

A newly identified manuscript of metrical psalms in Manx Gaelic

Edited by Max W. Wheeler

June 2021

Manx National Heritage MS 09608/45 is a collection of 17 psalms (or fragments of psalms), plus a Christmas Hymn, an Easter Hymn, and a variety of doxologies, versified for singing, following the English model of Tate & Brady.¹ The collection is mostly a subset of those pieces found in the 1769 Manx Prayer Book edited in Wheeler (2019), but there are a few verses in the ms. that are absent in 1769. In a good number of places the ms. text is substantially different (here indicated in **green type**). Where they differ, one cannot easily say that one or the other version is superior. In certain respects the ms. version looks older, in vocabulary (e.g. *croan* ‘tree’ in Psalm 1) or in grammar (occasional genitive object of a verbal noun). Certainly, the spelling, while it is in the standard tradition of printed Manx dating from *Coyrle Sodjeh*, looks generally older —, more use of capitalisation, less use of ‘silent’ *-e*, and

considerably more use of *-aa-*, for example. Spelling differences are underlined here. The ms. seems to me likely to be earlier than the printed collection of 1769, and probably earlier than 1761, when the Manx singing psalms prepared by Robert Radcliff(e) and Matthias Curghey are known, from their dated Preface, printed in the 1769 book, to have been completed. It is not, however, in the hand of either Radcliffe or Curghey.

Reference

Wheeler, Max W. 2019. Psalmyn currit ayns Drane Ghaelgagh (1761).
https://www.academia.edu/38327125/Psalmyn_currit_ayns_Drane_Ghaelgagh_1761_Manx_metrical_psalms.

¹ Tate & Brady, 1754. *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. [There are many editions, earlier and later than this one.]

MS 09608/45	1769	Tate & Brady, 1754
Psalm 1.	PSALM 1.	Psalm 1.
Maanrey, feer vaanrey te, nagh vel Ayns Raaidyn peckee goll ; As nagh vel soie ayns Stoyl ny Craid, Da Goo Yee geddyn foill.	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.	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 Agh mooarane taitnys <u>te</u> dy ghoaill Ayns <u>ynrick Leih</u> e Yee ; Ta jannoo 'Churrim jeh 'sy <u>Lhaa</u> , As smooïnaght er ' <u>sy'n</u> Oie.	2 Agh mooarane taitnys t'eh dy ghoaill Ayns ynric leigh e Yee ; T'eh jannoo 'churrim jeh 'sy laa, As smooïnaght er 'syn oie.	2 But makes the perfect Law of God his Business and Delight; Devoutly reads therein by Day, and meditates by Night.
3 <u>Te goll rish Croan</u> soit <u>liorish owin</u> , Ta bishaghey, as gaase ; <u>Skealley 'vanglaanyn</u> trome lesh Mess, E <u>Ghuilliag</u> kinjagh glass.	3 T'eh goll-rish billey soit rish awin, Ta bishaghey as gaase ; Skeayley 'vanglaneyn trome lesh mess, E ghuilley kinjagh glass.	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 Agh <u>vowsyn</u> ta mee-arryssagh, Ta'n <u>Vaanrys wooar</u> shoh <u>freaill</u> ; T'ad <u>goll rish Cowh</u> sheebit lesh <u>Geoh</u> , Er <u>feih</u> ny Cruinney <u>skeailt</u> .	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.	4 Ungodly Men and their Attempts no lasting Root shall find; Untimely blasted, and dispers'd like Chaff before the Wind.
5 Ayns briwnys <u>cairagh tilgit ta</u> Ny Kimmee kyndagh treih ; T'ad <u>eebyrit</u> veih Nooghyn Yee, As sheshaght <u>craauee</u> sleih.	5 Ayns briwnys kiart ta faagit mooie Ny kimmee kyndagh treih ; T'ad eebrit magh veih nooghyn Yee, As sheshaght crauee sleih.	5 Their Guilt shall strike the Wicked dumb before the Judge's Face; No formal Hypocrite shall then amongst the Saints have Place.
6 Son Jee ta moylley raad e Noo, As leagh mooar ver Eh da ; Agh eh ta geiyrt da Raaidyn <u>cast</u> Ta cherraghtyn <u>dy bra</u> .	6 Son Jee ta moylley raad e Noo, As leagh mooar ver eh da ; Agh eh ta geiyrt da raaidyn camm Ta cherraghtyn dy-brâ.	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.

Psalm 4.

O Yee, my Vriw, m' Er=coonee cair,
Jean Myghin orrym, Hiarn,
Veih Seaghyn hug oo dou livrey,
As ta mee foast er-maarn.

2 Varvaanee hreih! O caid nee shiu
Mish m' Ennym ooasle craid ?
Caid eiyrtyss shiu da eer Fardaaill,
Da Breagyn heihllt, O caid ?

3 Toig-jee dy vel yn Dooiney mie
Teiht magh myr reih ec Jee ;
Te geaishtagh rish my Phadjeryn,
Tra ta mee huggey gwee.

4 Lesh Aggle craauee jean shiu chea
Veih Eiyrtyss Peccah trome ;
Smooineaghtyn mie gow shiu nyn Gree,
Gys Jee dy injil croam.

5 Yn Oural cooie dy Ynrickyss
Jean-jee y hebbal da ;
Ayns Jeerid jeagh-jee gys y Chiarn,
As treisht-jee ayn dy bra.

6 Mooaralee er Cooide heihlltagh Soit
Ta kinjagh gearree Pooar ;
Agh lig da Alid dt' Eddin, Yee,
Orryms soilshean ayns Gloyr.

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 eiyrtyss shiu da eer fardail,
Da scammyltyl, O caid ?

3 Toig-jee dy vel yn dooinney mie
Goit stiagh myr reih ec Jee ;
T'eh geaishtagh rish my phadjeryn
Tra ta mee huggey guee.

4 Lesh aggle crauee jean-jee chea
Veih eiyrtyss peccah trome ;
Smooineaghtyn mie gow shiu nyn gree,
Gys Jee dy-injil croom.

5 Yn oural cooie dy ynrickys
Jean-jee y hebbal da ;
Ayns jeerid jeeagh-jee gys y Chiarn,
As treisht-jee ayn dy-brâ.

6 Mooaralee er cooide heihlltagh soit
Ta kinjagh gearree pooar ;
Agh hig da aalid dt' eddin, Yee,
Orryms soilshean ayns gloyr.

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.

Psalm 4.

7 My Chree myr shen feer ghenal vees
Roih harrish laane dy Vree ;
 Son cha nee Feen, ny Arroo ver
Yn Chuinid cair 'sy Chree.

8 Eisht laie-ym shees, as hem gys fea,
 Lesh Aigney laane dy Hee ;
 Son uss, O Hiarn, ta dy m' endeil,
 Ta coyrt dou fea ny hoiee.

PSALM IV.

7 My chree myr shen feer ghenal vees,
 Roie harrish laane 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 laane dy hee ;
 Son uss, O Hiarn, ta my endeil,
 Ta coyrt dou fea ny hoie.

Psalm 4.

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 15.

Quoi gys y Phlayse ree-oil ayds, Hiarn,
 Myr reih nee goaill Journaa ;
 Cha nee myr Joarree goaill Ai'ght oiee,
 Agh ayn dy reayll dy bra.

2 She eshyn eh ta leeideil bea,
Cordaail rish Lei'ghyn Yee ;
 E Smooïnaght, Obbyr, as é Raa,
 Reilt liorish Foays é Chree.

3 Eh nagh dug Scammylt rieau, dy ghoaill
 Veih 'Naboo e Ghoo mie ;
 As nagh dug cleosh>geill/ da'n Tutlar<>skiallee/ broghe,¹
 Ta shooyll veih Thie gy Thie.

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-brâ.

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

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

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.

¹ The alternatives inserted above the line here take the version further from what appears in 1769. They are the only corrections or alterations in the ms.,

which otherwise has all the appearance of a fair copy.

Psalm 15.

4 Ta jeh drogh Yeantee soiagh beg,
Ga t'ad ayns Staaid, as Pooar ;
Agh jeh ny Nooghyn, ga t'ad boght,
Dy kinjagh soiagh mooar.

5 Quoi gys e Yialldyn, as e Lhoo,
Ta shassoo fegooish foaill ;
As myr te gialldyn, te cooilleein,
Cre wooads te da dy choall.

6 Eh ta myr shoh leeideil e Vea,
Jeh Maanrys shickyr te ;
Ga ragh y Seihll shoh bun rish kyn,
Yow eshyn slaane Livrey.

Psalm 19. 2^d part.

7 Ta Leih Yee glen, chyndaa yn Cree
Gys Craueeaght, as Foays ;
Creenaght te coyrt da'n Boght annoon,
Soilshey 'se Ghorraghys.

PSALM XV.

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 yialdyn 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 ro-laue,
Dy phlooghey briwnys cair.

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

PSALM XIX.

PART II.

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

Psalm 15.

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.

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

Psalm 19.

The Second Part.

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

Psalm 19. 2^d part.

8 Ynricks ta Slattyssyn y Chiarn,
Eunyssagh, as Gerjoil ;
Ta 'Anney, ronsit magh dy gyeir,
Niartagh y Shilley moall.

9 E Ooashley cairagh, orroo laie,
T'er Undin Shickyr soit ;
Lesh towse yn Ynricks as cair
Ta 'Lei'ghyn corrym meiht.

10 Sboght solit huc ta Meinyn Are,
Yn Are hene ta roit vow ;
Ny kearyn-molley, yn vill hene
Cha vel cha millish roo.

11 M' Ir-choyrlee cooie treishteilagh ad,
As Raauyn dooie fordraail;
Leagh flaunyssagh ta couyr nyn leid,
Ta'n vea oc roo cordaail.

12 E Skirraghtyn quoi oddys ginsh,
E vennick goll jeh'n raad ;
Veih m' oilchin follit glen mee, Hiarn,
Uss ta'n slaane coontey ayd.

13 Ny lig da Peccah daaney, Hiarn,
My reayll fo reill e Phooar ;
Dy voddyms, saauchey fo dty Skean,
Scaapaail yn Olkys wooar.

PSALM XIX.

8 Ynricks ta slattyssyn y Chiarn,
Eunyssagh as gerjoil ;
Ta 'anney, ronsit magh dy geyre,
Niartagh yn shilley moal.

9 Aggle y Chiarn ta shickyr soit,
Er undin nagh jean craa ;
E leighyn corrym, er nyn dowse
Ayns mei'ghyn kiart dy-brâ.

10 S'boght soylyt huc ta meanyn airh
N'yn airh hene ta roit vou ;
Yn vill, ny kerenyn molley hene,
Cha vel cha millish roo.

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

PART III.

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

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

Psalm 19.

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

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

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

Psalm 19. 2^d part.

14 My Phadjer eisht, as Moylley cooie,
Vees er ny lowal liort,
As mish, fo Saauchys dty Endeil,
Nee coyrt my Varrant ort.

PSALM XIX.

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

Psalm 19.

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

Psalm 25.

4 Ynsee yn Raad dooys, Hiarn
Son dt'Ynrickys te mie ;
5 As er dty chooney's feih ny Lhaa
Ta'n Barrant aymys ny laie.

6 Dty Vyghin's as dty Ghraih
Jean cooinaght er dy bra ;
Lig da dt' Erreeish ve jeaghit magh
Gys jerrey sodjeh Tra.

7 Tilg m' Ommajys er gool,
As Foilchin m' Aegid neeisht;
Jeagh magh dty Vyghin, t'erskyn Towse,
Da Cree lesh trimshey brisht.

8 Trooid Myghin veigh yn Chiarn
Ta Peckee voghtey hreih,
Er nyn goyrt lieu gys y raad cair,
'Roish daaue v'er jyndaa veih.

PSALM XXV

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 ghrayse as foayr.

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

Psalm 25.

4,5 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.

Psalm 39.

5 Insh dooys, O Hiarn, Laghyn my Vea,
Nagh dug mee foast gys kione ;
Dy voddymys toiggal liorish shoh,
My Hra gyiare dy ve ayn.

6 Jeagh ! Tow er howse laghyn my vea,
Gys towshan gyiare myr Reisht,
Ayns solagh gys y Vea ayd hene
Fardaail dagh Dooiney eisht.

7 Ta Dooiney shooyl ayns caslys Scaa,
As lab'raght ayns fardaail ;
Sheer chaglym cooid, gyn fyss quoi da,
Ny quoi nee'n Soylley 'ghoail.

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

Psalm 84.

4 O Hiarn, my Niart, my Ree as Jee,
Dy maanrey ta nyn Staaid ;
Ta ayns dty Hie lesh Gennalys,
Coyrt magh dty Voylley ard.

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 LXXXIV.

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

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 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!

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

Psalm 84.

5 Maynrys er maynrys ta nyn gouyr,
Ta coadey Yee er reih ;
Ta gys e Hiamble mennick goll,
As taaghey gys e Hie.

10 Son ayns dty Hie's ny shaar ta Laa
Lesh injillid ve caeuit ;
Na thousaan Bleinn ayns 'staaid dy Phooar,
Dy ve ayns Peccah beiyt.

7 Veih niart gy niart t'ad gennal goll,
Jercal rish Maanrys bra ;
Dy aikin dt'Oie ayns gerjagh beaon,
Nagh jean dy bragh caghlaa.

Psalm 90.

Hiarn, nyn Sauaaltagh nish, as rieu,
D' endeil dty reih Holtaan ;
Veih Eash gy Eash tou er ny ve,
Yn Saauchys shickyr ain.

2 Roish ma hrog oo ny Slieujyn¹ seose,
Roish ren oo'n Seihll y chroo ;
Vou uss yn ooilley-niartal Jee,
Nish yn Jee cheddyn oo.

PSALM LXXXIV.

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

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

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

PSALM XC.

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

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

Psalm 84.

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

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

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

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.

¹ Cf. ScG. *sléibhtean*

Psalm 90.

3 Tou caghlaa'n Dooiney, Hiarn, gys Joayn,
Ass hoshiaght chum' oo eh ;
Cha lea's ta'n Saarey raait, *Chyndaa*,
Shegin biallys y ve.

4 Son ayns dty hilley thousaan Bleinn,
Cha vel agh myr un laa ;
Ny myr oor caeut er dromm' ny hoie,
Nagh vel mooar geill ain da.

5 Myr lesh thoayn nieet ersooyl ta shin,
Myr Dreamal ayns yn Oie ;
Ny myr y Faar, ta gennal gaase,
Choud's ta'n Ghrian cur da bree.

6 Cre woodads e Ghlassid, as e Vlaa,
Ayns Grian y Voghyree ;
Te giarit shees, fioghit, as creen,
Ersooyl ma jig yn Oie.

10 Seihll Dooiney three feed Bleinn as jeih,
Stiark ta goll seose er shen ;
As my ta fer erbee cha trean
Dy heet gys kear feed bleinn ;

11 Cha bee'n Eash voayrnagh eishtagh veg
Agh Trimshey, as angaaish ;
Snaih'n vea (ta faase) vees brisht, as eisht
Gyeir farkiaght er ta'n Baase.

PSALM XC.

3 Tou caghlaa'n dooinney, Hiarn, gys joan,
Ass ren oo 'chummey eh ;
Cha leah's ta'n saarey 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-woodads 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 trein
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,
Gyere farkiaght er ta'n baase.

Psalm 90.

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 100.

1 O ooilley shiu'sh Firvaghee'n Theihll,
Trog-jee kiall ghennal gys y Chiarn ;
Eeick:jee nyn Geeish da dy creeoil,
Insh-jee e Voylley ayns Orraane.

2 Son she eh'n Jee mooar ynrycan,
Liorish ta shin, as ooilley bio ;
Eh t'er nyn nghoaill myr reih Sholtaan,
Yn Bochill ta shin faasit fo.

3 Er e Ghiat cash'rick gowjee stiagh,
As ayns e Chourt tra vees shiu sthie ;
Gow-jee Orraanyn eunyssagh
Gys Moylley'n Jee, ta riu cha mie.

4 Son mie ta'n Chiarn, 'skyn smooiinaghtyn,
E Vyghinyn rieau shickyr va ;
Feer ta e Ghoo, as farraghtyn
Trooid magh dagh Eash, er son dy bra.

PSALM C.

1 O Ooillee shiuish fir-vaghee'n theihll,
Trog-jee kiall ghennal 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 ghiat 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 smooiniaghtyn,
E vyghinyn rieau shickyr va ;
Feer ta e ghoo, as farraghtyn,
Veih eash dy eash er son dy-brâ.

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 Convince'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 103.

13 Jeagh-jee cre'n Chymmey ta ec Ayr
Jeh Cloan veigh, ta ayns feime ;
Cha chymmoil keddin ta Jee daaue
T'ayns aggle ersyn geam.

PSALM CIII.
PART II.¹

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

Psalm 103.

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

Psalm 103. T&B

13 Who with a Father's tender Breast
Has such as fear him always lov'd.

¹¹ The Manx here seems to elaborate the four verses
of the Psalter, more than the eight lines of Tate &
Brady.

Psalm 103.

PSALM CIII.
PART II.¹

Psalm 103.

Psalm 103. T&B

14 Eh ren shin shione nyn Niart, cre te,
As cre'n **Croo** ta shin **ayn** ;
Cre cha annoon's ta'n Dooghys ain,
Nagh vel agh Ooir, as **Joan**.

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.

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

14 For God, who all our Frame surveys,
Considers that we are but Clay :

15 Cre'n aght ta Dooiney shumley ass,
As fioghey, goll rish Faar ;
Ny myr **ta'n Rose**, jiu aalin gaase,
Agh **noght te skeailt** er **laar**.

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

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

15 How fresh soe'er we seem, our Days
Like Grass or Flow'rs must fade away :

16 Yn Viljid, as yn Aalid t'ayn,
Lesh feoght yn Air hed mow ;
E ghooilley waagh chyndaa gys Joan,
Cha vaik **mad** ad ny smoo.

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.

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

16. Whilst they are nipt with sudden Blasts,
Nor can we find their former Place ;

Psalm 116.

PSALM CXVI.
Sacramental.

Psalm 116.

12, 13 O cre'n Chyndaa verryms da Jee,
Son mooads e Vannaghtyn ?
Feen y Thaaualtys neem y ghoaill,
Er Baase Chreest cooinaghtyn.

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

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 Kainlt hooyds, O Hiarn, son whilleein Foays,
Shegin dou hooyd biallys ;
Son va mee ro-ee Mac dt' Inney veyl,
Agh tow er m' eaysley nish.

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

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

Psalm 116.

17, 18 Oural dy Voylley **hebbym** dhyt,
 Son dt' Ennym casherick ;
 As **kiongoyrt rish dty Haglym** noo
 My Vreearrey nee'm y eeick.

19 Meetee ad ayns Jerusalem,
 'Sy Chiamble dagh annane,
 Coyrt moylley dhyts lesh un Choraas
 As **marym** goaill Orraan.

PSALM CXVI.

Sacramental.

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 chiamble dagh unnane ;
 Coyrt moylley dhyts lesh un choraas
 As mâryms goaill arrane.

Psalm 116.

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.

Psalm 117.

1 **O shiu'sh Ashoonyn, tar-jee stiagh**
Gys Gloyr, as Ooashley'n Chiarn ;
Lig da'n slaane seihll lesh un Choraas
Ayns Moylley Yee goaill ayn.

2 **Son dooie ta'n Chiarn, e Vyghin veigh,**
Ta bishaghey gagh laa ;
E Ynrickys cha jean failleil ;
Booise, Gloyr as Moylley da.

PSALM CXVII.

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

2 E vyghin veigh ta skeaylt dy-lhane
 E chairys gyn caghlaa ;
 Dy gennal eisht eek-jee nyn geesh,
 Dy ghloyr as molley da.

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.

9 **Kys nee yn Aegid gynsaghey**
Nyn Mea 'leeideil dy kiart ?
 Lesh jannoo kinjagh dt' Annaghyn
Nyn Moggey, Gloyr, as Niart.

PSALM CXIX.

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

Psalm 119.

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

Psalm 119.

10 Lesh Arryltys my Chree ta soit,
Dy yeaghyn er dty hon ;
Veih dt' Annaghyn ny lig dou, Hiarn,
Chyndaa er shaghyryn.

11 Dowin ayns my Chree dty Ghoo ta soit,
My Verchys, as my Stoyr ;
Yeearee peckoil dy chur fo chosh,
As cooie dy chur dou couyr.

12 My Annym booisal, myr shoh reilt,
Dy kinjagh ver dhyt Gloyr ;
Veih'n tra shoh magh lig da my Vea
Ve coadit lesh dty Phooar.

PSALM CXIX.

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

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 reillt,
Dy-kinjagh ver dhyt gloyr ;
Veih'n tra shoh magh, lhig da my vea
Ve coadit lesh dty phooar.

Psalm 119.

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.

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.

Psalm 143.

Eaisht rish my Ghuee, Hiarn, as gys m' Eam
Cur cleoshe as bee foayroil ;
As lurg dty Ghialldyn firrinagh,
Cur dou ansoor graysoil.

2 Ec Stoyl dty Vriwnys¹ dy ve try't,
Ny Summyn dty Harvaant ;
Son kiongoyrt rhyt, cha nod annane
Ve glen trooid cairys jeant.

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 chairys dy ve try't
Ny briwnys mee dy-gyere ;
Son ayns dty hilley dooinney bio
Cha vel veih peccah seyr.

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.

¹ *Vriwnys*] *vriwnys* restored in 1777 Prayer Book.

Psalm 143.

5 Smooiynm er laghyn foddey caeuit,
Er yindyssyn dty laue ;
 Er cre cha mennick ta dty Phooar
 Er my endeil ayns gaaue.

6 Lesh Padjer imlee heenym hooyd
My laauyn aignagh magh ;
 M' Annym t' ort geam, myr Thalloo green,
Feime fliaghey ymmyrchagh.

7 Eaisht rhym dy lea, ta mee failleil,
 Voym, Hiarn, ny chyndaa dt' Oie, i.e. Face¹
 Nagh bee'm goll roo, ta gyn treishteil,
 Hees veaghey ayns yn Oaie. i.e. Grave

8 Dty Aigney graihagh jeagh nish dou,
 Son ta my Varrant ort ;
Insh dou yn Raad, ayn lhiasin shooyl,
Hooyd dy vod m' Annym trailt.

10 Uss, uss my Yee, gys dt' Aigney mie
 Ynsee dou biallys :
Lig da dty Spyrryd my leeideil,
 Ayns Raad ny Hynrickys.

PSALM CXLIII.

5 Smooiyn-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 thalloo losht,
 Feme fliaghey ymmyrchagh.

7 Eaisht rhym dy-lea, ta mee failleil,
 Voym, Hiarn, ny chyndaa dt' oie,
 Nagh bee'm goll roo ta gyn treishteil,
 Hees downyn yn lhie 'syn oaie.

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

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

Psalm 143.

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.

¹ *Oie* and *Oaie* underlined in the ms. Evidently, for the writer/annotator the words for 'face' and

'grave' were homonyms, both spelt *oaie* in 'standard' Manx.

Psalm 145.

1 Ard-voylley dhyt, O Yee my Ree,
Ard-ooashley dhyt dy bra ;
Dy choyrty dhyt booise, choud as vee'm bio,
My Churrym kainlt dagh laa.

2 Dty ghloyr, O Hiarn, cha vod my Ghlaar
'Chur magh lesh Ooashley feeu ;
Dty wooads te er skyn my Phooar,
Dy chormal lesh my Ghoo.

5 Dty Obbraghyn bee cooinaght jeu,
Gys Earishyn gyn kione ;
Ooashley dty Ghloyr te soilshit magh
Ayns Firrinys dty Ghoan.

8 Dty Ghraih chymmoil, as Surranse liouyr
T'ad gerjaghey Sheelnaaue ;
9 Dty vyghin veigh, dy bragh er skyn
Eer Obbraghyn dty Laaue.

10 Dty Phooar, O Yee, ta reill y Theihll,
As Obbraghyn dty Laaue ;
Dty Nooghyn t'ad dy vannagh' oo
Son Maanrys tou coyrty daaue.

PSALM CXLV.

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

3 Dty ghloyr, O Hiarn, cha vod my ghlaare
'Chur magh lesh ooashley feeu ;
4 Dty ooashley t'eh erskyn my phooar,
Dy chormall lesh my ghoo.

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

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

8 Dty ghraih hymmoil as surranse liauyr
T'ad gerjaghey sheel naue ;
9 Dty vyghin veigh dy-bragh er-skyn
Eer obbraghyn dty laue.

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

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.

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.

Psalm 145.

12 Dty Stoyl ree-oil ayns Staaid te soit,
Te stooamit magh lesh Gloyr,
Reill dty Reeriaght te farraghtyn,
As co-beaon rish dty Phooar.

14 Tou sheeiny magh dty Laaue ; O Hiarn,
As troggal seose y voght ;
Tou cooney lesh dagh Ymmyrchagh,
Ta caeu e hra gyn loght.

16 Yn Dooinney shynnney lesh dty Leih,¹
Cha bee eh currit mow ;
Agh eh ta dwoiagh er dty Ghoo,
Vees skeailt ersooyl myr Cowh.

21 Lesh rear my Phooar nee'm goaill Orraan
Dy voylley hooyds, O Hiarn :
As lig dy chooilley Eill cur booise,
Choud as vees seihll er maarn.

PSALM CXLV.

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

14 T'ow sheeyney magh dty laue, O Hiarn,
As troggal seose y boght ;
T'ow 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 145.

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.

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

20 The Lord preserves all those with Care
whom grateful Love employs
But Sinners who his Vengeance dare,
with furious Rage destroys

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

¹ Though this verse is numbered 16 in the ms, it corresponds rather with Tate & Brady's verse 20; in

KJV *The Lord preserveth all them that love him : but scattereth abroad all the ungodly.*

Psalm 146.

O Annym, eeick da'n Chiarn y Cheeish
Dy Voylley da, dy bra ;
As gou Orraane jeh Meighys Yee ;
Ta coadey oo dagh laa.

2 Ny cur dty Hreisht ayns Prince erbee,
Ny foast ayns Niart yn Eill :
Son smoall y cooney t'ayns nyn Laaue
Dy haauail Cloan y Theihll.

3 Spooilt jeh nyn Ennal t'ad goll mow,
T'ad tuittym reeisht gys Joan ;
Ayns Lhowid dwoaiagh coayll nyn Mree,
Nyn Niart, as Staaid ec kione.

4 Eisht maanrey eh ta 'Varrant Soit,
Son Coadey er e Yee ;
Ta goaill Jee Yacob son e Niart,
T'eh caeu e hra ayns Shee.

5 Son Jee ren Niau, yn Ooir, as Keean,
As dagh niee ayndoo ta ;
E Yialldynys te cummal seose,
Te niartal son dy bra.

6 Cha lhig eh'n boght dy ve gyn couyr,
Tra huittys eh ayns feime ;
Yn Accryssagh te beaghey neeisht,
Yn tra te huggey geam.

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 dagh 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 loauys eajee coayll nyn mree,
Nyn niart as stayd ec kione.

4 Eisht s'maynrey t'eh ta 'varrant soit,
Son coadey er e Yee ;
Ta goail 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 accrysee t'eh jannoo magh,
As clashtyn rish nyn eam.

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

Psalm 146.

7 Yn Joarree, as y Chloan gyn Ayr,
Ta Ard-chiarralys Yee
Dy veaghey lesh y Palchey smoo,
Tra tar ad huggey roih.

8 Trimshey'n ven-treogh tra tie ayns feime,
Ta Jee cur tastey da ;
Agh Raaidyn olk Mee-viallee,
Te bun rish kyn chyndaa.

Ta'n Chiarn dty Ree, O Sion ard,
Te reill er son dy bra ;
Eisht lig dy chooilley Eill cur Booise,
As Graih, as Moylley da.

PSALM CXLVI.

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

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

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 146.

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 148.

1 Reamyn yn Ardjey wooar,
Moyll-jee shiu'sh nyn Ver-croo ;
Insh-jee magh mooads e Phooar
Shiu'sh Ainlyn smoo, as sloo ;
Trog-jee Coraa,
O Cherubim,
As Seraphim,
Cur Moylley da.

PSALM CXLVIII.

Reamyn yn yrjey vooar,
Moylley-jee nyn fer-croo,
Insh-jee magh mooads e ghloyr
Shuish ainlyn smoo as sloo :
Trogg-jee coraa,
O Cherubim,
As Seraphim
Cur moylley da.

Psalm 148.

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

Psalm 148.

2 Uss Eayst, ta reill ny Hoiee,
As Ghrian leeideil y Laa,
Rollaagyn sollys choie,
Cur-jee nyn Geeishyn da :
 Eeick-jee e chair,
 O Shiu'sh Niaughyn,
 As Vodjallyn,
 Getlagh 'sy'n Air.

3 Lig daaue shoh Ennym Yee,
Y voylley dagh annane ;
E Ghoo hug daaue nyn Mree,
Tra nagh row veg jeu ayn :
 Bee ad er mayrn,
 Seyr veih caghlaa ;
 Er son dy bra
 Shassee Leih'n Chiarn.

4 Moyll-jee eh Whalyn choie,¹
As Yeeast 'sy Diunid hees,
Ealit lesh scaaley croie,
Cur-jee 'chair dasyn neeisht.
 Aile, Sniaght', as Rio,
 Druight, Keay as Gooh,²
 Cheet tra te gra,
 Cooilleeiney 'Ghoo.

PSALM CXLVIII.

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.

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 caghlaa
 Er son dy bra
 Shassee leigh 'n Chiarn.

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

Psalm 148.

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.

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.

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.

¹ NB lines 1 and 3 rhyme in the ms., though not in 1769. I take *choie* for *keoi* 'savage, wild' (*dreadful*

in T & B) here, though elsewhere, it is for *chioee* 'ever, evermore'.

² NB *Gooh* (i.e. *geay*) is a poor rhyme for *gra*; though *geay* itself as in 1769 is not great.

Psalm 148.

Slieudyn ard, Crooink, as Coayn,
E voylley ta diu jesh ;
Cedaryn liouyr, nyn gione,
As Billjyn gymmyrk Mess ;
Bein feie, as meein,
Snauce er laar,
As Eeanlee'n Air,
Jannoo cooilleein.

Ree'ghyn, as Princeyn ard,
Marish dagh Thea ta fo-oo ;
Briwnyn y Theihll dagh raad,
Cur-jee da 'Voylley feeu ;
Dy vooiys Jee,
Lig aeg, as shan,
Dooin' as Ben,
Cur Chengey's as¹ Cree.

Lig da'n slaane Chroo cordaail,
Dy hoiagh seose e Ghoo,
E Ennym smoo gloyroil,
Ta toilchin Moylley vou ;
King foddey'n theihll
Ta bial da ;
E Ghloyr dy bra
T'er skyn dagh Reill.

PSALM CXLVIII.

Sleityn as croink as coan
E voylley ta diu jesh ;
Cedaryn liaure nyn-ghione,
As biljyn gymmyrk mess.
Be'yn feie as meein,
Snau-ee er laar.
As eeanlee'n aer
Jannoo cooilleen.

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

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'er skyn dagh reill.

Psalm 148.

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.

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.

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.

¹ Chengey's as] l. Chengey 's

Psalm 148.

E Nooghyn hene ta eit,
Son soiagh mooar jeu ta ;
 As Israel e Chloan reiht
 Ta still er gerrey da ;
 Nish ayns Orraane
Trog-jee Coraa,
 Gennal dy bra,
 Dy voylley'n Chiarn.

PSALM CXLVIII.

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

Psalm 148.

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,
 If a Sacramental Day.

An HYMN for CHRISTMAS;

SACRAMENTAL.

O ooilley shiu'sh Shirveishee feer,
 Yn ooilley-niartal Ree ;
Trog-jee e Voylley trooid yn Air,
 Lesh Chengey, as lesh Cree.

Ayns boggey lig dooin Ennym Yee
 Y wooiys dagh Annane ;
Lig dooin ve gennal, son t'er heet
Poosey ree-oil yn Eaon.

E Ven-phoost aarlo, coamrit giall,
 Gyn Spot dy Loght erbee ;
 She ish yn Aglish noo, dagh boall
 Jiu poost rish Creest, Mac Yee.

O ooilley shiuish shirveishee feer
 Yn ooilley niartal Ree ;
 Trogg-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
 Feailey reeoil yn Eayn.

An Hymn for Christmas,
If a Sacramental Day.

4 Shiaght keayrtyn bannit **ta** ny *Heiyn¹ *Guests Ta gys y Vannish **eit** ;
As ta gys **Shibber deyr yn Eاون**,
Lesh **Cree'ghyn** aarloo cheet.

An HYMN for CHRISTMAS;

4 Shiaght keayrtyn bannit ny heiyn
Ta gys y vannish **eit** ;
As ta gys boayrd reeoil y Chiarn,
Lesh creeaghyn aarloo cheet.

An hymn for Easter-day.

Creest, nyn **Eاون** **caaisht**, ta chebbit nish
Ny Oural er nyn son ;
Lesh Cree'ghyn glen **lig dooin eisht** freayll
Yn **Fealey jiu ta ayn**.

As cha nee lesh **shan Soorid** Feoh,
As Goanlys ayns nyn Gree ;
Agh lesh yn Arran millish noa
Dy Ynricks, as Shee.

Creest t'er ny hroggal **reesht** veih'n **Vaase**
Veih'n Oaie er ny livrey ;
As reesht cha you eh baase, cha vod
Y Noid shen **'varroo eh**.

Keart er nyn son hur Creest y Baase,
Son **ghou eh** shen myr reih ;
Agh nish te bio **gys Jee, ayns Bea,**
Nagh jed choie er goaill veih.

An hymn for EASTER-DAY.

Creest nyn Eayn-caisht ta chebbit nish
Ny oural er nyn son ;
Lesh cree'ghyn glen eish - lhig dooin freayll
Yn feailley bannit t'ayn.

2 As cha nee lesh shenn soorit feoh,
As goanlys ayns nyn gree ;
Agh lesh yn arran millish noa,
Dy ynricks as shee.

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.

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.

1 Since Christ our Passover is slain
a Sacrifice for all;
Let all with thankful Hearts agree
to keep the Festival:

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 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 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.

¹ 'Birds'/'guests' is an allusion to Rev. 19.17. 'And I saw an angel standing in the sun; and he cried with a loud voice, saying to all the fowls that fly in

the midst of heaven, Come and gather yourselves together unto the supper of the great God.'

An hymn for Easter-day.

5 Gys Peccah lig dooin marroo 've,
As veih seose girree reeisht ;
Dy vod Bea noa ve ain gys Jee,
Trooid nyn **Jiarn Yeesey** Creest.

An hymn for EASTER-DAY.

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 ooille-nyartal Three,
Un Jee *ta, va*, as vees ;
Dy der dagh Annym dasyn choie,
Nyn Geeish dy Ghraih, as Booise.

Or,

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

Or,

Da'n Ayr, da'n Mac, *as* da'n Spyrd noo,
Three bannit ayns unaan ;
Dy row Booise simlee 's Moylley smoo,
Choud as vees Tra er maarn.

As Psalm 25.

Hooyds Yee wooar Three unaan,
Dy row Gloyr son dy bra ;
Myr ve, te nish, as myr shen vees,
Lurg kione ve er dagh Tra.

Common Measure

Gloyr gys yn ooille-nyartal Three,
Un Jee *va, ta*, as vees ;
Dy der dagh annym dasyn choie
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'n 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.

Common Measure

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost.
the God whom we adore,
Be Glory as it was, is now,
and shall be evermore.

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 100.

Nish gys yn ooilley-niartal Three,
Un Jee nagh vod ve er ny rheinn ;
Dy row dagh Moylley, Booise, as Gloyr,
Lurg kione ve er dagh Tra. Amen.

As PSALM C.

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

Or,

Gys y Jee mooar, bio dy bragh beaon,
Three Persoonyn, ta ayns unaan ;
Dy der Annym lesh e Cheeish ;
Dy row eh moyllit trooid dagh Eash.

As Psalm 148.

Hooyds Hrinaid cash'rick rieu,
Ayr, Mac, as Spyrryd Noo ;
Dy der dagh niee Gloyr feeu,
Jeh ren oo hene y chroo ;
Myr flaunyssagh
'Sy thoshiaght ve,
As nish myr te,
As bee dy bragh.

As PSALM CXLVIII.

Hoods Trinaid cash'rick rieu,
Ayr, Mac, as Spyrryd 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.