

PSALMYN CURRIT AYNS DRANE GHAELEGAGH

myrane lesh kuse dy Hymnyn

liorish Robert Radcliff as Matthias Curghey

'sy vlein 1761,

as clouit ec jerrey yn Lioar Phadjeragh, 1777.

nish aarlit,

as currit ry lhiattee lesh y Vaarle jeh lioar Tate as Brady,

liorish

Max W. Wheeler

Rhumsaa,

Mee hoshee yn arragh, 2019

TO
The RIGHT REVEREND,
FATHER in GOD,

M A R K,

[By Divine Permission]

L O R D B I S H O P

O F

S O D O R and *M A N N*.

M Y L O R D,

THE annexed Translation, into our native Language, of the following
Psalms, viz. I, IV, VIII, XV, XIX, XXII, XXIII, XXIV, XXV, XXXII,
XXXIX, XLV, LXVII, LXXXIV, XC, XCV, C, CIII, CXVI, CXVII,
CXIX, CXXII, CXXXV, CXLIII, CXLV, CXLVI, CXLVII, CXLVIII,
with the Hymns and Doxologies subjoined, fitted to several of the

Tunes, used in the Churches, are most humbly recommended to your Lordship, as proper to be made use of and sung in the several Churches of this Diocese,

BY,

Your Lordship's

most Dutiful

and Obedient Servants,

ROBERT RADCLIFF.

Nov. 3. 1761.

MATTHIAS CURGHEY.

TO BE
PUBLISHED

In the several *Country Churches*

of this ISLE,

Previous to the first Time of using the

MANKS *Singing Psalms.*

*W*Hereas nothing can be more absurd in the Nature of the Thing itself, or more inconsistent with the Doctrine and Practice of the Primitive or reformed Church, than to pay Adoration and Worship, either of Prayer or Praise, to Almighty God, in a foreign Language, which very few of the Christian assemblies may be supposed to be acquainted with, and still fewer so well as with their own.

For remedy of so confessedly great an Impropriety, and for the better promoting the Comfort and Edification of the Natives of this Isle, and that they may be enabled to sing with the Spirit, by singing with the Understanding : I have thought good, to order and appoint an approved Translation into the Manks Language, of a certain Portion of the Singing Psalms, to be used in all the Parochial Country Churches, in this Diocese of Mann; and that they henceforth, on all Public and solemn Occasions (unless, or till I shall see Reason to order it otherwise), be accordingly sung, and no other ; except one only in English at each Service, if the Minister so chooses.

MARK, SODOR & MANN.

Given at *Bishop's Court*,
Nov. 9. 1761.

THE

PSALMS of DAVID

Lioar Phadjeragh, 1777

PSALM 1.

Bannit ta'n dooinney shen ta chea
Veih olk dy chooilley raad ;
Nagh vel lurg coyrle mee-chrauee shooyl,
Ny soie ayns stoyl ny craid.

2 Agh mooarane taitnys t'eh dy ghoail
Ayns ynricks leigh e Yee ;
T'eh jannoo 'churym jeh 'sy laa,
As smooïnaght er 'syn oie.

3 T'eh goll-rish billey soit rish awin,
Ta bishaghey as gaase ;
Skeayley 'vanglaneyn trome lesh mess,
E ghuilley kinjagh glass.

4 Agh vouesyn ta mee-arryssagh
Ta'n vaynrys vooar shoh freilt ;
T'ad goll-rish coau sheebit lesh geay,
Er fei-ny-cruinney skeaylt.

5 Ayns briwnys kiart ta faagit mooie
Ny kimmee kyndagh treih ;
T'ad eeb'rit magh veih nooghyn Yee,
As sheshaght crauee sleih.

6 Son Jee ta moylley raad e Noo
As leagh mooar ver eh da ;
Agh eh ta geiyrt da raaidyn camm
Ta cherraghtyn dy bra.

Tate & Brady, 1754¹

Psalm 1.

1 How blest is he who ne'er consents
by ill Advice to walk;
Nor stands in Sinners Ways, nor sits
where Men profanely talk.

2 But makes the perfect Law of God
his Business and Delight;
Devoutly reads therein by Day,
and meditates by Night.

3 Like some fair Tree, which fed by Streams
with timely Fruit does bend,
He still shall flourish, and Success
all his Designs attend.

4 Ungodly Men and their Attempts
no lasting Root shall find;
Untimely blasted, and dispers'd
like Chaff before the Wind.

5 Their Guilt shall strike the Wicked dumb
before the Judge's Face;
No formal Hypocrite shall then
amongst the Saints have Place.

6 For God approves the just Man's Ways,
to Happiness they tend;
But Sinners, and the paths they tread,
shall both in ruin end.

¹ Tate & Brady: *A New Version of the Psalms of David fitted to the tunes used in churches*, by N. Brady, D.D., Chaplain in Ordinary, and N. Tate, Esq., Poet-Laureat, to His Majesty. London: Printed by J. Roberts, for the Company of Stationers. MDCCLIV. And are to be Sold at Stationers-Hall, near Ludgate, and by most Booksellers.

PSALM IV.

- O Yee, my vriw, m' er chosnee cair,
Jean myghin orrym, Hiarn,
Veih seaghyn hug oo dou livrey,
As ta mee foast er-mayrn.
- 2 Varvaanee hreih! O caid nee shiu
Mysh m' ennym ooasle craid ?
Caid eiyrys shiu da eer fardail,
Da scammyltyn, O caid?
- 3 Toig-jee dy vel yn dooinney mic
Goit stiagh myr reih ec Jee ;
T'eh geaishtagh rish my phadjeryn
Tra ta mee huggey guce.
- 4 Lesh aggle crauee jean-jee chea
Veih eiyrtys peccah trome ;
Smooïnaghtyn mie gow shiu nyn gree,
Gys Jee dy injil croyrn.
- 5 Yn ural cooie dy ynricks
Jean-jee y hebbal da ;
Ayns jeerid jeeagh-jee gys y Chiarn,
As treisht-jee ayn dy bra.
- 6 Mooaralee er cooid heihltagh soit
Ta kinjagh gearree pooar ;
Agh lhig da aalid dt' eddin, Yee,
Orryms soilshean ayns gloyr.
- 7 My chree myr shen feer ghenal vees
Roie harrish lane dy vree ;
Son cha nee feeyn ny arroo lesh,
Ver kuinid cair 'sy chree.
- 8 Eisht lhie-ym sheese as hem gys fea,
Lesh aigney lane dy hee;
Son uss, O Hiarn, ta my endeil,
Ta coyrt dou fea ny hoie.

PSALM VIII.

- O Hiarn, oo hene nyn ard chiannoort,
Dagh nee ta fo dty reill ;
Ersdyn ny Niaughyn ta dty ghloyr,
Ta dt' ennym trooid y theihll.
- 3 Obbyr dty laue tra hee'm 'syn aer,
Ta staaynit lesh dty phooar ;
Yn ghrian, yn eayst, rollageyn neesht
Scart trooid yn 'eaynagh vooar.

Psalm 4.

- 1 O Lord, that art my righteous Judge,
to my Complaint give Ear.
Thou still redeem'st me from Distress:
Have Mercy, Lord, and hear.
- 2 How long will ye, O Sons of Men,
to blot my Fame devise?
How long your vain Designs pursue,
and spread malicious Lyes?
- 3 Consider, that the righteous Man
is God's peculiar Choice;
And when to him I make my Pray'r,
he always hears my Voice.
- 4 Then stand in Awe of his Commands,
flee ev'ry thing that's ill;
Commune in private with your Hearts,
and bend them to his Will.
- 5 The Place of other Sacrifice
let Righteousness supply;
And let your Hope, securely fix'd,
on God alone rely.
- 6 While worldly Minds impatient grow
more prosp'rous Times to see,
Still let the Glories of thy Face
shine brightly, Lord, on me.
- 7 So shall my Heart o'erflow with Joy,
more lasting, and more true,
Than theirs who Stores of Corn and Wine
successively renew.
- 8 Then down in Peace I'll lay my Head,
and take my needful Rest;
No other Guard, O Lord, I crave,
of thy Defence possess'd.

Psalm 8.

- 1 O Thou, to whom all Creatures bow
within this earthly Frame,
Thro' all the World how great art Thou!
how glorious is thy Name!
- 3 When Heav'n, thy beauteous Work on high,
employs my wond'ring Sight;
The Moon, that nightly rules the Sky,
with Stars of feebler Light.

PSALM VIII.

4 Hiarn, cre ta dooinney, smooinee mee,
Dy ghoail eh ayns e ghooie ?
Ny cre ta 'lhuight 'sy chilley ayds,
Dy beagh oo daue cha dooie ?

5 Eh, sniessey da dty ainleyn noo
Ayns gloyr, ren oo pointeil ;
6 Coarnrit lesh pooar, myr Chiarn y seihll,
Er dt' obbraghyn dy reill.

7 Dagh dooghys ren oo bial da,
Myr daag oo orroo beoyn;
8 Eeanlee ta bennalt trooid yn aer,
As eaystyn snaue 'sy cheayn.

9 O Hiarn, oo hene nyn ard chiannoort,
Dagh nhee ta fo dty reill ;
Erskyn ny niaughyn ta dty ghloyr,
Ta dt' ennym trooid y theihll.

Psalm 8.

4 What's Man, say I, that, Lord, thou lov'st
to keep him in thy mind?
Or what his Offspring, that thou prov'st
to them so wondrous kind?

5 Him next in Pow'r thou didst create
to thy celestial Train;
6 Ordain'd with Dignity and State
o'er all thy Works to reign.

7 They jointly own his pow'rful Sway;
the Beasts that prey or graze;
8 The Bird that wings its airy Way;
the Fish that cuts the Seas.

9 O Thou, to whom all Creatures bow
within this earthly Frame,
Thro' all the world how great art Thou!
how glorious is thy Name!

PSALM XV.

Quoi gys dty phlaase reeoil, O Hiarn,
Myr reih nee goaill jurnaa ;
Cha nee myr joarree goaill aaght oie,
Agh ayn dy reayll dy bra.

2 She eshyn eh ta leeideil bea
Cordail rish leighyn Yee ;
E smooinaght, obbyr as e raa,
Reilt liorish foays e chree.

3 Eh nagh dug scammylt rieu, dy ghoail
Veih 'naboo e ghoo mie ;
As nagh dug cleaysh da'n tutlar broghe
Ta shooyl veih thie dy thie.

4 Ta jeh drogh-yantee soiagh beg,
Ga t'ad ayns stayd as pooar ;
Agh jeh ny nooghyn ga t'ad boght,
T'eh kinjagh soiagh mooar.

5 Quoi gys e ghialdyn as e loo
Ta shassoo fegooish foill ;
As myr t'eh gialdyn t'eh cooilleen
Cre-wooads te da dy choayl.

6 Eh nagh jean goaill rour thack ny keesh
Ass argid, cooid ny airh,
Nagh jean goaill leagh ny gioot rolaue,
Dy phlooghey briwnys cair.

Psalm 15.

1 Lord, who's the happy Man that may
to thy blest Courts repair?
Not Stranger-like, to visit them,
but to inhabit there?

2 'Tis he, whose ev'ry Thought and Deed
by Rules of Virtue moves;
Whose gen'rous Tongue disdains to speak
the thing his Heart disproves.

3 Who never did a Slander forge
his Neighbour's Fame to wound;
Nor hearken to a false Report,
by Malice whisper'd round.

4 Who Vice, in all its Pomp and Pow'r,
can treat with just Neglect;
And Piety, tho' cloath'd in Rags,
religiously respect.

5 Who to his plighted Vows and Trust
has ever firmly stood;
And, tho' he promise to his Loss,
he makes his Promise good.

6 Whose Soul in Usury disdains
his Treasure to employ;
Who no Rewards can ever bribe,
the Guiltless to destroy.

PSALM XV.

7 Eh ta myr shoh leeideil e vea,
Jeh maynrys shickyr t'eh ;
Ga ragh y seihl shoh bun-ry-skyn
Yiow eshyn slane livrey.

PSALM XVI. Verse 9.

Yn Chiarn ta mee er hoiagh roym,
Dy ve kiongoyrt rish m' oaïe,
Lesh pooar e laue nee eh m'y reayll,
Nagh jean-ym tuittym veih.

10 Er shen my chree ren gennal gaase,
My ghloyr ren boggey 'ghoaill ;
My eill ghoy's fea ayns slane treishteil
Jeh irree-reesht gerjoil.

11 Cre'n-oyr? cha jean uss lhiggey dooys,
Ayns stayd ny merriu lhie ;
Ny surranse da dt' er-cash'rick cheet
Gys loauid ayns yn oaie.

12 Jeeaghee oo dooys yn raad gloyroil
Nee m'y leeideil gys bea ;
Ayns dt' enish ta slane gerjagh lhie,
As maynrys son dy bra.

PSALM XIX.

Ny niaughyn, Hiarn, ta er nyn skyn,
T'ad soilshagh magh dty ghloyr ;
Obbyr dty laueyn heose 'syn aer,
Ta prowal jeh dty phooar.

2 Caghlaaghyn kinjagh laa as oie
Cur toiggal dooin dy plain ;
Dy vel y phooar ren ad 'oardrail,
Erskyn y roshtyn ain.

4² Ta sheean jeu ayns dy chooilley cheer,
Yn feiyr oc trooid y theihll ;
Baght cronnal jeu ta er ny ghoaill
Liorish dy chooilley 'eill.

5 Cabbane ayns shen ren oo da'n ghrian,
Speeint goll myr fer-noa-poost,
Magh ass e hiamyr, ny myr foawyr,
Ayns siyr dy roie e choorse.

Psalm 15.

7 The Man, who by this steady Course
has Happiness ensur'd,
When Earth's Foundation shakes, shall stand,
by Providence secur'd.

Psalm 16.

[I have set God always before me:
for he is on my right hand,
therefore I shall not fall.]¹

9 Therefore my Heart all Grief defies,
my Glory does rejoice;
My Flesh shall rest, in Hopes to rise,
wak'd by his pow'rful Voice.

10 Thou, Lord, when I resign my Breath,
my Soul from Hell shalt free;
Nor let thy Holy one in Death
the least Corruption see.

11 Thou shalt the Paths of Life display,
that to thy Presence lead;
Where Pleasures dwell without Allay,
and Joys that never fade.

Psalm 19.

1 The heav'ns declare thy Glory, Lord,
which That alone can fill;
The Firmament and Stars express
their great Creator's Skill.

2 The Dawn of each returning Day
fresh Beams of Knowledge brings;
From darkest Night's successive Rounds
divine Instruction springs.

3 Their pow'rful Language to no Realm
or Region is confin'd;
'Tis Nature's Voice, and understood
alike by all Mankind.

5 No Bridegroom, for his Nuptials dress'd,
has such a chearful Face;
No Giant does like him rejoice
to run his glorious Race.

¹ The Manx here corresponds to v. 9 of the Psalter text, which is not rendered in Tate & Brady.

² Tate & Brady's Verse 4 is not in the Manx, whose v. 4 corresponds to T&B's 3.

PSALM XIX.

Psalm 19.

6 E bree ta goll veih shiar gys sheear,
Myrgeddin jiass as twoaie ;
Dagh aynr jeh'n seihl t'ee geddyn magh,
Veg cha vel follit vo'ee.

6 From East to West, from West to East,
his restless Course he goes;
And thro' his Progress, chearful Light
and vital Warmth, bestows.

PART II.

The Second Part.

Leigh Yee te glen, chyndaa yn cree,
Gys craueeaght as foays ;
Creenaght te coyrt da'n boght annoon,
Soilshey 'sy ghorraghys.

7 God's perfect Law converts the Soul;
reclaims from false Desires;
With sacred Wisdom His sure Word
the Ignorant inspires.

8 Ynrick ta slattyssyn y Chiarn,
Eunyssagh as gerjoil ;
Ta 'annee, ronsit magh dy geyre,
Niartagh yn shillee moal.

8 The Statutes of the Lord are just,
and bring sincere Delight;
His pure Commands in Search of Truth
assist the feeblest Sight.

9 Aggle y Chiarn ta shickyr soit,
Er undin nagh jean craa;
E leighyn corrym, er nyn dowse
Ayns meighyn kiart dy bra.

9 His perfect Worship here is fix'd,
on sure Foundations laid;
His equal Laws are in the Scales
of Truth and Justice weigh'd.

10 S'boght soylit huc ta meanyn airh,
Ny'n airh hene ta roit voue ;
Yn vill, ny kerenyn-molley hene,
Cha vel cha millish roo.

10 Of more Esteem than golden Mines,
or Gold refin'd with Skill;
More sweet than Honey, or the Drops
that from the Comb distil.

11 M' Ir-choyrlee cooie treishteilagh ad,
As raue'ghyn dooie foardrail;
Leagh flaunyssagh ta gour nyn lheid,
Ta'n vea oc roo cordail.

11 My trusty Counsellors they are,
and friendly Warnings give;
Divine Rewards attend on those
who by thy Precepts live.

PART III.

12 E skyrraghtyn quoi oddys ginsh,
E vennick goll jeh'n raad ?
Veih m' oiljyn follit glen mee, Hiarn,
Uss ta'n slane coontey ayd.

12 But what frail Man observes how oft
he does from Virtue fall?
O, cleanse me from my secret Faults,
Thou God that know'st them all.

13 Ny lhig da peccah daaney, Hiarn,
M'y reayll fo reill e phooar ;
Dy voddym's sauchey fo dty scaa,
Scapail yn olkys mooar.

13 Let no presumptuous Sin, O Lord,
Dominion have o'er me;
That, by thy Grace preserv'd, I may
the great Transgression flee.

14 My phadger eisht, as booise my chree,
Vees er ny lowal liort ;
As mish, fo sauchys dty endeil,
Nee coyrt my varrant ort.

14 So shall my Pray'r and Praises be
with thy Acceptance blest;
And I, secure on thy Defence,
my Strength and Saviour, rest.

For GOOD FRIDAY.

PSALM XXII.

My Yee, my Yee, jeeagh neose veih niau,
Jeeagh er my hrimshey trome ;
Cre'n-fa t'ou nish er my hreigeil,
As cummal foddey voym !

2 My Yee, er fey-ny-laa hood geam
Cha vel oo clashtyn mee ;
As aash ny fea cha vel mee goaill
Er imbagh doo ny hoie.

4 Ort hug nyn ayraghyn nyn dreisht,
Er dty endeilys fieau ;
Lesh aghin jeean ghuee ad son couyr,
As ren oo cooney lhieu.

6 Agh mish ta coontit myr beishteig,
Nagh ruggyr jeh sheelnaue ;
Ta jiooldit magh veih sheshaght sleih,
As jeeaghyn feohdagh daue.

PART II.

7 Ayns gearey floutagh ren y theay
Nyn ghing mooralagh craa ;
Sheeyney nyn meillyn magh ayns craid
D'oltooaney mee as gra:

8 Dooyrt eh, She mish mac graihagh Yee,
Ayn ta my slane treishteil ;
Lhig Jee cheet neose dy ghoail e phaart,
My saillish eh hauail.

11 Ny treig mee ayns my heaghyn dowin,
Ny follee dt' eddin voym ;
Tar uss, my chouyr ; cha vel, my Yee,
Fer-coonee elley ayn.

PART III.

17 My laueyn ren ad 'hreiney trooid,
Hrein ad my chassyn neesht ;
As hass ad blakey seose nyn rheyrt,
Gyn accan ny erreeish.

18 My gharmadyn ren ad y rheyn,
Dagh unnane goaill e chron ;
As hilg ad lottyn er my chooat,
Son nagh row whaaley ayn.

Psalm 22.

1 My God, my God, why leav'st Thou me
when I with Anguish faint?
O, why so far from me remov'd,
and from my loud Complaint?

2 All Day, but all the Day unheard,
to Thee do I complain;
With Cries implore Relief all Night,
but cry all Night in vain.

4,5¹ On Thee our Ancestors rely'd,
and thy Deliv'rance found;
With pious Confidence they pray'd,
and with Success were crown'd.

6 But I am treated like a Worm,
like none of human Birth:
Not only by the Great revil'd,
but made the Rabble's Mirth.

7 With Laughter all the gazing Croud
my Agonies survey;
They shoot the Lip, they shake the Head,
and thus deriding say:

8 "In God he trusted, boasting oft,
that he was Heav'n's Delight;
"Let God come down to save him now,
and own his Favourite."

11 Withdraw not then so far from me,
when Trouble is so nigh;
O send me Help! thy Help, on which
I only can rely.

[16b] They pierc'd my inoffensive Hands,
they pierc'd my harmless Feet.
[17b] Yet such a Spectacle of Woe
as Pastime they behold.

18 As Spoil, my Garments they divide,
Lots for my Vesture cast:

¹ Tate & Brady's verses 3, 9, 10, 12-15, the first half of 16 and of 17 are absent from the Manx. T&B's 18 and 19 are expanded, but the remainder (vv. 20-31) are omitted.

PSALM XXII.

19 Ny treig mee ayns my heaghyn dowin,
Ny follee dt' eddin voym ;
Tar uss, my chouyr; cha vel, my Yee,
Fer-coonee elley ayn.

PSALM XXIII.

Yn Chiarn eh-hene nee mish y rere,
Tra ta mee huggey geam ;
Yn bochil mie nee goaill kiarail,
Nagh bee'm dy bragh ayns feme.

2 Ayns faiyr meenure¹ as lane dy vlaa,
T'eh kinjagh fassagh mee ;
Reesht m'y leeideil gys fynneraght,
Yn raad ta geillyn roie.

3 My chree waggântagh t'eh chyndaa,
Er graih e ennym hene ;
As gynsagh mee cre'n aght dy hooyl,
Ayns raaidyn jeeragh, glen.

4 Ga dy beïn shooyl ayns coan y vaaish,
Cha bee'm ayns dooyt erbee ;
Dty 'latt, dty lorg nee m'y endeil,
As kinjagh gerjagh mee.

5 Neayr's ta my Yee jeh mooad's e ghraih,
Er reayll my yea ass gaue ;
Yn yea shen neem's y hymney da,
As ayns e hiamble ceau.

PSALM XXIV.

Quoi eh hed seose gys cronk y Chiarn,
T'eh hene er reih er-lheh ;
As quoi vees ayns yn ynnyd shen,
Goit stiagh lesh oltagh bea ?

4 Eshyn ta shooyl ayns raaidyn glen,
Veih moyrn ta freayll e chree ;
Nagh jean molteyrays ayns e loo,
Son feeagh ny leagh erbee.

Psalm 22.

19 Therefore approach, O Lord, my Strength,
and to my Succour haste.

Psalm 23.

1 The Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
vouchsafes to be my Guide;
The Shepherd, by whose constant Care
my Wants are all supply'd.

2 In tender Grass He makes me feed,
and gently there repose;
Then leads me to cool Shades, and where
refreshing Water flows.

3 He does my wand'ring Soul reclaim,
and, to His endless Praise,
Instruct with humble Zeal to walk
in His most righteous Ways.

4 I pass the gloomy Vale of Death,
from Fear and Danger free;
For there His aiding Rod and staff
defend and comfort me.

6² Since God does thus his wond'rous Love
through all my Life extend,
That Life to Him I will devote,
and in his Temple spend.

Psalm 24.

[3b]³ O! who shall to that sacred Hill
deserv'd Admittance find?

4 The Man whose Hands and Heart are pure,
whose Thoughts from Pride are free;
Who honest Poverty prefers
to gainful Perjury.

¹ sc. menoyr

² T&B's verse 5 is not in the Manx.

³ T&B's 1-3a, and 6-10 are not translated.

PSALM XXIV.

5 Shoh, shoh'n dooinney da nee'n Chiarn
E vannaght choyr't gagh-laa ;
Vees lhieent lesh ynrickys e Yee,
Jee, e haualtys brâ.

PSALM XXV.

Gys Jee, ayn ta my hreisht,
Lesh m' annym as my chree,
Nee'm padjer ghoail; O Hiarn graysoil,
Ny cur gys nearey mee.

3 Ayns ynrickys dty raad,
Jean mish, O Hiarn 'leeideil ;
Jee my haualtagh, uss dy bragh;
Nagh jean dy bragh failleil.

5 O smooinee orrym, Hiarn,
Ayns graih as myghin cooie ;
As dy graysoil jean tannaghtyn
Da peccee boghtey dooie.

6 Lhig loght my aegid, Hiarn,
Ve dollit ass dty lioar ;
As son dty vieys yindyssagh
Jeeagh dou dty ghayse as foayr.

7 Dty vyghin as erreeish,
T'ou soilshagh orrin, Hiarn ;
Ny shaghrynee goaill gys dty raad,
As thie hood hene ad tayrn.

8 Ny imlee as ny meen,
Ayns ynrickys nyn mea,
T'eh dy leeideil dy myghinagh,
Ayns raaidyn kiart as rea.

9 Ta ooilley raaidyn Yee,
Ayns firriny's gloyroil ;
Dauesyn ta freayll e annaghyn,
Dy myghinagh foayroil.

Psalm 24.

5 This, this is he, on whom the Lord
shall show'r his Blessings down,
Who God his Saviour shall vouchsafe
with Righteousness to crown.

Psalm 25.

1 To God, in whom I trust,
I lift my Heart and Voice;
2 O! let me not be put to Shame,
nor let my Foes rejoice.

4,5¹ To me thy Truth impart,
and lead me in thy Way;
For thou art he that brings me Help,
on Thee I wait all Day.

6 Thy Mercies, and thy Love,
O Lord, recal to mind;
And graciously continue still,
as thou wert ever, kind.

7 Let all my youthful Crimes
be blotted out by Thee;
And, for thy wond'rous Goodness' sake,
in Mercy think on me.

8 His Mercy, and his Truth,
the righteous Lord displays,
In bringing wand'ring Sinners home,
and teaching them his Ways.

9 He those in Justice guides
who his Direction seek;
And in his sacred Paths shall lead
the Humble and the Meek.

10 Thro' all the Ways of God
both Truth and Mercy shine,
To such, as with religious Hearts,
to his blest Will incline.

¹ T&B's v.3 is absent from the Manx, and the numbering of the subsequent verses is shifted.

PSALM XXXII.

O s'maynrey ad, nyn beccaghyn,
Ta maiht daue liorish Jee,
Feaysley veih errey trome nyn loght
T'er yeeearree veih nyn gree.

3 Choud's ren mee ayns my ommijys,
Keiltyn my ghoghan baaish ;
My chraueyn chaill nyn mioyr fo'n laad,
Shee cha row aym ny aash.

6 Leah's ren mee siyr dy skeayley royd,
Ayns padjer loght my vea ;
Dty ghrayse as myghin hug dou couyr,
As va my chree ec fea.

7 Shoh stayd nyn lheid nagh gaill nyn draa,
Dy hirrey hoods son grayse ;
Agh cronney ny mee-arryssee,
Vees trimshey, pian as baase.

PSALM XXXIII.

Verse 4.

Goo'n Chiarn ta kiart, e chreenaght vooar
Harrish e obbyr sheeint ;
Ta 'ghraih er cairys, as yn ooir
Ta lesh e vieys lhieent.

6 Yn arch vooar ard ta er nyn skyn,
Va soit magh lesh e laue ;
As ooilley'n cheshaght aalin t'ayn,
Hug eh nyn doshiaght daue.

7 Da'n faarkey hug eh boayl er-lheh
Coyrt cagliagh lajer mysh ;
As chaglit stiagh myr ayns thie stoyr,
Nagh voddagh eh cheet rish.

8 Lhig eisht slane cummaltee yn theihl,
Ve roishyn atchimagh ;
9 Dagh nhee va jeant, hug biallys,
Leah's haink y sarey magh.

11 Shen ny ta'n Chiarn dy choyr myr leigh,
Nee shassoo gyn caghlaa ;
E haraghyn ta sealit seose,
Nagh vod ve brisht dy bra.

Psalm 32.

1 He's blest, whose Sins have Pardon gain'd,
no more in Judgment to appear;
2 Whose Guilt Remission has obtain'd,
and whose Repentance is sincere.

3 While I conceal'd the fretting Sore,
my Bones consum'd without Relief;
All Day did I with Anguish roar,
but no Complaint asswag'd my Grief.

5¹ No sooner I my Wound disclos'd,
the Guilt that tortur'd me within,
But thy Forgiveness interpos'd,
and Mercy's healing Balm pour'd in.

6 True Penitents shall thus succeed,
who seek Thee whilst Thou mayst be found;
And, from the common Deluge freed
shall see remorseless Sinners drown'd.

Psalm 33.

4,5 For faithful is the Word of God,
his Works with Truth abound;
He Justice loves, and all the Earth
is with his Goodness crown'd.

6 By his Almighty Word, at first,
Heav'ns glorious Arch was rear'd;
And all the beauteous Hosts of light
at this Command appear'd.

7 The swelling Floods, together roll'd,
he makes in Heaps to lie;
And lays, as in a Storehouse safe,
the wat'ry Treasures by.

8,9 Let Earth, and all that dwell therein
before him trembling stand;
For when he spake the Word, 'twas made:
'twas fix'd at his Command.

11 Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees
shall stand for ever sure;
The settled Purpose of his Heart
to Ages shall endure.

¹ T&B's vv. 4 and 7-11 are absent from the Manx.

PSALM XXXIX.

Verse 5.¹

Hiarn, cur dty ghrayse as tushtey dou,
Son toiggal cooie jee'm pene ;
Goaill gys my chree gyirrid my vea,
Nagh vod ve foddey beayn.

6 Jeeagh ; t'ou er chummey tra a my vea
Gys towshan giare myr reish ;
Ayns soylagh gys y veaynid ayds,
Fardail dagh dooinney eisht.

7 Ta dooinney shooyl ayns caslys scaa,
As lab'raght ayns fardail ;
Sheer chaglym cooid, gyn fys quoi da,
Ny quoi nee'n soylley 'ghoail.

8 Agh quoi er ta mish farkiaght, Hiarn,
Cre er m' imnea baarail ?
Orts ta mee coyrt my varrant slane,
Cha jean oo mee hreigeil.

Psalm 39.

4 Lord, let me know my Term of Days,
how soon my Life will end;
The wond'rous Train of Ills disclose,
which this frail State attend.

5 My Life, thou know'st, is but a Span,
a Cypher sums my Years;
And ev'ry Man, in best Estate,
but Vanity appears.

6 Man, like a Shadow, vainly walks,
with fruitless Cares oppress'd;
He heaps up. Wealth, but cannot tell
by whom 'twill be possess'd.

7 Why then should I on worthless Toys,
with anxious Care, attend?
On Thee alone my stedfast Hope
shall ever, Lord, depend.

PSALM XLV.

For CHRISTMAS DAY.

Ayns coyrt da'n ree ard-voylley cair,
Ayns smooineaght dowin my chree ;
2 My veeal ren goll myr laue screeudeyr,
Ta scrieu lesh aght as skhleï.

3 T'ou foddey s'aailey na sheelnaue,
Lesh grayse dty veeal ta loayrt ;
Son dy vel Jee, dty Yee, gagh-laa,
Gootal e vannaght ort.

7 Dty stoyl-reeoil ta shickyrt soit,
Nagh jean dy bragh caghlaa ;
Dty lorg lesh pooar nee kinjagh reill,
Lesh leigh nagh vaill dy bra.

Psalm 45.

1 While I the King's loud Praise rehearse,
indited by my Heart,
My Tongue is like the Pen of him
that writes with ready Art.

2 How matchless is thy Form, O King!
thy Mouth with Grace o'erflows;
Because fresh Blessings God on thee
eternally bestows.

6 But thy firm Throne, O God, is fix'd
for ever to endure;
Thy Sceptre's Sway shall always last,
by righteous Laws secure.

PSALM LXVII.

Ayns myghin jeeagh dou foayr,
As bannee shin, O Hiarn ;
As lhig da soilshey gial dty vaish,
Er dt' eiraght hene soilshean;

Psalm 67.

1 To bless thy chosen Race,
in Mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the Brightness of thy Face
On all thy Saints to shine;

¹ Actually, it is T&B's vv. 4-7 that appear in the Manx.

PSALM LXVII.

2 Dy vod dy chooilley cheer
Baght jeh dty raad y ghoail ;
Ny aynyn mooie jeh'n seihl goaill-rish
Dt' haualtys spyrrydoil.

3 O lhig da dagh ashoon
Dty voylley fockley magh,
Lhig ooilley'n ooir lesh un chora,
Cur moylley dhyt dy bragh.

4 Lhig dauesyn boggey ghoail
Lesh gennallys arrane ;
Son uss y briw, dy cairagh kiart,
Nee briwnys dagh unnane.

5 O lhig da dagh ashoon
Dty voylley fockley magh ;
Lhig ooilley'n ooir lesh un chora
Goaill ayn 'sy chiaulleeaght.

6 Bee'n ooir eisht laadit trome
Lesh bratt dy chooilley vlein ;
As bee mayd bannit liorish Jee,
Yn Jee graysoil ain hene.

7 Ver Jee e vannaght dooin,
Lesh palchey jeh dagh nhee ;
As ooilley'n seihl nee aggle 'ghoail,
Roish pooar yn niartal Jee.

PSALM LXXXIV.

O Hiarn my Yee, maynrey nyn stayd,
Ta mennick ayns dty hie ;
Geeck dhyts ayns shen nyn geesh dy ghloyr,
Lesh arrylyts nyn gree.

5 Maynrys er maynrys gour nyn lheid,
Ta ayns dty scaa treishteil ;
Myr troailtee gennal, geiyrt da'n raad
Ta gys dty hie leeideil.

8 Veih niart dy niart t'ad gennal goll
Jerkal rish maynrys bra,
Raad hee ad dt' oaie ayns gerjagh beayn
Nagh jean dy bragh caghlaa.

10 O baare lhiam eisht un laa vaarail,
Ayns chiamble noo my Yee ;
Ny bleeantyn liauyr fud sleih gyn-ghrayse,
Gyn aggle ayns nyn gree.

Psalm 67.

2 That so thy wond'rous Way
may through the World be known,
While distant Lands their Tribute pay,
and thy Salvation own.

3 Let diff'ring Nations join
to celebrate thy Fame;
Let all the World, O Lord, combine
to praise thy glorious Name.

4 O let them shout and sing
dissolv'd in pious Mirth,
For Thou, the righteous Judge and King,
shalt govern all the Earth.

5 Let diff'ring Nations join
to celebrate thy Fame;
Let all the World, O Lord, combine
to praise thy glorious Name.

6 Then shall the teeming Ground
a large Increase disclose;
And we with Plenty shall be crown'd,
which God, our God, bestows.

7 Then God upon our Land
shall constant Blessings show'r,
And all the World in Awe shall stand
of his resistless Pow'r.

Psalm 84.

4 O Lord of Hosts, my King and God,
how highly bless'd are they,
Who in thy Temple always dwell,
and there thy Praise display!

5 Thrice happy they, whose Choice has Thee
their sure Protection made;
Who long to tread the sacred Ways
that to thy Dwelling lead!

7 Thus they proceed from Strength to Strength,
and still approach more near,
Till all on Sion's holy Mount
before their God appear.

10 For in thy Courts one single Day
'tis better to attend,
Than, Lord, in any Place besides
a thousand Days to spend.

PSALM XC.

Hiarn, nyn saualtagh niartal rieu
D' endeil dty reih hioltane ;
Veih eash dy eash t'ou er ny ve
Yn sauchys shickyr ain.

2 Roish my ren sleityn cheet er-ash,
Roish ren oo'n seihll y chroo :
V'ou uss yn ooilley-niartal Jee,
Nish yn Jee cheddin oo.

3 T'ou caghlaa'n dooinney, Hiarn, gys joan,
Ass ren oo 'chummey eh;
Cha leah's ta'n sarey raït, Chyndaa,
Sheign biallys y ve.

4 Son ayns dty hilley thousane bleïn
Cha vel agh myr un laa ;
Ny myr oor ceaut er dromm ny hoie,
Nagh vel mooar geill ain da.

5 Goit myr lesh thooilley, ta shin stroit,
As chea myr dreamal oie :
Gaase seose 'sy voghrey, goll-rish blaa
Rere myr ta'n ghrian ceau bree.

6 Agh cre-erbee cha glass as te,
Cre-wooads yn aalid t'ayn :
Te giarit sheese, fiojit, as creen,
My jig y laa gys kione.

10 Seihll dooinney three feed bleïn as jeih,
Stiark ta goll seose er shen ;
As my ta fer erbee cha trean
Dy heet gys kiare feed blein.

11 E hroshid eisht cha bee eh veg
Agh trimshey as angaish ;
Snaih'n vea (ta faase) vees brisht, as eisht,
Geyre farkiaght er ta'n baase.

Psalm 90.

1 O Lord the Saviour and Defence
of us thy chosen Race,
From Age to Age thou still hast been
our sure abiding Place.

2 Before thou brought'st the Mountains forth,
or th' earth and World didst frame,
Thou always were the mighty God,
and ever art the same.

3 Thou turnest Man, O Lord, to Dust,
of which he first was made;
And when thou speak'st the Word, *Return*,
'tis instantly obey'd.

4 For in thy Sight a thousand Years
are like a Day that's past,
Or like a Watch in Dead of Night,
whose Hours unminded waste.

5 Thou sweep'st us off as with a Flood,
we vanish hence like Dreams;
At first we grow like Grass that feels
the Sun's reviving Beams:

6 But howsoever fresh and fair
its Morning Beauty shows;
'Tis all cut down and wither'd quite
before the Ev'ning close.

10 Our Term of Time is seventy Years,
an Age that few survive;
But if, with more than common Strength,
to Eighty we arrive;

Yet then our boasted Strength decays,
to Sorrow turn'd and Pain:
So soon the slender Thread is cut,
and we no more remain.

PSALM XCV.

- Lesh greïnyn kiaullee as coraa
Lhig dooin coyrt booise da Jee ;
As boggey mooar ghoail ayns y chreg,
Er ta nyn sauchys lhie.
- 2 Stiagh ayns e enish lhig dooin cheet
Lesh moylley arrymagh ;
Soilshagh nyn mooise lesh gennallys,
As psalmyn eunyssagh.
- 3 Corneilyn sodjey magh yn ooir,
Ta echey ayns e laue ;
Ta niart ny croink myrgeddin lesh
'Syn order hug eh daue.
- 5 She eshyn ren y faarkey mooar,
Cur voalley lajer mysh ;
As lesh e phooar ren eh goardrail
Yn thalloo dy heet rish.
- 6 O tar-jee, lhig dooin ooashley 'choyrt,
As loobey sheese nyn ghlioon ;
As croymmey gys y Chiarn nyn Yee,
Yn Jee hug toshiaght dooin.

PSALM C.

- 1 O Ooilley shiuish fir-vaghee'n theihll,
Trog-jee kiaull ghenal gys y Chiarn :
Eeck-jee nyn geesh da dy creeoil,
Insh-jee e voylley ayns arrane.
- 2 She eh yn Jee mooar ynrycan
Liorish ta shin as ooilley bio :
Shin t'eh er reih e phobble hene,
Yn shioltane t'er nyn vassagh fo.
- 3 Er e ghiait cash'rick gow-jee stiagh,
As ayns e choort tra vees shiu sthie;
Gow-jee arraneyn eunyssagh,
Gys moylley'n Jee ta riu cha mie.
- 4 Son mie ta'n Chiarn 'skyn smooïnaghtyn,
E vyghinyn rieu shickyr va ;
Feer ta e ghoo, as farraghtyn,
Veih eash dy eash er son dy bra.

Psalm 95.

- 1 O Come, loud anthems let us sing,
loud thanks to our Almighty King;
For we our voices high should raise
when our salvation's rock we praise.
- 2 Into his presence let us haste,
to thank him for his favors past;
To him address in joyful songs
the praise that to his Name belongs.
- 4 The depths of Earth are in his hand,
her secret wealth at his command;
the strength of hills that threat the skies,
subjected to his empire lies.
- 5 The rolling Ocean's vast abyss
by the same sovereign right is his:
'Tis moved by his Almighty hand,
that formed and fix'd the solid land.
- 6 O let us to his courts repair,
and bow with adoration there;
Down on our knees devoutly all
before the Lord our Maker fall.

Psalm 100.

- 1,2 With one Consent let all the Earth
to God their chearful Voices raise;
Glad Homage pay with awful Mirth
and sing before him Songs of Praise.
- 3 Convinc'd that he is God alone,
from whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom he chuses for his own,
the Flock which he vouchsafes to feed.
- 4 O enter then his Temple Gate,
thence to his courts devoutly press,
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
and still his Name with Praises bless.
- 5 For he's the Lord supremely good,
his Mercy is for ever sure:
His Truth, which all times firmly stood,
to endless Ages shall endure.

PSALM CIII.
PART II.¹

13 Jeeagh-jee cre'n chymmey ta ec ayr
Jeh 'phaithyn ayns nyn veme;
Cha chymmoil cheddin daue ta Jee,
T'ayns aggle ersyn geam.

14 Eh ren shin shione nyn niart, cre te,
As cre'n stoo ta shin jeh ;
Cre cha annoon ta'n dooghys ain,
Nagh vel agh ooir as cray.

15 Cre'n aght ta dooinney shymley ass,
As fioghey goll-rish faiyr ;
Ny myr y blaa jiu aalin gaase,
Agh mairagh skeilt er laare.

16 Yn viljid as yn aalid t'ayn,
Lesh feoght yn aer hed mow ;
E ghuilley waagh chyndaa gys joan,
Cha vaik oo ad ny smoo.

Psalm 103.

13 Yea, like as a father pitieth his own children:
even so is the Lord merciful unto them that
fear him.

14 For he knoweth whereof we are made: he
remembereth that we are but dust.

15 The days of man are but as grass: for he
flourisheth as a flower of the field.

16 For as soon as the wind goeth over it, it is
gone: and the place thereof shall know it no
more.

PSALM CXVI.
Sacramental.

O cre'n chyndaa ver-yms da Jee
Son moodas e vannaghtyn ?
Feeyn y taualtys nee'm y ghoail,
Er baase Chreest cooinaghtyn.

Kainlt hoods, O Hiarn, son whilleen foays,
Shegin dou hood biallys ;
Son va mee roie mac dt' inney-veyl,
Agh t'ou er m' eaysley nish.

Oural dy voylley chebbym dhyt,
Son dt' ennym casherick ;
As fenish dty slane agglish noo
My vreearrey nee'm y eeck.

Meetee ad ayns Jerusalem,
'Sy chiable dagh unnane,
Coyrt moylley dhyts lesh un chora,
As mairymys goalll arrane.

Psalm 116.

12,13 Then what Return to him shall I
for all his Goodness make?
I'll praise his Name, and with glad Zeal
the Cup of Blessing take.

16 By various Ties, O Lord, must I
to thy Dominion bow;
Thy humble Handmaid's Son before,
thy ransom'd Captive now!

17,18 To Thee I'll Off'rings bring of Praise;
and, whilst I bless thy Name,
The just Performance of my Vows
to all thy Saints proclaim.

19 They in Jerusalem shall meet,
and in thy House shall join,
To bless thy Name with one Consent,
and mix their Songs with mine.

¹¹ The Manx here does not render T&B but elaborates the four verses of the Psalter.

PSALM CXVII.

1 Ashoonee, cur-jee gloyr da'n Chiarn,
Lesh boggey eunyssagh ;
Lhig ooilley'n seihll lesh un chora,
Goaill ayn 'sy chiaulleaght.

2 E vyghin veiygh ta skeaylt dy lhan,
E chairys gyn caghlaa ;
Dy gennal eisht eek-jee nyn geesh,
Dy ghloyr as moylley da.

PSALM CXIX.

1 O maynrey ad ta kinjagh shooyl,
Ayns raaidyn jeeragh Yee ;
Ta streu dy reayll yn cassan cair,
Gyn skyrraghtyn erbee.

2 O maynrey ad ta gys e leigh
Coyrt biallys creeoil ;
Lesh jeeanid anmey imlee guee,
Dy yannoo eh foayroil.

3 Nyn lheid ta kinjagh er nyn dwaie,
Veih caslys olk dy chea ;
Tastagh dy reayll yn raad ta roue
Nagh gaill ad shillee jeh.

PART II.

Dy hoiggal dt' annaghyn reeoil,
Ta'n sarey ayd's, O Yee,
As ad dy reayll nyn gurrym ard
Lesh jeeanid smoo nyn gree.

Oh eisht dy beagh eh dt' aigney mie
Trooid ooilley coorse my vea ;
Dy hoiaigh roym cre'n aght nee'm shooyl,
Uss my haualtagh bra.

Lesh dunnallys bee eisht my chree
Ec fea ayns slane treishteil,
Ayns gerjagh smoo dy vel my vea,
Rish dt' annaghyn coardail.

9 Cre'n aght yiow'n dooinney aeg yn skhleĩ
Dy kiart e vea 'leeideil ?
Lesh jannoo kinjagh dt' annaghyn
E sca veih broid yn 'eill.

Lesh arryltys my chree ta soit,
Dy yeeaghyn er dty hon ;
Veih dt' annaghyn ny lhig dou, Hiarn,
Chyndaa er-shaghyryn.

Psalm 117.

1 With chearful Notes let all the Earth
to Heav'n their Voices raise;
Let all, inspir'd with godly Mirth,
sing solemn Hymns of Praise.

2 God's tender Mercy knows no Bound,
his Truth shall ne'er decay:
Then let the willing Nations round
their grateful Tribute pay.

Psalm 119.

1 How bless'd are they who always keep
the pure and perfect Way!
Who never from the sacred Paths
of God's Commandments stray!

2 Thrice bless'd! who to his righteous Laws
have still obedient been;
And have with fervent humble Zeal
his Favour sought to win!

3 Such men their utmost Caution use
to shun each wicked Deed:
But in the Path which he directs
with constant Care proceed.

4 Thou strictly hast enjoin'd us, Lord,
to learn thy sacred Will;
And all our Diligence employ
thy Statutes to fulfil.

5 O then that thy most holy Will
might o'er my Ways preside!
And I the Course of all my Life
by thy Direction guide!

6 Then with Assurance should I walk,
from all Confusion free;
Convinc'd, with Joy, that all my Ways
with thy Commands agree.

9 How shall the Young preserve their Ways
from all Pollution free?
By making still their Course of Life
with thy Commands agree.

10 With hearty Zeal for thee I seek,
to thee for Succour pray;
O suffer not my careless STEPS
from thy right paths to stray.

PSALM CXIX.

Psalm 119.

Dowin ayns my chree dty ghoo ta soit
My stoyr nagh jean failleil ;
Nee cooney lhiam dy reayll fo chosh,
Mee-viallys yn eill.

My annym booisal, myr shoh reilt,
Dy kinjagh ver dhyt gloyr ;
Veih'n traa shoh magh, lhig da my vea
Ve coadit lesh dty phooar.

33 Ynsee mee ayns dty leighyn, Hiarn,
Dty raaidyn soilshee dou ;
Ooille my laghyn eiyr-yms daue,
Cha jem er-shaghryn voue.

34 My nee uss creenaght y chur dou
Yn creenaght flaunyssagh ;
Nee'm goaill dty leighyn gys my chree,
As freill-ym ad dy bragh.

35 Jean uss ayns cassan rea dty ghoo
My immeeaght kiart leeideil ;
Ny lhig da'n caslys sloo dy olk,
M'y chummal fo e reill.

Orryms fo kiangley dty harvaant
Cur soilshey gennal dt' oaie ;
Dy hoiggal as dy reayll dty ghoo
Lesh jeeanid lhieen my chree.

89 Dy bragh, O Hiarn, as son dy bragh,
Dty stayd cha bee ec kione ;
Trooid ooille'y'n aer t'ou cummal seose
Dy chooille'y chruinnyd t'ayn.

Veih eash gys eash ta dt' ynrickys
Gyn scughey shassoo beayn ;
Ta'n ooir myrgeddl'n shickyr soit,
Lesh dty phooar niartal hene.

Ta dagh nhee t'ayn cur lhieu nyn goorse,
Myr ren oo daue pointeil ;
T'ad ooille'y bial da dty phooar,
Sharvaantyn fo dty reill.

Hee'm dy bee jerrey er dagh nhee,
Nagh var ad son dy bra,
Agh lheed dty leighyn's goll rhyt hene,
Cha jean dy bragh caghlaa.

11 Safe in my Heart, and closely hid,
thy Word, my Treasure, lies;
To succour me with timely Aid,
when sinful Thoughts arise.

12 Secur'd by that, my grateful Soul
shall ever bless thy Name:
O teach me then by thy just Laws,
my future Life to frame.

33 Instruct me in thy statutes, Lord,
thy righteous Paths display;
And I from them, through all my Life,
will never go astray.

34 If thou true Wisdom from above
wilt graciously impart,
To keep thy perfect Laws I will
devote my zealous Heart.

35 Direct me in the sacred Ways
To which thy Precepts lead;
Because my chief Delight has been
thy righteous Paths to tread.

38 Confirm the Promise which thou mad'st,
and give thy Servant Aid [...]

36 Do thou to thy most just Commands
incline my willing Heart [...]

89 For ever, and for ever, Lord,
unchang'd thou dost remain;
Thy Word, establish'd in the Heav'ns,
does all their Orbs sustain.

90 Thro' circling Ages, Lord, thy Truth
immoveable shall stand,
As doth the Earth, which thou uphold'st
by thy Almighty Hand.

91 All things the Course by thee ordain'd
ev'n to this Day fulfil;
They are the faithful Subjects all,
and Servants of thy Will.

96 I've seen an End of what we call
Perfection here below:
But thy Commandments, like Thyself,
no Change or Period know.

PSALM CXXII.

S'mooar va my voggey eunyssagh
Tra cheayll mee'n pobble gra,
Lhig dooin goll seose gys thie yn Chiarn,
Shirveish dy yannoo da.

Gys shen, lhig dooin nyn gesmadyn
Dy cheilley y leeideil ;
Son shen y raad, ta Jee ny ghloyr
Coyrt bannaght as speedeil.

Gys shen, myr tribeyn Israel
Lhig dooin goll seose as guee ;
Moylley, as gloyr, as booise dy bragh
Da'n ooilley-niartal Ree.

Son shen y raad t'eh soilshagh dooin
E vriwnys as e ghrayse ;
O gow-jee padjer eisht gys Jee,
Son shee as myghin d' aase.

O bannit son dy bragh t'ad shen
Ta son dty vaynrys guee ;
Shee dy row ayns dty voallaghyn,
As ayns dty chooyrtn shee !

Feoiltys as palchey dy row lhiat,
As shoh my phadger jeean ;
My chaarjyn as my ainjyssee
Dy chosney'n bannaght beayn.

S'mooar ta my ghraih son thie yn Chiarn,
As shen-y-fa nee'm streeu ;
Dy voddym son my aigney mie
Ve jeh dty vyghin feeu.

PSALM CXXXV.

O cur-jee moylley ard da'n Chiarn,
Jeh 'ennym sheer gimraa,
As jean-jee shiuish, shirveishee'n Chiarn,
Ard voylley feeu 'chur da.

2 O moyll-jee eh shiuish ta tendeil
E hie lesh jeeanid cree ;
Marish y vooinjer t'ec y voard,
Coyrt moylley cooie da'n Ree.

3 Ta'n Chiarn graysoil, gow-jee arrane
Lesh boggey-flaunyssagh ;
Dy eeck nyn geesh dy voylley cair,
Cre ta cha eunyssagh ?

Psalm 122.

1 O 'Twas a joyful Sound to hear
our Tribes devoutly say,
Up, Israel, to the Temple haste,
and keep your Festal Day.

2 At Salem's Courts we must appear
with our assembled Pow'rs,
3 In strong and beauteous Order ranged,
like her united Tow'rs.

4 'Tis thither, by Divine Command,
the Tribes of God repair,
Before his Ark to celebrate
his Name with Praise and Pray'r.

5 Tribunals stand erected there,
where Equity takes place [...]
6 O pray we then for Salem's Peace,
for they shall prosp'rous be [...]

7 May Peace within thy sacred Walls
a constant Guest be found,
With Plenty and Prosperity
thy Palaces be crown'd.

8 For my dear Brethren's sake, and Friends
no less than Brethren dear,
I'll pray, — May Peace in Salem's Tow'rs
a constant Guest appear.

9 But most of all I'll seek thy Good,
and ever wish thee well,
For Sion and the Temple's sake,
where God vouchsafes to dwell.

Psalm 135.

1 O Praise the Lord with one Consent,
and magnify his Name;
Let all the Servants of the Lord
his worthy Praise proclaim.

2 Praise him all ye that in his House
attend with constant Care;
With those that to his outmost Courts
with humble Zeal repair.

3 For this our truest Int'rest is,
glad Hymns of Praise to sing;
And with loud Songs to bless his Name,
a most delightful thing.

PSALM CXLIII.

Eaisht rish my ghuee, Hiarn, as gys m' eam
Cur cleaysh as bee foayroil ;
As lurg dty ghialdyn firrinagh ;
Cur dou ansoor graysoil.

2 Ec stoyl dty vriwnys dy ve try't
Ny briwnys mee dy geyre ;
Son ayns dty hilley dooinney bio
Cha vel veih peccah seyr.

5 Smooiin-ym er laghyn foddey ceaut,
As yindyssyn dty laue ;
Er cre cha mennick ta dty phooar
Er my livrey ayns gaue.

6 Lesh padjer imlee sheeyn-ym hood
Dy jeean my laueyn magh ;
My chree ort geam, myr thaloo losht
Feme fliaghey ymmyrchagh.

7 Eaisht rhym dy Leah, ta mee failleil,
Voym, Hiarn, ny chyndaa dt' oaie,
Nagh bee'm goll roo ta gyn treishteil,
Heese downin nyn lhie 'syn oaie.

8 Dty aigney graihagh soilshee dou,
Son ta my warrant ort;
Jeeagh dou yn raad ayn lhisin shooyl
Hood dy vod m' annym troailt.

10 Uss, uss, my Yee, gys dt' aigney mie,
Ynsee dou biallys ;
Lhig da dty Spyrryd my leeideil,
Ayns raad ny ynricks.

PSALM CXLV.

Ard-voylley dhyt, O Hiarn, my ree
Ard-ooashley dhyt dy bra ;
Dy choyr dhyt booise choud as vee'm bio
My churym kainlt gagh-laa.

3 Dty ghloyr, O Hiarn, cha vod my ghlare
'Chur magh lesh ooashley feeu ;

4 Dty ooashley t'eh erskyn my phooar,
Dy chormal lesh my ghoo.

Psalm 143.

1 Lord hear my Pray'r, and to my Cry
thy wonted Audience lend;
In thy accustom'd Faith and Truth
a gracious Answer send.

2 Nor at thy strict Tribunal bring
thy Servant to be try'd;
For in thy Sight no living Man
can e'er be justify'd.

5 I call to mind the Days of old,
and Wonders thou hast wrought:
My former Dangers and Escapes
employ my musing Thought.

6 To thee my Hands in humble Prayer
I fervently stretch out;
My soul for thy Refreshment thirsts,
like Land oppress'd with Drought,

7 Hear me with Speed; my Spirit fails;
thy Face no longer hide,
Lest I become forlorn, like them
that in the Grave reside.

8 Thy Kindness early let me hear,
whose Trust on thee depends;
Teach me the Way where I should go;
my Soul to thee ascends.

10 Thou art my God, thy righteous Will
instruct me to obey;
Let thy good Spirit lead and keep
my Soul in thy right Way.

Psalm 145.

1,2 Thee I'll extol, my God and King,
Thy endless Praise proclaim;
This Tribute daily I will bring,
and ever bless thy Name.

3 Thou, Lord, beyond Compare art great,
and highly to be prais'd;
Thy Majesty, with boundless Height,
above our Knowledge rais'd.

PSALM CXLV.

5 Dty obbraghyn bee cooinaght jeu
Gys earishyn gyn kione ;
6 Ooashley dty ghloyr ta soilshit magh
Ayns firriny's dty ghoan.

7 Tra vees dty voylley as dty ghloyr
Ayns bingys soilshit magh ;
Lhig dagh sheeloghe lesh un arrane
Goaill ayn 'sy chialleeaght.

8 Dty ghraih hymmoil as surranse liauyr
T'ad gerjaghey sheelnaue ;
9 Dty vyghin veiygh dy bragh erskyn
Eer obbraghyn dty laue.

10 Dty obbraghyn t'ad fockley magh
Dty voylley as dty ghloyr ;
Dty nooghyn tagglloo jeh dty niart,
Dty vieys as dty phooar.

12 Dty stoyl reeoil ayns stayd te soit
Te stoamit magh dy lhean,
Reill dty reeriaght te farraghtyn,
As rish dty phooar co-beayn.

14 T'ou sheeyney magh dty laue, O Hiarn,
As troggal seose y boght;
T'ou cooney lesh dagh ymmyrchagh
Ta ceau e hraa gyn loght.

21 Lesh rere my phooar nee'm goaill arrane
Dy voylley hoods, O Hiarn,
As lhig dy chooilley eill cur booise
Choud as vees seihll er-mayrn.

PSALM CXLV.¹

Dhyts ver-ym booise, my Hiarn as ree,
Dty voylley hoilsh-ym magh ;
Shoh currym goym myr keesh dy eeck,
As bannee-ym oo dy bragh.

T'ou Chiarn erskyn yn roshtyn ain
Dy choyrt dhyt moylley cair ;
Dt' ard-oashley ta erskyn nyn maght,
Ta'n tushtey ain ro ghiare.

Psalm 145.

4 Renown'd for mighty Acts, thy Fame
to future Times extends;
From Age to Age thy glorious Name
successively descends.

5,6 Whilst I thy Glory and Renown,
and wond'rous Works express;
The world with me thy Might shall own,
and thy great Pow'r confess.

7 The Praise that to thy Love belongs,
they shall with Joy proclaim [...]

8 The Lord is good; fresh Acts of Grace
his Pity still supplies [...]

9,10 Thy Love thro' Earth extends its Fame,
to all thy Works exprest;
These shew thy Praise, whilst thy great Name
is by thy Servants blest.

13 His stedfast Throne, from Changes free,
shall stand for ever fast;
His boundless Sway no End shall see,
but Time itself out-last.

14,15 The Lord does them support that fall,
and makes the Prostrate rise;
For his kind Aid all Creatures call,
who timely Food supplies.

21 My Time to come, in Praises spent,
shall still advance his Fame,
And all Mankind with one Consent
for ever bless his Name.

Psalm 145.

1,2 Thee I'll extol, my God and King,
Thy endless Praise proclaim;
This Tribute daily I will bring,
and ever bless thy Name.

3 Thou, Lord, beyond Compare art great,
and highly to be prais'd;
Thy Majesty, with boundless Height,
above our Knowledge rais'd.

¹ A second translation of Psalm 145.

PSALM CXLV.¹

Psalm 145.

Dty obbyr niartal trooid y theihll,
 Vees loayrit jeh dy bra,
 Dt' ennym gloyroil veih eash dy eash
 Vees kinjagh er n'imraa.

4 Renown'd for mighty Acts, thy Fame
 to future Times extends;
 From Age to Age thy glorious Name
 successively descends.

Tra ta mish loayrt jeh dt' obbraghyn,
 As soilshagh magh dty ghloyr,
 Eisht marym's nee yn seihll goaill-rish
 Dty niart as mooads dty phooar.

5,6 Whilst I thy Glory and Renown,
 and wond'rous Works express;
 The World with me thy Might shall own,
 and thy great Pow'r confess.

Cooïnaghtyn jeh dty chenjallys
 Vees soilshit trooid y theihll,
 Jeh dt' ynricks ghoys ad arrane,
 Cha jed eh ass nyn meaal.

7 The praise that to thy Love belongs,
 they shall with Joy proclaim;
 Thy Truth of all their grateful Songs
 shall be the constant Theme.

Yn Chiarn t'eh dooie as myghinagh,
 Arryltagh dy hauail,
 E chorree shooyl lesh kesmad moal
 E vyghin cheet nyn gwaill.

8 The Lord is good; fresh Acts of Grace
 his Pity still supplies;
 His Anger moves with slowest pace,
 his willing Mercy flies.

Dty ghraih ta roshtyn trooid y theihll,
 Gys dagh nhee ren oo ayn,
 Dty nooghyn coyrt dhyt moylley's gloyr,
 As booisal er y hon.

9,10 Thy love thro' Earth extends its Fame,
 to all thy Works exprest;
 These show thy Praise, whilst thy great Name
 is by thy Servants blest.

Gloyr dty reeriaght kiongoyrt roo soit,
 Te greesagh ad dy loayrt,
 As da dty phooar smoo niartal ard,
 Bee moylley er ny choyrt,

11 They, with the glorious Prospect fir'd,
 shall of thy Kingdom speak;
 And thy great pow'r, by all admir'd,
 their lofty Subjects make.

Dty stoyl-reeoil ta shickyrt soit,
 Gyn scughey ny caghlaa,
 Dty lorg lesh pooar nee kinjagh reill,
 Lurg kione ve er dagh traal.

13 His stedfast Throne, from Changes free,
 shall stand for ever fast;
 His boundless sway no End shall see,
 but Time itself out-last.

Sooill dagh cretoor ort's, Hiarn, ta fieau,
 Son cooney hood's t'ad geam :
 Dty laue t'ou fosley, as coyrt daue,
 Dy chooilley nhee t'ad feme.

16 What'er their various Wants require,
 with open Hand he gives;
 And so fulfils the just Desire
 of ev'ry thing that lives.

Ynricks ta'n Chiarn, e raaidyn kiart,
 E vyghin kinjagh meiygh :
 Er-gerrey daue ta huggey geam,
 Ayns firrins nyn gree.

19 He grants the full Desires of those
 who him with Fear adore;
 And will their Troubles soon compose,
 when they his Aid implore.

My hraa ta roym neem's y vaarail,
 Ayns dty hirveish, O Hiarn,
 As lhig dy chooilley eill cur booise,
 Choud as vees seihl er-mayrn.

21 My time to come, in Praises spent,
 shall still advance his Fame,
 And all Mankind, with one Consent,
 for ever bless his Name.

PSALM CXLVI.

O m' annym, eek da'n Chiarn e cheesh
Dy voylley ard dy bra ;
As gow arrane jeh mieys Yee
Ta coadey oo gagh laa.

2 Ny cur dty hreisht ayns Prince erbee
Ny foast ayns niart yn eill ;
Son s'moal y chooney t'ayns nyn laue
Voish seaghyn dy endeil.

3 Spooilt jeh nyn ennal t'ad goll mow,
T'ad tuittym reesht ayns joan ;
Ayns loauchs eajee coayl nyn mree,
Nyn niart as stayd ec kione.

4 Eisht s'maynrey t'eh ta 'varrant soit,
Son coadey er e Yee ;
Ta goaill Jee Yacob son e niart,
T'eh ceau e hraa ayns shee.

5 Son Jee ren niau, yn ooir, as keayn,
As dagh nhee ayndoo ta :
E ghialdynys t'eh cummal seose,
As niartal son dy bra.

6 Yn boght cha lhig eh ve gyn cour,
Tra huittys eh ayns feme;
Ny accryssee t'eh jannoo magh,
As clashtyn rish nyn eam.

7 Yn joarree as yn chloan gyn-ayr,
Ta ard-chiarailys Yee ;
Dy veaghey lesh y palchey smoo
Yn tra t'ad huggey roie.

8 Trimshey'n ven-treoghe tra t'ee ayns feme
Ta Jee coyrt tastey da ;
Agh raaidyn olk mee-viallee,
T'eh bun-ry-skyn chyndaa.

Ta'n ooilley-niartal Chiarn ny ree,
Dy bragh ayns Sion reill ;
Veih eash dy eash ta 'phooar goll magh
As roshtyn er y theihll.

PSALM CXLVII.

O Moyllee-jee yn Chiarn t'ayns niau,
As insh-jee magh e ghoo ;
Son s'mie as stooamey t'eh dy loayrt,
Ayns booise da 'ennym noo.

Psalm 146.

1,2 O Praise the Lord, and thou, my Soul
forever bless his Name;
His wond'rous Love, while Life shall last,
my constant Praise shall claim.

3 On Kings, the greatest Sons of Men,
let none for Aid rely;
They cannot save in dang'rous Times,
nor timely Help apply.

4 Depriv'd of Breath, to Dust they turn,
and there neglected lie,
And all their Thoughts and vain Designs
together with them die.

5 Then happy he, who Jacob's God
for his Protector takes;
Who still, with well-plac'd Hope, the Lord
his constant Refuge makes.

6 The Lord, who made both Heav'n and Earth,
and all that they contain,
Will never quit his stedfast Truth,
nor make his Promise vain.

7 The Poor oppress, from all their Wrongs
are eas'd by his Decree;
He gives the Hungry needful Food,
and sets the Pris'ners free.

8 By him the Blind receive their Sight,
the Weak and Fall'n he rears;
With kind Regard and tender Love
he for the Righteous cares.

9 The Strangers he preserves from Harm,
the Orphan kindly treats,
Defends the Widow, and the Wiles
of wicked Men defeats.

10 The God, that does in Sion dwell,
is our eternal King:
From Age to Age his Reign endures;
let all his Praises sing.

Psalm 147.

1 O Praise the Lord with Hymns of joy,
and celebrate his Fame;
For pleasant, good, and comely 'tis
to praise his holy Name.

PSALM CXLVII.

Psalm 147.

Yn cree ta brisht lesh seaghyn trome,
Dy leah t'eh jannoo slane ;
As earroo ny rollageyn heose ;
T'eh coontey dagh unnane.

3,4 He kindly heals the broken Hearts,
and all their Wounds does close;
He tells the Number of the Stars,
their sev'ral Names he knows.

S'mooar ta yn Chiarn as s'mooar e niart
E chreenaght as e phooar;
Ny meen t'eh troggal, agh drogh leih
T'eh lhieggal gys yn ooir.

5,6 Great is the Lord, and great his Pow'r,
his Wisdom has no Bound;
The Meek he raises, and throws down
the Wicked to the Ground.

Gys Jee nyn Jiarn, arraneyn bing
Gow-jee lesh ard-choraa.
Er greïnyn kiaullee, dy creeoil,
Coyrt booise as moylley da.

7 To God, the Lord, a Hymn of Praise
with grateful Voices sing;
To songs of Triumph tune the Harp,
and strike each warbling String.

Ny sleityn heose as coanyn wass
T'eh jannoo magh lesh troar ;
Myr shoh ta dagh cretoor goaill aynr,
Jeh 'vieys as e 'oayr.

[8b] Thro' him, on Mountain-tops, the Grass
With wondrous Plenty grows.

Son maase as ollagh t'eh kiarail,
Nyn veme t'eh cur-my-ner ;
As eer son eanlee feie yn aer,
Yn tra a t'ad geamagh er.

9 He, savage Beasts, that loosely range,
with timely Food supplies;
He feeds the Ravens tender Brood,
and stops their hungry Cries.

Yn aer t'eh coodagh doo as down,
Lesh bodjallyn as kay ;
Laadit lesh fliaghey as lesh druight,
Yn ooir dy yannoo meay.

8a He covers Heav'n with Clouds, and thence
refreshing Rain bestows;

Cha nee er niart yn dooinney trean,
Dy chooney lesh t'eh treisht ;
Ny foast er troshid mooar y niagh,
My s'lajer ta yn veisht.

10 He values not the warlike Steed,
but does his Strength disdain;
The nimble Foot that swiftly runs,
no Prize from him can gain.

Agh graih as kenjallys y Chiarn
T'eh soilshaghey dy keiyn ;
Da'n dooinney imlee, crauee shen
Ta firrinagh da hene.

11 But he, to him that fears his Name,
his tender Love extends;
To him that on his boundless Grace
with steadfast Hope depends.

PART II.

Bannee dty Hiarn, Yerusalem,
As uss, O Sion, ltheie ;
Ta voish dty ghiattyn geiyrt dty noid,
Guard er dty chloan cheu-sthie.

12,13 Let Sion and Jerusalem
to God their Praise address,
Who fenc'd their Gates with massy Bars,
and does their Children bless.

Harrish dty ream t'eh skeayley shee,
Ga ta dty noidyn troo ;
Lesh flooyr y churnaght s'milje neesht
Ta Jee dy veaghey oo.

14 Thro' all their Borders he gives Peace,
with finest Wheat they're fed;

PSALM CXLVII.

Psalm 147.

Ta'n ooilley-niartal fockley magh
Lesh ard-choraa e phooar ;
Cha leah t'eh loayrt, cha leah t'eh jeant,
Dy tappee er yn ooir.

Myr ollan vane, ta'n sniaghtey gial
Cheet neose as sheebit fo ;
As myrragh garmad chiow yn ooir,
Lesh meeaylys y lieh-rio.

Yn sniaghtey garroo trome as dewil
Myr steabyn tilgey chion ;
Quoi oddys shassoo magh ny 'oi,
Ny bydal er y hon ?

Agh s'leah ta Jee chyndaa e laue,
As fockley magh e ghoo ;
Thennue as chiass, cheet veih yn jiass,
T'ad lheie as eisht goll mow.

E lattyssyn as oardaghyn
Da Jacob t'eh 'r livrey;
Da Isr'el e recortysyn,
Dy reayll ad son dy bra.

Yn foayr graysoil as myghin shoh,
Cha dooar n'ashoonyn-quaaagh ;
Agh dooinyn t'eh er hoilshaghey,
Saualtys son dy bragh.

15 He speaks the Word, and what he wills
is done as soon as said.

16 Large Flakes of Snow, like fleecy Wool,
descend at his Command;
And hoary Frost, like Ashes spread,
is scatter'd o'er the Land.

17 When, join'd to these, he does his Hail
in little Morsels break,
Who can against his piercing Cold
secure Defences make?

18 He sends his Word, which melts the Ice;
he makes his Wind to blow;
And soon the Streams, congeal'd before,
in plenteous Currents flow.

19 By him his Statutes and Decrees
to Jacob's Sons were shown;
And still to Isr'el's chosen Seed
his righteous Laws are known.

20 No other Nation this can boast,
nor did he e'er afford
To Heathen Lands his Oracles,
and Knowledge of his Word.

PSALM CXLVIII.

Psalm 148.

Reamyn yn yrjey vooar,
Moylley-jee nyn ver-croo,
Insh-jee magh mooads e ghloyr
Shiuish ainleyn smoo as sloo
Trog-jee coraa,
O Cherubim,
As Seraphim
Cur moylley da.

2 Uss eayst ta reill ny hoie,
As ghrian leeideil y laa ;
Rollageyn sollys choie,
Cur-jee nyn geeshyn da ;
Eeck-jee e chair,
O shiuish niaughyn,
As vodjallyn
Getlagh 'syn aer.

1,2 Ye boundless Realms of Joy,
Exalt your Maker's Fame,
His Praise your Song employ
Above the starry Frame;
Your Voices raise,
Ye Cherubim
And Seraphim,
To sing his Praise

3,4 Thou Moon, that rul'st the Night,
And Sun, that guid'st the Day;
Ye glitt'ring Stars of Light,
To him your Homage pay;
His Praise declare,
Ye Heav'ns above
And Clouds that move
In liquid Air.

PSALM CXLVIII.

Psalm 148.

3 Lhig daue shoh ennym Yee
Y voylley dagh unnane ;
E ghoo hug daue nyn mree
Tra nagh row veg jeu ayn ;
Bee ad er-mayrn,
Seyr veih caghlao
Er son dy bra
Shassee leigh'n Chiarn.

5,6 Let them adore the Lord,
And praise his holy Name,
By whose Almighty Word
They all from Nothing came;
And all shall last,
From Changes free;
His firm Decree
Stands ever fast.

4 Moyll-jee eh whaleyn mooar
As eeast 'sy diunid heese ;
Eillit lesh scaillee creoi,
Cur-jee cair dasyn neesht.
Aile, sniaght' as rio,
Druight, sterm as geay,
Cheet tra t'eh gra
Cooilleeney 'ghoo.

7,8 Let Earth her Tribute pay;
Praise him, ye dreadful Whales,
And Fish that through the sea
Glide swift with glitt'ring Scales:
Fire, Hail, and Snow,
And misty Air,
And Winds that, where
He bids them, blow.

Sleityn as croink as coan
E voylley ta diu jesh
Cedaryn liauyr nyn gione,
As biljyn gymmyrk mess.
Beiny feie as meen,
Snauee er laare.
As eeanlee'n aer
Jannoo cooilleen.

9,10 By Hills and Mountains (all
In grateful Consort join'd,)
By Cedars stately tall,
And Trees for Fruit design'd;
By ev'ry Beast,
And creeping Thing,
And Fowl of Wing,
His Name be blest.

Ree'ghyn as princeyn ard,
Marish dagh theay ta foue ;
Briwnyn y theihll dagh raad,
Cur-jee da 'voylley feeu.
Dy wooiys Jee,
Lhig aeg as shenn
Dooiiney as ben
Cur chengey's cree.

11,12 Let all of Royal Birth,
With those of humbler Frame,
And judges of the Earth,
His matchless Praise proclaim.
In this Design
Let Youths with Maids,
And hoary Heads
With Children join.

Lhig da'n slane chroo cordail
Dy hoiagh seose e ghoo;
E ennym smoo gloyroil
Ta toilchin moylley voue
King foddey'n theihll
Ta bial da,
E ghloyr dy bra
T'erskyn dagh reill.

13 United Zeal be shown
His wond'rous Fame to raise,
Whose glorious Name alone
Deserves our endless Praise.
Earth's utmost Ends
His Pow'r obey;
His glorious Sway
The Sky transcends.

E nooghyn hene ta eaït
T'eh soiagh seose dy bra,
As Isr'el e chloan reiht
Ta kinjagh 'gerrey da.
Nish ayns arrane
Trog-jee coraa
Gennal dy bra
Dy voylley'n Chiarn.

14 His chosen Saints to Grace,
He sets them up on high,
And favors Isr'el's Race
Who still to him are nigh.
O therefore raise
Your grateful Voice,
And still rejoice
The Lord to praise.

An HYMN for CHRISTMAS;

SACRAMENTAL.

O Ooilley shiuish shirveishee feer
Yn ooilley-niartal Ree ;
Trog-jee e voylley trooid yn aer
Lesh chengey as lesh cree.
2 Ayns boggey lhig dooin ennym Yee
Y wooiys dagh unnane ;
Lhig dooin ve gennal son t'er jeet
Feailley reeoil yn Eayn.
4 Shiaght keayrtyn bannit ny heiyn
Ta gys y vannish eaït ;
As ta gys board reeoil y Chiarn,
Lesh creeaghyn aarloo cheet.

An hymn FOR CHRISTMAS-DAY.

Choud as va bochillyn 'syn oie
Freayll watch er nyn shioltane ;
Orroo ren ainle y Chiarn cheet neose,
Ren gloyr Yee moo soilshean.

Ny gow-jee aggle dooyrt yn ainle
(Son atchim mooar ve daue)
Naightyn gerjoil dy voggey mooar
T'ayms diu as da sheelnaue.

Diu ayns ard-valley Ghavid hene,
Ta er ny ruggey jiu ;
Saualtagh, eh ta Creest y Chiarn,
As shoh vees cowrey diu ;

Yiow shiu yn oikan flaunyssagh
Ayns stable son e 'hie ;
Dy imlee kainlt ayns soïlaghyn,
As ayns manjoor ny lhie.

Shoh raït, v'ayns tullogh sheshaght vooar
Dy ainleyn gial y Chiarn ;
Ren brishey magh ayns kiaulleeaght ard,
As myr shoh goaill arrane.

Ard-ghloyr da Jee 'syn yrjey heose,
Shee er y thaloo neesht ;
Aigney-mie Yee da slane sheelnaue,
Gur-voylley daue ayns Creest.

1 While Shepherds watch'd their Flocks by Night,
all seated on the Ground,
The Angel of the Lord came down,
And Glory shone around.

2 "Fear not, said he (for mighty Dread
had seiz'd their troubled Mind,) Glad Tidings of great Joy I bring
to you and all Mankind.

3 To you in David's Town this Day,
is born of David's Line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
and this shall be the Sign:

4 The heav'nly Babe you there shall find
to human View display'd,
All meanly wrapt in swathing Bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the Seraph, and forthwith
appear'd a shining Throng
Of Angels praising God, and thus
address their joyful Song:

6 "All glory be to God on High;
and to the Earth be Peace;
Good-will henceforth from Heav'n to Men,
begin and never cease."

An hymn for EASTER-DAY.

- | | |
|--|--|
| Creest nyn Eayn-caisht ta chebbit nish
Ny oural er nyn son ;
Lesh creeaghyn glen eisht lhig dooin freayll
Yn feailley bannit t'ayn. | 1 Since Christ our Passover is slain
a Sacrifice for all;
Let all with thankful Hearts agree
to keep the Festival: |
| 2 As cha nee lesh shenn soorit feoh,
As goanlys ayns nyn gree ;
Agh lesh yn arran millish noa,
Dy ynrickys as shee. | 2 Not with the Leaven, as of old,
of Sin and Malice fed;
But with unfeign'd Sincerity,
and Truth's unleaven'd Bread. |
| 3 Creest t'er ny hroggal reesht veih'n baase
Veih'n oaie er ny livrey ;
Cha vow eh arragh baase, cha vod
Yn noid shen varroo eh. | 3 Christ being rais'd by Pow'r Divine,
and rescu'd from the Grave,
Shall die no more, Death shall on Him
no more Dominion have; |
| 4 Keayrt er nyn son hur Creest y baase
Son ghow eh shen myr reih,
Agh nish t'eh bio ayns stayd gloyroil,
As ooashley ard ny hoie. | 4 For that he dy'd, 'twas for our Sins
he once vouchsaf'd to die,
But that he lives, he lives to God,
for all Eternity. |
| 5 Gys peccah lhig dooin marroo ve,
As veih seose girree reesht ;
Dy vod bea noa ve ain gys Jee,
Trooid nyn Saualtagh Creest | 5 So count yourselves as dead to Sin,
but graciously restor'd,
And made henceforth alive to God,
through Jesus Christ our Lord. |
-

GLORIA PATRI, & c.

Common Measure

Gloyr gys yn ooilley-niartal Three,
Un Jee va, ta, as vees ;
Dy der dagh annym dasyn chooie
Nyn geesh dy ghraih as booise.

OR,

Da'n Ayr, da'n Mac, da'n Spyrryd Noo
Dy row gloyr son dy bra ;
Myr ve 'sy toshiaght, ta, as vees,
Lurg kione ve er dagh tra.

OR,

Da'n Ayr, da'n Mac, da'n Spyrryd Noo
Three bannit ayns Unnane ;
Dy row booise s'imlee s'moylley smoo
Choud as vees tra er-mayrn.

As PSALM XXV.

Hoods, Yee vooar, Three Unnane,
Dy row gloyr son dy bra ;
Myr ve, te nish, as myr shen vees,
Lurg kione ve er dagh tra.

As Psalm 25.

To God the Father, Son,
and Spirit, Glory be;
As'twas, and is, and shall be so
to all eternity.

As PSALM C.

Nish gys yn ooilley-niartal Three,
Un Jee nagh vod ve er ny rheynn,
Dy row dagh moylley, booise as gloyr,
Lurg kione ve er dagh tra, Amen.

As the 100 Psalm.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
the God whom earth and heav'n adore
Be glory as it was of old,
is now and shall be evermore.

As PSALM CXIX.

Moylley as gloyr da, Jee yn Ayr,
Gys Jee yn Mac co-beayn,
Gloyr neesht gys Jee yn Spyrryd Noo,
Yn Jee mooar, Three Unnane :
Myr ayns y toshiaght va, ta nish,
As vees son eashyn bra,
Tra nee'n nah heihll, lurg shoh v'ec kione.
Goaill toshiaght gyn caghl.

As PSALM CXLVIII.

Hoods Trinaid cash'rick rieu,
Ayr, Mac, as Spyryd Noo ;
Dy der dagh nhee gloyr feeu,
Jeh ren oo hene y chroo.
Myr flaunyssagh
'Sy toshiaght ve
As nish myr te,
As bee dy bragh.

As Psalm 148.

To God the Father, Son,
and Spirit ever bless'd,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be address'd
As heretofore
It was, is now.
And shall be so
For evermore.

Y N J E R R E Y.