselie in thy covenant.

18 Our hairt hæsna turnet bak, næther our steppes ganc agley
frae thy waye.

19 Though thou hest brokin us in the pleece o' drægons, an' ki-
veret us wi' the skaddaw o' deæth.

20 Gif we hae forgotten the næme o' our God, or streeket owt
our han's til ane fremet god;

21 Sall God nat fin' this owt? for he kens the secerets o' the
hairt.

22 Ay, for thy sak' we ar killet a' the daye lang; we ar cuuntet
as sheep til the slauchter.

23 Awauken, why sleepist thou, O Lord? ræise up, thraw us
nat aff forevir.

24 Wharefor hydist thou thy fece, an' forgettest our afflickson
an' thrawldoom?

25 For our sauls ar bowet doun til the dust; our bellie cleefes
til the yirth.

26 Ræise up for our helpe, an' redeim us, for thy mercies' sak'.

XLV.

¶ Til the chief musicien apon Shoshanniuin, for the sons o' Korah;
Ane Sang o' Loves.

MY hairt is indytin' ane guid matter: I speik o' things whilk
I hae mæde anent the King; my tung is the pen o' ane
swuft writer.

2 Thou art fairer nor the childer o' men; græee is teemet intil
thy lippes; therfor God heth blisset thee forevir.

3 Girth thy sword apon thy thie, O Maist Michtie; wi' thy
glorie an' thy magistrie girth thou it on.

4 An' in thy magistrie ride thou an' prospir, becaus o' trouth an'
meikniss an' richteousniss; an' thy richt han' sall teech thee ter-
rabil things.

5 Thy arras ar sherp in the hairt o' the King's enemies, whare-
bie the peopple fa' anæth thee.

6 Thy throne, O God, is forevir an' aye; the septer o' thy king-
dom is ane richt septer.

7 Thou loiest richteousniss, an' hætist wicketniss; therfor God,

thy God, heth anaintet thee wi' the oolie o' gladsummiss aboone thy fellos.

8 A' thy claes smelle o' myrrh an' aloes an' cassia, owt o' the ivorie palaces, wharebie thaye hae mæde thee gladsume.

9 Kings' douchters wer amang the honorable weemen : apon the richt han' did stan' the queen in gowd o' Ophir.

10 Herken, O doucher, an' considdir, an' inclæine thine eær ; forget alsua thine ain peele, an' thy faether's hous.

11 Sae soll the King gritly desyre thy beatie ; for he is thy Lord, an' wurship thou him.

12 An' the doucher o' Tyre soll be ther wi' ane propyne : een the walthie amang the peele soll woo thy faavor.

13 The King's doucher is a' glorious wuthin : her claethin' is o' wrought gowd.

14 She soll be brung untill the King in rayment o' needle-wark : the virgins, hir comrades that follo hir, soll be brung untill thee.

15 Wi' glee an' rejoycin' soll thaye be brung ; thaye soll gae intil the palace o' the King.

16 In pleice o' thy faethers soll be thy childer, wham thou mayist mak' athils in a' the yirth.

17 I wull mak' thy næme til be remembiret in a' ganerations ; therefor soll the peele prayse thee forevir an' evir.

XLVI.

¶ Til the chief musicien, for the sons o' Korah ; Ane Sang apon Alamoth.

GOD is our sang an' strength, ane verra presint helpe in truble.

2 Therfor we wullna feær, though the yirth be remuvet, an' though the mountans be carryet intil the middle o' the se :

3 Though the waters o't rair, an' be trublet ; though the mountans shog wi' the swallin' o' thame. Selah.

4 Ther is ane rivir whase ridders soll mak' gladsume the citie o' God, the haly pleice o' the taabernakles o' the Maist Hie.

5 God is in the middle o' hir ; she salrna be muvet : God soll helpe hir, an' that richt sune.

6 The heæthin frennet, the kingdoms wer comuvet : he uuteret his voyce, an' the yirth meltet.

7 The Lord o' hosts is wi' us; the God o' Jacob is our scug.
Selah.

8 Cum, behald the warks o' the Lord, what desolaciones he
heth mæde in the yirth.

9 He mak's weir til cease untill the en's o' the yirth; he snegs
the speer asinder; he burns the chariat in the fire.

10 Be quæit, an' ken that I am God: I wull be ræiset on hie
amang the heæthin, I wull be mæde hie in the yirth.

11 The Lord o' hosts is wi' us; the God o' Jacob is our beild.
Selah.

XLVII.

¶ Til the chief musicien, Ane Psalm for the sons o' Korah.

O CLAPPE your han's, a' ye peopple: crye owt luudlie til God
wi' the voyce o' triumff.

2 For the Lord maist hie is terrabil; he is ane grit King ower
a' the yirth.

3 He sall bring doun the peopple anunder us, an' the nationes
anæth our feet.

4 He sall chhuuse for us our haudin', the eksellencie o' Jacob,
wham he loet. Selah.

5 God heth gane up wi' ane shuute, the Lord wi' the toute o'
ane trumpet.

6 Sing prayeses til God, sing prayeses: sing prayeses untill our
King, sing prayeses.

7 For God is the King o' a' the yirth: sing ye prayeses wi'
understan'in'.

8 God rings ower the heæthin: God sits apon the throne o' his
haliniss.

9 The cheefes o' the peopple ar' getheret thegither, een the
peopple o' the God o' Abraham; for the sheelds o' the yirth belang
untill God: he is gritly liftet up.

XLVIII.

¶ Ane Sang an' Psalm for the sons o' Korah.

G RIT is the Lord, an' gritlie til be prayset, in the citie o' our
God, in the mountan o' his haliniss.

2 Bonnie for situatione, an' the joy o' a' the yirth, is Muunt Zion, on the noor-sides, the citie o' the grit King.

3 God is kennet in hir palaces for ane beild.

4 For lo, the kings wer getheret, thaye gaed bye thegither.

5 Thaye sawe it, an' sae mervellet ; thaye wer trublet, an' hæstenet awa.

6 Dreædour tuik haud o' thame ther, an' paine as o' ane woman in travail.

7 Thou brikist the schips o' Tarshish wi' ane east wund.

8 As we hae heerd, sae hae we seen in the citie o' the Lord o' hosts, in the citie o' our God : God wull mak' it stan' siccer forevir. Selah.

9 We hae thought o' thy loein'-kindniss, O God, in the middle o' thy temple.

10 Akordin' til thy næme, O God, sae is thy prayse til the en's o' the yirth ; thy richt han' is fu' o' richteousniss.

11 Let Muunt Zion rejoice ; let the douchters o' Judah be gladsume becaus o' thy juudgemints.

12 Gang aboot Zion, an' gae roun aboot hir : count the towirs ther'o'.

13 Merk ye weel hir bullwarks : tak' tent til hir palaces ; that ye may telle it til the ganæratian til cum.

14 For this God is our God forevir an' evir : he wull be our gæyde een untill deæth.

XLIX.

¶ Til the chief musicien, Ane Psalm for the sons o' Korah.

HEÆR this, a' ye peopple : gie eær, a' ye indwallers o' the warld :

2 Beith leuch an' heich, riche an' puir thegither.

3 My mooth soll speik o' wusdoom : an' the medetatione o' my hairt soll be o' understan'in'.

4 I wull inclæine mine eær til ane parabil ; I wull opin my mirk sayin' apon the herp.

5 Wharefor shud I feær in the-dayes o' ill, whan the inequitie o' my heels heth gane roun' aboot me ?

6 Thaye that trust in thair walth, an' boast thamesel's in the multetud o' thair gaines ;

7 Nane o' thame can bie onie meens redeim his brither, nar gie
til God ane ransume for him :

8 (For the redemptione o' thair saul is pracious, an' it is at
ane en' forevir.)

9 That he shud still leive foraye, an' seena corruptione.

10 For he sees that wyse men dee ; likewayse the fule an' the
bruutish persone perrishe, an' leefe thair walth til ither.

11 Thair inward thought is, that thair houses soll contina for-
evir, an' thair dwallin'-pieces til a' ganaeratiuns : thaye ea' thair
lan's efter thair ain næmes.

12 Nathelass man being in honor bidesna ; he is like the beästs
that decaye owtricht.

13 This thair waye is thair follie : nathelass thair posteritie
appruve thair sayin's. Selah.

14 Like sheepe thaye ar laide in the graffe ; deäth soll feed on
thame : an' the upright soll hae powir ower thame in the moornin' ;
an' thair beutie soll waiste in the graffe fræ thair dwallin'.

15 But God soll redeim my saul fræ the thrawl o' the graffe ;
for he soll receife me. Selah.

16 Bena thou rade whan ane is mæde riche, whan the glorie o'
his hous is inkresset.

17 For whan he dees, he soll carrie naethin' awa ; his glorie
sallna descen' efter him :

18 Thouch quhile he leivet he blisset his ain saul ; an' men wull
prayse thee whan thou dest weel til thyself.

19 He soll gae til the ganaeration o' his faethers : thaye soll
nevir see the licht.

20 Man that is in honor, an' understan'sna, is like the beästs
that perrishe.

L.

¶ Ane Psalm o' Asaph.

THE michtie God, een the Lord, heth spokin, an' ea't the yirth
fræ the ræisin' til the gaein' doun o' the sun.

2 Owt o' Zion, the perfiteniss o' beutie, the Lord heth shynet.

3 Our God soll cum, an' sallna be seelent : ane fire soll devoor
afore him, an' roun aboot him it soll be verra tempestiouse.

4 Frae aboone he soll ea' owt til the heävens an' til the yirth,
that he maye juudge the peele.

5 Gether my saunts thegither untill me; thaye that hae mæde
ane covenent wi' me bie saacrifice.

6 An' the heævens soll speik furth his richteousniss; for God
himself' is juudge. Selah.

7 Heær, O my peeple, an' I wull speik; O Israel, an' I wull
beær wutniss agayne thee: I am God, een thy God.

8 I wullna reprove thee for thy saacrifices or thy brunt-afferin's,
til hae been continwallie afore me.

9 I wull tak' nae stot owt o' thy hous, nar he-gaits owt o' thy
falds.

10 For ilka beäst o' the greenwud is mine, an' the kattle apon
ane thousan' hills.

11 I ken a' the burds o' the mountans, an' the untamet beästs
o' the desart ar mine.

12 Gif I wer hungerie, I wadna tell thee: for the warld an' the
fu'niss o't is mine.

13 Wull I eet the flesch o' bulls, or drynk the bluid o' gaits?

14 Affer untill God thanksgiein'; an' paye thy vowes til the
Maist Hie.

15 An' ea' apon me in the daye o' truble, an' I wull answir
thee: I wull delifer thee, an' thou salt glorifie me.

16 But untill the wicket God says, What hest thou til do til
speik owt my staatutes, or that thou shudist tak' my covenent in
thy mooth?

17 Seein' thou hætist instrucksione, an' flingist my wurds ahint
thee.

18 Whan thou sawist ane reyffar, than thou becamist airt an'
pairt wi' him, an' eke hest been partaker wi' advoutirers.

19 Thou gieist thy mooth til ill, an' thy tung frames deceits.

20 Thou sittist, an' speikist agayne thy brither; thou slan'erist
thine ain mither's son.

21 Thae things hest thou dune, an' I keepet seelence; thou
thouchtist that I was a'thegither sic an ane as thyself': but I wull
reppruuve thee, an' set thame in oordir afore thine eyne.

22 Nowe tak' thought o' this, ye that forget God, in kase I
ræive you in pieces, an' ther be nane til delifer.

23 Whasae affers prayse glorifies me: an' til him that oordirs
his waye aricht I wull shaw the salvatione o' God.

LI.

¶ Til the chief musicien, Ane Psalm o' David.

HAE mercie apon me, O God, akordin' til thy locin'-kindniss; akordin' untill the multetud o' thy tendir mercies blat owt my wrang-gangin's.

2 Wasch me throwelie frae mine inequicie, an' cleense me frae my sin.

3 For I own my transgressiones, an' my sin is evir afore me.

4 Agayne thee, thee onlie hae I sinnet, an' dune this ill in thy sicht; that thou michtist be justifiet whan thou speikist, an' be clearer whan thou juudgeist.

5 Behald, I was muuldet in inequicie, an' in sin did my mither conceife me.

6 Behald, thou desyrist trouth in the inward pairts, an' in the hydden pairt thou sallt mak' me til ken wusdoom.

7 Scour me wi' hyssop, an' I sall be cleen: wasch me, an' I sall be whiter nor the snaw.

8 Mak' me til heær joye an' gladsumeniss; that the banes whilk thou hest brokin maye rejoice.

9 Hyde thy fece frae my sins, an' blat owt a' mine inequities.

10 Creaat in me ane cleen hairt, O God, an' renewe ane richt speerit wuthin me.

11 Pitna me awa frae thy presince, an' takna thy Haly Speerit frae me.

12 Bring bak untill me the joye o' thy salvatione, an' uphaud me wi' thy free speerit.

13 Than wull I teeche transgressers thy wayes: an' sinners sall be turnet untill thee.

14 Delifer me frae bluid-giltiniss, O God, thou God o' my salvatione, an' my tung sall sing luudlie o' thy richteousniss.

15 O Lord, opin thou my lippes, an' my mooth sall shaw furth thy prayse.

16 For thou desyrist na saacrifice, els wad I gie it thee: thou delichtistna in brunt-afferin'.

17 The saacrifices o' God ar ane brokin speerit: ane brokin an' ane rewfu' hairt, O God, thou wultna despaeise.

18 Do guid, in thy guid pleesur until Zion: bigg thou the wa's o' Jerusalem.

19 Than sallt thou be pleeset wi' the saacrifices o' richteousniss
wi' brunt-afferin' an' haill brunt-afferin': than shall thaye affer ousen
apon thine altar.

LII.

¶ Til the chief musicien Maschil, Ane Psalm o' David whan Doeg the Edomite
cam' an' tauld Saul, an' said untill him, David is cum til the hous o'
Ahimelech.

WHY boostist thou thyself in mischeef, O michtie man? the
guidniss o' God induurs continwallie.

2 Thy tung devæises mischeefs: like ane sherp razor wurkin'
deceitfulie.

3 Thou loeist ill mair nor guid, an' leein' ræthir nor til speik
richteousniss. Selah.

4 Thou loeist a' devoorin' wurds, O thou deeeitfu' tung.

5 God soll likewaies destroye thee forevir: he soll tak' thee
awa, an' pu' thee owt o' thy dwallin'-pleece, an' rte thee owt o' the
lan' o' the leivin'. Selah.

6 The richteous soll alsua see, an' feær, an' soll lauch at him.

7 Lo, this is the man that mædена God his streneth; but trustet
in the routhniss o' his riches, an' strencthenet himsel in his wicket-
niss.

8 But I am like ane green olive-tree in the hous o' God: I trust
in the mercie o' God forevir an' aye.

9 I wull prayse thee forevir, becaus thou hest dune it; an' I
wull waite on thy nænie; for it is guid in the presince o' thy
saunts.

LIII.

¶ Til the chief musicien apon Mahalath, Maschil, Ane Psalm o' David.

THE fule hes said in his hairt, Ther is nae God. Corrup ar
thaye, an' hae dune abominabel inequitie: ther is nane that
deth guid.

2 God luiket doun frae heæven apon the childer o' men, til see
gif ther wer onie that did understan', an' did seik God.

3 Ilka ane o' thame is gane bak; thaye ar a'thegither becum
foulsume: ther is nane that deth guid, na, nat ane.

4 Hae the wurkers o' inequitie nae wætin? wha eet up my peopple as thaye eet breæd: thaye haena ca't apon God.

5 Ther wer thaye in grit feær, wher nae feær was; for God, athwart an' wyde abreæd, hæs thrawn the banes o' him that encamps agayne thee. Thou hest putten thame til shæme, becaus God heth despæisit thame.

6 Och! that the salvatione o' Israel wer cum owt o' Zion! Whan God brings bak the taen awa o' his peopple, Jacob shall rejoice, an' Israel shall be gladsume.

LIV.

¶ Til the chief musicien on Neginoth, Maschil, Ane Psalm o' David, whan the Zephims cam' an' said til Saul, Desna David hyde himsel wi' us?

SAUFE me, O God, bie thy næme, an' guide me bie thy strength.

2 Heær my präyer, O God; gie eær til the wurdz o' my mooth.

3 For fremet faes ar risen up agayne me, an' oppressers seik efter my saul; thaye haena set God afore thame. Selah.

4 Behald God is mine helper: the Lord is wi' thame that up-haud my saul.

5 He shall reward ill untill mine enimies: sneg thame aff in thy trouth.

6 I wull franklie saacrifice untill thee: I wull prayse thy næme, O Lord, for it is guid.

7 For he heth freet me owt o' a' truble: an' mine ee has seen his desyre apon mine enimies.

LV.

¶ Til the chief musicien on Neginoth, Maschil, Ane Psalm o' David.

GIE eær til my präyer, O God, an' hydena thysel frae my supplicatione.

2 Tak' tent untill me, an' heær me; I murn in my compleenin', an' mak' ane noyse.

3 Beacaus o' the voyce o' the enimie, beacaus o' the oppressione o' the wicket; for thaye smairg inequitie apon me, an' in wræth thaye hæte me.

4 My hairet is sair painet wuthin me: an' the terrers o' deæth ar fa'n apon me.

5 Feærfuniss an' trimmlin' ar cum apon me, an' horrar heth ower-layde me.

6 An' I said, Oh that I had wings like ane dow! for than wad I flie awa an' be at rest.

7 Lo, than wad I dander fer aff, an' bide in the desart. Selah.

8 I wad hæsen my saufe wayegait frae the wundie stourm an' tempist.

9 Destroye, O Lord, an' pit feid atween thair tungs, for I hae seen vielence an' striffe in the citie.

10 Daye an' nicht apon the wa's thaye gang aboot it: mischeef alsua, an' dool, ar in the midst o't.

11 Wicketniss is in the middle theron'; deceit an' gyle gaena awa frae hir throwegangs.

12 For it wasna ane enimie that reprochet me; than I coud hae brooket it: næther was it he that hætet me that mæde himsel' big agayne me; than I wad hae hydden mysel' frae him.

13 But it was thou, ane man mine ekwal, my gæyde, an' mine ackwantance.

14 We tuik sweit cunsil thegither, an' gaed fit for fit thegither een til the hous o' God.

15 Let deæth grip haud'o' thame, an' let thame gang doun quik intil hell; for wicketniss is in thair dwallin's, an' amang thame.

16 As for me, I wull ca' apon God; an' the Lord soll saufe me.

17 E'enin' an' moornin', an' at nuun, I wull crye aluud, an' he soll heær my voyce.

18 He soll free my saul in peece frae the battil that was agayne me; for ther wer monie wi' me.

19 God soll heær an' afflick thame, een he that bides o' auld. Selah. Becaus thaye hae nae changes, therfor thaye feärna God.

20 He heth putten furth his han's agayne sic as be at peece wi' him; he heth brokin' his covenant.

21 The wurdz o' his mooth wer mair saft an' slegie nor butter, but weir was in his hairet: his wurdz wer safter nor oolie, nathless wer thaye drawn swords.

22 Throw thy burden apon the Lord, an' he wull susteen thee: he soll nevir thole the richteous til be muvet.

23 But thou, O Lord, salt bring thame doun intil the pit o' de-

struckshon: bluidie an' deceitfu' men sallna leive owt hauff thair dayes; but I wull trust in thee.

LVI.

¶ Til the chief musicien apon Jonath-elem-rechokim, Michtam o' David,
whan the Philistines tuik him in Gath.

BE mercifu' til me, O God; for man wad swallie me up; he,
fichtin', daylie oppresses me.

2 Mine enimies wad swallie me up daye bie daye, for thaye be
monie that ficht agayne me, O thou Maist Hie.

3 What time I am afearet, I wull trust in thee.

4 In God I wull prayse his wurd; in God I hae put my trust:
I wullna feær what flesch can do til me.

5 Ilka daye thaye distourt my wurd: a' thair thoughts ar
agayne me for ill.

6 Thaye gether thamsel's thegither; thaye hyde thamesel's,
thaye merk my stepps whan thaye waite for my saul.

7 Sall thaye get cleær aff bie inequitie? in thine angir throw
doun the peopple, O God.

8 Thou cuuntist my wanderin's: pit thou my teärs intil thy
bottell: ar thaye nat in thy buik?

9 Whan I crye untill thee, than soll my faes turn bak: this I
ken; for God is for me.

10 In God wull I prayse his wurd: in the Lord his wurd wull
I prayse.

11 In God hae I putten my trust; I wullna be rade for what
man can do til me.

12 Thy vowes ar apon me, O God: I wull gie prayse untill thee.

13 For thou hest deliferet my saul fræ deæth: wulltna thou
free my feet fræ fa'in', that I maye gang afore God in the licht o'
the leivin'?

LVII.

¶ Til the chief musicien, Al-tas-chith, Michtam o' David, whan he gaed awa'
fræ Saul in the caefe.

BE mercifu' til me, O God, be mercifu' til me, for my saul
trusts in thee: ay, in the skaddaw o' thy wings wull I mak'
my skug, til a' thaе sair wandrethes be gane bye.

2 I wull crye untill God maist hie; untill God, that deth a' things for me.

3 He sall sen' fræ heæven, an' saufe me fræ the reproch o' him that wad swallie me up. Selah. God sall sen' furth his mercie an' his trouth.

4 My saul is amang lions; an' I lye een amang thame that ar set on fire, een the sons o' men, whase teeth ar speers an' arras, an' thair tung ane sherp sword.

5 Be thou liftet hie up, O God, aboone the heævens; let thy glorie be aboone a' the yirth.

6 Thaye hae preapiret ane nette for my stepps; my 'saul is bowet doun: thaye hae howket ane pitt afore me, in the middle o' whilk thaye thamesel's hae fa'n. Selah.

7 My hairt is firmlie sete, O God, my hairt is firmlie sete; I wull sing an' gie prayse.

8 Awauken up, my glorie; awauken, psalterie an' herp; I mysel' wull awauken earlie.

9 I wull prayse thee, O Lord, amang the peopple; I wull sing untill thee amang the nationes.

10 For thy mercie is grit untill the heævens, an' thy trouth untill the cluds.

11 Be thou liftet up, O God, aboone the heævens; let thy glorie be aboone a' the yirth.

LVIII.

‘ Til the chief musicien, Al-tas-chith, Michtam o' David.

DO ye trewlie speik richteousniss, O congregatiōne? do ye juudge uprightlie, O ye sons o' men?

2 Ay, ye in hairt wurk wicketniss; ye wie the vielence o' your han's in the yirth.

3 The wicket ar efremet fræ the wome; thaye gang astraye as sunē as thaye be born, speikin' lees.

4 Thair pusen is like the pusen o' ane serpint; thaye ar like the deef eddart that stapps hir lug;

5 Whilk wullna herken til the voyce o' chermers, cherm thaye nevir sae wyselie.

6 Brik thair teeth, O God, in thair mooth; brik owt the grit teeth o' the yung lions, O Lord.

7 Let thame melt awa like waters that rin continwallie; whan he ben's his bowe til schuut his arras, let thame be as cutet in pieces.

8 As ane snail whilk melts, let ilka ane o' thame passe awa; like the wantimelie birth o' ane woman, that thaye may seena the sun.

9 Afore your pats can feel the thoorns, he sall tak' thame awa as gif wi' ane whurlwund, baith leivin', an' in his wræth.

10 The richteous sall rejoice whan he sees the vangence; he sall wasch his feet in the bluid o' the wicket.

11 Sae that ane man sall say, Trewlie ther is ane reward for the richteous: trewlie he is ane God that juudges in the yirth.

LIX.

¶ Til the chief musicien, Al-tas-chith, Michtam o' David, whan Saul sendet, an' thaye watchet the hous til kill him.

DELIFER me frae mine enimies, O my God; skug me frae thame that ræise up agayne me.

2 Delifer me frae the warkers o' inequitie, an' saufe me frae bluidie men.

3 For lo, thaye lye on the owtluik for my saul: the michtie ar getheret agayne me: nat for my wrang-gangin', nar for my sin, O Lord.

4 Thaye rin an' mak' thamesel's readie wuthouten my faut; awauken til helpe me, an' behald.

5 Thou, therfor, O Lord God o' hosts, the God o' Israel, awauken til veesit a' the heæthin: bena mercifu' til onie wicket transgressor. Selah.

6 Thaye cum bak at e'enin': thaye mak' ane noyse like ane dog, an' gang roun' aboot the citie.

7 Behald thaye rift owt wi' thair mooth; swords ar in thair lipps, for wha (saye thaye) deth heær?

8 But thou, O Lord, sallt lauch at thame; thou sallt hae a' the heæthin in derision.

9 Becaus o' his strength wull I waite apon thee: for God is my saufegaird.

10 The God o' my mercie sall gae afore me: God sall let me see my wush apon mine enimies.

11 Dinnar sley thame owtricht, in case my fowk forget: dræive

thame abreæd bie thy wicht, an' bring thame doun, O Lord, our sheeld.

12 For the sin o' thair mooth, an' the wurd's o' thair lipps, let thame een be taen in thair prude, an' for bannin' an' leein' whilk thaye speik.

13 Consuum thame in furie, consumm thame that thaye mayna be; an' let thame ken that God rings in Jacob untill the en's o' the yirth. Selah.

14 An' at e'enin' let thame cum bak; an' let thame mak' noyse like ane dog, an' gang roun' aboot the citie.

15 Let thame dander up an' doun seikin' fude, an' grudje gif thaye bena satisfiet.

16 But I wull sing o' thy powir; ay, I wull sing aluud o' thy mercie in the moornin': for thou hest been my defense an' beeld in the daye o' my truble.

17 Untill thee, O my strength, wull I sing; for God is my de-fense, an' the God o' my mercie.

LX.

¶ Til the chief musicien apon Shushan-eduth, Michtam o'David, til teech whan he stræfe wi' Aram-naharaim, an' wi' Aram-zobah, whan Joab cam' bak an' smate o' Edom in the Vallie o' Saut twal thousan'.

O GOD, thou hest casen us aff, thou hest drien us abreæd, thou hest been displeaset: O turn thysel' til us agane.

2 Thou hest mæde the yirth til trimmel; thou hest brokin it: men' the gaaps theron', for it shogs.

3 Thou hest shawet thy peopple sad an' sair things; thou hest mæde us til drynk the wine o' wunderment.

4 Thou hest gien ane banner til thame that feær thee, that it maye be displayet becaus o' the trouth. Selah.

5 That thy belofet may be deliferet; saufe wi' thy richt han', an' heær me.

6 God heth spokin' in his haliniss; I wull rejoice: I wull de-vyde Shechem, an' meæser owt the vallie o' Succoth.

7 Gilead is mine, Manassah is mine; Ephraim alsua is the strength o' mine heæd, an' Judah is my lawgier.

8 Moab is my wasch-pat: ower Edom wull I throw my shoo: Philistia, wult thou now triumff ower me?

9 Wha wull bring me intil the strang citie ? wha wull leede me intil Edom ?

10 Wult thou, O God, whilk hest casen us aff? an' thou, O God, whilk didistna gang owt wi' our bands o' weir ?

11 Gie us help frae truble ; for the help o' man is vaine.

12 Throwe God we wull do douchtie lie : for he it is that sall tramp doun our enimies.

LXI.

¶ Til the chief musicien apon Niginah, Ane Psalm o' David.

HEÆR my crye, O God ; tak' tent untill my præyer.

2 Frae the en' o' the yirth wull I crye untill thee, whan my hairt is owercum leed me til the rok that is heicher nor I.

3 For thou hest been ane scug for me, an' ane strang towir fræ the enimie.

4 I wull bide in thy taabernakle for aye : I wull trust in the kuvert o' thy wings. Selah.

5 For thou, O God, hest heärd my vowes : thou hest gien me the heirseep o' thame that feær thy næme.

6 Thou wult draw lang the liffe o' the king, an' mak' his yeers as monie ganæratians.

7 He sall bide afore God for aye : O prepair mercie an' trouth whilk may preserfe him.

8 Sae wull I sing prayse til thy næme forevir, that I maye daylie paye my vowes.

LXII.

¶ Til the chief musicien, til Jeduthun, Ane Psalm o' David.

TREWLIE my saul waites apon God : fræ him cums my salvatione.

2 He onlie is my rok an' my helth : he is my hie pleice, I sall na be gritlie muvet.

3 How lang wull ye imagin mischeef agayne ane man ? ye sall be sleyn a' o' ye : as ane boulgie wa' sall ye be, an' as ane waigglin' fense.

4 Thaye onlie konsult til thraw him doun frae his eksellencie : thaye delicht in lees : thaye bliss wi' thair mooth, an' ban inwairdlie.

5 My saul, waite thou onlie apon God ; for my expecktashone is frae him.

6 He onlie is my rok an' my salvatione : he is my defense ; I sallna be muvet.

7 In God is my salvatione an' my glorie : the rok o' my strength an' my sauftie-howff is in God.

8 Trust in him at a' times, ye peeple ; teem owt your hairts afore him : God is ane sauftie-howff for us. Selah.

9 Shurelie men o' leuch degree ar vanitie : an' men o' heich degree ar ane lee. Til be layde in the balinse thaye ar a'thegither lichter nor vainitie.

10 Trustna in oppressione, an' becumna vaine in reyflake : gif riches inkresse, setna your hairt apon thame.

11 God heth spokin ance ; twæis hae I heärd this, that powir belangs untill God.

12 Alsua untill thee, O Lord, belangs mercie ; for thou rendirist til ilka man akordin' til his warks.

LXIII.

¶ Ane Psalm o' David, whan he was in the Wuldermiss o' Judah.

O GOD, thou art my God, earlie wull I seik thee : my saul thrists for thee, my flesch lang for thee in ane drie an' wearie lan' whare nae water is ;

2 Til see thy powir an' thy glorie, sae as I hae seen thee in the sanctuarie.

3 Becaus thy loein-kindniss is better nor liffe, my lipps shall prayse thee.

4 Thus wull I bliss thee while I leive ; I wull lift up my han's in thy næme.

5 My saul shall be satisfiet as wi' marra an' fatniss, an' my mooth shall prayse thee wi' joyfu' lipps ;

6 Whan I remembir thee apon my bed, an' tak' deep thought o' thee in the hoors o' the nicht.

7 Becaus thou hast been my staye, therfor in the skaddaw o' thy wings wull I rejoice.

8 My saul follos clos efter thee : thy richt han' uphauds me.

9 But thaye that seik my saul til destroye it, sall gang intil the lower pairts o' the yirth.

10 Thaye sall fa' bie the sword; thaye sall be ane melteth for the tod.

11 But the king sall rejoyce in God : ilka ane that sweers bie him sall glorie : but the lipps o' thame that speik lees sall be stappet.

LXIV.

¶ Til the chief musicien, Ane Psalm o' David.

HEÆR my voyce, O God, in my præyer; preserfe my liff
frae feær o' the enimie.

2 Hyde me frae the seceret cunsil o' the wicket: frac the ræising
up o' the wurkers o' inequitet;

3 Wha sherpen thair tungs like ane sword, an' ben' thair bowes
til schuut thair arras, een bitter wurd.

4 That thaye may schuut wi' hidden ettle at the perfite : in ane
wanwuth thaye schuut wuthouten dreædour.

5 Thaye eg on thamesel's in ane ill thing : thaye commuun
anent layin' girns hiddlinslie : thaye saye, Wha sall see thame?

6 Thaye howk owt inequities : thaye akomplish ane eident en-
quæirie: baith the inwaird thought o' ilka ane o' thame an' the hairet
is deepe.

7 But God sall schuut at thame wi' ane arra; suddanlie sall
thaye be wuundet.

8 Sae sall thaye mak' thair ain tung til fa' apon thamesel's: a'
sall flee awa that see thame.

9 An' a' men sall feær, an' sall speik furth the wark o' God;
for thaye sall wyselie dwall in deepe thought on his doin'.

10 The richteous sall be gladsume in the Lord, an' sall trust in
him; an' a' the upright in hairet sall glorie.

LXV.

¶ Til the chief musicien, Ane Psalm an' Sang o' David.

PRÆYSE waites for thee, O God, in Zion; an' untill thee sall
the vowe be payet.

2 Untill thee, O thou that heærist præyer, sall a' flesch cum.

3 Inequities mak' inraid agayne me; as for our transgressiones, thou sallt cleense thame awa.

4 Blisset is the man wham thou chuusist, an' causist til cum neär untill thee, that he may dwall in thy cuurts. We sall be satisfet wi' the guidniss o' thy hous, een o' thy haly temple.

5 Bie terrabil things in richteousniss wult thou answir us, O God o' our salvatione, wha art the konfidence o' a' the en's o' the yirth, an' o' thame that ar afer aff apon the se.

6 Whilk bie his strength settist siccer the mountans, bein' girthet wi' powir;

7 Whilk stillist the noyse o' the seis, the noyse o' the waves, an' the racket o' the peopple.

8 Thaye alsua that dwell in the maist owt-bye pairts ar afeærer at thy tokins: thou makist the owt-gangin' o' the moornin' an the e'enin' til rejoyce.

9 Thou veesitist the yirth, an' waterist it; thou gritlie inrichist it wi' the river o' God, whilk is fu' o' water: thou prepairist the coorn whan thou hest sae mæde it readie.

10 Thou waterist the riggs o't abundantlie; thou settelist the furs theron'; thou makist it saft wi' shoors; thou blissist the brairdin' o't.

11 Thou crownist the yeer wi' thy guidniss, an' thy peths drap fatniss.

12 Thaye drap apon the pasters o' the wuldirniss; an' the wee hills rejoyce on ilka syde.

13 The heff-gangs ar claethet wi' hirsels o' sheepe; the vallies ar alsua kiveret ower wi' coorn; thaye crye owt for joy, thaye lilt alsua an' sing.

LXVI.

¶ Til the chief musicien, Ane Sang or Psalm.

MAK' ane joyfu' noyse untill God, a' ye lan's.

2 Sing furth the honor o' his næme; mak' his prayse glorious.

3 Say untill God, Howe terrabil art thou in thy warks! through the gritniss o' thy powir sall thine enimies submisse thame-sel's til thee.

4 A' the yirth sall wurship thee, an' sall sing untill thee; thaye sall sing til thy næme.

5 Cum an' see the warks o' God: he is terrabil in his doin' towairds the childder o' men.

6 He turnet the se intil dry lan'; thaye gaed throwe the flude on fit: ther did we rejoice in him.

7 He ruuls bie his powir forevir; his eyne behald the nationes: letna the rebelleous lift thamesel's up. Selah.

8 O bliss our God, ye peopple, an' mak' his prayse be heärd;

9 Whilk hauds our saul in liffe, an' tholesna our feet til be muvet.

10 For thou, O God, hest pruvet us; thou hest tryet us as siller is tryet.

11 Thou brangist us intil the nette; thou laydist afflicksone on our lains.

12 Thou hest causet men til ryde ower our heäds: we gaed throwe fire an' throwe water; but thou brangist us owt intil ane walthie pleece.

13 I wull gang intil thy hous wi' brunt-afferin's; I wull paye thee my vowes,

14 Whilk my lipps hae uutteret an' my mooth heth spokin, whan I was in truble.

15 I wull affer untill thee brunt-saacrifices o' fatlins, wi' the insense o' tips: I wull affer ousen wi' gaits.

16 Cum an' heär, a' ye that feær God; I wull speik owt what he heth dune for my saul.

17 I cryet untill him wi' my mooth, an' he was ekstollet wi' my tung.

18 Gif I goam inequicie in my haint, the Lord wullna heär me.

19 But trewlie God heth heärd me; he heth ta'en tent til the voyce o' my präyer.

20 Blisset be God, wha hethna turnet awa my präyer frae him, nar his mercie frae me.

LXVII.

* Til the chief musicien on Neginoth, Ane Psalm or Sang.

GOD be mercifu' untill us, an' bliss us, an' caus his fece til shyne apon us. Selah.

2 That thy waye may be kennet apon yirth, an' thy saufin' helth amang a' nationes.

3 Let the peopple prayse thee, O God; let a' the peopple prayse thee.

4 O let the nationes be blythe, an' sing for joye; for thou sallt juudge the peopple richteouslie, an' govern the nationes apon yirth. Selah.

5 Let the peopple prayse thee, O Lord; let a' the peopple prayse thee.

6 Than shall the yirth gie furth hir inkresse; an' God, een our God, shall bliss us.

7 God shall bliss us; an' a' the en's o' the yirth shall feær him.

LXVIII.

¶ Til the chief musicien, Ane Psalm or Sang o' David.

LET God ræise up, let his enimies be scatteret: let thame alsua that hæte him flie afore him.

2 As reek is drein awa, sae awa let thame be drein: as waks melts afore the fire, sae let the wicket melt awa in the presinse o' God.

3 But let the richteous be gladsume: let thame rejoice afore God; yis, let thame rejoice ekseedin'lie.

4 Sing untill God, sing prayses til his næme: ekstol him that rydes apon the heævens by his næme JAH, an' rejoice afore him.

5 Ane faether o' the faetherless, an' ane juudge o' the widaws, is God in his haly dwallin'.

6 God settis the rewfū' an' lane in families: he brings owt thaewhilk ar bund in cheens; but the contramashous dwell in ane barren lan'.

7 O God, whan ye gaed furth afore the peopple, whan thou didist mærceth throwe the wulderniss; Selah:

8 The yirth shuuk, the heævens drappet at the presince o' God, the God o' Israel.

9 Thou, O God, didist sen' ane routh rain, wharebie thou didist refreshan an' mak' firm thine heirskep whan it was wurn wearie.

10 Thy congregation has dwalt therin: o' thy guidniss thou hest, O God, layde up sumething for the puir.

11 The Lord gæfe the wurd, an' grit was the companie o' thae that publishet it.

12 Kings o' ærmies did flee at ance : an' she wha stayet at hame
devydet the spulsyie.

13 Though ye hae læyne amang the pats, yit sall ye be as the
wings o' ane dow, kiveret wi' siller, an' her feathers wi' yallo gowd.

14 Whan the Almichtie skatteret kings for hir, she was white
as snaw in Salmon.

15 The hill o' God is as the hill o' Bashan ; ane heich hill, as
the hill o' Bashan.

16 Therfor, why lowp ye an' conten', ye hills o' heich heäds ?
This is the hill whilk God desyres til dwall in ; yis, the Lord wull
dwall in it for aye.

17 The chareats o' God ar twontie thousan' ; een monie thou-
san's o' angils : the Lord is amang thame in his haly plece, as in
Sinai.

18 Thou hest gane up on hie : thou hest led captifitie captife :
thou hest receifet giftes for men ; ay, for the contramashous alsua,
that the Lord God nicht dwall amang thame.

19 Blisset be the Lord, wha daye efter daye lades us wi' guid
things, een the God o' our salvatione. Selah.

20 He that is our God is the God o' salvatione : an' untill God
the Lord the furthgæin's fræ deaeth belang.

21 But God sall wuund the heäd o' his enimies, an' the hairie
seaupt o' sic an ane as gaes wullfullie still on in his trespassis.

22 The Lord said, I wull bring agane fræ Bashan : I wull
bring my peopple agane fræ the deeps o' the se.

23 That thy fit may be dippet in the bluid o' thine enimies, an'
in the sæme the tung o' thy dogs.

24 Thaye hae seen thy gaeings, O God ; een the gaeings o' my
God, my King, in the sanctuarie.

25 The singirs gaed afore, the playirs on instruments folloet
after : amang thame wer the yung dames playin' on timbrils.

26 Bliss ye God in the congregatiōne ; een the Lord, fræ the
fountan o' Israel.

27 Ther is wee Benjamin, wi' thair ruuler, the cheefs o' Judah,
an' thair cunsil, the cheefs o' Zebulun, an' the cheefs o' Naphtali.

28 Thy God heth comman'et thy strenth : wi' strenth mak'
siccer, O God, that whilk thou hest dune for us.

29 Becaus o' thy temple at Jerusalem, sall kings bring pro-
pines untill thee.

30 Rebuik the throck o' speermen, the ferkishen o' the bulls,

wi' the cafes o' the peopple, til ilka ane submissem hissel' wi' peices o' siller: skatter thou the peopple that delicht in weir.

31 Princes sall cum owt o' Egypt; Ethiopia sall sune streeke owt his han's untill God.

32 Sing untill God, ye kingdoms o' the yirth; O sing prayses untill the Lord. Selah.

33 Til him wha rydes apon the heævens o' heævens whilk wer o' auld; lo, he deth sen' owt his voyce, an' that ane voyce michtie.

34 Ascrybe ye strength untill God: his eksellencie is ower Israel, an' his strength is in the cluds.

35 O God, thou art terrabil owt o' thy haly pleices: the God o' Israel is he that gies strength an' powir untill his peopple. Blisset be God.

LXIX.

¶ Til the chief musicien upon Shoshannim, Ane Psalm o' David.

SAUFE me, O God, for the waters hae cum in untill my saul.

2 I synk amang deep glar, whare ther is nae stan'in': I am cum intil deep waters, whare the fludes ower-gang me.

3 I am wearie o' my cryin'; my hass is dryet, mine eyne fæil while I waite for my God.

4 Thaye that hæte me wuthouten ane caus ar mae nor the hairs o' mine heæd: thaye that wad destroye me, bein' mine enemies wrangfulie, ar michtie: than I rendiret that whilk I tuikna awa.

5 O God, thou kennist my fulishniss, an' my sins arna hidden frae thee.

6 Letna thame that waite on thee, O Lord God o' hosts, be shæmet for my sak': letna tha that seik thee be confuundet for my sak', O God o' Israel.

7 Becaus for thy sak' I hae tholet reproch: shæme heth kiveret my feec.

8 I am becum ane fremet untill my brithren, an' ane forener until my mither's childer.

9 For the zeel o' thine hous hæs eeten me up; an' the reproches o' thame that reprochet thee hae fa'n apon me.

10 Whan I grat an' chestenet my saul wi' fastin', that was til my reproch.

11 I mæde sacklaith alsua my cleedin', an' I becam' ane bie-wurd til thame.

12 Thaye that sit in the yette speik agayne me, an' I was the sang o' the drunkards.

13 But as for me, my præyer is untill thee, O Lord, in ane akseptabil time: O God, in the multitud o' thy mercie, heær me in the trouth o' thy salvatione.

14 Owt o' the clart delifer me, an' letna me synk: let me be deliferet fræ thame that hæte me, an' owt o' the deep waters.

15 Letna the waterflude owerflecte me, næther let the deep swallie me up, an' letna the pitt apon me shute hir mooth.

16 Heær me, O Lord, for thy loein-kindniss is guid; turn untill me akordin' til the multitud o' thy tendir mercies.

17 An' hydena thy fece fræ thy servent, for I am in truble; heær me speedilie.

18 Draw neær untill my saul, an' redeim it; delifer me becaus o' mine enimies.

19 Thou hest kennet my reproch, an' my shæme, an' my wan-honor: mine advarsaries ar a' afore thee.

20 Reproch hæs brokin mine hairt, an' I am fu' o' hiviniss; an' I luikit for sum til tak' pitie, but ther was nane, an' for comfortirs, but I fand nane.

21 Ga' thaye alsua gæfe me for my meæt, an' in my thirst thaye gæfe me venigar til drynk.

22 Let thair tabel becum ane gирn afore thame; an' that whilk shud hae been for thair weelfare, let it becum ane kittlebrode.

23 Let thair eyne be derkenet that thaye seena, an' let thair lains continwallie shak'.

24 Teem owt thine indignatione apon thame, an' let thy frenfu' angir tak' haud o' thame.

25 Let thair næme be waiste an' lane, an' let nane dwall in thair tents.

26 For thaye persikute him wham thou hest smittin, an' thaye speik til the sad skaith o' thaе wham thou hest wuundet.

27 Eek punishment til thair eniquitie, an' let thame nat cum intil thy richteousniss.

28 Let thame be blattet owt fræ the buik o' the læivin', an' nat be writ wi' the richteous.

29 But I am puir an' fu' o' sorra: let thy salvatione, O God, sett me up on hie.

30 I wull prayse the næme o' God wi' ane sang, an' wull magnifie him wi' thanksgiein'.

31 This alsua shall please the Lord mair nor ane stot or bullok that heth cluts an' hoorns.

32 The lawlie shall see this, an' be gladsume : an' your hairts shall laieve that seik God.

33 For the Lord heärs the puir, an' despäisesna his prisenirs.

34 Let the heävens an' yirth prayse him, the seis an' ilka thing that muves therin.

35 For God wull saufe Zion, an' wull bigg the cities o' Judah ; that thaye maye dwell ther, an' hae it in haudin'.

36 The affspring alsua o' his servents shall inheerit it, an' thaye that loe his næme shall dwell therin.

LXX.

¶ Til the chief musicien, Ane Psalm o' David til bring til remembirence.

MAK' hæste, O God, to deliver me ; mak' hæste til helpe me, O Lord.

2 Let thame be shæmet an' confuundet that seik efter my saul : let thame be turnet bakward, an' putten til confushon, that desyre my skaith.

3 Let thame be turnet bak for ane reward o' thair shæme that say, Aha ! Aha !

4 Let a' thae that seik thee rejoice an' be gladsume in thee ; an' let sic as loe thy salvatione say continwallie, Let God be magnifiet.

5 But I am puir an' needie, mak' hæste untill me, O God : ye ar my help an' deliferer ; mak' nae taigging, O Lord.

LXXI.

IN thee, O Lord, do I pit my trust ; let me nevir be putten til confushon.

2 Delifer me in thy richteousniss, an' caus me til gete clear aff ; inclaine thine cær untill me, an' saufe me.

3 Be thou my strang hous, whareuntill I may continwallie re-

sourt: thou hast gien commandement til saufe me: for thou art my rok an' cassel.

4 Delifer me, O my God, owt o' the han' o' the wicket; owt o' the han' o' the unrichteous an' cruill man.

5 For thou art my houpe, O Lord God; thou art my trust frae my youdith.

6 Bie thee hae I been hauden up frae the wome: thou art he that tuik me owt o' my mither's bowils; my prayse sall be continwallie o' thee.

7 I am as ane wunder untill monie: but thou art my strang hauld.

8 A' the daye let my mooth be fillet wi' thy honor an' thy prayse.

9 Thrawna me aff in the time o' my auld age; forsakna me whan my pith gaes waye.

10 For mine enimies speik agayne me; an' thaye that laye waite for my saul tak' cunsil thegither,

11 Sayin', God heth forhowet him; persikute an' tak' him; for ther is nane til delifer him.

12 O God, bena fer frae me: O my God, mak' hæste for my helpe.

13 Let thame be confundet an' consummet that ar advarsaries til my saul: let thame be kiveret wi' reproch an' wanhonor that seik my skaith.

14 But I wull houpe continwallie, an' prayse thee mair an' mair.

15 My mooth sall shaw furth thy richteousniss an' salvatione a' the daye; for I kenna the nummer o' thy mercies.

16 I wull gae on in the strength o' the Lord God: I wull mak' mentione o' thy richteousniss, an' thine onlie.

17 O God, thou hest taucht me frae my youdith; an' hiddertil hae I spokin furth thy wunderfu' warks.

18 Nowe alsua whan I am auld an' græy-heædet, O God, forhowena me til I hae shawet furth thy strength til this ganæratian, an' thy powir til ilka ane that is til cum.

19 Alsua thy richteousniss, O God, is verra hie, wha hest dune grit things: O God, wha is like until thee?

20 Thou, whilk hest shawet me grit an' sair trubles, salt quikan me agane, an' agane sallt bring me up frae the deeps o' the yirth.

21 Thou sallt inkresse my gritniss, an' comfort me on ilka syde.

22 I wull alsua prayse thee, een thy trouth, wi' the psaltrie, O my God: untill thee wull I sing wi' the herp, O thou Haly Ane o' Israel.

23 Whan I sing untill thee, my lipps shall gritlie rejoice, an' my saul, whilk thou hast redeimet.

24 My tung alsua shall tauk o' thy richteousniss a' the daye lang: for thaye ar confuundet an' brought untill shæme that soucht my skaith.

LXXII.

¶ Ane Psalm for Solomon.

GIE the king thy juudgemints, O God, an' thy richteousniss untill the king's son.

2 He shall juudge thy fowk wi' richteousniss, an' thy puir wi' juudgemint.

3 The mountans shall bring furth peece til the peopple, an' the wee hills bie richteousniss.

4 He shall juudge the puir o' the peopple; he shall saufe the childer o' the needie, an' shall briek in flinders the oppresser.

5 Thaye shall feær thee as lang as the sun an' muun induur, throuchowt a' ganæratians.

6 He shall cum doun like raine upon the mawn gerse, as shoors that water the yirth.

7 In his dayes shall the richteous flourish, an' routh o' peece, sae lang as the muun induurs.

8 He shall haue dominione alsua frae se til se, an' frae the river til the eui's o' the yirth.

9 Thaye that dwall in the wuldirniss shall beck afore him, an' his enimies shall lick the mool.

10 The kings o' Tarshish an' o' the isles shall bring propines; the kings o' Sheba an' Seba shall affer giftes.

11 Yis, a' the kings shall fa' doun afore him; a' nationes shall ser' him.

12 For he shall delifer the needie whan he cryes, the puir alsua an' him that haes nae helpir.

13 He shall spare the puir an' needie, an' o' the needie shall saufe the sauls.

14 He soll redeim thair sauls fræe deceite an' violence, an' præcious soll thair bluid be in his sicht.

15 An' he soll leive, an' til him soll be gien o' the gowd o' Sheba: præyer soll alsua be mæde for him continwallie, an' daylie soll he be præyset.

16 Ther soll be ane neiffu' o' coorn in the yird apon the tap o' the mountans: the frute o't soll shak' like Lebanon; an' thaye o' the citie soll flurish like gerse o' the yirth.

17 His næme soll induur forevir: his næme soll be continuaet as lang as the sun; an' men soll be blisset in him: a' nationes soll ca' him blisset.

18 Blisset be the Lord God, the God o' Israel, wha onlie deth wunderfu' things.

19 An' blisset be his glorious næme forevir: an' let the haill yirth be fillet wi' his glorie. Saebied, an' Saebied.

20 The præyers o' David the son o' Jesse ar endet.

LXXIII.

¶ Ane Psalm o' Asaph.

TREWLIE God is guid til Israel, een til sic as ar o' ane cleen hairt.

2 But as for me, my feet wer amaist gane: my stepps had weel nie sklydet.

3 For I was enveeous at the fulish, whan I saw the weelfare o' the wicket.

4 For ther ar nae bands in thair deæth, but thair strength is stoot.

5 Thaye arna in truble as ither men; næther ar plæguelike ither men.

6 Therfor pryd is roun' aboot thame as ane cheen; violence kivers thame as ane rocklay.

7 Thair eyne stan' owt wi' taugh; thāye hae mair nor hairt coude wush.

8 Thaye ar corrup, an' speik wicketlie anent oppressione; thaye speik loftilie.

9 Thaye set thair mooth agayne the heævens; an' thair tung wags throwe the yirth.

10 Therfor his peopple turn bak hidder; an' waters o' ane fu cup ar wrung owt til thame:

11 An' thaye say, Howe deth God ken? an' is ther feille in the Maist Hie?

12 Behald, thae ar the ungodlie, wha prospir in the warld: thaye inkresse in walth.

13 Trewlie I hae cleenset my haire in vain, an' waschet my han's in innicencie.

14 For a' the daye lang hae I been plæguet, an' chesanet ilka moornin'.

15 Gif I say, I wull speik thus; behald, I shude offen' agayne the ganæratian o' thy childer.

16 Whan I soucht til understan' this, it was ower painfu' for me.

17 Until I gaed until the sanctuarie o' God, an' than understude I thair en'.

18 Shurelie thou didist set thame in slidderie pieces: thou dingist thame doun til destruckshon.

19 Howe ar thaye brought until desolatione as in ane wanwuth! thaye ar uutterlie consuumet wi' terrers.

20 As ane dreem whan ane awaukens, sae, O Lord, whan thou awaukenist, thou sallt despaise thair image.

21 Thus my haire was greifet, an' I was prodet in my reens.

22 Sae fulish was I an' ignorant: I was as ane beæst afore thee.

23 Nathelless I am continwallie wi' thee: thou hest haudden me bie my richt han'.

24 Thou sallt gæyde me wi' thy cunsil, an' efterwairds receife me until glorie.

25 Wham hae I in heæven but thee? an' ther is nane apon yirth that I desyre forbye thee.

26 My flesch an' my haire fæil: but God is the strength o' my haire, an' my portione forevir.

27 For lo, thame that ar fer frae thee shall perrishe: thou hest destroyet a' thame that gang a-lustin' frae thee.

28 But it is guid for me til draw nearer til God: I hae putten my trust in the Lord God, that I may speik furth a' his warks.

LXXIV.

¶ Maschil o' Asaph.

O GOD, wharefor hest thou casen us aff forevir? why deth thine
angir reek agayne the sheepe o' thy heff-gang?

2 Mind thy congregacione, whilk thou hest coft o' auld; the
rodd o' thine heirskep, whilk thou hest redeimet; this Muunt Zion,
wharein thou hest dwalt.

3 Lift up thy feet untill the en'liss desolationes, een a' that the
enemie heth dune wicketlie in the sanctuarie.

4 Thine enimies rair in the middle o' thy congregaciones; thaye
sete up thair ensyngs for syngs.

5 Ance ane man was renommet akordin' as he had liftet up
æxes apon the thick tries.

6 But nowe thaye brik doun the cervet wark theron' at ance wi'
æxes an' hammirs.

7 Thaye hae thrawn fire intil thy sanctuarie; thaye hae fylet,
bie throwing doun the dwallin'-plece o' thy næme til the gruun'.

8 Thaye said in thair hairs, Let us destroye thame thegither;
thaye hae brunt up a' the synigogues o' God in the lan'.

9 We seena our syngs; ther is nae mair onie prophit, næther
is ther amang us onie that kens howe lang.

10 O God, howe lang sall the advarsarie speik dispichtfulie? sall
the enimie blasfeme thy næme foraye?

11 Why haudist thou bak thy han', een thy richt han'? pu' it
owt o' thy bozim.

12 For God is my King o' auld, wurkin' salvatione in the
middle o' the yirth.

13 Thou didist cleefe the se bie thy strength; thou didist brik
the heäds o' the drægons in the waters.

14 Thou didist smatter the heäds o' leviathan intil flenders, an'
gæfist him til be fude til the peeple habitatin' the wuldirniss.

15 Thou didist cleefe the fuuntan an' the flude: thou dryetist
up michtie rivers.

16 The daye is thine, the nicht alsua is thine; thou hest pre-
pairet the licht an' the sun.

17 Thou hest sete a' the boordirs o' the yirth: thou hest mæde
simmir an' wintir.

18 Ae thing keep in mind, that the enimie hæs reprochet, O Lord, an' that the fulish peopple hae blasfemet thy næme.

19 O deliferna the saul o' thy turtle-dow untill the ferkishin' o' the wicket; forgetna the congregatiōne o' thy puir foraye.

20 Hae respeck untill the covenant; for the mirk pleces o' the yirth ar fu' o' the habitationes o' cruitie.

21 O letna the oppresset cum bak doun o' mooth; let the puir an' needie prayse thy næme.

22 Ræise up, O God, plead thine ain caus; beær in mind howe the fulish man reproches thee daylie.

23 Forgetna the voyce o' thine enimies: the throck an' dirdum o' thaē that rise up agayne thee inkresses continwallie.

LXXV.

¶ Til the chief musicien, Al-tas-chith, Ane Psalm or Sang o' Asaph.

UNTILL thee, O God, do we gie thanks; untill thee do we gie thanks; for that thy næme is neär thy wunderfu' warks crye owt.

2 Whan I sall receife the congregatiōne, uprightly wull I juudge.

3 Dissolfet is the yirth an' a' the indwellers therō'; I haud up the pillers o't. Selah.

4 I said untill the fules, Deelna fulishlie; an' til the wicket, Liftna up the hoorn:

5 Liftna up your hoorn on hie, nar speik wi' ane styffe necke.

6 For promovall cums næther frae the east nar frae the wast, nar frae the south.

7 But God is the juudge; he pits doun ane, an' sets anither up.

8 For in the han' o' the Lord ther is ane cup, an' the wine is reid; it is fu' o' mikstir, an' he teems owt the same: but the dreggs o't a' the wicket o' the yirth sall wring owt, an' drynk thame.

9 But I wull declair forevir: I wull sing pryses til the God o' Jacob.

10 A' the hoorns o' the wicket alsua, wull I sneg aff: but the hoorns o' the richteous sall be liftet up.

LXXVI.

¶ Til the chief musicien on Niginoth, Ane Psalm or Sang o' David.

IN Judah is God kennet : in Israel his næme is grit.

I 2 In Salem alsua is his taabernakle, an' his dwallin'-plece in Zion.

3 Ther brak he the arras o' the bowe, the sheeld, the sword, an' the battel. Selah.

4 Thou art mair glorious an' eksellint nor the mountans o' preye.

5 The stoot-hairtet ar spulysiet : thaye hae sleepit thair sleep owtricht, an' name o' the men o' micht hae fuund thair han's.

6 At thy rebuik, O God o' Jacob, baith the chariat an' hors ar casen intil ane deepe sleepe.

7 Thou, een thou, art til be feærret ; an' wha maye stan' afore thy sicht whan ance thou art angrie ?

8 Thou didist caus juudgemint til be heärd frae heäven, the yirth feærret an' was quash,

9 Whan God ræise up til juudgemint, til saufe a' the meik o' the yirth. Selah.

10 Shurelie the wræth o' man soll prayse thee, an' the remaner o' wræth thou wult restane.

11 Vowe, an' paye untill the Lord your God ; let a' that be roun' aboot him bring propines untill him that ought to be feærret.

12 He soll sneg aff the speerit o' princes : he is terrabil til the kings o' the yirth.

LXXVII.

¶ Til the chief musicien, til Jeduthun, Ane Psalm o' Asaph.

I CRYET untill God wi' my voyce, een untill God wi' my voyce, an' he gæfe eær untill me.

2 In the daye o' my truble I soucht the Lord ; my sair ran in the nicht, an' gæfe na ower ; my saul wadna be comfirtet.

3 I remembiret God, an' was trublet : I compleenet, an' my speerit was owercum. Selah.

4 Ye haud mine eyne waukin' ; I am sae trublet that I downa speik.

5 I hae taen serious thought o' the dayes o' auld, the yeers o' aulden times.

6 I bring til mind my sang in the nicht: I commuun wi' my ain hairt, an' my speerit mæde eident serch.

7 Wull the Lord throw aff forevir? wull he be faaverable nae mair?

8 Is his mercie foraye cleen gane? deth his promish fæil for evirmair?

9 Hæs God forgotten til be gracious? hæs he in angir schut up his tendir mercies? Selah.

10 An' I said, This is my fæilin'; but I wull ca' til mind the yeers o' the richt han' o' the Maist Hie.

11 I wull ca' til mind the warks o' the Lord; shurelie I wull remembir thy wunders o' auld.

12 In thought I wull dwell on a' thy wark, an' tauk o' thy doin's.

13 Thy waye, O God, is in the sanctuarie; wha is sae grit ane God as our God?

14 Ye ar the God that deth ferlies: ye hae declairit thy strength amang the peele.

15 Wi' thine ærm ye hae redeimit thy chosin anes; the sons o' Jacob an' Joseph. Selah.

16 The waters saw thee, O God, the waters saw thee: thaye were afeærít; the deeps alsua wer trublet.

17 The cluds teemet owt water: the skyes sendet owt ane suund: thine arras alsua gaed abreæd.

18 The voyce o' thy thunners was in the heæven; the lichtenins lichtenet the warld; the yirth trimmlet an' shuuk.

19 Thy waye is in the se, an' thy peth in the grit waters; an' thy fitstepps arna kennet.

20 Like ane hirsel o' sheepe ye led thy peele bie the han' o' Moses an' Aaron.

LXXVIII.

¶ Maschil o' Asaph.

GIE eær, O my peele, til my law: inclæine your eears til the wruds o' my mooth.

2 I wull opin my mooth in ane parabil: I wull uutter mirk sayins' o' auld;

3 Whilk we hae heärd, an' kennet, an' our faethers hae tauld us.

4 We wullna hyde thame fræ thair childer, shawin' til the ganæratians til cum the prayses o' the Lord, an' his strength, an' his wunderfu' warks that he hæs dune.

5 For he sete sickerlie up ane testimonie in Jacob, an' appoyntet ane law in Israel, bie whilk he oordiret our faethers that thaye shud mak' thame kennet til thair childer.

6 That the ganæratian til cum micht ken thame, een the childer whilk shude be born, wha shude ræise up an' declair thame til thair childer;

7 That thaye micht sete thair houpe in God, an' nat forgete the warks o' God, but keepe his commandements:

8 An' michtna be as thair faethers, ane stubburn an' rebellous ganæratian; ane ganæratian that setena thair hairt aricht, an' whase speerit wasna steedfaste wi' God.

9 The childer o' Ephraim, being ærmet an' bearin' bowes, turnet bak in the daye o' battel.

10 Thaye keepetna the covenant wi' God, an' refuuset til gæyde thair stepps bie his law;

11 An' forgat his warks, an' his wundirs that he had shawet thame.

12 Mervellous things did he in the sicht o' thair faethers in the lan' o' Egypt, in the feeld o' Zoan.

13 He devydet the se, an' causet thame til gae throwe, an' he mæde the waters til stan' as ane bing.

14 In the daytime alsua he lede thame wi' ane clud, an' a' the nicht wi' ane licht o' fire.

15 He cleefet the rok in the wuldirliss, an' gæfe thame drynk as owt o' the grit deeps.

16 He brang streems alsua owt o' the rok, an' causet waters til rin doun like rivers.

17 An' thaye sinnet yet mair agayne him bie provookin' the Maist Hie in the wuldirliss.

18 An' thaye tempet God in thair hairt, bie axin' meæt for thair lust.

19 Yis, thaye spak agayne God: thaye said, Can God oordir ane tabel in the wuldirliss?

20 Behald he smat the rok, that the waters rashet owt, an' the streems overflet; can he gie us breæd alsua? can he provyde flesch for his peopple?

21 Therfor the Lord heāerd this, an' was angirie; sae ane fire was kindlet agayne Jacob, an' angir alsua cam up agayne Israel;

22 Beacaus thaye beleifetna God, an' trustetna in his salvatione.

23 Though he had commandet the cluds frae aboone, an' opinet the dors o' heāeven.

24 An' had rainet doun manna apon thame til eet, an' had gien thame o' the coorn o' heāeven.

25 Man did eet angils' fude: he sendet thame meāet til the fu'.

26 He causet ane east wund til blaw in the heāeven; an' bie his powir he brang in the south wund.

27 He rainet flesch alsua apon thame as dust, an' featheret fowlis like as the san' o' the se;

28 An' he lut it fa' in the middle o' thair camp roun' aboot thair bydin'-pleces.

29 Sae thaye did eet an' were weel fillet: for he gæfe thame thair ain desyre.

30 Thaye werna mæde misken thair greede; but while thair meāet was yit in thair mooths,

31 The angir o' God cam' apon thame and sleyet the stootist o' thame, an' smat doun the chosin men o' Israel.

32 For a' this thaye didna quat sinnin', an' beleifetna for his wunderfu' warks.

33 Therfor thair dayes did he consumm in vainitie, an' thair yeers in truble.

34 Whan he sleyet thame, than thaye soucht him; an' thaye turnet an' enquæiret earlie efter God.

35 An' thaye remembiret that God was thair rok, an' the hie God thair Redeemer.

36 Nathelless thaye flattiret him wi' thair mooth, an' thaye spak fauslie untill him wi' thair tungs.

37 For thair hairt wasna richt wi' him, næther wer thaye steedie in his covenant.

38 But he, being fu' o' tendir pitie, forgæfe thair inequitie, an' destroyet thame nat: yis, monie ane time turnet he his angir awa, an' didna stor up a' his wræth.

39 For he remembiret that thaye wer but flesch, ane wund that passes bye, an' cumsna agayne.

40 Howe aft did thaye provok him in the wuldirniss, an' greife him in the desart!

41 Yis, thaye turnet bak, an' tempet God, an' sete buunds til the Haly Ane o' Israel.

42 Thaye remembiretna his han', nar the daye whan he deliferet thame frae the enimie.

43 Howe he had wrought his sygns in Egypt, an' his wunders in the feeld o' Zoan.

44 An' had turnet thair rivers intil bluid, an' thair fludes that thaye cudna drynk.

45 He sendet sindrie sort o' flees amang thame, whilk devooret thame, an' paddas that destroyet thame.

46 He gæfe alsua thair inkresse untill the katerpillar, an' thair laabor untill the locust.

47 He destroyet thair vines wi' hail, an' thair sykamor-tries wi' frost.

48 He gæfe up thair kattle alsua til the hail, an' thair floks til het thunner-bolts.

49 He castet apon thame the frennishin o' his angir, wræth, an' indignatione, an' truble, bie sen'in' ill angils amang thame.

50 He mæde ane waye til his angir; he sparetna thair sauls fræ dæeth; but gæfe thair liffe ower til the pestilence.

51 An' smat a' the first-born in Egypt; the chief o' thair strength in the taabernakles o' Ham;

52 But mæde his ain peopple til gae furth like sheepe, an' gæydet thame in the wuldirniss like ane hirsel.

53 An' he lede thame sauflie, sac that thaye feærret nat; but the se owerflet thair enimies.

54 An' he broughth thame til the boordir o' his sanctuarie, een til this mountan whilk his richt han' had coft.

55 He cust owt the heæthin alsua afore thame, an' devydet thame ane heirskep bie lyne, an' mæde the clans o' Israel til dwall in tentes.

56 Yet thaye tempet an' provookenet the maist hie God, an' keepetna his testimonies.

57 But turnet bak, an' deelt unfaithfullie like thair faethers; thaye gaed agey like ane shauchlet bowe.

58 For thaye provookenet him til angir wi' thair hie-pieces, an' muvet him til jeelesie wi' thair gravin imagies.

59 Whan God heärd this, he was amuvet wi' displeesur, an' gritlie abhorret Israel:

60 Sae that he forhowet the taabernakles o' Shiloh, the tente whilk he plecket amang men;

61 An' deliferet his strength intil captifitie, an' his glorie intil the enimie's han'.

62 He gæfe his people ower alsua untill the sword, an' was wroth wi' his inheeritance.

63 The fire consumet thair yung men, an' thair maidens werna gien til wadlock.

64 Thair priests fell bie the sword, an' thair widaws mæde nae meane.

65 Than the Lord awaukenet like ane owt o' sleepe, an' like ane wicht man that cryes luud owt bie resen o' wine.

66 An' he smat his enimies in the hint pairts: he pat thame til ane perpetuall reproch.

67 Forbye this he refuuset the taabernakle o' Joseph, an' chusena the cep o' Ephraim;

68 But chuse the cep o' Judah, the Muunt Zion whilk he loet.

69 An' he bigget his sanctuarie like hie paleces, like the yirth whilk he heth sete siccer foraye.

70 He chuse David alsua his servent, an' tuik him frae the sheepe-falds.

71 Frae folloin' the yowes grit wi' yung, he brang him til feed Jacob his people, an' Israel his heirskep.

72 Sae he fed thame akordin' til the intiritie o' his hairt, an' gæydet thame bie the skeelfu'niss o' his han's.

LXXIX.

¶ Ane Psalm o' Asaph.

O GOD, the heæthin ar cum intil thine heirskep: thy haly temple hae thaye fylet; thaye hae layde Jerusalem on heeps.

2 The deæd bouks o' thy servants hae thaye gien til be fude untill the fowles o' heæven, the flesch o' thy saunts untill the beæsts o' the yirth.

3 Thair bluid thaye shede like water roun' aboot Jerusalem, an' ther was nane til burie thame.

4 We ar grown ane reproch til our neebers, ane scoorn an' derision til thame that ar roun aboot us.

5 Howe lang, Lord, wilt thou be angrie forevir? sall thy jeelesie burn like ane fire?

6 Teem owt thy wræth apon the heæthin that haena kennet thee, an' apon the kingdoms that haena ca't apon thy næme.

7 For thaye hae devooret Jacob, an' layde waiste his dwallin'-plece.

8 O remembirna agayne us byegane inequities: let thy tendirmercies swuftlie be afore an' roun' us; for we ar brung verra leich.

9 Helpe us, O God o' our salvatione, for the glorie o' thy næme; an' deliver us, an' screenge awa our sins for thy næme's sak'.

10 Wharefor shud the heæthin say, Whare is thair God? Let him be kennet amang the heæthin in our sicht bie the revangin' o' the bluid o' thy servents whilk is shede.

11 Let the sichin' o' the prisiner cum afore thee, in ekwal measur til the gritniss o' thy powir preserfe thou thaet ar appoyntet til dee;

12 An' gie bak til our neebers se'en-fald intil thair bozim thair reproch, wharewi' thaye hae reprochet thee, O Lord.

13 Sae we thy peele, an' sheepe o' thy heff, wull gie thee thanks forevir; we wull shaw furth thy prayse til a' ganærations.

LXXX.

¶ Til the chief musicien apon Shoshannim-eduth, Ane Psalm for Asaph.

GIE eær, O Sheepherd o' Israel, ye that leed Joseph as ane hirsel; ye that dwell atween the chirabims, shyne furth.

2 Afore Ephraim, an' Benjamin, an' Manassah, stur up thy strength, an' cum an' saufte us.

3 Turn us agayne, O God, an' caus thy fece til shyne, an' we shall be saufet.

4 O Lord God o' hosts, howe lang wull ye be angrie agayne the præyer o' thy peele?

5 Ye feed thame wi' the breæd o' teærs, an' gie thame teærs til drynk in grit measur.

6 Ye mak' us ane striffe untill our neebers, an' our enimies lauch amang thamisel's.

7 Turn us agayne, O God o' hosts, an' caus thy fece til shyne, an' we shall be saufet.

8 Ye hae brung ane vine owt o' Egypt; ye hae casen owt the heæthin, an' sette it.

9 Ye mæde readie room afore it, an' did caus it til tak' deepe
rute, an' it fillet the lan'.

10 The hills wer kiveret wi' the skaddaw o't, an' the bouchs o't
wer like the guidlie cedars.

11 She sendet owt hir bouchs untill the se, an' hir brenches
untill the river.

12 Why hest thou than brokin doun hir hedjes, sae that a'
thaye that gang bie the waye do herrie her?

13 The boar owt o' the wud deth waiste hir, an' hir the wild
beast o' the desart deth devoor.

14 Turn agayne, we beseik thee, O God o' hosts; luik doun
fræc heæven, an' behald, an' veesit this vine;

15 An' the vinyard whilk thy richt han' heth sette, an' the
brench whilk thou mædist strang for thysel'.

16 It is brunt wi' fire; it is whanget doun: thaye schent at the
rebuik o' thy countenence.

17 Let thy han' be apon the man o' thy richt han', apon the
Son o' man wham thou mædist strang for thysel'.

18 Sae wull we nat gae bak fræc thee; quikan us, an' we wull
ca' apon thy næme.

19 Turn us agayne, O Lord God o' hosts; caus thy fece til
shyne, an' we shall be saufet.

LXXXI.

¶ Til the chief musician apon Gittith, Ane Psalm for Asaph.

SING luudlie untill God our strength: mak' ane joyfu' noyse
untill the God o' Jacob.

2 Tak' ane psalm, an' fetche hidder the timbrel, the pleesent
herp wi' the psaltrie.

3 Blaw up the trumpit in the new-muun, in the time ap-
poyntet, on the solim feest-daye.

4 For this was ane staatute for Israel, an' ane law o' the God
o' Jacob.

5 This he ordeenet in Joseph for ane testimonie, whan he gaed
owt agayne the lan' o' Egypt; whare I heärd ane langwedje that I
understudena.

6 I tuik aff the burdin fræc his shouders: his han's wer deli-
feret fræc the pats.

7 Ye ca't in truble, an' I deliferet thee; I answerit thee in the seceret plece o' thunner: I pruvet thee at the waters o' Meribah. Selah.

8 Heær, O my peele, an' I wull testifie untill thee: O Israel, gif ye wull herken untill me;

9 Ther soll be nae fremet god in thee; næther soll ye wurship onie unco god.

10 I am the Lord thy God, wha brang thee owt o' the lan' o' Egypt: opin ye thy mooth wyde, an' I wull fill it.

11 But my peele wadna herken til my voyee; an' Israel wad hae naething ado wi' me.

12 Sae I gæife thame up untill thair ain hairs' lust, an' thaye gaed on in thair ain cunsils.

13 O that my peele had herkenet untill me, an' Israel had gane in my wayes!

14 I shud sune hae brung doun thair enimies, an' turnet my han' agayne thair advarsaries.

15 The hæters o' the Lord shud hae submisset thamesel's untill him: but thair time shud hae induuret forevir.

16 He shud hae fed thame alsua wi' the finist o' the wheet: an' wi' hinny owt o' the rok shud I hae sætisfiet thee.

LXXXII.

¶ Ane Psalm o' Asaph.

GOD stan's in the congregacione o' the michtie; he juudges amang the gods.

2 Howe lang wull ye juudge unjustlie, an' accep' the persens o' the wicket? Selah.

3 Defen' the puir an' faetherliss: do justice til the needie an' til the afflicket.

4 Delifer the puir an' needie: rede thame owt o' the maig o' the wicket.

5 Thaye kenna, næther wull thaye understan'; thaye gang on in mirk; a' the fuundaciones o' the yirth ar owt o' oorder.

6 I hae said, Ye ar gods, an' a' o' yow ar childer o' the Maist Hie.

7 But ye soll dee like men, an' fa' like ane o' the chiefs.

8 Ræise up, O God, juudge the yirth: for thou sallt be the eiriter o' a' nations.

LXXXIII.

¶ Ane Sang or Psalm o' Asaph.

KEEPENA thou seelent, O God: haudna thy peece, an' bena stil, O God.

2 For, lo, thine enimies mak' ane racket; an' thaye that hæte thee hae liftet up the heæd.

3 Thaye hae taen craftie cunsil agayne thy peele, an' consultet agayne thy hydden anes.

4 Thaye hae said, Cum an' let us sneg thame aff frae bein' ane natione; that the næme o' Israel may be nae mair remembiret.

5 For thaye hae taen cunsil thegither wi' ae consent; thaye ar bandet thegither agayne thee.

6 The taabernakles o' Edom, an' the Ishmaelites; o' Moab, an' the Hagarenes;

7 Gabal, an' Amon, an' Amalek; the Philistines, wi' the indwellers o' Tyre;

8 Assur alsua is Jainet wi' thame: thaye hae holpen the childer o' Lot. Selah.

9 Do untill thame as untill the Midianites; as til Sisera, as til Jabin at the burn o' Kison;

10 Whilk perrishet at En-dor: thaye becam' as muck for the yirth.

11 Mak' thair riolyse like Oreb, an' like Zeeb: yis, a' thair chiefs as Zebah an' as Zalmunna.

12 Wha said, Let us tak' til oursel's a' the houses o' God in haudin'.

13 O my God, mak' thame as ane whurle, as the stibble afore the wund.

14 As the fire burns ane wud, an' as the flame setes the moun-
tans on fire,

15 Sae persikute thame wi' thy tempist, an' mak' thame afeærret wi' thy stourm.

16 Fill thair feces wi' shæme, that thaye maye seik thy name,
O Lord.

17 Trublet an' confuundet let thame be forevir : yis, let thame be putten til shæme, an' schent owtricht.

18 That men may ken that thou, whase næme is JEHOVAH, art the Maist Hie ower a' the yirth.

LXXXIV.

¶ Til the chief musicien apon Gittith, Anc Psalm for the sons o' Korah.

HOWE lofeli ar thy taabernakles, O Lord o' hosts !
2 My saul lang, yis, een swarffs, for the cuurts o' the Lord : my hairt an' my flesch cryes owt for the leivin' God.

3 Yis, the sparra hæs fuund ane hous, an' the swalla ane est for hirsel', whare she may laye hir yung, een thine altars, O Lord o' hosts, my King an' my God.

4 Blisset ar thaye wha dwell in thy hous ; thaye wull aye be prayzin' thee.

5 Blisset is the man whase strength is in thee; in whase hairt ar the wayes o' thame,

6 Wha gangin' throwe the vallie o' Baca, mak' in it ane wal: the raine alsua fills the puuls.

7 Thaye gae on fræ strength til strength ; ilka ane o' thame kythin' afore God in Zion.

8 Gie eær, O God o' Jacob ; O Lord God o' hosts, heær my præyer. Selah.

9 Behald, O God, our sheeld, an' luik apon the fece o' thine anaintet.

10 For ane daye in thy cuurts is better nor ane thousan': I had astil be ane dor-keeper in the hous o' my God, nor dwell in the tentes o' wicketniss.

11 For the Lord God is ane sun an' sheeld : the Lord wull gie græce an' glorie ; nae guid thing wull he wuthhaud fræ thame that gang uprightlie.

12 O Lord o' hosts, blisset is the man that trusts in thee.

LXXXV.

¶ Til the chief musicien, Ane Psalm for the sons o' Korah.

LORD, thou hest been faavorable untill thy lan'; thou hest
brung bak the captifitie o' Jacob.

2 Thou hest forgien the inequitie o' thy peopple; thou hest
kiveret thair sin. Selah.

3 Thou hest taen awa a' thy wræth: thou hest turnet thysel'
frae the frennisin' o' thine angir.

4 Turn us, O God o' our salvatione, an' caus thine angir to-
wairds us til seelisse.

5 Wult thou be angrie wi' us forevir? wult thou twyne owt
thine angir til a' ganærations?

6 Wult thou nat revyfe us agayne, that thy peopple may rejoice
in thee?

7 Shaw us thy mercie, O Lord, an' wuthhaudna frae us thy
salvatione.

8 I wull heær what God the Lord wull speik: for he wull
speik peece untill his peopple, an' til his saunts; but let thame turnna
agayne til follie.

9 Shurelie his salvatione is nie til thame that feær him, that
glorie may dwall in our lan'.

10 Mercie an' trouth ar forgetheret; richteousniss an' peece
hae kisset ilk ither.

11 Trouth soll spring owt o' the yirth; an' richteousniss soll
luik doun frae heæven.

12 Yis, the Lord soll gie that whilk is guid; an' our lan' soll
gie up hir inkresse.

13 Richteousniss soll gang afore him, an' soll set us in the waye
o' his stepps.

LXXXVI.

¶ Ane Präyer o' David.

BOWE doun thine eär, O Lord, heær me; for I am puir an'
needie.

2 Preserfe my saul, for I am haly; O thou my God, saufe thy
servent that trusts in thee.

3 Be mercifu' untill me, O Lord ; for I crie untill thee daylie.

4 Rejoyce the saul o' thy servent ; for my saul untill thee, O Lord, do I lift up.

5 For thou, Lord, art guid, an' readie till forgie ; an' routh in mercie untill a' thame that ca' apon thee.

6 Gie eær, O Lord, untill my præyer ; an' tak' tent til the voyce o' my supplications.

7 In the daye o' my truble I wull ca' apon thee : for thou wult answir me.

8 Amang the gods ther is nane like untill thee, O Lord ; næther ar ther onie warks like untill thy warks.

9 A' nationes wham thou hest mæde shall cum an' bowe doun afore thee, O Lord, an' shall glorifie thy næme.

10 For thou art grit, an' deth wunderfu' things ; thou art God alone.

11 Teech me thy waye, O Lord ; I wull gae in thy trouth : aneite my haire til feær thy næme.

12 I wull prayse thee, O Lord my God, wi' a' my hairet ; an' I wull glorifie thy næme forevirmair.

13 For grit is thy mercie gaitwairds me ; an' thou hest freet my saul frae the leichist hell.

14 O God, the pruud hae risin agayne me, an' the assemblies o' violent men hae soucht efter my saul, an' haena sete thee afore thame.

15 But thou, O Lord, art ane God fu' o' tendir pitie, an' gracious, lang-tholance, an' waynesum in mercie an' trouth.

16 O turn untill me, an' hae mercie apon me ; gie thy strength untill thy servent, an' saufe the son o' thy maigmayden.

17 Shaw me an ærle for guid, that thaye whilk hæte me may see it an' be shæmet ; becaus thou, Lord, hest holpen me an' confirfet me.

LXXXVII.

¶ Ane Sang or Psalm for the sons o' Korah.

HIS funderatione is in the haly mountans.

2 The Lord loes the yettes o' Zion mair nor a' the dwallin's o' Jacob.

3 Glorious things ar spokin o' thee, O citie o' God. Selah.

4 I wull mak' menshone o' Rahab an' Babylon til thame that ken me: behald Philistia, an' Tyre, wi' Ethiopia; this man was born ther.

5 An' o' Zion it sall be said, This an' that man was born in hir; an' the Hieist himsel' sall sete an' mak' hir siccer.

6 The Lord sall cuunt, whan he writes up the peele, that this man was born ther. Selah.

7 As weel the singirs as the players on instriments sall be ther: a' my springs ar in thee.

LXXXVIII.

¶ Ane Sang or Psalm for the sons o' Korah, til the chief musicien apon Mahalath Leamoth, Maschil o' Heman the Ezrahit.

O LORD God o' my salvatione, I hae cryet daye an' nicht afore thee.

2 Afore thee let my præyer cum; inclæine thine eær untill my crye.

3 For my saul is fu' o' trubles, an' my liffe draws nie til the graffe.

4 I am cuuntet wi' thame that gae doun til the pitt: I am as ane man that heth nae strength.

5 Free amang the deæd, like the slaen that lye in the graffe, wham thou mindist nae mair: an' thaye ar cutet aff fræ thy han'.

6 Thou hest layde me in the lawist pitt, in mirk, in the deeps.

7 Thy wrath lyse sair, sair apon me, an' thou hest afflicket me wi' a' thy waves. Selah.

8 Thou hest putten awa mine akquaintence fer fræ me: thou hest made me ane scunner untill thame: I am shutten up, an' canna cum furth.

9 Mine ee murns becaus o' afflickshon: Lord, I hae ca't daylie apon thee: I hae strieket owt my han's untill thee.

10 Wult thou shaw ferlies til the deæd? sall the deæd ræise up an' prayse thee? Selah.

11 Sall thy loeinkindniss be declairet in the graffe, or thy faithfu'niss in the mools o' deæth?

12 Sall thy wunders be kennet in the mirk? an' thy richteousniss in the lan' o' forgetfu'niss?

13 But untill thee hae I cryet, O Lord, an' in the moornin' sall my præyer be afore thee.

14 Lord, why thrawist thou aff my saul? why hydist thou thy fece fræ me?

15 I am afficket an' readie til dee fræ my youdith up: while I thole thy terrers I am distraucht.

16 Thy feerse wræth gangs ower me; thy terrers hae snegget me aff.

17 Thaye cam' daylie roun' aboot me like water; thaye cam' roun' an' roun' me thegither.

18 Loefer an' frien' hest thou putten fer fræ me, an' mine ak-quantence intil derkniss.

LXXXIX.

* Ane Psalm for Maschil o' Ethan the Ezrahite til gie instruckshon.

I WULL sing o' the mercies o' the Lord forevir: wi' my mooth wull I mak' kennet thy faithfu'niss til a' ganæratiens.

2 I hae said, Mercie soll be buggen up forevir: thy faithfu'niss salt thou sete up, an' mak' sicker in the verra heævens.

3 I hae mæde ane covenent wi' my chosin ane; I hae swurn untill David my servent.

4 Thy seid wull I sickerlie sete up forevir, an' bigg up thy throne til a' ganæratiens. Selah.

5 An' the heævens soll prayse thy wunders, O Lord; thy faithfu'niss alsua in the congregatioun o' the saunts.

6 For wha in the heæven can be compairet wi' the Lord? wha amang the sons o' the michtie can be likenet til the Lord?

7 God is gritlie til be feærret in the forgetherin' o' the saunts, an' til be had in reverince o' a' thame that ar roun' aboot him.

8 O Lord God o' hosts, wha is ane strang Lord like untill thee? or til thy faithfu'niss roun' aboot thee?

9 Ye ruul the frennisin' o' the se; whan the waves o't ræise up, thou quashist thame.

10 Ye hae brokin Rahab intil flenders as ane that is slæen: ye hae skatteret thine enimies wi' thy strang ærm.

11 The heævens ar thine, the yirth alsua is thine; as for the warld, an' the fu'niss o't, ye hae fuundet thame.

12 The north an' the south, ye hae creaatet thame: Tabor an' Hermon soll rejoicee in thy næme.

13 Ye hae ane michtie ærm: strang is thine han', an' hie is thy richt han'.

14 Juujustice an' juudgemint ar the habitatione o' thy throne :
mercie an' trouth shall gang afore thy fece.

15 Blisset ar the peele wha ken the joyfu' suund ; thaye shall
gae on in the licht o' thy countinence.

16 In thy næme shall thaye rejoice a' the daye : an' in thy
richteousniss shall thaye be liftet up.

17 For ye ar the glorie o' thair strength, an' in thy faavor our
hoorn shall be sete heich.

18 For the Lord is our defense, an' the Haly Ane o' Israel our
King.

19 Than thou spakist in veesion til thy Haly Ane, an' saidist,
I hae layde helpe apon ane that is michtie : I hae eksaltet ane
wælet owt frae mang the peele.

20 I hae fuund David my servent ; wi' my haly oolie hae I
anaintet him.

21 Wi' wham my han' shall be establishet ; mine ærm alsua shall
strengthen him.

22 The enimie shallna exak apon him, nar the son o' wicketniss
afflick him.

23 An' I wull beft doun his faes afore his fece, an' plegue thame
that hæte him.

24 But my faithfu'niss an' mercie shall be wi' him ; an' in my
næme shall his hoorn be liftet up.

25 I wull set his han' alsua in the se, an' his richt han' in the
rivers.

26 He shall crye untill me, Thou art my faether, my God, an'
the rok o' my salvatione.

27 Alsua I wull mak' him my first-born heicher nor the kings
o' the yirth.

28 My mercie wull I keepe for him forevirmair ; an' my cove-
nant shall stan' siccer wi' him.

29 His seid alsua wull I mak' til enduur forevir, an' his throne
as the dayes o' heæven.

30 Gif his childer forhowe my law, an' gangna in my juudge-
mints ;

31 Gif thaye brik my staatutes, an' keepna my commandements ;

32 Than wull I veesit thair wranggangin' wi' the rodd, an'
thair inequitie wi' strypes.

33 Natheless my loeinkindniss I wullna uutterlie tak' frae him,
nar thole my faithfu'niss til fæil.

34 My covenent I wullna brik, nar altir the thing that is gane
owt o' my lipps.

35 Ance hae I mæde aith bie my haliniss, that I wullna lee
untill David.

36 His seid soll induur forevir, an' his throne as the sun
afore me.

37 It soll be mæde til stan' siccer forevir as the muun, an' as
ane faithfu' wutniss in heæven. Selah.

38 But thou hest casten aff an' abhorret, thou hest been verra
angrie wi' thine anaintet.

39 Thou hest mæde vaid the covenent o' thy servent ; thou hest
profaanet his crowne bie thrawin' it til the gruund.

40 Thou hest brokin doun a' his hedjes : thou hest brought his
strang-halds til uutter wrecke.

41 A' that gang bie the waye spulsyie him ; he is ane reproch
til his neebers.

42 Thou hest sete up the richt han' o' his advarsaries : thou
hest mæde a' his enimies til rejoyce.

43 Thou hest alsua turnet the edge o' his sword, an' hestna
mæde him til stan' in the daye o' battel.

44 Thou hest mæde his glorie nat til be, an' thrawn his throne
doun til the gruund.

45 The dayes o' his youdith hest thou shortenet : thou hest
kiveret him wi' shæme. Selah.

46 Howe lang , Lord, wult thou hyde thysel' , forevir ? soll thy
wræth burn like ane fire ?

47 Remembir howe short my time is : wharefor hest thou mæde
a' men in vaine ?

48 What man is he that leives an' salrna see deæth ? soll he de-
liver his saul fræ the han' o' the graffe ? Selah.

49 Lord, whare ar thy aforetime loeinkindnisses, whilk thou
swurist untill David in thy trouth ?

50 Remembir, Lord, the reproch o' thy servents ; howe I do
beær in my bozim the reproch o' a' the michtie peopple ;

51 Wharewi' thine enimies hae reprochet, O Lord ; wharewi'
thaye hae reprochet the fitstepps o' thine anaintet.

52 Blisset be the Lord forevirmair. Saebeid, an' saebeid.

XC.

¶ Ane Präyer o' Moses, the man o' God.

LORD, thou hest been our dwallin'-pleece in a' ganæratians.
2 Afore the mountans wer brung furth, or evir thou hadist
formet the yirth an' the wawl, een fræ evirlestin' til evirlestin',
thou art God.

3 Thou turnist man til the dust o' deæth, an' sayist, Return, ye
childer o' men.

4 For ane thousan' yeers in thy sicht ar but as yesterdye whan
it gane bye, an' as ane watche in the nicht.

5 Thou carryist thame awa as wi' ane flude; thaye ar as ane
sleepe; in the moornin' thaye ar like gerse whilk growes up.

6 In the moornin' it growes up an' flourishes; in the e'enin' it is
shurn doun an' wuthirs.

7 For we ar consuumet wi' thine angir, an' bie thy wræth ar
we trublet.

8 Ye hae sete our inequities afore thee, our seceret sins in the
licht o' thy countenence.

9 For in thy wræth a' our dayes ar passet awa; we spen' our
yeers as ane tæle that is tauld.

10 The dayes o' our yeers ar thriescore an' ten; an' gif bie
reesen o' strength thaye be fourscore yeers, yit is thair strength
laabor an' sorra, for it is sune cutet aff, an' we flee awa.

11 Wha kens the powir o' thine angir? een akordin' til thy feær,
sae is thy wræth.

12 Sae teech us til nummer our dayes, that we may applye our
hairs untill wusdom.

13 Turn agayne, O Lord, howe lang? an' let it rew thee anent
thy servents.

14 O satisfie us earlie wi' thy mercie, that we maye rejoice an'
be gladsume a' our dayes.

15 Mak' us gladsume akordin' til the dayes wharein ye hae
aflicket us, an' the yeers wharein we hae seen ill.

16 Let thy wark kythe untill thy servents, an' thy glorie untill
thair childer.

17 An' let the beutie o' the Lord our God be apon us: an'
sete thou siccer the wark o' our han's apon us; yis, the wark o'
our han's, sete thou siccer it.

XCI.

HE that dwalls in the seceret plece o' the Maist Hie, sall bide anunder the skaddaw o' the Almichtie.

2 I wull saye o' the Lord, He is my bield an' my fortress; my God, in him wull I trust.

3 Shurelie he sall deliver thee frae the girn o' the fowlir, an' frae the noysome pestelince.

4 He sall kiver thee wi' his feathirs, an' anæth his wings sall ye trust: his trouth sall be thy sheeld an' buklir.

5 Ye sallna be afeærer for the terrer bie nicht, nar for the arra that flees bie daye.

6 Nar for the pestelince that gangs in mirkniss, nar for the dis-truckshon that waistes at nuun-daye.

7 Ane thousan' sall fa' at thy syde, an' ten thousan' at thy richt han': but it sallna cumi nær til thee.

8 Onlie wi' thine eyne sall ye behald an' see the reward o' the wicket.

9 Becaus ye hae mæde the Lord, whilk is my bield, een the Maist Hie, thy habitatione;

10 Ther sall nae ill befa' thee: næther sall onie pleguc cum nie thy dwallin'.

11 For he sall gie his angils chærge anent thee, til keep thee in a' thy wayes.

12 Thaye sall beær thee up in thair han's, in kase ye devel thy fit agayne ane stane.

13 Ye sall stepp apon the lion an' eddart; the yung lion an' drægan sall ye tramp anunder feet.

14 Becaus he hæs sete his loefe apon me, tharfor wull I deliver him: I wull sete him on hie, becaus he hæs kennet my næme.

15 He sall ca' apon me, an' I wull answir him: I wull be wi' him in truble, I wull deliver an' honer him.

16 Wi' lang liffe wull I satisfie him, an' shaw him my salvatione.

XCII.

* Ane Psalm or Sang for the Sabbath-daye.

IT is ane guid thing til gie thanks untill the Lord, an' til sing pryses untill thy næme, O Maist Hie.

2 Til shaw furth thy loeinkindniss in the moornin', an' thy faithfu'niss ilka nicht.

3 Apon ane instrument o' ten strings, an' apon the psaltrie, apon the herp wi' ane solim suund.

4 For thou, Lord, hest mæde me gladsume throwe thy wark : I wull be heich o' the warks o' thy han's.

5 O Lord, howe grit ar thy warks ! an' thy thoughts ar verra deep.

6 The bruutish man kensna, næther deth ane fule tak' this intil his heæd.

7 Whan the wicket growe as the gerse, an' whan a' the workers o' inequicie do flurishe, it is that thaye soll be destroyet forevir.

8 But thou, Lord, art Maist Hie forevirmair.

9 For lo, thine enimies, O Lord, for lo, thine enimies soll perrishe ; a' the workers o' inequicie soll be skatteret.

10 But my hoorn sollt thou set hie as the hoorn o' ane unicorn : I soll be anaintet wi' fresch oolie.

11 Mine ee soll alsua see my wush apon mine enimies, an' mine eærs soll heær my wush o' the wicket that ræise up agayne me.

12 The righteous soll flurishe as the pawm-trie ; he soll growe like ane cedar o' Lebanon.

13 Thaye that be sette in the hous o' the Lord soll flurishe in the cuurts o' our God.

14 Thaye soll stil bring furth frute in auld æge, thaye soll be fat an' fair ;

15 Til shaw that the Lord is upright ; he is my rok, an' ther is nae wanrichteousniss in him.

XCIII.

THE Lord rings; he is clæthet wi' magistie; the Lord is clæthet wi' strength wharewi' he hæs girthet himself'; the world is alsua sete siccer that it canna be muvet.

2 Sete siccer o' auld is thy throne ; thou art frae evirlestin'.

3 The fludes hae lyftet up, O Lord, the fludes hae lyftet up thair voyce ; the fludes lift up thair waves.

4 The Lord on hie is michtier nor the noyse o' monie waters, ay, nor the michtie waves o' the se.

5 Thy testimonies ar verra shure : haliniss becumis thine hous, O Lord, for aye.

XCIV.

O LORD God, til wham vangence belangs; O God, til wham vangence belangs, shaw thyself.

2 Lift up thyself, thou juudge o' the yirth; gie owt ane reward til the pruud.

3 Lord, howe lang shall the wicket, howe lang shall the wicket glorie in the overance?

4 Howe lang shall thaye uuter an' speik seveer things; an' a' the warkers o' inequicie buost thamesel's?

5 Thaye brik in flenders thy peele, O Lord, an' afflick thine heirskep.

6 Thaye sley the widaw an' the fremet ane, an' murther the faetherless.

7 Yet do thaye saye, The Lord sallna se, næther shall the God o' Jacob tent it.

8 Understan', ye bruutishe amang the peele, an' ye fules, whan wull ye be wyse?

9 He wha sett the eær, shall he heærna? he that framet the ee, shall he nat se?

10 He that chesteeses the heæthin, shall he nat correck? he that teeches men wætin, shall he nat ken?

11 The Lord kens the thoughts o' man, that thaye ar vainitie.

12 Blisset is the man wham thou chesenist, O Lord, an' instruckist him owt o' thy law;

13 That thou maye gie him rest frae the dayes o' wanluck, untill the pitt be howket for the wicket.

14 For the Lord wullna throw awa his peele, næther wull he forhowe his inheeritance.

15 But juudgemint shall turn bak untill richteousniss, an' a' the upright in haint shall follo 't.

16 Wha wull ræise up for me agayne the ill-deedie? or wha wull stan' up for me agayne the warkers o' inequicie?

17 Unles the Lord had been my help, my saul had amast dwalt in seelince.

18 Whan I said, My fit sklydes, thy mercie haudet me up.

19 In the multetud o' my thoughts wuthin me, thy comforts delight my saul.

20 Sall the throne o' inequicie hae fallaschip wi' thee, whilk frames mischeef bie ane law ?

21 Thaye gether thamesel's thegither agayne the saul o' the richteous, an' condem the innicent bluid.

22 But the Lord is my saufegaird, an' my God is the rok o' my reive.

23 An' he sall bring apon thame thair ain inequicie ; an' sall sneg thame aff in thair ain wicketniss ; yis, the Lord our God sall sneg thame aff.

XCV.

OCUM, let us sing untill the Lord ; let us mak' ane joyfu' noyse til the rok o' our salvatione.

2 Let us cum afore his presince wi' thanksgiein', an' mak' ane joyfu' noyse til him wi' psalms.

3 For the Lord is ane grit God, an' ane grit King aboone a' gods.

4 In his han' ar the deep pleces o' the yirth ; the strenth o' the hills is his alsua.

5 The se is his, an' he mæde it ; an' his han' formet the drye lan'.

6 O cum, let us wurschip an' bowe doun, let us neel afore the Lord our Makir.

7 For he is our God ; an' we ar the peopple o' his heff, an' the sheepe o' his han'. On this verra daye, gif ye wull heær his voyce,

8 Hardanna your hairs, as in the provokshon, an' as in the daye o' temptatione in the wuldirniss :

9 Whan your faethers tempet me, pruvet me, an' saw my wark.

10 Fortie yeers lang was I greifet wi' this ganæratian, an' said, It is ane peopple that do er in thair hairt, an' thaye haena kennet my wayes ;

11 Untill wham I swuur in my frenn that thaye shudna entir intil my rest.

XCVI.

OSING untill the Lord ane new sang ; sing untill the Lord, a' the yirth.

2 Sing untill the Lord, bliss his næme; shaw furth his salvatione fræ daye til daye.

3 Speik furth his glorie amang the heæthin, his wunders amang a' kin-kyne.

4 For the Lord is grit, an' gritlie til be prayset; he is til be feærret aboone a' gods.

5 For a' the gods o' the nationes ar iidals; but the Lord mæde the heævens.

6 Honor an' magistie ar afore him; streneth an' beatie ar in his sanetuarie.

7 Gie untill the Lord, O ye kith an' kin o' the peopple, gie untill the Lord strength an' glorie.

8 Gie ye untill the Lord the glorie due untill his næme; bring ane afferin', an' cum intil his cuurts.

9 O wurschip the Lord in the beatie o' haliniss; feær afore him a' the yirth.

10 Say amang the heæthin that the Lord rings; the warld soll alsua be sete siccer that it canna be muvet; he soll juudge the peopple richteouslie.

11 Let the heævens rejoice, an' let the yirth be gladsume; let the se rair, an' the fu'niss ther'o'.

12 Let the feeld be joyfu', an' a' that is in't; than soll the tries o' the wud rejoicee

13 Afore the Lord; for he cumis, for he cumis til juudge the yirth: he soll juudge the warld wi' richteousniss, an' his peopple wi' trouth.

XCVII.

THE Lord rings; let the yirth rejoice; let the multetud o' the isles o't be gladsume.

2 Cluds an' mirkniss ar roun' aboot him; richteousniss an' juudgement ar the habitatione o' his throne.

3 Ane fire gaes afore him, an' burns up his enimies roun' aboot.

4 His lichterin's enlichtenet the warld; the yirth saw, an' trimmlet.

5 The hills meltet like wauks at the presincee o' the Lord o' the haill yirth.

6 The heævens speik his richteousniss, an' a' the peele se his glorie.

7 Confuundet be a' thaye that ser' gravin imiges, that boust thamesel's o' iidlars; wurship him, a' ye gods.

8 Zion heærd, an' was gladsume; an' the douchters o' Judah rejoycet becaus o' thy juudgemints, O Lord.

9 For thou, Lord, art hie aboone a' the yirth: thou art liftet up aboone a' gods.

10 Ye that loe the Lord, hæte ill; he preserfes the sauls o' his saunts; he delifers thame owt o' the han' o' the wicket.

11 Licht is sawn for the richteous, an' gladniss for the upright in hairt.

12 Rejoyce in the Lord, ye richteous, an' gie thanks at the memirie o' his haliniss.

XCVIII.

OSING untill the Lord ane new sang; for he heth dune mer-
vellous things: his richt han' an' his haly ærm heth gainet him
the victerie.

2 The Lord heth mæde kennet his salvatione; his richteousniss
he heth opinlie shawn in the sicht o' the heæthin.

3 He heth remembiret his mercie an' his trouth gaitwards the
hous o' Israel; a' the en's o' the yirth hae seen the salvatione o'
our God.

4 Mak' ane joyfu' noyse untill the Lord, a' the yirth; mak' ane
luud noyse, an' rejoyce, an' sing prayse.

5 Sing untill the Lord wi' the herp; wi' the herp an' the voyce
o' ane psalm.

6 Wi' trumpits, an' suund o' cornit, mak' ane joyfu' noyse afore
the Lord, the King.

7 Let the se rair, an' the fu'niss o't; the warld, an' thaye that
dwall in't.

8 Let the fludes clapp their han's; let the hills be joyfu' the-
gither

9 Afore the Lord; for he cums til juudge the yirth: wi' richt-
eousniss shall he juudge the warld, an' the peele wi' equitie.

XCIX.

THE Lord rings; let the peele trimmel: he sits atween the cherabims; let the yirth be muvet.

2 The Lord is grit in Zion; an' he is hie aboone a' peele.

3 Let thame prayse thy grit an' terrabil næme; for it is haly.

4 The King's strength alsua loes juudgemint: thou dest sete siccer equitie; thou exikutist juudgemint an' richteousniss in Jacob.

5 Eksalt ye the Lord our God, an' wurschip at his fitstule; for he is haly.

6 Moses an' Aaron amang the priests, an' Samuel amang thame that ca' apon his næme; thaye ca't apon the Lord, an' he answiret thame.

7 He spak' untill thame owt o' the cludie piller; thaye keepet his testimonies, an' the ordenences that he gæfe thame.

8 Thou answirest thame, O Lord our God: thou wast ane God wha forgæfist thame, though thou tuikist vangence o' thair contræviances.

9 Eksalt the Lord our God, an' wurschip at his haly hill; for the Lord our God is haly.

C.

¶ Ane Psalm o' prayse.

MAK' ane joyfu' noyse untill the Lord, a' ye lan's.
2 Ser' the Lord wi' gladsumeniss; cum afore his presince wi' singin'.

3 Ken ye that the Lord he is God; it is he that heth mæde us, an' nat we oursel's; we ar his peele, an' the scheep o' his heff-gang.

4 Entir intil his yettes wi' thanksgiein', an' intil his cuurts wi' prayse; be thankfu' untill him, an' bliss his næme.

5 For the Lord is guid; his mercie is evirlestin', an' his trouth enduurs til a' ganærations.

CI.

¶ Ane Psalm o' David.

I WULL sing o' mercie an' juudgemint: untill thee, O Lord,
wull I sing.

2 My havins soll be oordiret wyselie in ane perfite waye. O
whan wult thou cum untill me? I wull gang on in my hous wi' ane
perfite hairt.

3 I wull sete nae wicket thing afore mine eyne; I hæte the
wark o' thame that turn agley, it sallna cleefe til me.

4 Ane thrawart hairt soll gae awa frae me; I wullna ken ane
ill-doir.

5 Whasae slanners his neebers unnerhan', him wull I sneg aff;
him that hæs ane hie luik an' ane pruud hairt, thole I wullna.

6 Mine eyne soll be apon the faithfu' o' the lan', that thaye
may wona wi' me: he that gaes on in ane perfite waye, he soll
ser' me.

7 He that wurks deceete sallna bide wuthin my hous; he that
tells lees sallna staye in my sicht.

8 I wull earlie destroye the wicket o' the lan', that I may sneg
aff a' wicket-doirs frae the citie o' the Lord.

CII.

¶ Ane Präyer o' the afflicket whan he is sair owercum, an' teems owt his
meane afore the Lord.

HEÆR my präyer, O Lord, an' let my crye cum untill thee.
2 Hydena thy fece frae me in the daye whan I am in
truble; inclæine thine eær untill me; in the daye whan I ca',
swuftlie answir me.

3 For my dayes ar consumet like reek, an' my banes ar brunt
as ane herthstane.

4 My hairt is snibbet an' wuthiret like gerse, sae that I forget
til eet my bread.

5 Bie reesen o' the voyce o' my greanin' my banes cleefe til my
skin.

6 I am like ane pelican o' the wuldirniss; I am like ane houlat
o' the desart.

7 I watche, an' am as ane sparra alane apon the hous-tap.

8 Mine enimies reproch me a' the daye; an' thaye that ar wud agayne me ar my swurn faes.

9 For I hae eeten assis like breæd, an' ming my drynk wi' greetin',

10 Becaus o' thy indignashon an' thy wræth; for thou hest liftet me up an' thrown me doun.

11 My dayes ar as ane skaddaw that eelys awa; an' I am wuthiret like gerse.

12 But thou, O Lord, sallt induur forevir, an' thy memorall til a' ganærations.

13 Thou sallt ræise up, an' hae mercie apon Zion; for the time til faavor hir, yis, the sete time, is cum.

14 For thy servents tak' pleesur in hir stanes, an' faavor the verra dust o' hir.

15 Sae the heæthin soll feær the næme o' the Lord, an' the kings o' the yirth thy glorie.

16 Whan the Lord soll bigg up Zion, he soll kythe in his glorie.

17 He wull tak' tent til the præyer o' the destetuut, an' despæysena thair præyer.

18 This soll be writtan for the ganæratian til cum, an' the peopple whilk soll be creaatet soll prayse the Lord.

19 For he heth looket doun frae the heicht o' his sanctuarie, frae heæven did the Lord behald the yirth;

20 Til heær the greanin' o' the prisener, til unfestyn thae that ar appoyntet til deæth;

21 Til declair the næme o' the Lord in Zion, an' his prayse in Jerusalem;

22 Whan the peopple ar getheret thegither, an' the kingdoms, til ser' the Lord.

23 My strenþt he mæde waff bie the waye; he shortenet my dayes.

24 I said, O my God, tak'na me awa in the middle o' my dayes; thy yeárs ar throweowt a' ganærations.

25 O' auld hest thou layde the fuundatione o' the yirth; an' the heævens ar the wark o' thy han's.

26 Thaye soll deceaye owtricht, but thou sallt induur; yis, a' o' thame soll growe auld as ane garmint; as ane vester sallt thou change thame, an' thaye soll be changet.

27 But thou art the same, an' thy yeärs soll hae nae en'.

28 The childer o' thy servents soll contina, an' thair scid soll be sete siccer afore thee.

CIII.

¶ Ane Psalm o' David.

BLISS the Lord, O my saul; an' a' that is wuthin me, bliss his haly næme.

2 Bliss the Lord, O my saul, an' forgetna a' his kin' an' guid gifties.

3 Wha forgies a' thine inequities, an' hæles a' thy ailments;

4 Wha redeims thy liffé fræ destruckshon; wha crownes thee wi' loeinkindniss an' tendir-mercies:

5 Wha satisfies thy mooth wi' guid things, sae that thy youdith is renewet like the eegle's.

6 The Lord exikutes richteousniss an' juudgemint for a' that ar sair haunden in thrawll.

7 He mæde kennet his wayes untill Moses, his deeds untill the childer o' Israel.

8 The Lord is mercifu' an' græcious, slaw til angir an' routh in mercie.

9 He wullna aye flyte, næther wull he keepe his angir forevir.

10 He hethna deelt wi' us efter our sins, nar rewardet us akordin' til our inequities.

11 For as the heæven is hie aboone the yirth, sae grit is his mercie gaitwairds thame that feær him.

12 As fer as the east is fræ the wast, sae fer heth he remuvet our transgressiones fræ us.

13 Like as ane faether feels tendir wae for his childer, sae deth the Lord feel for thame that feær him.

14 For he kens our mak': he remembirs that we ar dust.

15 As for man, his dayes are as gerse; as ane flouer o' the field, sae he bluums.

16 For the wund gaes ower it, an' it is gane; an' the pleice whare it was soll ken it nae mair.

17 But the mercie o' the Lord is fræ evirlesting' til evirlesting' upon thame that feær him, an' his richteousniss untill childer's childer.

18 Til sic as keepe his taylye, an' til thae that beær in mind
his commandements til do thame.

19 The Lord heth alreadie sete up his throne in the heavens,
an' his kingdoom ruuls ower a'.

20 Bliss the Lord, ye his angils that eksell in strength, that do
his commandements, herkenin' til the voyce o' his wurd.

21 Bliss the Lord, a' ye his hosts, ye ministers o' his that do
his pleasur.

22 Bliss the Lord, a' his warks, in a' pleces o' his damain ; bliss
the Lord, O my saul.

CIV.

BLISS the Lord, O my saul. O Lord my God, thou art verra
grit ; thou art clæthet wi' honor an' magistrie :

2 Wha kiverist thyself wi' licht as wi' ane garmint, wha streekist
owt the heavens like ane contain.

3 Wha layes the kipples o' his chammers in the waters, wha
mak's the cluds his chariat, wha waaks apon the wings o' the
wund ;

4 Wha mak's his angils speerits, his messingirs ane bleezin'
fire.

5 Wha layde the fuundationes o' the yirth, that it shudna be
remuvet forevir.

6 Thou didst kiver it wi' the deepe as wi' ane garmint ; the
waters stude aboone the mountans.

7 At thy rebuik thaye gaed bak ; at the voyce o' thy thunner
thaye haestenet awa.

8 Thaye gae up bie the heichts ; thaye gae doun bie the howes
untill the plece whilk thou hest fuundet for thame.

9 Thou hest sete ane buund that thaye mayena gae ower ; that
thaye turnna agayne til kiver the yirth.

10 He sen's the springs intil the glens, whilk rin amang the
hills.

11 Thaye gie drynk til ilka beæst o' the feeld ; the untæmet
cuddies slocken thair drouth.

12 Bie thame soll the fowlis o' the heaven hae thair habitatione,
whilk sing amang the bouchs.

13 He waters the hills fræ his chammers ; the yirth is satisfiet
wi' the frute o' thy warks.

14 He causis the gerse til growe for the kattle, an' yirb for the service o' man ; that he may bring furth fude owt o' the yirth,

15 An' wine that mak's gladsume the haire o' man, an' oolie that mak's his fece shyne, an' breæd whilk strengthens man's haire.

16 The tries o' the Lord ar fu' o' sapp, the cedars o' Lebanon whilk he heth sette,

17 Whare the burds mak' thair ests : as for the stork, the fir-tries ar hir hæme.

18 The heich hills ar ane howff for the wild-gæets, an' the roks for the rabbits.

19 He appoynet the muun for seesens, the sun kens his gangin' doun.

20 Thou makist mirk, an' it is nicht, wharein a' the beæsts o' the greenwud do krawll furth.

21 The yung lions rair efter thair preye, an' seik thair fude fræ God.

22 The sun upræises, thaye gether thamesel's thegither an' laye thame doun in thair dens.

23 Man gaes furth til his wark, an' til his laabor untill the gloamin'.

24 O Lord, howe moniefald ar thy warks ! in wusdoom hest thou mæde thame a' : the yirth is fu' o' thy riches.

25 Sae is this grit an' wyde se, wharein ar things krawlin' innumerall, baith sma' an' grit beæsts.

26 Ther gae the schips ; ther is that leviathan wham thou hest mæde til playe in't.

27 Thae waite a' apon thee, that thou mayist gie thame thair meæt in due seesen.

28 That thou gieist thame thaye gether ; thou opinist thine han', thaye ar fillet wi' guid.

29 Thou hydest thy fece, thaye ar trublet ; thou takist awa thair breath, thaye dee, an' return til thair dust.

30 Thou sen'ist furth thy speerit ; thaye ar creaatet, an' thou makist new agayne the fece o' the yirth.

31 The glorie o' the Lord soll induur forevir ; the Lord soll rejoyce in his warks.

32 He luiks on the yirth, an' it trimmels ; he tuches the hills, an' thaye reek.

33 I wull sing untill the Lord as lang as I leive ; I wull sing prayse untill my God while I hae my bein'.

34 My meditatione o' him soll be sweet; I wull be gladsume
in the Lord.

35 Let the sinnirs be consuumet owt o' the yirth, an' let the
wicket be nae mair. Bliss thou the Lord, O my saul. Prayse ye
the Lord.

CV.

O GIE thanks untill the Lord; ca' on his næme, his dooin's
mak' kennet amang the peopple.

2 Sing untill him, sing psalmis untill him; speik ye o' a' his
wunderfu' warks.

3 Glorie ye in his haly næme; let the hairt o' thame rejoice
that seik the Lord.

4 Seik the Lord, an' his strength; seik his fece evirmair.

5 Ca' til mind his mervellous warks that he hæs dune; his wun-
ders, an' the juudgemints o' his mooth;

6 O ye affspring o' Abraham his servent, ye childer o' Jacob his
chosin.

7 He is the Lord our God; his juudgemints ar in a' the yirth.

8 He hæs remembiret his covenant for aye, the wurd whilk he
commandet til ane thousan' ganæratians.

9 Whilk covenant he mæde wi' Abraham, an' his aith untill
Isaac;

10 An' settelet an' mæde siccer the sæme til Jacob for ane law,
an' til Israel for ane evirlestin' covenant;

11 Sayin', Untill thee wull I gie the lan' o' Canaan, the fief
o' your inheeritince:

12 Whan thaye wer but fewe men in nummer; yis, varra fewe,
an' fremet in it.

13 Whan thaye gaed fræ ae natione til anither, fræ ae king-
doom til anither peopple;

14 He tholet nae man til do thame wrang: ay, he een reprovet
kings for thair sak's;

15 Sayin', Tuchna mine anaintet, an' do my prophets nae
skaith.

16 Mairattour he ca't for ane fæmyne apon the lan': he brak'
the haill staffe o' breæd.

17 He sendet ane man afore thame, een Joseph wha was sauld
for ane slæfe:

18 Whase feet thaye hurtet wi' fettirs ; he was layde in ern :

19 Untill the time that his wurd cam' : the wurd o' the Lord tryet him.

20 The king sendet an' loweset him ; een the ruulir o' the peopple, an' lut him gae free.

21 He mæde him lord o' his hous ; the ruulir o' a' his haudin :

22 Til bin' his cheefs at his pleesur, an' teech his state-advæisers wusdoom.

23 Israel alsua cam intil Egypt; an' bæde in the lan' o' Ham.

24 An' he inkresset his peopple gritly, an' mæde thame stranger nor thair enimies.

25 He turnet thair hairt til hæte his peopple, til deel slee an' slidlie wi' his servants.

26 He sendet Moses his servant, an' Aaron wham he had chosin.

27 Thaye shawet his sygns amang thame, an' wunders in the lan' o' Ham.

28 He sendet mirkniss, an' mæde it mirk ; an' thaye didna ræise up til gaynesaye his wurd.

29 He turnet thair waters intil bluid, an' sleyet thair fisch.

30 Thair lan' brang furth paddas in plentie, een in the chammers o' thair kings.

31 He spak', an' ther cam sindrie sortes o' flees an' lice in a' thair boordirs.

32 He gæfe thame hail for raine, an' bleezin' fire in thair lan'.

33 He smat thair vines alsua an' thair fig-tries, an' brak the tries o' thair kosts.

34 He spak', an' the locasts cam, an' katterpillers, an' that wuthoutten nummer.

35 An' did eet up the yirbs o' thair lan', an' devooret the frute o' thair gruund.

36 He smat alsua the first-born o' thair lan', the cheef o' a' thair strength.

37 He brang thame owt alsua wi' siller an' gowd, an' ther wasna ane feckliss persen in a' thair clans.

38 Egypt was richt gladsume whan thaye gaed aff ; for the feær o' thame fell on thame.

39 He spreæd ane clud for ane kiverin', an' fire til gie licht in the nicht.

40 The peopple axet, an' he brought quails, an' satisfiet thame wi' the bread o' heæven.

41 He opinet the rok, an' the waters bocket owt; thaye ran in the drye piecess like ane river.

42 For he remembiret his haly promish, an' Abraham his servent.

43 An' he brang furth his peopple wi' joye, an' his chosin wi' gladsumeniss:

44 An' gæfe thame the lau's o' the heathin: an' thaye inheeritet the laabor o' the peopple;

45 That thaye micht tak' tent til his staatutes, an' keepe his laws. Prayse ye the Lord.

CVI.

PRAYSE ye the Lord. O gie thanks untill the Lord, for he is guid; his mercie induurs forevir.

2 Wha can uutter the michtie dooin's o' the Lord? wha can shaw furth a' his prayse?

3 Blisset ar thaye that keep juudgemint, an' he that deth richt-eousniss at a' times.

4 Remembir me, O Lord, wi' the faavor that thou beærist untill thy peopple: O veesit me wi' thy salvatione;

5 That I may see the guid o' thy chosin, that I may joye in the gladsumeniss o' thy natione, that I may glorie wi' thy inheeritince.

6 We hae sinnet wi' our faethers, we hae committet inequitie, we hae dune wicketlie.

7 Our faethers understudena thy wunders in Egypt; thaye remembiretna the multetud o' thy mercies; but provookenet him at the se, een at the Ried Se.

8 Natheless he saufet thame for his næme's sak', that he micht mak' his michtie powir til be knawn.

9 He rebuiket the Ried Se alsua, an' it was dryet up; sae he lede thame throwe the deeps as throwe the wuldirniss.

10 An' he saufet thame frae the han' o' him that hætet thame; an' redeimit thame frae the han' o' the enimie.

11 An' the waters kiveret thair enimies; ther wasna ane o' thame lefte:

12 Than beliefet thaye his wurds, an' sang his prayse.

13 Thaye sune forgat his wurks; thaye waitetna for his cunsil.

14 But greinet exsessivlie in the wuldirlniss, an' tempet God in the desart.

15 An' he gæfe thame galore for thair greed; but sendet ane traikieniss intil thair saul.

16 Thaye ill-wullet Moses alsua in the camp, an' Aaron the saunt o' the Lord.

17 The yirth opinet an' swalloet up Dathan, an' kiveret the comrades o' Abiram.

18 An' ane fire was kinlet in thair clan; the flame brunt up the wicket.

19 Thaye mæde ane cauffe in Horeb, an' wurschippet the moltin mænimit.

20 Thus thaye changet thair glorie intil the lykeniss o' ane oux that eets gerse.

21 Thaye forgat God thair Saavior, whilk had dune grit things in Egypt;

22 Wunderfu' warks in the lan' o' Ham, an' terrabil things bie the Ried Se.

23 Therfor he said that he wad destroye thame, hadna Moses, his chosin, stude afore him in the gaupe, til turn awa his wræth, in kase he shude sley thame.

24 Yis, thaye despæiset the pleesint lan'; thaye beleifetnahis wurd;

25 But yammeret on in thair tents, an' herkenetna untill the voyce o' the Lord.

26 Therfor he liftet up his han' agayne thame, til owerthraw thame in the wuldirlniss:

27 Til owerthraw thair affspring alsua amang the nations, an' til skattir thame in the lan's.

28 Thaye aneitet thamesel's alsua untill Baal-peor, an' eetet the saacrifices o' the deæd.

29 Thus thaye provooket him til angir wi' thair contræivences; an' the plegue brak' in apon thame.

30 Than stude up Phinehas, an' exikutet juudgemint; an' sae the plegue was stayet.

31 An' that was cuuntet untill him for richteousniss untill a' ganæratians forevirmair.

32 Thaye angiret him alsua at the waters o' striffe, sae that it gaed ill wi' Moses for thair sak's:

33 Becaus thaye provooket his speerit, sae that he spak' rashlie wi' his lipps.

34 Thaye didna destroye the nationes, anent wham the Lord commandet thame;

35 But wer minget amang the heæthin, an' leærnet thair warks.

36 An' thaye ser't thair iidals, whilk wer ane giren untill thame.

37 Yis, thaye saacrificet thair sons an' thair douchters untill deevils,

38 An' shede innicent bluid, een the bluid o' thair sons an' o' thair douchters, wham thaye saacrificet til the iidals o' Canaan: an' the lan' was pollutet wi' bluid.

39 Thus wer thaye fylet wi' thair ain warks, an' gaed a-lustin' wi' thair ain contræivences.

40 Therfor was the frenn o' the Lord kinlet agayne his peopple, insaeimeikle that he abhorret his ain inheeritince.

41 An' he gæfe thame intil the han' o' the heæthin; an' thaye that hætet thame ruulet ower thame.

42 Thair enimies alsua oppresset thame, an' thaye wer brought intil thrawl doom anunder thair han's.

43 Monie times did he delifer thame; but thaye provookenet him wi' thair cunsil, an' wer broucht leuch for thair inequicie.

44 Nathelless he tuik thought o' thair afflickshon, whan he heærd thair crye.

45 An' he remembiret for thame his covenent, an' rewet akordin' til the multetud o' his mercies.

46 He mæde thame alsua til be pytiet o' a' thae that carryet thame captife.

47 Saufe us, O Lord our God, an' gether us frae mang the heæthin, til gie thanks untill thy haly næme, an' til triumff in thy prayse.

48 Blisset be the Lord God o' Israel, frae evirlestyn' til evirlestyn': an' let a' the peopple say, Saebeid. Prayse ye the Lord.

CVII.

O GIE thanks untill the Lord, for he is guid; for his mercie induurs foraye.

2 Let the redeimet o' the Lord say sae, wham he hæs redcimet frae the han' o' the enimie;

3 An' getheret thame owt o' the lan's, frae the east an' frac the wast, frae the north an' frae the south.

4 Thaye danderet aboot in the wuldirmiss in ane wearifu' an' lanlie waye: thaye fand nae citie til dwall in.

5 Hungirie an' thristie, thair sauls sank doun wuthin thame.

6 Than thaye cryet untill the Lord in thair truble, an' he deliferet thame owt o' thair destressis.

7 An' he lede thame furth bie the richt waye, that thaye nicht gang til ane citie o' habitatione.

8 Och that men wad prayse the Lord for his guidniss, an' for his wunderfu' warks til the childer o' men!

9 For he satisfies the langin' saul, an' fills the hungirie saul wi' guidniss.

10 Sic as sit in mirkniss, an' in the skaddaw o' deæth, being bund in afflickshon an' ern;

11 Becaus thaye ræse up agayne the wurds o' God, an' condemet the cunsil o' the Maist Hie:

12 Therfor he brang doun thair hairt wi' laabor: thaye fell doun, an' ther was nane til helpe.

13 Than thaye cryet untill the Lord in thair truble, an' he saufet thame owt o' thair destressis.

14 He broughth thame owt o' mirkniss an' the skaddaw o' deæth, an' brak thair bands asinder.

15 Och that men wad prayse the Lord for his guidniss, an' for his wunderfu' warks til the childer o' men!

16 For he hæs brokin the yettes o' brass, an' cutet the bars o' ern asinder.

17 Fules, becaus o' thair transgressione, an' becaus o' thair inequicie, ar afflicket;

18 Thair saul abhorrs a' kind o' meæt, an' thaye draw near til the yettes o' deæth.

19 Than thaye crye untill the Lord in thair truble, an' he saufes thame owt o' thair destressis.

20 He sendet his wurd an' halet thame, an' deliferet thame frac thair destruckshons.

21 Och that men wad prayse the Lord for his guidniss, an' for his wunderfu' warks til the childer o' men!

22 An' let thame saacrifice the saacrifices o' thanksgiein', an' speik furth his warks wi' rejoycin'.

23 Thaye that gae doun til the se in schips, that trafake in the grit waters;

24 Thae see the warks o' the Lord, an' his wunders in the deepe.

25 For he commands, an' ræises up the stormie wund, whilk thero' lifts on hie the waves.

26 Thaye muunt up til the heæven, thaye gae doun agayne til the deepes; thair saul is meltet becaus o' truble.

27 Thaye reel bak-an-forward, an' stotter like ane drunken man, an' ar at the eu' o' thair wuts.

28 Than thaye crye til the Lord in thair truble, an' he brings thame owt o' thair distressis.

29 He mak's the storm ane cawm, sae that the waves thero' ar seeliset.

30 Than ar thaye gladsume becaus thaye be quæt; sae he brings thame untill the haven that thaye lang for.

31 Och that men wad prayse the Lord for his guidniss, an' for his wunderfu' warks til the childer o' men!

32 Let thame eksalt him alsua in the congregacione o' the peopple, an' prayse him in the assemblie o' the eldirs.

33 Rivers he turns intil ane wuldirliniss, an' the waltees intil drye gruund;

34 Ane frutefu' lan' intil barreniss, for the wicketniss o' thame that byde in't.

35 He turns the wuldirliniss intil ane stannin' water, an' drye gruund intil wals o' water.

36 An' ther he mak's the hungirie til dwall, that thaye may bigg ane citie til wone in.

37 An' saw the feedls, an' sette vinyairds, whilk may gie furth frutes o' inkresse.

38 He blisses thame alsua, sae that thair nummer growes gritlie, an' tholesna thair kattel til dekresse.

39 Agayne thaye ar minishet, an' brung leuch throwe thrawl-doom, afflickshon, an' sorra.

40 He teems contemp apon princes, an' causes thame til dander in the wuldirliniss whare ther is nae waye.

41 Natheless setes he the puir on hie fræ afflickshon, an' mak's him families like ane flok.

42 The righteous shall see it, an' rejoice, an' a' inequitie shall stapp hir mooth.

43 Whasae is wyse, an' woll tak' tent o' thae things, een thaye shall understan' the loeinkindniss o' the Lord.

CVIII.

¶ Ane Sang or Psalm o' David.

O GOD, my hairt is fiksit; I wull sing an' gie prayse een wi my glorie.

2 Awauken psaltrie an' herp, I mysel' wull awauken earlie.

3 I wull prayse thee, O Lord, amang the peeple; an' wull sing prayses untill thee amang the nations.

4 For thy mercie is grit aboone the heævens, an' thy trouth raxes untill the cluds.

5 Be thou liftet up, O God, aboone the heævens, an' thy glorie aboone a' the yirth;

6 That thy belofet may be deliferet: saufe wi' thy richt han', an' answir me.

7 God heth spokin in his haliniss: I wull rejoice; I wull devyde Shechem, an' measur owt the vallie o' Succoth.

8 Gilead is mine; Manasseh is mine; Ephraim alsua is the strenth o' mine heæd; Judah is my law-giefer;

9 Moab is my wasch-pat; ower Edom wull I throw my shooe; ower Philistia wull I triumff.

10 Wha wull bring me intil the strang citie? wha wull leede me intil Edom?

11 Wultna thou, O God, wha hest casen us aff? an' wultna thou, O God, gang furth wi' our hosts?

12 Gie us help frae truble; for vaine is the help o' man.

13 Throwe God we sall do violentlie; for he it is that sall tramp doun our enimies.

CIX.

¶ Til the chief musicien, Ane Psalm o' David.

HAUDNA thy peece, O God o' my prayse;

2 For the mooth o' the wicket, an' the mooth o' the gylefu' ar opinet agayne me: thaye hae spokin' agayne me wi' ane leein' tung.

3 Thaye cam roun' about me alsua wi' wurds o' hætret; an' foucht agayne me wuthoutten ane caus.

4 For my loefe thaye ar my advarsaries; but I gie mysel' untill præyer.

5 An' thaye hae rewairdet me ill for guid, an' hætret for loefe.

6 Sete thou ane wicket man ower him ; an' let Sattan stan' at his rieht han'.

7 Whan he shall be juudget, let him be condemet, an' let his præyer becum sin.

8 Let his dayes be fewe, an' let ane ither tak' his charje.

9 Let his childer be faetherliss, an' his wyffe ane widaw.

10 Let his childer be continwallie stravaigers an' beg ; let thame seik thair breæd alsua owt o' thair waiste pieces.

11 Let the ekstourtir clutche a' that he hæs, an' let the fremet spulyie his laabor.

12 Let ther be nane til eksten' mercie untill him ; næther let ther be onie til faavor his faetherliss childer.

13 Let his affspring be snegget aff ; an' in the ganæratian fol-loin' thair næme be blotchet owt.

14 Let the inequitie o' his faethers be boorne in mind wi' the Lord, an' letna the sin o' his mither be dune awa.

15 Let thame be afore the Lord continwallie, that he may sneg aff the memerie o' thame fræ the yirth :

16 Becaus that he remembiretna til shaw mercie, but persi-kutet the puir an' needie man, that he micht een sley the brokin in hairt.

17 As he loefet bannin', sae let it cum untill him ; as he de-lichtetetna in blissin', sae let it be fer fræ him.

18 As he claethet himsel' wi' cursin' like as wi' his garmint, sae let it cum intil his interils like water, an' like oolie intil his banes.

19 Let it be untill him as the garmint whilk kivers him, an' for ane girdin wharewi' he is girthet continwallie.

20 Let this be the reward o' mine advarsaries fræ the Lord, an' o' thame that speik ill agayne my saul.

21 But do thou for me, O God the Lord, for thy næme's sak' ; becaus thy mercie is guid, deliver thou me.

22 For I am puir an' needie, an' my hairt is wuundet wuthin me.

23 I am gane like the skaddaw whan it eelyes awa ; I am tor-fellet up an' doun as the locast.

24 My nees ar waff throwe fastin', an' my flesch fæils o' fatniss.

25 I becam' alsua ane reproch untill thame ; whan thaye luiked on me thaye shuuk thair heæds.

26 Helpe me, O Lord my God ; O saufe me akordin' til thy mercie :

27 That thaye may ken that this is thy han', that thou, Lord, hest dune it.

28 Let thame ban, but bliss thou : whan thaye ræise up, let thame be shæmet ; but let thy servent rejoyce.

29 Wi' shæme let mine advarsaries be claethet ; an' let thame kiver thamesel's wi' thair ain confuushon as wi' ane rocklay.

30 I wull gritlie prayse the Lord wi' my mooth ; yis, I wull prayse him amang the multetud.

31 For he sall stan' at the richt han' o' the puir, til saufe him frae thaе that condem his saul.

CX.

¶ Ane Psalm o' David.

TH E Lord said untill my Lord, Sit at my richt han', untill I mak' thine enimies thy fit-stule.

2 The Lord sall sen' the rodd o' thy strength owt o' Zion : ruul thou in the middle o' thine enimies.

3 Thy peopple sall be wullin' in the daye o' thy powir ; in the beutie o' haliniss, frae the wome o' the moornin' ; thou hest the dewe o' thy youdith.

4 The Lord heth swurn, an' wullna rew, Thou art ane priest forevir efter the oordir o' Melchizedek.

5 The Lord at thy richt han' sall strike throwe kings in the daye o' wræth.

6 He sall juudge amang the heæthin ; he sall fill the pleces wi' the deæd boukes ; he sall wund the chiefs ower monie cuuntries.

7 He sall drynk o' the bruik in the waye, therfor sall he lift up the heæd.

CXI.

PRAYSE ye the Lord. I wull prayse the Lord wi' my haill haire, in the assemblie o' the upright an' in the congregacione.

2 The warks o' the Lord ar grit, soucht owt o' a' thame that hae pleasur therin.

3 His wark is honorabel an' glorious, an' his richteousniss induurs forevir.

4 He hæs mæde his wunderfu' warks til be remembiret; the Lord is gracious an' fu' o' tendir pitie.

5 He hæs gien meæt untill thame that feær him: he wull evir be mindfu' o' his covenant.

6 He hæs shawet his peele the powir o' his warks, that he may gie thame the heirskep o' the heæthin.

7 The warks o' his han' ar veritie an' juudgemint, a' his commandements ar shure.

8 Thaye stan' siccer forevir an' evir, an' ar dune in trouth an' uprichtniss.

9 He sendet redempshon til his peele: he heth commandet his covenant forevir; haly an' reverant is his næme.

10 The feær o' the Lord is the begynnin' o' wusdoom: ane guid understandinn' hae a' thaye that do his commandements: his prayse induurs forevir.

CXII.

PRAYSE ye the Lord. Blisset is the man that feærst the Lord, that delichts gridlie in his commandements.

2 His affspring shall be michtie upon the yirth; the ganæratian o' the upricht shall be blisset.

3 Walthe an' riches shall be in his hous, an' his richteousniss induurs forevir.

4 Untill the upricht ther ræises up licht in the mirk; he is gracious, an' fu' o' tendir pitie, an' richteous.

5 Ane guid man shaws faavor an' len's; he wull gæide his affaires wi' discrætione.

6 Shurelie he sallna be muvet forevir; the richteous shall be in evirlestin' remembirense.

7 He sallna be afearet o' ill tydin's; his hairet is fikset, trustin' in the Lord.

8 His hairet is mæde sekur; he sallna be afearet untill he see his wush upon his enimies.

9 He hæs layde owt; he hæs gien til the puir; his richteousniss induurs forevir: his hoorn shall be liftet up wi' honor.

10 The wicket shall see it, an' be greifet; he shall grunch wi' his teeth, an' melt awa; the desyre o' the wicket shall decaye owtricht.

CXIII.

PRAYSE ye the Lord. Prayse, O ye servents o' the Lord,
prayse the næme o' the Lord.

2 Blisset be the næme o' the Lord frae this time furth an' for-
evirmair.

3 Frae the ræisin' o' the sun untill the gaein' doun o' the same
the næme o' the Lord is til be prayset.

4 The Lord is hie aboone a' nationes, an' his glorie aboone the
heævens.

5 Wha is like the Lord our God ? wha dwalls on hie ;

6 Wha hummels himsel' til behald the things that ar in heæven
an' in the yirth.

7 He ræises up the puir owt o' the dust, an' lyfts up the needie
owt o' the midden.

8 That he maye sete him wi' chiefs, een wi' the princes o' his
people.

9 He mak's the barrin woman til keepe hous, an' til be ane
joyfu' mither o' childer. Prayse ye the Lord.

CXIV.

WHAN Israel gaed owt o' Egypt, the hous o' Jacob frae ane
peopple o' fremet tung,

2 Judah was his sanctuarie, an' Israel his damain.

3 The se saw it, an' flede ; Jordan was dreæn bak.

4 The mountans skiffet like tips, an' the wee hills like lams.

5 What ailet thee, O thou se, that thou fledist ; thou Jordan,
that thou wast dreæn bak ?

6 Ye mountans, that ye skiffet like tips ; an' ye wee hills like
lams ?

7 Trimmel, thou yirth, at the presince o' the Lord, at the pre-
since o' the God o' Jacob ;

8 Whilk turnet the rok until ane stannin' water, an' mæde ane
fountan o' waters o' the flint.

CXV.

NAT untill us, O Lord, nat untill us, but untill thy næme gie
glorie; for thy mercie, an' for thy trouth's sak'.

2 Wharefor shud the heæthin say, Whare is now thair God?

3 But our God is in the heævens: he heth dune whatsaevir
he heth pleeset.

4 Thair iidals ar siller an' gowd, the wark o' men's han's.

5 Thaye hae mooths, but thaye speikna; eyne hae thaye, but
thaye seena;

6 Thaye hae lugs, but thaye dinna heær; noses, but thaye hae
nae smelle.

7 Thaye hae han's, but thaye hanlena; feet hae thaye, but thaye
canna gang; næther speik thaye throwe thair hass.

8 Thaye that mak' thame ar like til thame; sae is ilka ane that
trusts in thame.

9 O Israel, trust ye in the Lord; he is thair helpe an' thair
sheeld.

10 O hous o' Aaron, trust in the Lord; he is thair helpe an'
thair sheeld.

11 Ye that feær the Lord, trust in the Lord; he is thair helpe
an' thair sheeld.

12 The Lord hæs been mindfu' o' us; he wull bliss us: he
wull bliss the hous o' Israel; he wull bliss the hous o' Aaron.

13 He wull bliss thame that feær the Lord, baith sma' an' grit.

14 The Lord soll inkresse you mair an' mair, you an' your
childer.

15 Ye ar blisset o' the Lord, whilk mæde heæven an' yirth.

16 The heæven, een the heævens ar the Lord's; but the yirth
heth he gien til the childer o' men.

17 The dead prayse na the Lord, næther onie that gae doun
intil seelence.

18 But we wull bliss the Lord fræ this time furth an' forevir-
mair. Prayse the Lord.

CXVI.

ILOE the Lord, becaus he hæs heærd my voyce an' my suppli-
cationes.

2 Becaus he hæs inclæinet his eær untill me, therfor wull I ca' apon him sae lang as I leive.

3 The sorras o' deaeth cam' roun' aboot me, an' the paines o' hell gat haud on me: I fand truble an' dool.

4 Than ca't I apon the næme o' the Lord; O Lord, I beseik thee, delifer my saul.

5 Gracious is the Lord an' righteous; yis, our God is mercifu'.

6 The Lord preserfes the simpel; I was brought leuch, an' he helpet me.

7 Return untill thy rest, O my saul; for the Lord heth deelt buntifullie wi' thee.

8 For thou hest deliferet my saul fræ deaeth, mine eyne fræ teærns, an' my feet fræ fa'in'.

9 I wull gae on afore the Lord in the lan' o' the leivin'.

10 I beleifet, therfor hae I spokin'; I was gritlie afflicket.

11 I said in my hæste, A' men ar leeirs.

12 What sall I gie untill the Lord for a' his guid gyftes gait-wairds me?

13 I wull tak' the cup o' salvatione, an' ca' apon the næme o' the Lord.

14 I wull paye my vowes untill the Lord nowe in the presince o' a' his peopple.

15 Pracious in the sicht o' the Lord is the deaeth o' his saunts.

16 O Lord, trewlie I am thy servant: I am thy servant, an' the son o' thine han'maiden; thou hest loweset my bands.

17 I wull affer til thee the saacrifice o' thanksgiein', an' wull ca' apon the næme o' the Lord.

18 I wull paye my vowes untill the Lord nowe in the presince o' a' his peopple,

19 In the cuurts o' the Lord's hous, in the middle o' thee, O Jerusalem. Prayse ye the Lord.

CXVII.

O PRAYSE the Lord, a' ye nationes; prayse him, a' ye peopple.

2 For his mercifu' kindniss is grit gaitwaird us; an' the trouth o' the Lord induurs forevir. Prayse ye the Lord.

CXVIII.

O GIE thanks untill the Lord, for he is guid ; becaus his mercie induurs forevir.

2 Let Israel nowe saye, that his mercie induurs forevir.

3 Let the hous o' Aaron nowe saye, that his mercie induurs forevir.

4 Let thame nowe that feær the Lord saye, that his mercie induurs forevir.

5 I ca't apon the Lord in destresse : the Lord answiret me, an' sete me in ane wyde an' free pleece.

6 The Lord is on my syde ; I wullna feær ; what can man do untill me ?

7 The Lord tak's my pairt wi' thame that helpe me : therfor sall I see my desyre apon thame that hæte me.

8 It is better til trust in the Lord nor til pit confydedence in man.

9 It is better til trust in the Lord nor til pit confydedence in princes.

10 A' nationes cam' roun' aboot me ; but in the næme o' the Lord wull I destroye thame.

11 Thaye cam' roun' aboot me ; yis, thaye cam' roun' aboot me ; but in the næme o' the Lord wull I destroye thame.

12 Thaye cam' roun' aboot me like bies : thaye ar slackenet as the fire o' thoorns ; for in the næme o' the Lord I wull destroye thame.

13 Thou hest stogget sair at me, that I micht fa' ; but the Lord helpet me.

14 The Lord is my doucht an' sang, an' is becum my salvatione.

15 The voyce o' rejoycin' an' salvatione is in the taabernakles o' the richteous : the richt han' o' the Lord deth violentlie.

16 The richt han' o' the Lord is liftet up ; the richt han' o' the Lord deth violentlie.

17 I sallna dee, but leive, an' speik furth the warks o' the Lord.

18 The Lord heth chesenet me sair : but he hethna gien me ower untill deæth.

19 Opin til me the yettes o' richteousniss ; I wull gae intil thame, an' I wull prayse the Lord.

20 This yette o' the Lord, whilk the richteous sall gae in at.

21 I wull prayse thee ; for thou hest heerd me, an' hest becum my salvatione.

22 The stane whilk the buuldirs despæiset hæs becum the heæd stane o' the kornir.

23 This is the Lord's doin' ; it is mervellous in our eyne.

24 This is the daye whilk the Lord heth mæde ; we wull rejoice an' be gladsume in it.

25 Saufe nowe, I beseik thee, O Lord : O Lord, I beseik thee, sen' nowe prospiritie.

26 Blisset be he that cumis in the næme o' the Lord ; we haec blisset yow owt o' the hous o' the Lord.

27 God is the Lord, wha heth shawet us licht : bin' the saacrifice wi' coords, een untill the hoorns o' the altar.

28 Thou art my God, an' I wull prayse thee ; thou art my God, I wull eksalt thee.

29 O gie thanks untill the Lord, for he is guid ; for his mercie induurs forevir.

CXIX.

ALEPH.

BLISSET ar the unfylet an' perfite in the waye, wha wauk in the lawe o' the Lord.

2 Blisset ar thaye that keepe his testimonies, an' that seik him wi' thair haill hairt.

3 Thaye alsua do nae inequitie ; thaye wauk in his wayes.

4 Thou hest commandet us til keepe thy preceeps eidentlie.

5 Och that my wayes wer mæde gatelins til keepe thy staatutes !

6 Than shude I nat be shæmet, whan I hae respeck til a' thy commandements.

7 I wull prayse thee wi' uprichtniss o' hairt whan I hae leærnet thy richteous juudgements.

8 I wull keepe thy staatutes ; O dinna forhowe me owtricht.

BETH.

9 Wharewutha' sall ane yung man cleense his waye ? Bie takin' tent therwil akordin' til thy wurd.

10 Wi' my haill hairt hae I soucht thee : O letna me dander awa fræ thy commandements.

11 Thy wurd hae I hyddan in my hairt, that I michtna sin agayne thee.

12 Blisset art thou, O Lord; teech thou me thy staatutes.

13 Wi' my lipps hae I spokin owt a' the juudgemints o' thy mooth.

14 I hae rejoiceet in the waye o' thy testimonies as mickle as in a' thesaures.

15 I wull dwell in thought on thy preceeps, an' hae respeck untill thy wayes.

16 I wull delicht mysel' in thy staatutes; I wullna forgett thy wurd.

GIMEL.

17 Deel buntifullie wi' thy servent, that I may leive, an' keepe thy wurd.

18 Opin thou mine eyne, that I may behald wunderfu' things owt o' thy law.

19 I am ane fremet in the yirth; hydena thy commandements frae me.

20 My saul briks for the langin' that it hæs untill thy juudgements at a' times.

21 Thou hest snibbet the pruud that ar curset, whilk gae asyde frae thy commandements.

22 Remuve frae me reproch an' contemp; for I hae keepet thy testimonies.

23 Princis did alsua sit an' speik agayne me; but thy servent sete deepe thought on thy staatutes.

24 Thy testimonies alsua ar my delicht an' my cunsillers.

DALETH.

25 My saul cleefes doun untill the dust; quikan thou me akordin' til thy wurd.

26 I hae spokin owt anent my wayes, an' thou hest heärd me: teech me thy staatutes.

27 Mak' me understan' the waye o' thy preceeps; sae soll I tauk o' thy wunderfu' warks.

28 My saul melts for hiviniss: strenthen me akordin' til thy wurd.

29 Remuve frae me the waye o' lecin'; an' graciouslie vooch-saufe me thy law.

30 I hae chosin the waye o' trouth : thy juudgements hae I layde afore me.

31 I hae stuken untill thy testimonies ; O Lord, pitna me til shæme.

32 I wull rin the waye o' thy commandements, whan thou sallt releiche my hairt.

HE.

33 Teechi me, O Lord, the waye o' thy staatutes, an' I sall keepe it untill the en'.

34 Gie me understan'in', an' I sall keepe thy law ; yis, I sall tak' tent til't wi' my haill hairt.

35 Mak' me til gang in the peth o' thy commandements ; for therin do I delicht.

36 Inclæine my hairt untill thy testimonies, an' nat til greediniss.

37 Turn awa mine eyne frae behaldin' vainitie, an' quikan thou me in thy waye.

38 Mak' siccer thy wurd untill thy servent, wha is hairt-bund til thy feær.

39 Turn awa my reproch, whilk I dreæd ; for thy juudgements ar guid.

40 Behald, I hae langet efter thy preceeps ; quikan me in thy richteousniss.

VAU.

41 Let thy mercies cum alsua untill me, O Lord ; een thy salvatione akordin' til thy wurd.

42 Sae sall I hae wharewi' til answir him that reproches me ; for in thy wurd do I trust.

43 An' tak'na the wurd o' trouth a'thegither owt o' my mooth ; for I hae houpet in thy juudgements.

44 Sae sall I keepe thy law forevir an' evir.

45 An' I sall gang on in freedom ; for I seik thy preceeps.

46 I wull speik o' thy testimonies alsua afore kings, an' wullna be blate.

47 An' I wull delicht mysel' in thy commandements, whilk I hae loet.

48 My han's wull I alsua lift up untill thy commandements, whilk I hae loet ; an' I wull dwell in deepe thought on thy staatutes.

ZAIN.

49 Remembir the wurd untill thy servent, apon whilk thou hest causet me til houpe.

50 This is my comfort in my afflickshon; for thy wurd hæs quikanet me.

51 The pruud hae had me gritlie in derishion; natheless hae I nat fa'n aff fræ thy law.

52 I ca't til mind thy juudgemints o' auld, O Lord, an' hae comfirtet mysel'.

53 Horrir hæs ta'en haud apon me, becaus o' the wicket that forhowe thy law.

54 Thy staatutes hae been my sang in the hous o' my pilgrimadje.

55 I hae remembiret thy næme, O Lord, in the nicht; an' hae keepet thy law.

56 This I had becaus I keepet thy preceeps.

CHETH.

57 Thou art my portione, O Lord; I hae said that I wad keepe thy wurds.

58 I wooet thy faavor wi' my haill hairt; be mercifu' til me akordin' til thy wurd.

59 I thought on my wayes, an' turnet my feet til thy testimonies.

60 I taiggletna, but mæde hæste til keepe thy commandements.

61 The gangs o' the wicket hae reifet me; but I haena forgottan thy law.

62 At howenicht I wull ræise til gie thanks untill thee, becaus o' thy richteous juudgemints.

63 I am ane comrade o' a' thame that feær thee, an' o' thame that keepe thy preceeps.

64 The yirth, O Lord, is fu' o' thy mercie; teech me thy staatutes.

TETH.

65 Thou hest deelt weel wi' thy servent, O Lord, akordin' untill thy wurd.

66 Teech me guid juudgement an' wætin'; for I hae beleifet thy commandements.

67 Afore I was afflicket I gaed agley; but nowe hae I keepet thy wurd.

68 Thou art guid, an' doist guid ; teech me thy staatutes.

69 The pruud hae forgdjet ane lee agayne me ; but I wull keepe thy preceeps wi' my haill hairt.

70 Thair hairt is as fat as taugh ; but I delicht in thy law.

71 It is guid for me that I hae been afflicket ; that I micht leærn thy staatutes.

72 The law o' thy mooth is better untill me nor thousan's o' gowd an' siller.

JOD.

73 Thy han's hae mæde me an' fashanet me ; gie me understan'in', that I may leærn thy commandements.

74 Thaye that feær thee wull be gladsume whan thaye see me ; becaus I hae houpet in thy wurd.

75 I ken, O Lord, that thy juudgements ar richt, an' that thou in faithfu'niss hest afflicket me.

76 Let, I præy thee, thy mercifu' kindniss be for my comfort, akordin' til thy wurd untill thy servent.

77 Let thy tendir mercies cum untill me, that I may leive ; for thy law is my delicht.

78 Let the pruud be shæmet, for thaye hae deelt contrairisumlie wi' me wuthoutten ane caus ; but I wull muuse on thy preceeps.

79 Let thae that feær thee turn untill me, an' thae that hac knawn thy testimonies.

80 Let my hairt be suund in thy staatutes, that I bena shæmet.

CAPH.

81 My saul swarffs for thy salvatione ; but I houpe in thy wurd.

82 Mine eyne fæil for thy wurd, sayin', Whan wult thou comfirt me ?

83 For I am becum like ane bottell in the reek ; natheless do I nat forget thy staatutes.

84 Howe monie ar the dayes o' thy servent ? Whan wult thou exikute juudgement on thame that persikute me ?

85 The pruud hae howket pitts for me whilk arna efter thy law.

86 A' thy commandements ar faithfu' : thaye persikute me wrangfullie ; helpe thou me.

87 Thaye had amaist consuumet me apon yirth ; but I forhowetna thy preceeps.

88 Quikan me efter thy locinkindniss; sae soll I keepe the testimonies o' thy mooth.

LAMED.

89 Forevir, O Lord, thy wurd is settelet in heæven.

90 Thy faithfu'niss is untill a' ganærations; thou hest sete siccer the yirth, an' it bydes sae.

91 Thaye contina this daye akordin' til thine oordinences, for a' ar thy servents.

92 Hadna thy law been my delicht, I wad hae deet owtricht in mine afflickshon.

93 I wull nevir forget thy preceeps; for wi' thame ye hae quikanet me.

94 I am thine; saufe me, for I hae soucht thy preceeps.

95 The wicket hae waitet for me, til destroye me; but I wull weie weel thy testimonies.

96 I hae seen ane en' o' a' perfekshon; but thy commandement is excessivlie braid.

MEM.

97 O howe loe I thy law! my thought dwalls deeplie on it a' the daye lang.

98 Thou throwe thy commandements hest mæde me wysir nor mine enimies; for thaye ar evir wi' me.

99 I hae mair understan'in' nor a' my teechirs, for thy testimonies ar my serious thought.

100 I understan' mair nor did thaye o' auld lang syne, becaus I keepe thy preceeps.

101 I hae hauden bak my feet fræ ilka ill waye, that I micht keepe thy wurd.

102 I haena gane agley fræ thy juudgemints; for thou hest instruket me.

103 Howe sweet ar thy wurds til my tæste! ay, sweetir nor hinnie til my mooth.

104 Throwe thy preceeps I gete understan'in'; therfor ilka fause waye do I hæte.

NUN.

105 Thy wurd is ane lampe til my feet, an' ane licht til my peth.

106 I hae swurn, an' wull stan' til't, that I wull keepe thy richteous juudgemints.

107 Afflicket I am verra mickle ; quikan me, O Lord, akordin' til thy wurd.

108 Accep, I do beseik thee, the free-wull afferin's o' my mooth, O Lord ; an' teech me thy juudgemints.

109 My saul is in my han' continwallie ; natheless do I nat forgete thy law.

110 The wicket hae layde ane gирн for me ; natheless I stravaigetna frae thy preceeps.

111 Thy testimonies hae I ta'en as ane heirskep forevir ; for thaye ar the rejoycin' o' my hairt.

112 I hae inclæinet mine hairt til performe thy staatutes alwæyse, een untill the en'.

SAMECH.

113 I hæte vainē thoughts ; but thy law do I loe.

114 Thou art my hydein'-plece an' my scug ; I houpe in thy wurd.

115 Be aff fræ me, ye ill-doirs ; for I wull keepe the commandements o' my God.

116 Uphaud me akordin' untill thy wurd, that I may leive ; an' letna me be ashaemet o' my houpe.

117 Haud me up, an' I sall be saufe ; an' I wull hae respeck untill thy staatutes continwallie.

118 Thou hest strampet doun a' thame that stravaig fræ thy staatutes ; for thair deceite is fausehuud.

119 Thou pittist awa a' the wicket o' the yirth like dros ; therfor I loe thy testimonies.

120 My flesh trimmels for feær o' thee, an' I am rade o' thy juudgemints.

AIN.

121 I hae dune juudgemint an' justice, leefena me til mine oppressirs.

122 Be shuurtie for thy servent for guid ; letna the pruud oppresse me.

123 Mine eyne fæil for thy salvatione, an' for the wurd o' thy richteousniss.

124 Deel wi' thy servent akordin' til thy mercie, an' teech me thy staatutes.

125 I am thy servent ; gie me understan'in', that I may ken thy testimonies.

126 It is fu' time for thee, Lord, til wurk ; for thaye hae mæde væide thy law.

127 Therfor I loe thy commandements aboone gowd, ay, aboone fyne gowd.

128 Therfor I haud a' thy preceeps anent a' things til be richt ; an' I hæte ilka fause waye.

PE.

129 Thy testimonies ar wunderfu' ; therfor deth my saul keepe thame.

130 The ingangin' o' thy wurd ges licht ; it ges understan'in' untill the simpill.

131 I opinet my mooth an' pantet ; for I langet for thy commandements.

132 Luik thou apon me, an' be mercifu' untill me, akordin' til thine use an' wunt til thaе that loe thy næme.

133 Oordir my stepps in thy wurd ; an' letna onie inequitie hac powir ower me.

134 Delifer me frae the crewiltie o' man ; sae wull I keepe thy preceeps.

135 Mak' thy fece til shyne apon thy servent ; an' teech me thy staatutes.

136 Grit rinnals o' water rin doun mine eyne, becaus thaye keepena thy law.

TZADDI.

137 Richteous art thou, O Lord, an' upright ar thy juudgemints.

138 Thy testimonies that thou hest commandet ar richteous an' verra faithfu'.

139 My zele hæs consuumet me becaus mine enimies hae forgottan thy wurd.

140 Thy wurd is verra pure ; therfor thy servent loes it.

141 I am sma' an' despæiset ; natheless I dinna forgete thy preceeps.

142 Thy richteousniss is ane evirlestin' richteousniss, an' thy law is the trouth.

143 Truble an' verra sair paine hae ta'en haud on me ; natheless thy commandements ar my delichts.

144 The richteousniss o' thy testimonies is evirlestin' : gie me understan'in', an' I sall leive.

KOPH.

145 I cryet wi' my haill hairt : heær me, O Lord; I wull keepe thy staatutes.

146 I cryet untill thee ; saufe me, an' I wull keepe thy testimonies.

147 I was afore the dawin' o' the moornin', an' cryet ; I houpet in thy wurd.

148 Mine eyne prevente the nicht-watchis, that I may dwall in deepe thought apon thy wurd.

149 Heær my voyce, akordin' til thy loeinkindniss, O Lord ; quikan me akordin' til thy juudgemint.

150 Thaye edge nie wha follo efter mischeef ; thaye ar fer frae thy law.

151 Thou art neer, O Lord, an' a' thy commandements are trouth.

152 Anent thy testimonies I hae kennet o' auld that thou hest fuundet thame forevir.

RESH.

153 Tak' thought on my afflickshon, an' deliver me ; for I dinna forgete thy law.

154 Pledy my caus, an' deliver me ; quikan me akordin' til thy wurd.

155 Salvatione is fer frae the wicket ; for thaye seikna thy staautes.

156 Grit ar thy tendir mercies, O Lord : quikan me akordin' til thy juudgemints.

157 Monie ar my persikutirs an' mine enimies ; natheless I dinna fa' aff frae thy testimonies.

158 I saw the transgressers, an' was greifet ; becaus thaye keepetna thy wurd.

159 Tak' thought howe I loe thy preceeps ; quikan me, O Lord, akordin' til thy loeinkindniss.

160 Thy wurd is trew frae the begynnyn', an' ilka ane o' thy richteous juudgemints induurs forevir.

SCHIN.

161 Athils hae persikutit me wuthoutten ane caus ; but my hairt stan's in aw o' thy wurd.

162 I rejoice in thy wurd, as ane that fin's grit spulsye.

163 I hæte an' abhorr leein' ; but thy lawe do I loe.

164 Se'en times a-daye do I prayse thee, becaus o' thy richteous juudgemints.

165 Grit peece hae thaye that loc thy law, an' naething sall offen' thame.

166 Lord, I hae houpet for thy salvatione, an' dune thy commandements.

167 My saul hæs keepet thy testimonies, an' I loe thame excessivelie.

168 I hae keepet thy preceeps an' testimonies; for a' my wayes ar afore thee.

TAU.

169 Let my crye cum neär afore thee, O Lord; gie me understan'in' akordin' til thy wurd.

170 Let my supplicatione cum afore thee: delifer me akordin' til thy wurd.

171 My lipps sall uuter prayse, whan thou hest taucht me thy staatutes.

172 My tung sall speik o' thy wurd; for a' thy commandements ar richteousniss.

173 Let thy han' helpe me; for I hae chosin thy preceeps.

174 I hae langet for thy salvatione, O Lord; an' thy law is my delicht.

175 Let my saul leive, an' it sall prayse thee; an' let thy juudgemints help me.

176 I hae gane astraye like ane tint sheep: seik thy servent; for I dinna forgete thy commandements.

CXX.

¶ Ane Sang o' degrees.

IN my destresse I cryet untill the Lord, an' he heärd me.

2 Delifer my saul, O Lord, frae leein' lipps, an' frae ane gylefu' tung.

3 What sall be gien untill thee? or what sall be dune untill thee, thou fause tung?

4 Sherp arras o' the michtie, an' cools o' junipir.

5 Wac's me that I saejurn in Mesech; that I dwall in the tents o' Kedar!

6 My saul hæs lang dwalt wi' him that hætes peece.

7 I am for peece; but whan I speik, thayc ar for weir.

CXXI.

¶ Ane Sang o' degries.

I WULL lift up mine eyne til the hills, frae whance cums my helpe.

2 My helpe cums frae the Lord, wha mæde heæven an' yirth.

3 He wullna thole my feet til be muvet: he that keepes thee wullna dover.

4 Behald, he that keepes Israel soll næther sloom nar sleepe.

5 The Lord is thy keepir; the Lord is thy scug apon thy richt han'.

6 The sun sallna smyte thee bie daye, nar the muun bie nicht.

7 The Lord soll preserfe thee frae a' ill; he shall preserfe thy saul.

8 The Lord soll preserfe thy gaein's owt, an' thy cumin's in, frae this time furth an' een forevirmair.

CXXII.

¶ Ane Sang o' degries o' David.

I WAS gladsume whan thaye said untill me, Let us gae intil the hous o' the Lord.

2 Our feet soll stan' wuthin thy yettes, O Jerusalem.

3 Jerusalem is buggin as ane citie that is compak thegither.

4 Whidder the clans gae up, the clans o' the Lord, untill the testimonie o' Israel, til gie thanks untill the næme o' the Lord.

5 For ther ar sete thrones o' juudgement, the thrones o' the hous o' David.

6 Präy for the peece o' Jerusalem; thaye soll do weel that loe thee.

7 Peece be wuthin thy wa's, an' prospiritie wuthin thy paleces.

8 For my brithrin an' comerades' sak's, I wull nowe saye, Peece be wuthin thee.

9 Becaus o' the hous o' the Lord our God, I wull seik thy guid.

CXXIII.

¶ Ane Sang o' degries.

UNTILL thee do I lift up mine eyne, O thou that dwallist
in the heavens.

2 Behald, as the eyne o' servents luik untill the han' o' thair
maisters, an' as the eyne o' ane maidin untill the han' o' hir guid-
dæme, sae our eyne wait apon the Lord our God, untill that he
hae mercie apon us.

3 Hae mercie apon us, O Lord, hae mercie apon us; for we ar
excessivlie fillet wi' contemp.

4 Our saul is excessivlie fillet wi' the scoornin' o' thae that ar
at eese, an' wi' the contemp o' the pruud.

CXXIV.

¶ Ane Sang o' degries o' David.

GIF it hadna been the Lord wha was on our syde, nowe may
Israel say;

2 Gif it hadna been the Lord wha was on our syde, whan men
ræse up agayne us;

3 Than had thaye swalliet us up quik, whan thair wræth was
kinlet agayne us.

4 Than had the waters fairlie overwhelmet us; the streem had
gane ower our saul:

5 Than the pruud waters had gane ower our saul.

6 Blisset be the Lord, wha hethna gien us ower as ane preyel til
thair teeth.

7 Our saul hæs mæde aff as ane burd frae the gird o' the
fowlirs; the gird is brokin, an' we ar fairlie free.

8 Our helpe is in the næme o' the Lord, wha mæde heæven an'
yirth.

CXXV.

¶ Ane Sang o' degries.

THAYE that trust in the Lord sall be as Muunt Zion, whilk
canna be remuget, but bydes forevir.

2 As the mountans ar roun' aboot Jerusalem, sae the Lord is roun' aboot his peele frae hansefurth an' forevir.

3 For the rodd o' the wicket sallna lye on the lote o' the righteous, in kase the richteous pit foret thair han's untill inequitie.

4 Do guid, O Lord, untill thaet be guid, an' til thame that ar upright in thair hairs.

5 As for sic as turn agley til thair camshauchelet wayes, the Lord sall leede thame furth wi' the wurkers o' inequitie; but peece sall be apon Israel.

CXXVI.

¶ Ane Sang o' degris.

WHAN the Lord brang agayne the captifitie o' Zion, we wer like thame that dreäm.

2 Than was our mooth fillet wi' lauchtir, an' our tung wi' singin': than said thaye amang the heæthin, Grit things heth the Lord dune for thame.

3 The Lord trewlie hæs dune grit things for us, an' for whilk we ar gladsume.

4 As the streems in the south, turn agayne, O Lord, our captifitie.

5 Thaye that saw in teärs, sall sheer in joy.

6 He that gangs owt greetin' carryin' pracious seede, sall doutliss cum bak agayne rejoycin', bringin' his sheefes wi' him.

CXXVII.

¶ Ane Sang o' degris for Solomon.

GIF the Lord dinna bigg the hous, thaye laabor in vain that bigg it: gif the Lord keepena the citie, the watcheman is waukrife in vaine.

2 It is vaine for you til ræise up sune, til sit up late, til eet the breæd o' sorras; for sae he gies his belofet sleepe.

3 Lo, childer ar the heirskep o' the Lord; an' the frute o' the wome is his rewaird.

4 As arras ar in the han' o' ane michtie man, sae ar childer o' the youdith.

5 Happie is the man wha hæs his quivir fu' o' thame ; thaye salrna be blate, but thaye sal speik wi' thair enimies in the yette.

CXXVIII.

¶ Ane Sang o' degris.

BLISSET is ilka ane that feærſ the Lord, that wauks in his wayes.

2 For ye sal eet the laabor o' thine han's ; couthie an' blythesume sally be, an' weel sal it be wi' ye.

3 Thy wiffe sal be as ane frutefu' vine bie the syde o' thine hous ; thy childer like olive-settin's roun' aboot thy tabil.

4 Behald, een thus sal the man be blisset that feærſ the Lord.

5 The Lord sal bliss thee owt o' Zion ; an' ye sal see the gud o' Jerusalem a' the dayes o' thy liff.

6 Yis, ye sal see thy childer's childer, an' peece apon Israel.

CXXIX.

¶ Ane Sang o' degris.

WEEL may Israel nowe say, monie ane time hae thaye afflicket me frae my youdith.

2 For frae my youdith monie ane time hae thaye afflicket me, yet hae thaye nat gotten the upper han' o' me.

3 The plewers plewet apon my bak ; thaye mæde lang thair furrs.

4 The Lord is richteous ; the coords o' the wicket he heth cutet asinder.

5 Let thame a' be confuundet an' turnet bak that hæte Zion.

6 Let thame be as the gerse apon the hous-taps, whilk wuthirs afore it growes up ;

7 Wharewi' the mawer fillsna his han', nar the bandstir his bozim.

8 Næther do thaye that gae bye saye, The blissin' o' the Lord be apon ye : we bliss ye in the næme o' the Lord.

CXXX.

¶ Ane Sang o' degries.

OWT o' the deepes hae I cryet til thee, O Lord.

2 Lord, heær my voyce ; let thine eær be tentfu' til the voyce o' my supplicationes.

3 If ye, O Lord, shude merk inequitie, wha sall stan'?

4 But ther is forgieniss wi' thee, that ye may be feærret.

5 I waite for the Lord ; my saul deth waite, an' in his wurd do I houpe.

6 My saul waites for the Lord mair nor thaye that watche for the moornin' ; I say, mair nor thaye that watche for the dawin' o' the daye.

7 Let Israel houpe in the Lord ; for wi' the Lord ther is mercie, an' routhe o' redempshon.

8 An' Israel he sall redeim frae his inequities.

CXXXI.

¶ Ane Sang o' degries o' David.

LORD, my hairet isna puffet up an' pruud, nar do mine eyne, gentin', luik hie : næther do I leazole mysel', makin' a-wark in meikle mattirs, or in things ower heich for me.

2 Shurelie I hae dune douselie, an' quærietet mysel' as ane wean spainet o' its mither : my saul is een as ane spainet bairn.

3 Let Israel houpe in the Lord, frae this time furth an' foraye.

CXXXII.

¶ Ane Sang o' degries.

LORD, remembir David an' a' his afflickshons :

2 Howe he swuur untill the Lord, an' vowet til the michtie God o' Jacob.

3 Shurelie he wullna cum intil the taabernakle o' my hous, nar gae up intil my bed.

4 I wullna gie sleepe til mine eyne, or loom til mine eelyds,

5 Till ance I fin' owt ane pleece for the Lord, ane habitatione
for the michtie God o' Jacob.

6 Lo, we heärd o't at Ephratah; we fand it in the links o' the
wud.

7 We wull gang intil his taabernakles; we wull wurschip at his
fit-stule.

8 Ræise up, O Lord, intil thy rest, thou, an' the airk o' thy
doucht.

9 Let thy priests be claethet wi' richteousniss, an' thy saunts
crye owt luudlic for joye.

10 For thy servent David's sak' turnna awa the fece o' thine
anaintet.

11 The Lord hæs swuurn in trouth untill David; he wullna
gae bak fræ't :

12 O' the frute o' thy bodie wull I sete apon thy throne.

13 Gif thy childer wull keepe my covenant an' my testimonie
that I sall teech thame, thair childer sall alsua sit apon thy throne
forevirmair.

14 For the Lord hæs chusin Zion; he hæs desyret it for his
habitatione.

15 This is my rest forevir; here wull I dwell, for I hae de-
syret it.

16 I wull routhlie bliss hir provydin'; I wull satisfie hir puir
wi' breæd.

17 I wull alsua claethe hir preests wi' salvatione, an' hir saunts
sall crye owt aluud for joye.

18 Ther wull I mak' the hoorn o' David til budde: I hae oor-
deenet ane lampe for mine anaintet.

19 His enimies wull I claethe wi' shæme; but apon himsel'
sall his crowne flurish.

CXXXIII.

¶ Ane Sang o' degries o' David.

BEHALD howe guid an' howe pleesint it is for brithren til
dwall thegither ancitet in kindniss.

2 It is like the pracious aintment apon the head, that ran doun
apon the beird, een Aaron's beird; that gaed doun til the bords o'
his garmints :

3 As the dewe o' Hermon, an' as the dewe that fa's on the mountans o' Zion : for ther the Lord comman's his blissin', een liffe forevirmair.

CXXXIV.

¶ Ane Sang o' degries.

BEHALD, bliss ye the Lord, a' ye servents o' the Lord whilk bie nicht stan' in the hous o' the Lord.

2 Lift up your han's in the sanctuarie, an' bliss the Lord.

3 The Lord, that mæde heæven an' yirth, bliss thee owt o' Zion.

CXXXV.

PRAYSE ye the Lord. Prayse ye the næme o' the Lord ; prayse him, O ye servents o' the Lord.

2 Ye that stan' in the hous o' the Lord, in the cuurts o' the hous o' our God.

3 Prayse the Lord, for the Lord is guid ; sing pryses untill his næme, for it is pleesint.

4 For the Lord hæs chusin Jacob untill himsel', an' Israel for his ae ain deær thesaure.

5 For I ken that the Lord is grit, an' that our Lord is aboone a' gods.

6 Whatsaeevir the Lord pleeset, that did he in heæven an' in yirth, in the ses an' a' deepe pleces.

7 He gars the rouks ascen' frae the en's o' the yirth : he mak's lichtenin's for the raine : he brings the wund owt o' his thesauraries.

8 Wha smat the first-born o' Egypt, baith man an' beæst.

9 Wha sendet tokins an' ferlies til the middle o' thee, O Egypt, apon Pharaoh an' a' his gillies.

10 Wha smat grit nationes, an' sleyet michtie kings ;

11 Sihon king o' the Amorites, an' Og king o' Bashan, an' a' the kingdooms o' Canaan :

12 An' gæfe thair lan' for ane heirskep, ane heirskep untill Israel his peopple.

13 Thy næme, O Lord, induurs forevir ; an' thy memorall, O Lord, throweowt a' ganæratiions,

14 For the Lord wull juudge his peele, an' he wull rew himsel' anent his servents.

15 The iidals o' the heæthin ar siller an' gowd, the wark o' men's han's.

16 Thaye hae mooths, but thaye speikna; eyne hae thaye, but thaye seena:

17 Thaye hae lugs, but thaye dinna heær; næther is ther onie breæth in thair mooths.

18 Thaye that mak' thame ar like til thame; sae is ilka ane that trusts in thame.

19 Bliss the Lord, O hous o' Israel: bliss the Lord, O hous o' Aaron:

20 Bliss the Lord, O hous o' Levi: ye that feær the Lord, bliss the Lord.

21 Blisset be the Lord owt o' Zion, whilk dwalls in Jerusalem. Prayse ye the Lord.

CXXXVI.

O GIE thanks untill the Lord, for he is guid: for his mercie induurs forevir.

2 O gie thanks untill the God o' gods: for his mercie induurs forevir.

3 O gie thanks untill the Lord o' lords: for his mercie induurs forevir.

4 Til him wha alane deth grit wunders: for his mercie induurs forevir.

5 Til him that bie wusdoom mæde the heævens: for his mercie induurs forevir.

6 Til him that streeket owt the heævens aboone the waters: for his mercie induurs forevir.

7 Til him that mæde gritlichts: for his mercie induurs forevir.

8 The sun til ruul bie daye: for his mercie induurs forevir.

9 The muun an' sterns til ruul bie nicht: for his mercie induurs forevir.

10 Til him that smat Egypt in thair first-born: for his mercie induurs forevir.

11 An' broucht owt Israel frae amang thame: for his mercie induurs forevir.

12 Wi' ane strang han', an' wi' ane streeket owt ærm: for his mercie induurs forevir.

13 Til him that devydet the Reid Se intil pairts: for his mercie induurs forevir.

14 An' mæde Israel til gae throwe the middle o't: for his mercie induurs forevir.

15 But owerthrewe Pharaoh an' his host in the Reid Se: for his mercie induurs forevir.

16 Til him that lede his peopple throwe the wuldirniss: for his mercie induurs forevir.

17 Til him whilk smat grit kings: for his mercie induurs forevir.

18 An' sleyet renommet kings: for his mercie induurs forevir.

19 Sihon king o' the Amorites: for his mercie induurs forevir.

20 An' Og the king o' Bashan: for his mercie induurs forevir.

21 An' gæfe thair lan' for ane heirskep: for his mercie induurs forevir.

22 Een ane heirskep untill Israel his servent: for his mercie induurs forevir.

23 Wha mindet us in our leuch condishon: for his mercie induurs forevir.

24 An' heth redeimet us frae our enimies: for his mercie induurs forevir.

25 Wha gies fude til a' flesch: for his mercie induurs forevir.

26 O gie thanks untill the God o' heaven: for his mercie induurs forevir.

CXXXVII.

BIE the rivirs o' Babylon, ther we sate doun: yis, we grat
whan we remembiret Zion.

2 We hang our herps apon the wullos in the middle ther'o'.

3 For ther thaye that carryet us awa captife exaket o' us ane
sang; an' thaye that layde us in waiste heeps exaket o' us mirthfu'
glee, sayin', Sing us ane o' the sangs o' Zion.

4 Howe sall we sing the Lord's sang in ane fremet lan'?

5 Gif I forgete thee, O Jerusalem, let my richt han' forgete hir
ingyne.

6 Gif I dinna remembir thee, let my tung cleefe til the ruff o'

my mooth ; gif I dinna gie the gree til Jerusalem aboone my cheef joye.

7 Remembir, O Lord, the childer o' Edom in the daye o' Jerusalem ; wha said, Rute up an' destroye it een til the verra fuundatione.

8 O douchter o' Babylon, wha ar til be destroyet, happie wull he be that rewaruds ye as ye hae serfet us.

9 Happie soll he be that tak's an' devals thy wee ancs agayne the stanes.

CXXXVIII.

¶ Ane Psalm o' David.

I WULL prayse thee wi' my haill hairt ; afore the gods wull I sing prayse untill thee.

2 I wull wurschip gaitwairds thy haly temple, an' prayse thy næme for thy loeinkindniss an' for thy trouth ; for thou hest mæde grit thy wurd aboone a' thy næme.

3 In the daye whan I cryet thou didist answir me, an' didist strenthen me wi' pithe in my saul.

4 A' the kings o' the yirth soll prayse thee, O Lord, whan thaye heär the wurdz o' thy mooth.

5 Yis, thaye soll sing in the wayes o' the Lord ; for grit is the glorie o' the Lord.

6 Thouch the Lord be hie, natheless heth he respeck untill the lawlie ; but the pruud he kens afer aff.

7 Thouch I wauk in the middle o' truble, thou wult reveeve me : thou sallt streek owt thine han' agayne the wræth o' mine enimies, an' thy richt han' soll saufe me.

8 The Lord wull mak' perfite that whilk belangs me ; thy mercie, O Lord, induurs forevir ; forhowena the warks o' thine ain han's.

CXXXIX.

¶ Til the chief musicien, Ane Psalm o' David.

O LORD, thou hest pryet clooslie intil me, an' kennet me.

2 Thou kennist my sittin' doun an' my ræisin' up ; thou understan'ist my thoughts afer aff.

3 Thou art roun' me, an' syftist my peth an' my lyin' doun,
an' art acquaint wi' a' my wayes.

4 For ther isna ane wurd in my tung, but lo, O Lord, thou
kennist it a'thegither.

5 Thou hast besett me ahint an' afore, an' layde thine han'
on me.

6 Sic wætin' is ower wunderfu' for me; it is hie, I canna at-
teen til't.

7 Whuther soll I gae frae thy Speerit? or whuther soll I flie
frae thy presince?

8 Gif I ascen' up until heæven, thou art ther; gif I mak' my
bed in hell, behald, thou art ther.

9 Shude I tak' the wings o' the moornin', an' dwall in the
maist owtbye pairts o' the se;

10 Een ther soll thy han' leede me, an' thy richt han' soll haud
me.

11 Gif I say, Shurelie the mirk soll kiver me; een the nicht
sall be licht aboot me.

12 Trewelie the mirkieniss hydesna frae thee: but the nicht
shynes as the daye; the derkniss an' the licht ar baith alike til
thee.

13 For thou hast hauden my reens: thou hast kiveret me in
my mither's wome.

14 I wull prayse thee; for I am feærfullie an' wunderfullie
mæde: mervellous ar thy warks, an' that my saul kens richt weel.

15 My substince wasna hidden frae thee whan I was mæde in
seceret, an' queerlie wrought in the leachist pairts o' the yirth.

16 Thine eyne did see my substince, bein' yit imperfite; an'
in thy buik a' my membirs wer writ, whilk on an' on wer fashanet,
whan as yit ther was nane o' thame.

17 Howe pracious alsua ar thy thoughts untill me, O God!
howe grit is the amunt o' thame!

18 Gif I shude count thame, thaye ar mair in nummer nor the
san': whan I awauken, I am still wi' thee.

19 Shurelie thou wult sleye the wicket, O God: be aff frae me,
therfor, ye bluidie men.

20 For thaye speik agayne thee wicketlie, an' thine enimies
tak' thy næme in vaine.

21 Dinna I hæte thame, O Lord, that hæte thee? an' amna I
greifet wi' thame that ræise up agayne thee?

22 I hæte thame wi' ane perfite hæteret; I count thame mine enimies.

23 Seerch me, O God, an' ken my hairt; tric me, an' ken my thoughts;

24 An' see gif ther be onie wicket waye in me, an' leede me in the waye evirlestin'.

CXL.

¶ Til the chief musicien, Ane Psalm o' David.

DELIFER me, O Lord, frae the ill man: preserfe me frae the man o' vielence;

2 Whilk imagin mischeefs in thair hairt: for weir continwallie ar thaye getheret thegither.

3 Thaye hae sherpenet thair tungs like ane serpint; eddarts' venim is anunder thair lipps. Selah.

4 Keepe me, O Lord, frae the han's o' the wicket; preserfe me frae the vielent man, wha hae determinet til overthraw my gaein's.

5 The pruud hae sete hiddlinslie ane girn for me, an' coords: thaye hae spreæde ane nett bie the wayesyde; girns hae thaye sete for me. Selah.

6 I said untill the Lord, Thou art my God; O Lord, hear the voyce o' my supplicationes.

7 O God the Lord, the strench o' my salvatione, thou hest kiveret my heæd in the daye o' battel.

8 Dinna gie, O Lord, the wicket his wushies; furderna his wicket contræivence, in kase thaye eksalt thamesel's. Selah.

9 As for the heæd o' thaе that sete thamesel's roun' aboot me, let the mischeef o' thair ain lipps kiver thame.

10 Let kinlie cools fa' apon thame: let thame be thrawn intil the fire; intil deepe pits, that thaye ræisena up agayne.

11 Letna ane ill speiker be mæde siccer in the yirth; ill sall hunt the vielent man til overthraw him.

12 I ken that the Lord wull manteen the caus o' the afflicket, an' the richt o' the puir.

13 Shurelic the richteous sall gie thanks untill thy næme; the upricht sall dwall in thy presince.

CXLI.

¶ Ane Psalm o' David.

LORD, I crye untill thee ; mak' hæste untill me ; gie eær
untill my voyce whan I crye untill thee.

2 Let my præyer be gatelins afore thee as insense ; an' the
liftin' up o' my han's as the eenin' saacrifice.

3 Sete ane watche, O Lord, afore my mooth ; keepe the dor o'
my lipps.

4 Inclæinenena my hairt til onie ill thing, til carrie foret wicket
warks wi' men that wruk inequitie ; an' letna me eet o' thair
dainteths.

5 Let the richteous smite me, it sall be ta'en as kin' ; an' let
him reprove me, it sall be as ane eksellent oolie, whilk sallna brik
my heæd ; for yit my præyer alsua sall be in thair wandrethes.

6 Whan thair juudges ar owerthrown in stanie piecles, thaye sall
heær my wurds ; for thaye ar sweet.

7 Our banes ar skatteret at the mooth o' the graffe, as whan
ane hags an' cleefes wud upon the yirth.

8 But mine eyne ar gaitwairds thee, O God the Lord ; in thee
is my trust ; leefena my saul destituut.

9 Keepe me fræ the wyles whilk thaye hae layde for me, an'
the girns o' the wukers o' inequitie.

10 Let the wicket fa' in thair ain nette, quhile I wutha' gang
free.

CXLII.

¶ Maschil o' David ; Ane præyer whan he was in the cave.

ICRYET untill the Lord wi' my voyce ; wi' my voyce untill the
Lord did I mak' my supplicatione.

2 I teemet out my meane afore him ; I shawet him my truble.

3 Whan my speerit was owerwhelmet wuthin me, than thou
didist ken my peth ; in the waye wherein I gaed hae thaye previlie
layde ane trapp for me.

4 I luiket on my richt han', an' coud see ; but ther was nae man
that wad ken me : remeid fæilet me : nae man caret for my saul.

5 I cryet untill thee, O Lord : I said, Thou art my refewe, an'
my portione in the lan' o' the leivin'.

6 Tak' tent untill my crye, for I am brung verra leuch; delifer me frae my persikuters, for thaye ar stranger nor me.

7 Bring my saul owt o' pris'en, that I may prayse thy næme: the richteous sall be roun' aboot me; for thou salt deel buntifullie wi' me.

CXLIII.

¶ Ane Psalm o' David.

HEÆR my præyer, O Lord; gie eær untill my supplicationes: in thy faithfu'niss answir me, an' in thy richteousniss.

2 An' entirna intil juudgemint wi' thy servent; for in thy sicht sall nae man leivin' be justifiet.

3 For the enimie hæs persikutet my saul; he hæs smitet my liffe doun til the gruund: he hæs mæde me til dwall in mirkniss, as thaе that hae lang been deaed.

4 Therfor is my speerit owerwhelmet wuthin me; my hairt wuthin me is waefu' an' lane.

5 I remembir the dayes o' auld: I dwell in series thought on a' thy warks: I muuse on the wark o' thy han's.

6 I streek furth my han's untill thee: my saul thrists efter thee as ane thristie lan'. Selah.

7 Heær me swuftlie, O Lord; my speerit fæils: hydena thy fece frae me, in kase I be like untill thame that gae doun intil the pitt.

8 Caus me til heær thy loeinkindniss in the moornin'; for in thee do I trust: caus me til ken the waye in whilk I shude wauk; for I lift up my saul untill thee.

9 Delifer me, O Lord, frae mine enimies: I flie untill thee til hyde me.

10 Teech me til do thy wull, for thou art my God: thy speerit is guid; leede me intil the lan' o' uprichtniss.

11 Quikan me, O Lord, for thy næme's sak'; for sak' o' thy richteousniss bring my saul owt o' truble.

12 An' o' thy mercie sneg aff mine enimies, an' destroye a' thame that afflick my saul; for I am thy servent.

CXLIV.

¶ Ane Psalm o' David.

BLISSET be the Lord my strength, whilk teeches my han's
til mak' weir, an' my fingirs til ficht.

2 My guidniss, an' my reive; my hie towir, an' my deliferer;
my sheeld, an' he in wham I trust: wha brings doun my peele
anunder me.

3 Lord, what is man, that thou takist wætin o' him! or the son
o' man, that thou o' him takist account!

4 Man is like til vainitie; his dayes ar as ane skaddaw that
celies awa.

5 Ben' thy heævens, O Lord, an' cum doun; tuch the moun-
tans, that thaye may reek.

6 Thraw owt lichtenin', an' skatter thame; schiut owt thine
arras, an' destroye thame.

7 Sen' thine han' frae aboone; rede me, an' delifer me owt o'
grit waters, frac the han' o' fremet childer.

8 Whase mooth speiks vainitie; an' thair richt han' is ane richt
han' o' fausehuud.

9 I wull sing ane newe sang untill thee, O God; apon ane
psalterie, an' ane instrument o' ten strings, wull I sing prayse untill
thee.

10 It is he that gies salvatione untill kings; wha delifers David
his servent frae the skaithfu' sword.

11 Rede me, an' delifer me frae the han' o' fremet childer; whase
mooth speiks vainitie, an' thair richt han' is ane richt han' o' fause-
hund.

12 That our sons may be as plants growne up in thair youdith;
that our douchters may be as nuik-stanes, polishet efter the likeniss
o' ane pælice.

13 That our girmalls may be fu', affurdin' a' kinkind o' provendir;
that our sheepe may bring furth thousan's an' ten thousan's in our
throwegangs;

14 That our owsen may be strang til laabor; that ther be nae
brikin' in nar gaein' owt; that in our throwegangs ther be nae
compleenin'.

15 Happie is that peele that is in sic ane kase; yis, happie is
that peele whase God is the Lord.

CXLV.

¶ David's Psalm o' prayse.

I WULL ekstol thee, my God, O King; an' I wull bliss thy næme forevir an' evir.

2 Ilka daye wull I bliss thee; an' forevir an' evir wull I prayse thy næme.

3 Grit is the Lord, an' gritlie til be prayset; an' his gritniss name can seik an' fin' owt.

4 Ae ganaeratian soll prayse thy warks til anither, an' speik furth thy michtie deeds.

5 I wull speik o' the glorious honor o' thy magistie, an' o' thy wunderfu' warks.

6 An' men soll speik o' the micht o' thy terrabil aks; an' thy gritniss wull I declare.

7 Thaye soll abundintlie uuter the memirie o' thy grit guidniss, an' soll sing o' thy richteousniss.

8 The Lord is gracious an' fu' o' tendir pitie; slaw til angir, an' o' grit mercie.

9 The Lord is guid til a'; an' his tendir-mercie is ower a' his warks.

10 A' thy warks soll prayse thee, O Lord; an' thy saunts soll bliss thee.

11 Thaye soll speik o' the glorie o' thy kingdoom, an' tauk o' thy powir.

12 Til mak' kennet til the childer o' men his michtie aks, an' the glorious magistie o' his kingdoom.

13 Thy kingdoom is ane evirlestin' kingdoom, an' thy dominione induurs throweowt a' ganæratiuns.

14 The Lord uphauds a' that fa', an' ræises up a' thae that be bowet doun.

15 The eyne o' a' waite apon thee, an' thou gieist thame thair meat in due seesen.

16 Thou opinist thy han', an' satisfieist the langin' o' ilka leivin' thing.

17 The Lord is richteous in a' his wayes, an' haly in a' his warks.

18 The Lord is nie til a' thame that ea' apon him, til a' that ea' apon him in trouth.

19 He wull fu'fill the desyre o' thame that feær him: he wull heær thair crye, an' sause thame.

20 The Lord preserfes a' thame that loe him ; but a' the wicket wull he destroye.

21 My mooth soll speik the prayse o' the Lord ; an' let a' flesch bliss his haly næme forevir an' evir.

CXLVI.

PRAYSE ye the Lord. Praye the Lord, O my saul.

2 While I leive wull I prayse the Lord : I wull sing prayses untill my God while I hae onie bein'.

3 Pitna your trust in athils, nar in the son o' man, in wham ther is nae helpe.

4 His breæth gaes owt, he turns til his ain mool ; in that verra daye his thouehts perrishe.

5 Happie is he wha hæs the God o' Jacob for his helpe, whase houpe is in the Lord his God.

6 Whilk mæde heæven an' yirth, the se an' a' that therin is ; whilk keepes trouth forevir.

7 Whilk exikutes juudgemint for the oppresset ; whilk gies fude til the hungirie. The Lord lowses the prisenirs :

8 The Lord opins the eyne o' the blin' : the Lord ræises thame that ar bowet doun : the Lord loes the richteous :

9 The Lord preserfes the fremet ; he releifes the faetherliss an' wedaw ; but the waye o' the wicket he turns upsyde doun.

10 The Lord soll ring forevir, een thy God, O Zion, untill a' ganærations. Praye ye the Lord.

CXLVII.

PRAYSE ye the Lord : for it is guid til sing prayses untill our God ; for it is pleesint, an' prayse is bonnie.

2 The Lord deth bigg up Jerusalem, he gethers thegither the owt-casen o' Israel.

3 He hæles the brokin o' hairt, an' bin's up thair wuunds.

4 He tells the nummer o' the sterns ; he ea's thame a' bie thair næmes.

5 Grit is our Lord, an' o' grit powir ; his understan'in' is infinite.

6 The Lord lifts up the meik : he dings the wicket doun til the gruund.

7 Sing untill the Lord wi' thanksgiein' ; sing prayse apon the herp untill our God ;

8 Wha kivers the heæven wi' cluds, wha prepairs raine for the yirth, wha mak's gerse til growe apon the mountans.

9 He gies til the beæst his fude, an' til the yung corbies whilk crye.

10 He delichtsna in the streneth o' the hors ; he taksna pleesur in the shanks o' ane man.

11 The Lord tak's pleesur in thame that feær him, in thae that houpe in his mercie.

12 Prayse the Lord, O Jerusalem ; prayse thy God, O Zion :

13 For he heth strenthenet the bars o' thy yettes ; he heth blisseth thy childer wuthin thee.

14 He mak's peece in thy boordirs, an' fills thee wi' the fyneist o' the wheet.

15 He sen's furth his commandement apon yirth ; his wurd rins verra swuftlie.

16 He gies snaw like woo', he skatters the haar-frost like assis.

17 He throws furth his ice like morsils ; afore his cauld wha can stan' ?

18 He sen's owt his wurd an' melts thame : he gars his wund blaw, an' the waters fleet.

19 He shaws his wurd untill Jacob, his staatutes an' his juudgements til Israel.

20 He hæsna deelt sae wi' onie ither natione ; an' as for his juudgements, thaye haena kennet thame. Prayse ye the Lord.

CXLVIII.

PRAYSE ye the Lord. Prayse the Lord frae the heævens ; prayse him in the heichts.

2 Prayse him, a' his angils ; prayse him, a' his hosts.

3 Prayse him, sun an' muun ; prayse him, a' ye sterns o' licht.

4 Prayse him, ye heævens o' heævens, an' ye waters that be aboone the heævens.

5 Let thame prayse the næme o' the Lord ; for he commandet, an' thaye wer creaatet.

6 He hæs alsua set thame sicker forevir an' evir ; he hæs mæde
ane decrie whilk sallna passe awa.

7 Prayse the Lord fræ the yirth, ye drægans, an' a' deepes :

8 Fire an' hail ; snaw an' rouk ; stormie wund fu'fillin' his wurd.

9 Mountans, an' a' hills ; frutefu' tries, an' a' cedars :

10 Beæsts, an' a' kattel ; creepin' things, an' fleein' fowlis :

11 Kings o' the yirth, an' a' peopple ; prinses, an' juudges o' the
yirth :

12 Baith yung men an' maidins, auld men an' childer :

13 Let thame prayse the næme o' the Lord : for his næme
alone is eksellent ; his glorie is aboone the yirth an' heæven.

14 He alsua ræises up the hoorn o' his peopple, the prayse o' a'
his saunts ; e'en o' the childer o' Israel, ane peopple neär untill him.
Prayse ye the Lord.

CXLIX.

PRAYSE ye the Lord. Sing untill the Lord ane newe sang,
an' his prayse in the congregatiōne o' saunts.

2 Let Israel rejoice in him that mæde him ; let the childer o'
Zion be joyfu' in thair King.

3 Let thame prayse his næme in the danse ; let thame sing
pryses untill him wi' the timbril an' herp.

4 For the Lord tak's pleesur in his peopple : he wull mak' the
meik bonnie wi' salvatione.

5 Let the saunts be joyfu' in glorie ; let thame sing aluud apon
thair beds.

6 Let the hie pryses o' God be in thair mooth, an' ane twa-
edget sword in thair han' ;

7 Til exikute vangence apon the heæthin, an' punishment apon
the peopple ;

8 Til bin' thair kings wi' cheens, an' thair riolyse wi' fettirs o'
ern ;

9 Til exikute apon thame the juudgemint writ : this honor
hae a' his saunts. Prayse ye the Lord.

CL.

P RAYSE ye the Lord. Prayse God in the sanctuarie ; prayse him in the firmement o' his powir.

2 Prayse him for his michtie aks ; prayse him akordin' til his eksellent gritniss.

3 Prayse him wi' the suund o' the trumpit ; prayse him wi' the psalterie an' herp.

4 Prayse him wi' the timberel an' danse. Prayse him wi' the stringet instruments an' organs.

5 Prayse him apon the luud symbols ; prayse him apon the heich-suundin' symbols.

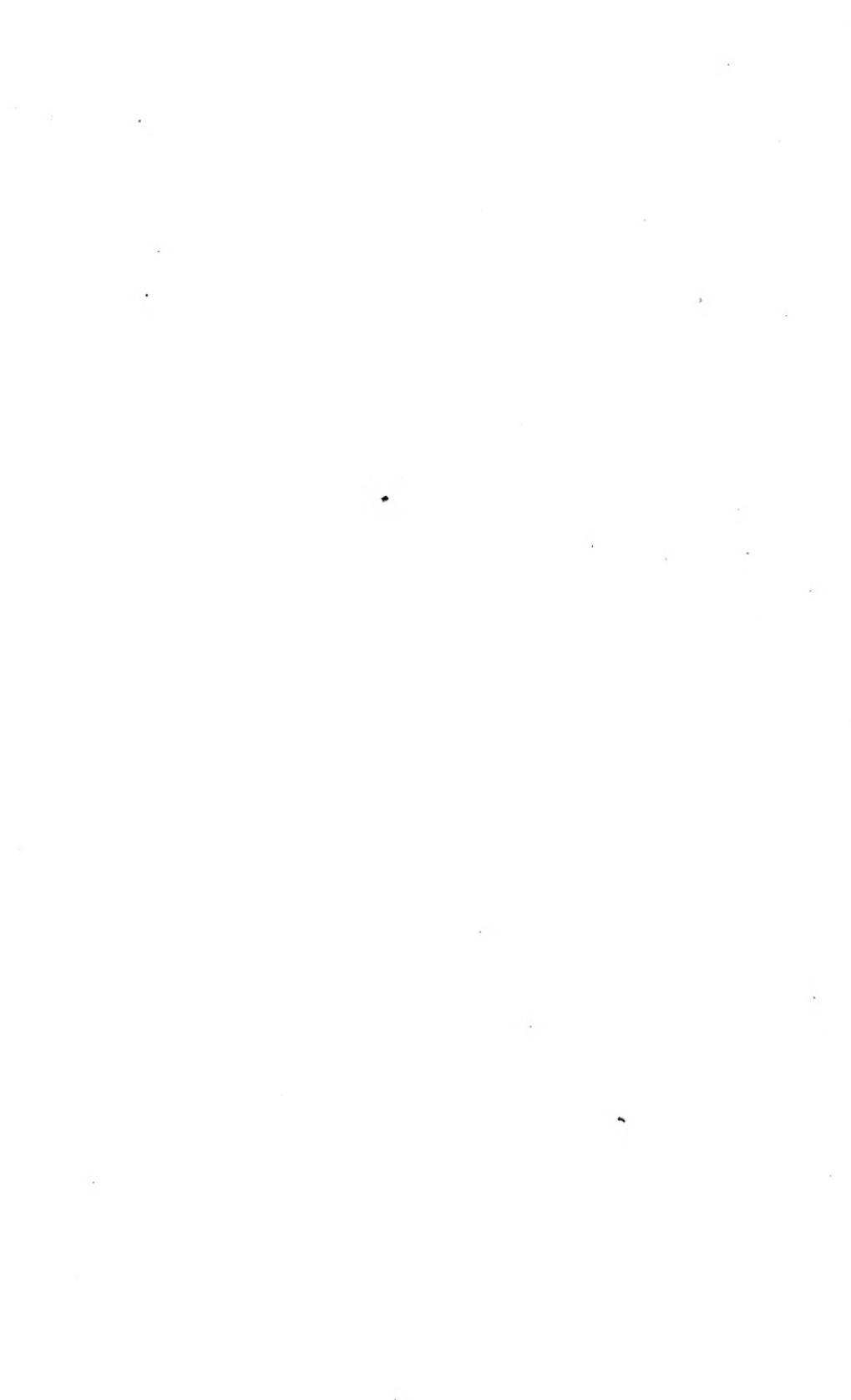
6 Let ilka thing that heth breæth prayse the Lord. Prayse ye the Lord.

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