

The Manx Metrical Psalms of John Clague (1809)
edited and placed alongside the English originals of Tate and Brady

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The following paragraphs are extracted from A. W. Moore's Introduction to the 1905 edition of Clague's psalms (*Psalmyn Ghavid*. A metrical version of the Psalms of David by the Rev. John Clague, Vicar of Rushen. Also the Metrical Psalms by the Vicars-General Robert Radcliff and Matthias Curghey, first published in the Manx Prayer Book of 1768. Douglas: S. K. Broadbent & Co. Ltd., Reprinted from the Isle of Man Examiner for the Manx Language Society. Yn Cheshaght Ghailckagh, 1905).

In 1761, at the request of Bishop Hildesley, twenty-eight of the metrical Psalms, with two hymns for Christmas, and one for Easter, were translated into Manx from Tate and Brady's well-known version, which is to be found in most of the old Prayer Books published since 1598. The translators were Vicars-General Robert Radcliff and Matthias Curghey (Wheeler 2019a). Between thirty and forty years later, thirty-one more Psalms were translated from the same source by the Rev. John Clague,* Vicar of Rushen, but these Psalms were never published, though the following note on the title page of the MS. shows that there had been an intention of so doing: "£5 for the first hundred, and £1 for each hundred after. G. J., 1809." "G. J." stands for George Jefferson, the proprietor of the "Manks Advertiser".

John Clague's MS. is entitled "Some of the Psalms as sung by Mr. Shepherd, singing master, are translated into Manks by J. Clague." Then follows a quotation from Horace:—

Si quid novisti rectius istis
Candidus imperti ; si non, his utere mecum.

which may be rendered : 'If you know anything better than those things, frankly impart it to me; if not, use these with me'.

John Clague (b. 1750, d. 1816) was a pupil of Bishop Hildesley's; his theme book ..., shows him to have been a good classical scholar, and his translations of the Psalms show that he was an equally good Manx scholar. He was ordained deacon in 1774, and was curate of Michael till 1782, when he was appointed Vicar of Rushen. Some forty Manx sermons written by him are now in the possession of Mr. Clucas. It will be observed that several of the Psalms were translated by him for special occasions. Thus Psalm ix. was to celebrate "Nelson's Victory," but it does not appear which. Psalm xlv. was "on the French leaving Bantry Bay, Dec. 26th, 1796"; and Psalm lxxxvi. "On the Restoration of Peace, 1802."

Both his translations and those of the Rev. Matthias Curghey and the Rev. Robert Radcliff, closely follow "Tate and Brady", so far as metre goes, but other-wise they considerably depart from their original. They are, however, excellent renderings, and we think that Manx students will enjoy comparing them with "Tate and Brady," as well as with the Psalms in the Bible and Prayer Book.

The *Manx Church Magazine* of January 1895 contains the following account of John Clague by the Manx scholar and antiquarian G. W. Wood:

The Rev. John Clague was an earnest and enlightened preacher, both in Manx and English, and popular with all classes of his parishioners. He was rigorous in Church discipline — Sabbath breakers, swearers, and other offenders were led by the Sumner into church, enveloped in a white sheet, and admonished by him in no measured terms for their besetting sins. He had no patience with the belief in fairies and the many forms of superstition so rife in his day, one of his meet forcible Manx sermons being directed against the "airy nothings", as he called them, which were a source of mischievous terror to women and children. His spirit of independence

and regard for the Sabbath are attested by the fact that when the Duke of Atholl desired the Manx clergy to advise the fishermen to fish on Saturday night, Mr. Clague confronted His Grace and assured him he would never so advise them, because it would lead to the desecration of the Lord's Day. He took a special interest in the fishermen, and it was his practice to assemble them on the sea-shore before their departure to the sea, and read to them Bishop Wilson's form of prayer for the herring fishery, concluding with the prayer from the Manx Litany—*As dy chur er-ash as dy hannaghtyn dooin bannaghtyn ny marrey* 'And restore and continue to us the blessings of the sea'. His stipend from the Church was very slender (£42 a year Manx — equal to £36 English), and to supplement this he kept a school for the children of his better-class parishioners. The Rev. Samuel Burdy (an Irish clergyman), the author of *Ardglass, or the Ruined Castles* (1802), who called on Mr. Clague when on a visit to the Island, says he had a handsome income from his school, though he could not be accused of extravagant charges, for he allowed his pupils diet, washing, and lodging, and taught them the English, French, Greek, and Latin languages, and ten other subjects for £12 (British) a year. He was particularly skilful in English grammar, which he taught by a method of his own. His fame extended very far, for he had many pupils from Liverpool and the North of England, and a few from the West Indies. He had a worthy helpmate in his wife, who was a daughter of the Rev. William Crebbin, Vicar of Jurby. In 1809, Mr. Shepherd, singing master, formed a class to improve Psalmody in Christ Rushen Church, and Mr. Clague entered heart and soul into the movement. He also found time to devote to scientific pursuits, his favourite subject being astronomy. It is, however, with John Clague's ability as a translator into his native Manx that we are now most concerned, and it is of interest to note that besides the Psalms he translated Crossman's Catechism into Manx. Its exact title is *An Introduction to the Knowledge of the Christian Religion, in two parts, to which are added Short Forms of Prayer for several occasions*, by H Crossman. M.A., Rector of Little Bromley, Essex. The Manx version, which is now very scarce, was published in 1814 by Beatson and Copeland, of Douglas, and bears the title *Aght giare dy heet gys tushtey as toiggal jeh'n chredjue Chreestee, ayns daa ayryn*.

Clague's versions generally follow the models of the 1761 Manx metrical psalms (Wheeler 2019). Occasionally, he expands on the material, as, notably, in Psalm 65, which is also in a different metre from the original, and consequently must be sung to a different tune. Whereas Radcliff and Curghey's psalms have regular stress and rhyme, sometimes Clague rhymes a stressed with an unstressed syllable, as *er lreh* with *ymmyrkey* in 1.1, or *neu-ghlen* with *annaghyn* 26.4; or unstressed with unstressed, as *elley* with *hirrey* 63.2, where metrical stress is required on the final syllables, *cowraghyn* with *ashoonyn* 65.5, or *agglagh* with *kerragh* 65.8. Generally, the Manx psalms are in the same metre as the originals, but there are exceptions: Psalm 51 is 6.6.8.6 in Tate and Brady, but 8.6.8.6 in Clague. Likewise, Clague copies the rhyme schemes of the originals, except in Psalm 138, where he has abcb, in place of the relatively unusual abab, which, however, he maintains in Psalm 150.

The 1905 edition adopted a few spelling conventions current at that time, such as the use of apostrophes in *g'accan*, *g'eam*, or the absence of hyphens in compound words, such as *ardvoggey*, *meechrauee*. Here I emend the text in line with the orthography of the Manx Prayer Book and Bible. Changes and additions are indicated in red.

References:

- Lewin, Christopher & Wheeler, Max W., 2019. *Lioar dy Hymnyn*. A critical edition of the four Manx Gaelic hymn books printed 1795-1846. <https://www.academia.edu/38262104/> (LH)
- 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.
- Wheeler, Max W., 2019. *Psalmyn currit ayns Drane Ghaelgagh*. 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....Rhumsaa. <https://www.academia.edu/38327125/>

PSALM 6

- 1 Ayns corree, Hiarn, ny kerree mee,
Boght eiyrit magh er lheh;
Ny smaghtee mee ayns mooads jymmoose,
Ro hrome dy ymmyrkey.
- 2 Jeeagh myghin, Hiarn, ta mee annoon,
As faiyntag ec my chree;
My chraueyn neesht ta guint lesh pian,
Ass chymmey lhiasee mee.
- 3-4 Ta m' annym neesht mooar seaghy¹nit,
Hiarn, caid vees eh myr shen;
Chyndaa, O Hiarn, jean m'y livrey,
As aash mee veih my phian.
- 5 Lurg baase cha bee imraa jeant jeed,
Ny fockle er ny loayrt;
As ayns yn oaie, quol nee ayns shen,
Da dt' ennym moylley 'choyrt?
- 6 Deinagh lesh gaccan ta mee ceaut,
Aash cha vel ec my chree;
'Sy laa my vink, ta fliugh lesh jeir,
My chioneiyrt¹ ayns yn oaie.
- 7 Lesh trimshey ta my hooillyn lheit,
My hilley t'er n'aase moal;
Lesh eiyrtys noidyn, er n'aase shen,
My niart ta mee er choayl.
- 8-9 Nagh trome diu! ta cur dou aggair,
Ta'n Chiarn er chlashtyn mee:
Gys m' accan t'eh er chroymmey 'chleaysh,
T'er n'eaishtagh rish my ghuee.
- 10 Lhig da my noidyn naarit ve,
As seaghy¹hnit dy creoie;
Lhig nearey foshlit cheet nyn guail,
Doaltattym gys yn oaie.

PSALM 9

(After Nelson's Victory.)

- 1 She dhyts, O Hiarn, ta shin coyrt booise,
Lesh creeaghyn feer gherjoil;
As lhig dooin ginsh da dagh unnane,
Dy vel oo dooin foayroil.
- 2 Dy smooïnaght er da m' annym te,
'N ard-voggey smoo erbee;
Dy ghoail arrane gys dt' ennym, Hiarn,
Lesh moylley ayns my chree.

PSALM 6

- 1 Thy dreadful Anger, Lord, restrain,
and spare a Wretch forlorn:
Correct me not in thy fierce Wrath,
too heavy to be borne.
- 2 Have Mercy, Lord; for I grow faint,
unable to endure
The Anguish of my aching Bones,
which thou alone canst cure.
- 3 My tortur'd Flesh distracts my Mind,
and fills my Soul with Grief:
But, Lord, how long wilt thou delay
to grant me thy Relief?
- 5 For after Death no more can I
thy glorious Acts proclaim;
No Pris'ner of the silent Grave
can magnify thy Name.
- 6 Quite tir'd with Pain, with Groaning faint,
no hope of Ease I see;
The Night, that quiets common Grievs,
is spent in Tears by me.
- 7 My Beauty fades, my Sight grows dim,
my Eyes with Weakness close;
Old Age o'ertakes me, whilst I think
on my insulting Foes.
- 8 Depart, ye Wicked; in my Wrongs
ye shall no more rejoice;
for God, I find, accepts my Tears,
and listens to my Voice.
- 9, 10 He hears, and grants my humble Pray'r,
and they that wish my Fall,
Shall blush and rage, to see that God
protects me from them all.

PSALM 9

- 1 To celebrate thy Praise, O Lord,
I will my Heart prepare;
To all the list'ning World thy Works,
thy wond'rous Works, declare.
- 2 The Thought of them shall to my Soul
exalted Pleasure bring;
Whilst to thy Name, O thou most High,
triumphant Praise I sing.

¹ kioneiyrt 'pillow'.

PSALM 9

- 3 Nyn noidyn, cur oo orroo chea,
Roish dt' eulys as toyrt-mow;
Chyndaa nyn ghreeym as cosney roue,
Veih'n phooar ro niartal daue.
- 4 Nyn noidyn va lesh ard-sturneish,
Baggyrt dy ghoaill nyn mioys;
Marish ny floddyn oc er jeet,
Er 'cheayn gyn foaynoo foays.
- 9 Jee ta kinjagh er nyn lieh, 1905 lheu
Dy reayll shin veih danjeyr;
Deayrtey e chooney kinjagh hooïn,
Dy reayll shin veih aggair.
- 11 Er y fa shen cur booise da'n Chiarn,
Son mooads e obbraghyn;
As insh-jee magh da ooilley'n seihll,
Nagh vel Jee arragh ayn.

PSALM 9

- 3 Thou mad'st my haughty Foes to turn
their Backs in shameful Flight:
Struck with thy Presence, down they fell;
they perish'd at thy Sight.
- 4 Against insulting Foes advanc'd,
thou didst my Cause maintain;
My Right asserting from thy Throne,
where Truth and Justice reign.
- 9 God is a constant sure Defence
against oppressing Rage;
As Troubles rise, his needful Aids
in our Behalf engage.
- 11 Sing Praises therefore to the Lord,
from Sion his Abode;
Proclaim his Deeds, till all the world
confess no other God.

PSALM 12

(Sins of the Tongue: The Saint's Hope)

- 1 Ta craueeaght fajeil, O Hiarn,
Bee uss nyn gooney eisht;
S'goan oddys mayd ayns fer erbee,
Myr carrey cur nyn dreisht.
- 2 Naboo y chredjal cha vod shin,
Gyn brynnerys ve ayn;
Cha foalsey as molteyragh t'ad,
Lesh cree doobylyt as goan.
- 3 Eh ta foalsey as ny volteyr,
Cha vod goaill toshiaght lane;
Chengey vreagagh's lane brynnerys,
Yiow kerraghey veih'n Chiarn.
- 4 T'ad jerkal dy jed ooilley lhieu,
Trooid nyn goan foalsey's keeayll;
Gra, Quoï yiow jin yn varriaght?
Nagh nee lhien hene nyn meill?
- 5 Agh Jee ta geaishtagh rish boghtyn,
As fakin dagh tranlaase; 1905: translaase
Dy leah ver kemmyrk da e chloan,
Nee stroie dagh croust as saase.
- 6 Goo'n Chiarn dy bragh nee tannaghtyn,
As firrinagh ta 'ghoan;
Myr argid ta shiaght keayrtyr reiht,
Nagh vel molteyras ayn.
- 7 Dy chooney lesh e chloan cairal,
E ghialdyn shickyr ta;
As nee veih noidys deiney olk,
Fendeil ad son dy brâ.

PSALM 12

- 1 Since godly Men decay, O Lord,
do thou my Cause defend;
For scarce these wretched Times afford
one just and Faithful Friend.
- 2 One Neighbour now can scarce believe,
what t'other does impart;
With flatt'ring Lips they all deceive,
and with a double Heart.
- 3 But Lips that with Deceit abound,
can never prosper long;
God's righteous Vengeance will confound
the proud blaspheming Tongue.
- 4 In vain those foolish Boasters say,
"Our Tongues are sure our own;
"With doubtful Words we'll still betray,
"and be controul'd by none
- 5 For God, who hears the suff'ring Poor,
and their Oppression knows,
Will soon arise, and give them Rest,
in spite of all their Foes.
- 6 The Word of God shall still abide,
and void of Falshood be,
As is the Silver sev'n times try'd,
from drossy Mixture free.
- 7 The Promise of his aiding Grace
shall reach its purpos'd End;
His Servants from this faithless Race
he ever shall defend.

PSALM 12

- 8 Eisht ny mee-chrauee vees feer treih,
As deiney mie nee gaase;
Ayns barriaght erskyn ooillee,
Nagh row cur geill da grayse.
- 9 Kinjagh raad ta mee-chrauee reill,
Lesh olk vees ooillee lane;
Craueeaght er ny chummal fo,
As cairys vees fadane.

PSALM 13

- 1 Caid nee oo mee 'yarrood, O Hiarn,
My Yee! nee son dy brâ?
Caid ollys oo dty eddin voym,
Gyn arragh dy hyndaa?
- 2 Oh! Caid nee smooïnaghtyn anveagh
Greim dowin 'ghoaill ayns my chree?
Caid nee my noidyn boggey 'ghoaill?
As mish gyn fea ny shee?
- 3 Clasht rhym, O Hiarn, as bee foayroil,
Cur hym dty hoilshey dooie:
As shen dy Leah, ayns aggle royd
Dy gadlym ayns yn oaie.
- 4 Chyndaa mee, Hiarn, nagh jean ad gra,
Cha vel da aash erbee:
Ny sur uss daue ta shelg my vioys,
Dy chur gys nearey mee.
- 5 Hiarn, aynyds ta my slane treishteil;
Bee uss dou myghinagh:
My ver oo foayr as sauchys dou,
Bee'm booisal son dy brâgh.
- 6 Verym ard-voylley dhyt, O Yee,
Lesh cree as gennalys:
Son cur veih seaghyn dou livrey,
Ayns graih as kenjallys.

PSALM 21

- 1 Yn Ree, O Hiarn, nee boggey 'ghoaill,
Ayns mooads dty haualtys:
As nee eh lesh arraneyn flaoil 1905 flaoill
Soilshagh dty ynricks.
- 2 Aghin e veillyn ver oo da,
Fegooish obbal erbee:
Nee oo myrgeeddin ayns y traa,
Coyrt da yeearee e chree.

PSALM 12

- 8 Then shall the Wicked be perplex'd,
nor know which Way to fly;
When those whom they despis'd and vex'd,
shall be advanc'd on high.

PSALM 13

- 1 How long wilt thou forget me, Lord?
must I forever mourn?
How long wilt thou withdraw from me,
Oh, never to return?
- 2 How long shall anxious Thoughts my Soul,
and Grief my Heart oppress?
How long my Enemies insult,
and I have no Redress?
- 3 O, hear! and to my longing Eyes
restore thy wonted Light;
And suddenly, or I shall sleep
in everlasting Night.
- 4 Restore me, lest they proudly boast
'twas their own Strength o'ercame;
Permit not them that vex my Soul,
to triumph in my Shame.
- 5 Since I have always plac'd my Trust
beneath thy Mercy's Wing,
Thy saving Health will come, and then
my Heart with Joy shall spring;
- 6 Then shall my Song, with Praise inspir'd,
to thee, my God, ascend,
Who, to thy Servant in Distress,
such Bounty didst extend.

PSALM 21

- 1 The King, O Lord, with Songs of Praise,
shall in thy Strength rejoice;
With thy salvation crown'd, shall raise
to Heav'n his chearful Voice.
- 2 For thou, whate'er his Lips request,
not only dost impart;
But hast, with thy Acceptance, blest,
the Wishes of his Heart.

PSALM 21

- 3 Dty vieys as dty chiarail cair,
Hug oo dasyn rolaue:
As er e chione attay dy airh,
Nee eh dy kinjagh 'cheau.
- 4 Hir eh orts bea, as hug oo da
E phadger er y hon:
As hug oo da bea liauyr dy brâ
Nagh beagh dy bragh ec kione.

PSALM 26

- 1 Jean briwnys mee, O Hiarn my Yee,
Gyn loght ta mee er ve:
Er son dy vel my varrant ort,
Cha jean oo mee 'gheyrey.
- 2-3 Feysht, prow, as ronsee my veeaghyn,
Ayns ônid ta my chree,
Ta mee er reayll dty annaghyn,
Ayns ynrickys as shee.
- 4 Cha ghow mee rieu son sheshaghyn,
Adsyn va olk neu-ghlen:
Marish sleih foalsey, nagh vel freayll
Ayns cooinaght dt' annaghyn.
- 5 S'feoh lhiam yn sheshaght dy ghrogh leih
Ta chaglym ayns fardail:
As freayllym veih yn cheshaght oc
Nagh der da dty Ghoo geill.
- 6 Ayns ônid nee'm my laueyn niee;
My chree ayns ônid vees:
As gys dty altar neeyms cheet,
Dy eeck ayns shen my cheesh.

PSALM 29

- 1 Shiuish ard-gheiney ta ayns pooar,
Lhie-u-jee nyn oural gys y Chiarn:
As insh-jee magh jeh mooads e ghloyr,
Va, ta, as vees dy bragh er-mayrn.
- 2 Cur-jee da'n Chiarn e ooashley cooie,
As ammys crauee cur-jee da:
O moyll-jee eh lesh creeaghyn dooie,
Veih'n traah shoh magh er son dy brâ.
- 3 She eshyn eh, lesh ard-choraa
Ta sarey yn Eean¹ dy ve myr t'eh:
Yn mooir mooar hene ta ooilley craa,
Tra t'eh da'n taarnagh coyrt sarey.

PSALM 21

- 3 Thy Goodness, and thy tender Care.
have all his Hopes outgone;
A Crown of Gold thou mad'st him wear,
and sett'dst it firmly on.
- 4 He pray'd for Life; and thou, O Lord,
didst his short Span extend,
And graciously to him afford
a Life that ne'er shall end.

PSALM 26

- 1 Judge me, O Lord; for I the Paths
of Righteousness have trod:
I cannot fail, who all my Trust
repose on Thee, my God.
- 2,3 Search, prove my Heart, whose Innocence
will shine, the more 'tis try'd;
For I have kept thy Grace in View,
and made thy Truth my Guide.
- 4 I never for Companions took
the Idle or Profane;
No Hypocrite, with all his Arts,
could e'er my Friendship gain.
- 5 I hate the busy plotting Crew,
who make distracted Times;
And shun their wicked Company,
as I avoid their Crimes.
- 6 I'll wash my Hands in Innocence,
and bring a Heart so pure,
That when thy Altar I approach,
my Welcome shall secure.

PSALM 29

- 1 Ye Princes that in Might excel,
Your grateful Sacrifice prepare;
God's glorious Actions loudly tell,
His wond'rous Pow'r to all declare.
- 2 To His great Name fresh Altars raise;
devoutly due Respect afford;
Him in His holy Temple praise,
where he's with solemn State ador'd.
- 3 'Tis he that, with amazing Noise,
the watry Clouds in sunder breaks:
The Ocean trembles at his Voice,
when he from Heav'n in Thunder speaks.

¹ It is odd that Clague should introduce *eean* 'fowl' here. The Prayer-book/Bible text of Ps. 29.3 is *She yn Chiarn ta sarey ny ushtaghyn: yn Jee gloyroil ta jannoo yn taarnagh*. If Clague read, or misread, *ushagyn*

PSALM 34

- 1 Trooid dagh caghlaa as stayd 'sy theihll,
Ayns boggey as angaish:
Neem's moylley Jee veih grunt my chree;
My hengey cha gow aash.
- 2 Jeh my livrey neem's boggyssagh,
Dy vod yn sleih t'ayns feme
Veih'n sambyl aym's gerjagh y ghoail,
As scuir veih plaiynt as geam.
- 3-4 Tar-jee mârym's; moyll-jee yn Chiarn,
Mârym's coyrt moylley cooie:
Son ayns my heaghyn deie mish er, 1905: d'eie
As hooar mee livrey dooie.
- 5¹ Ny creeaghyn trome dy leah hooar couyr,

Hug barrant er nyn Yee:
Son ve ry-akin er nyn oaie,
Va boggey ayns nyn gree.
- 7-8² Ta ainleyn Yee sheer goaill kiarail,
Coadey yn dooinney mie:
As slane livrey t'eh coyrt da lheid,
Ta er nyn marrant lhie.
- 9-10³ O nooghyn, gow shiu aggle roish!
Nhee cha jean skielley diu:
Lhig slane nyn mea v'ayns e hirveish,
Dagh nhee femoil yiow shiu.
- 11⁴ Shiuish ta crauee ayns nyn mea,
Tayrn shiu er-gerrey dou:
Neem's gynsagh diu cre'n aght dy hooyl
Ayns aggle Yee gys niau.
- 12-13 Lhig dasyn saillish y ve beayn,
As fakin laghyn share:
E hengey 'reayll veih scammyltn,

E veillyn veih drogh ghlare.

PSALM 34

- 1 Thro' all the changing Scenes of Life,
in Trouble, and in Joy,
The Praises of my God shall still
my Heart and Tongue employ.
- 2 Of his Deliv'rance I will boast,
till all that are distrest,
From my Example Comfort take,
and charm their Grievs to Rest.
- 3 O! magnify the Lord with me,
with me exalt His Name:
- 4 When in Distress to Him I call'd,
He to my Rescue came.
- 5 Their drooping Hearts were soon
refresh'd,
who look'd to Him for Aid:
Desir'd Success in ev'ry face
a chearful Air display'd:
- 7 The Hosts of God encamp around
the Dwellings of the Just;
Deliv'rance He affords to all
who on His Succour trust.
- 9 Fear Him, ye Saints, and you will then
have nothing else to fear:
Make you His Service your Delight;
he'll make your Wants his Care.
- 10 While hungry Lions lack their Prey,
the Lord will Food provide
For such as put their Trust in Him,
and see their Needs supply'd.

Part II

- 11 Approach, ye piously dispos'd,
and my Instruction hear;
I'll teach you the true Discipline
of his religious Fear.
- 12 Let him who Length of Life desires,
and prosp'rous Days would see,
- 13 From sland'ring Language keep his
Tongue,
his Lips from Falshood free:

instead of *ushtaghyn*, or perhaps rather misremembered the psalm text, he may have been inspired to mention an extraneous bird.

¹ 1905: 4-5

² 1905: 6-7

³ 1905: 8-9

⁴ 1905: 10-11

PSALM 41

- 1 Bannit ta'n dooinney, ta jeh'n voght
Dy kinjagh goaill kiarail:
Yn Chiarn nee eshyn y livrey,
As nee eh eh 'hauail.
- 2 Veih seaghyn as ayns gerjagh mooar,
Nee eh y choadey eh;
As veih ny noidyn s'niurinee
Oddys y ve echey.
- 3 My vees eh ayns stayd boght annoon,
Ayns chingys trome ny lhie,
Dy aashagh vees e lhiabbee lhieent
Lesh gerjagh er cheu-sthie.
- 4 O Hiarn my Yee, bee myghinagh,
Son hood nee'm padjer 'ghoaill:
O Hiarn, ayns myghin slanee mee,
Son ta mee treih peccoil.

PSALM 41

- 1 Happy the Man, whose tender Care
relieves the Poor distress'd!
When he's by Troubles compass'd round,
the Lord shall give him Rest.
- 2 The Lord his Life, with Blessings crown'd,
in Safety shall prolong;
And disappoint the Will of those
that seek to do him Wrong.
- 3 If he in languishing Estate,
oppress'd with Sickness, lie;
The Lord will easy make his Bed,
and inward Strength supply.
- 4 Secure of this, to Thee, my God,
I thus my Pray'r address'd:
"Lord, for thy Mercy, heal my Soul,
"tho' I have much transgress'd."

PSALM 46

(On the French leaving Bantry Bay,
December 26th, 1796).

- 1-3 She Jee nyn gemmyrk 'sy traa t'ayn,
Yn cooney share oddys ve ayn:
Lesh dunnallys cur ayn dty hreisht,
Dy beagh yn seihll shoh bun-ry-skyn;
As sleityn ceaut ayns mean y cheayin,
Ayns peeshyn lesh yn sterrym brisht.
- 2 [4-5] Lesh gennallys erskyn imraa,
Ayns flaunys Yee vees shin dy bragh:¹
My reayllys shin e annaghyn,
Ayns Sion ta ard-valley Yee,
Ta er mooralee garaghtee,
Choud's ta e phooar dy choadey shin.
- 3 [6-7] Nyn noidyn ta ayns eulys rooin,
Lesh dewilys caggee haink ad hooin:
Ren Jee y imman roue lesh cragh,
Nyn shennayryn chur ayn treishteil,
Cha ren Eh adsyn rieu 'hreigeil,
Yn Chiarn y Jee nyn saualtagh.

Gloria Patri.

Gloyr gys yn ooilley-niartal Jee,
She eh fer-coadee dagh Creestee,
Ta coyrt nyn marrant er son bea,
Moylley as booise da'n Spyrryd Noo
As da'n saualtagh ren shin 'chroo,
Eh oddys coyrt dooin shee as fea.

PSALM 46

- 1 God is our Refuge in Distress,
A present Help, when Dangers press:
In Him, undaunted, we'll confide;
2,3 Tho' Earth were from her Centre toss'd,
And Mountains in the Ocean lost,
Torn piece-meal by the roaring Tide.
- 4 A gentler Stream with Gladness still
The City of our Lord shall fill,
The Royal Seat of God most High;
5 God dwells in Sion, whose fair Tow'rs
Shall mock th' Assaults of earthly Pow'rs,
While His Almighty Aid is nigh.
- 6 In Tumults when the Heathen rag'd,
And Kingdoms War against us wag'd,
He thunder'd, and dispers'd their Pow'rs:
7 The Lord of Hosts conducts our Arms,
Our Tow'r of Refuge in Alarms,
Our Fathers Guardian God, and ours.

¹ Read *dy brâ* for the rhyme.

PSALM 51
(For Ash Wednesday.)

- 1 O Hiarn Yee, jean myghin orrym,
Jeh mooads dty chenjallys;
As lhig dooys, lesh treihys laadit,
Ve lhieent lesh gennallys.
- 2-3 Gow ass y raad my ghrogh-yannoo,
Jean mee veih peccah glen:
She hoods, O Yee! Ta mee goaill rish,
Cre ta my pheccaghyn.
- 3 [11] O Hiarn, ny gow dty chooney voym,
Ny jean uss mee 'hreigeil
Chamoo lhig da dty Spyrryd mie,
As mish dy bragh paartail.
- 4 [12] Yn voggey ta liorish dty oayr,
Lhig dooys y gheddyn reesht;
As lhig uss da dty Spyrryd Noo,
M' annym y niartagh reesht.
- 5 [13] Myr shoh nee'm, Hiarn, dty raaidyn cair,
Y ynsagh da peccee;
As gys dty leighyn jeeragh nee'm
Coyrlaghey drogh yantee
- 6 [15] O foshil uss my veillyn, Hiarn,
Lesh nearey trimshagh jeight;
Eisht, lesh my veel, dty voylley mooar
Gys ooilley'n seihll vees eït.

PSALM 57

- 7 My chree ta soit, O Hiarn my Yee,
Dhyts verym booise er-skyn dagh nhee;
As lesh my chree as my chora,
My voylley jeeds vees son dy brâ,
Hallelujah!
Moyll-jee yn Chiarn.
- 8 Dooisht seose my ghloyr, dooisht dagh
unnane,
Oddys sheer bingys lesh arrane;
As neem's dy moghey goaill kiarail,
Dy chur dhyts booise, fer-reill yn theihll.
Hallelujah!
Moyll-jee yn Chiarn.
- 9-10 Neem's dty voylley fockley magh,
Gys dagh ashoon dy arrymagh;
Dty vyghin vie erskyn imraa,
Erskyn ny niaughyn vees dy brâ.
Hallelujah!
Moyll-jee yn Chiarn.

PSALM 51

- 1 Have Mercy, Lord, on me,
as Thou wert ever kind;
Let me, oppress'd with Loads of guilt,
thy wonted Mercy find.
- 2,3 Wash off my foul Offence,
and cleanse me from my Sin;
For I confess my Crime, and see
how great my Guilt has been.
- 11 Withdraw not Thou thy Help,
nor cast me from thy Sight;
Nor let thy Holy Spirit take
its everlasting flight.
- 12 The Joy thy Favour gives,
let me again obtain
And thy free Spirit's firm Support
My fainting Soul sustain.
- 13 So I thy righteous Ways
to Sinners will impart;
Whilst my Advice shall wicked Men
to thy just Laws convert.
- 15 Do Thou unlock my Lips,
with Sorrow clos'd, and Shame;
So shall my Mouth thy wond'rous Praise
to all the World proclaim.

PSALM 57

- 7 O God, my Heart is fix'd, 'tis bent,
Its thankful Tribute to present;
And, with my Heart, my Voice I'll raise
To Thee, my God, in Songs of Praise.
- 8 Awake, my Glory; Harp and Lute,
No longer let your Strings be mute:
And I, my tuneful Part to take,
Will with the early Dawn awake.
- 9 Thy Praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the list'ning Nations round:
10 Thy Mercy's highest Heav'n transcends;
Thy Truth beyond the Clouds extends.

PSALM 57

- 11 Soie oo hene seose, O Yee ghraysoil,
T'ou uss er-skyn dagh nhee gloyroil;
Dy vod dagh cretoor t'er yn ooir,
V'er nyn leeideil liorish dty phooar.
Hallelujah!
Moyll-jee yn Chiarn.

PSALM 57

- 11 Be Thou, O God, exalted high;
And, as thy Glory fills the Sky,
So let it be on Earth display'd;
Till Thou art here, as there obey'd.

PSALM 63

- 1 O Hiarn my Yee, my Yee graysoil,
Dy moghey hood nee'm padjer 'ghoaill;
My chree ta pandoogh lurg y Chiarn,
My chorp annoon cha vod ve bio;
Foddey 'sy voayl boght gennish shoh,
Raad nagh vel ushtey aym dy hayrn.
- 2-3 Gys my hilley un cheayrt elley,
Cur dou'n ghloyr, ta mee dy hirrey;
Dy ve ayns cooyrt dty hie kinjagh,
Er son dty ghraih cha kenjallagh;
T'er-skyn yn vea smoo eunyssagh,
My voylley jeed's vees dy bragh.
- 3 [4-5] My vioys chouds neem's y reayll eh,
My voylley dasyn shegin y ve;
Lesh laueyn troggit seose gys Jee,
My annym neesht vees foddey s'booie,
Na ta'd ta smuir as meeaylys gee,
Choud's ta dty voggey ayns my chree.

PSALM 63

- 1 O God, my gracious God, to Thee
My morning Pray'rs shall offer'd be;
For Thee my thirsty Soul does pant;
My fainting Flesh implores thy Grace,
Within this dry and barren Place
Where I refreshing Waters want.
- 2 O! to my longing Eyes once more,
That View of glorious Pow'r restore,
Which thy majestic House displays:
3 Because to me thy wond'rous Love
Than Life itself does dearer prove,
My Lips shall always speak thy Praise.
- 4 My Life, while I that Life enjoy,
In blessing God I will employ;
With lifted Hands adore his Name:
5 My soul's Content shall be as great
As theirs who choicest Dainties eat,
While I with Joy his Praise proclaim.

PSALM 65

Public Prayer and Praise.

- 1 Dty agglish ver dhyt booise dy bragh,
Hiarn, son dty vannaghtyn;
As nee mayd oo 'hirveish kinjagh,
Geeck dhyt nyn mreearraghyn.
- 2 Uss ta geaishtagh rish padjeryn,
As ta cur myghin daue;
Ta imlee jannoo accanyyn,
Hood shirrey nee sheelnaue.
- 3 Nyn olkys as drogh-yannoo ta
Mooar er dty vrasnagh, Hiarn;
Bee myghinagh as jean chyndaa,
As leih yn peccah ain.
- 4 Bannit dy mooar ta'n dooinney shen,
T'ou uss jeh soiagh lane;
Ta taaghey'n thie ayd's, aalin glen,
As gaill ayn taitnys slane.

PSALM 65

- 1 For Thee, O God, our constant Praise
In Sion waits, thy chosen Seat;
Our promis'd Altars there we'll raise,
And all our zealous Vows complete.
- 2 O Thou, who to my humble Pray'r
Didst always bend thy list'ning Ear,
To Thee shall all Mankind repair,
And at thy gracious Throne appear.
- 3 Our Sins (tho' numberless) in vain
To stop thy flowing Mercy try;
Whilst Thou o'erlook'st the guilty Stain,
And wastest out the crimson dye.
- 4 Blest is the Man, who, near Thee plac'd,
Within thy sacred Dwelling lives!
Whilst we, at humble Distance, taste
The vast Delights thy Temple gives.

PSALM 65

5 O nyn saualtagh myghinagh,
Agglagh trooid cowraghyn;
Dt' obbraghyn cair ta atchimagh,
Trooid magh ny ashoonyn.

6 Dty yindyssyn ver orroo geill,
Dhyt ta nyn Jiarn as Ree;
Aynyd dy der ad nyn dreishteil,
Er son myghin as shee.

PSALM 65: Part 2.¹

Divine Providence in earth, air, and sea

6-7 Hiarn, ny sleityn soit shickyr ta
Lesh niart as pooar dty laue;
Ashoonyn mooar, lane boirey va,
Reesht fea t'ou goardrail daue.

7 Tra ta'n faarkey sterrmagh troggal,
As gatt seose agglagh ta;
T'ou ny tonnyn ard dy lhieggal,
As pointeil kiuney da.

8 Dty haarnagh niartal lesh tendreil,
As cowraghyn agglagh;
Ta cur atchim trooid ooilley'n seihll,
As aggle roish kerragh.

8 She oo ta cur yn moghrey dooin,
Yn ghrian dy irree cooie;
As reesht ta goaill yn soilshey voin,
Dy chur dooin fea ny hoie.

T'ad shoh gaggyrts nyn moylley, Hiarn,
As dagh booise dhyt ta cair;
Son t'ou coyrt dooin dagh bannaght t'ain,
Dy kinjagh da nyn rere.

PSALM 65: Part 3.²

The Blessings of Rain for the Husbandman.

9 Mie ta'n Chiarn yn Ree flaunyssagh,
Ta coyrt da'n thalloo geill;
Deayrtey neose fliaghey ymmyrchagh,
Cur palchey ayns y theihll.

10 Ny bodjallyn myr awinyn ard,
Ta deayrtey magh yn fliaghey
Yn bannaght, tra t'ou sarey ad,
Er messyn creen as paa.

11 Dagh cronk as coan dy palchey ver
Nyn messyn as arroo;
Tra t'ou uss cur dty vannaght er,
As frassyn meein orroo.

PSALM 65

5 By wond'rous Acts, O God most Just,
Have we thy gracious Answer found:
In Thee remotest Nations trust,
And those whom stormy Waves surround.

6,7 God, by His Strength, sets fast the Hills,
And does His matchless Pow'r engage;
With which the Sea's loud Waves He stills,
And angry Clouds tumultuous Rage.

8 Thou Lord, dost barb'rous Lands dismay,
When they thy dreadful Tokens view:
With Joy they see the Night and Day
Each others Track, by Turns, pursue.

9 From out thy unexhausted Store
Thy Rain relieves the thirsty Ground;
Makes Lands, that barren were before,
With Corn and useful Fruits abound.

10 On rising Ridges down it pours,
And ev'ry furrow'd Valley fills:
Thou mak'st them soft with gentle show'rs,
In which a blest Increase distils.

¹ Part 2 here expands on vv. 6-8 of the psalm, and of the Tate & Brady version.

² The next six verses expand on vv. 8-13 of the psalm, and of the Tate & Brady version.

PSALM 65

- 12 T'ou cur dagh bannaght dooin, O Yee,
As palchey jeh dagh nhee;
Yn fliaghey, earish as tra a cooie,
Dy chur 'sy thaloo bree.
- 13 Dty vieys ta cur imbaghyn,
As earish vie ayndoo;
Tra sailt cur dooin dty vannaghtyn,
Ain vees palchey arroo.
- 14 Ynnydyn faase t'ou dy chaghlaa,
Gys thaloo aalin glass;
As ny croink chirrym dy hyndaa,
Dy ymmyrkey reih mess.
- 15 T'ou cur lane maase dooin as kirree,
Feer phalchey as arroo;
Dy lhisagh shin lhie as girree
Dy kinjagh moylley oo.

PSALM 65

- 11 Thy Goodness does the circling year
With fresh Returns of Plenty crown;
And where thy glorious Paths appear,
Thy fruitful Clouds drop Fatness down.
- 12 They drop on barren Forests, chang'd
By them to Pastures fresh and green:
The Hills about in Order rang'd,
In beauteous Robes of Joy are seen.
- 13 Large Flocks with fleecy Wool adorn
The chearful Downs; the Vallies bring
A plenteous Crop of full-ear'd Corn,
And seem, for Joy, to shout and sing.

PSALM 66¹

On the Restoration of Peace, 1802

- 1-2 Lhig dagh unnane lesh ard chora,
Kiaull ghennal 'hroggal seose;
Gys nyn ver-croo coyrt moylley da,
Lesh salmyn dy hoyrt-booise.
- 2 [3] As lhig daue gra, feer atchimagh,
O Hiarn, ayns dt' obbyr t'ou;
Lesh dty phooar niartal hee dagh noid
E yerkal currit mow.
- 3 [4] Nee dagh ashoon veih hiar gy heear,
Dty voylley 'ockley magh;
Ayns hymnyn jeh dt' ardreiltys,
Ta mooar as yindyssagh.
- 4 [7] Liorish e phooar, t'eh dy bragh reill,
Ta e hooillyn fakin shin;
Ny sur uss dooin ve traitoorn,
Agh, Hiarn, gow chymmey jin.
- 5 Cur-jee my-ner obbraghyn Yee,
As mârym's gow-jee rish
Dy vol e yannoo mirrilagh,
Va chammah roie as nish.

PSALM 66

- 1 Let all the Lands with Shouts of Joy
2 to God their Voices raise;
Sing Psalms in Honour of His Name,
and spread His glorious Praise.
- 3 And let them say, How dreadful, Lord,
in all thy Works art Thou!
To thy great Pow'r thy stubborn Foes
shall all be forc'd to bow.
- 4 Thro' all the Earth the Nations round
shall Thee their God confess;
And with glad Hymns their awful Dread
of thy great Name express.
- 7 He by his Pow'r for ever rules;
his Eyes the World survey:
Let no presumptuous Man rebel
against his sov'reign Sway.
- 5 O! come, behold the Works of God;
and then with me you'll own,
That He to all the Sons of Men
has wond'rous Judgments shown.

¹ Called 'Psalm 86' in the 1905 edition.

PSALM 81

- 1 Da Jee e niart nagh vel failleil,
Cur-jee ard-voylley da;
As jean-jee boggey ghennal 'ghoaill,
Ayns Jee Yacob dy brâ.
- 2 Lhieu-jee ayns shoh nyn greïnyn kiaull,
Gow-jee arrane moyllee;
Lesh bingys as lesh kiaulleeaght,
Ooilley gys moylley Yee.
- 3 Sheid-jee yn cayrn ec yn eayst noa,
Yn traal ta pointit dooin;
Freayll-jee dy kinjagh yn laa jiu,
Dy mie ayns cooinaghtyn.
- 4 Son shoh va slattys er dy rieau,
Ren Jee Yacob 'oardrail;
Dy ve kiaralagh er ny reayll,
Trooid magh dagh eash jeh'n seihll.

PSALM 81

- 1 To God, our never-failing Strength,
with loud Applauses sing;
And jointly make a chearful Noise
to Jacob's awful King.
- 2 Compose a Hymn of Praise, and touch
your Instruments of Joy:
Let Psalteries and pleasant Harps,
your grateful Skill employ.
- 3 Let Trumpets at the great new Moon
their joyful Voices raise,
To celebrate th' appointed time,
the solemn Day of Praise.
- 4 For this a Statute was of old,
which Jacob's God decreed
To be with pious Care observ'd
by Isr'el's chosen Seed.

PSALM 86

Aghtyn Ghavid as dagh Chreestee Mie

- 11 Cur ayns my chree dty raaidyn, Hiarn,
As voue nagh lhig dou chea;
Ayns aggle roish dty Ennym Yee,
Cur tushtey cooie dou jeh.
- 12 Nee'm moylley oo, O Hiarn my Yee,
My voylley vees creeoil;
Dy bragh, O Hiarn, verym dhyt booise,
Te red ta cha gerjoil.
- 13 Dty vyghin t'ou er hoilshagh dou,
T'er-skyn my phooar dy insh;
My annym, t'ou er vreayll veih'n oaie,
Trooid chymmey as erreeish.
- 14 Ta cloan ny moyrn as eulyssee,
Ro shleeuit dy ghoaill my vioys;
Fegooish cur geill da'n phooar niartal,
Ta stowal whilleen foays.
- 15 Agh ren uss, Hiarn, trooid mieys wooar,
Livreys y choyrt dou;
Trooid feoitys, myghin as erreeish,
Dreayll oo mee veih toyrt-mow.
- 16 Gys dty harvaant chyndaa, O Hiarn,
As bee uss dou foayroil;
Jean soilshagh dou dty vieys vooar,
V'ou er dy rieau graysoil.
- 17 Dauesyn ta mooie jean prowal 'choyrt,
Dy vel oo er my heu;
Adsyn ta streu rhym nearey 'ghoaill,
Dy vel oo kenjal dou.

PSALM 86

- 11 Teach me thy Way, O Lord, and I
from Truth shall ne'er depart;
In Rev'ence to thy sacred Name
devoutly fix my Heart.
- 12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,
praise thee with Heart sincere:
And to thy everlasting name
eternal Trophies rear.
- 13 Thy boundless Mercy shewn to me,
transcends my Pow'r to tell,
For thou hast oft redeem'd my Soul
from lowest Depths of Hell.
- 14 O God, the Sons of Pride and Strife
have my Destruction sought,
Regardless of thy Pow'r, that oft
has my Deliv'rance wrought:
- 15 But thou thy constant Goodness didst
to my Assistance bring;
Of Patience, Mercy, and of Truth,
thou everlasting Spring!
- 16 O bounteous Lord, thy Grace and Strength
to me thy Servant show;
Thy kind Protection, Lord, on me,
thine Handmaid's Son bestow.
- 17 Some Signal give, which my proud Foes
may see with Shame and Rage,
When thou, O Lord, for my Relief
and Comfort do'st engage.

PSALM 95¹

- 1 Lesh greinyn kiaullee as coraa,
Lhig dooin coyrt booise da Jee dy brâ;
As boggey mooar 'ghoaill ayns e niart,
Yn sauchys oc t'eh goaill nyn baart.
- 2 Stiagh ayns e enish lhig dooin cheet,
Lesh moylley arrymagh as fhyt;
Soilshagh nyn mooise lesh gennallys,
1905 mwooise
Ayns salmyn jeh e ynricks.
- 3 [4] Corneilyn sodjey magh jeh'n ooir,
Ta kinjagh echey ayns e phooar;
As niart ny groink myrgeddin lesh,
T'eh goardrail ad myr hee eh jesh.
- 4 [5] She eshyn ren yn faarkey mooar,
Cur voalley lajer mysh yn ooir;
As lesh e phooar ren eh goardrail
Yn thalloo myr t'eh nish 'sy theihll.
- 5 [6] O tar-jee, lhig dooin ooashley 'choyrt,
As er nyn ghlioonyr rishyn loayrt;
As croymmey gys yn Chiarn nyn Ree,
Yn Jee hug toshiaght da dagh nhee.

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 Favours 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 sov'reign Right is his:
'Tis mov'd by his Almighty Hand,
That form'd 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 98²

- 1 Gow jee arrane noa gys y Chiarn,
Yindyssagh t'eh er ve;
Lesh e laue yesh, yn varriaght
Da hene t'eh er chosney.
- 2 Er thie Israel t'eh er chooinaght,
Lesh graih as ynricks;
As ta ny ardjyn mooie jeh'n seihll
Goaill rish e haualtys.
- 3 Er thie Israel t'eh er chooinaght,
Lesh graih as ynricks;
As ta ny ardjyn mooie jeh'n seihll
Goaill rish e haualtys.
- 4 Er-yn-oyr shen, lhig dagh unnane
Kiaull ghennal 'hroggal seose;
Gys yn Chiarn Jee ny flaunyssee,
Lesh boggey as toyrt-booise.

PSALM 98

- 1 Sing to the Lord a new-made Song,
who wondrous Things has done;
With his right Hand and holy Arm,
the Conquest he has won.
- 2 The Lord has through th' astonished World
display'd his saving Might,
And made his righteous Acts appear
in all the Heathens Sight.
- 3 Of Isr'el's House his Love and Truth
have ever mindful been;
Wide Earth's remotest parts the Pow'r
of Isr'el's God have seen.
- 4 Let therefore Earth's Inhabitants
their chearful Voices raise,
And all with universal Joy
resound their Maker's Praise.

¹ Clague's text adapts the text of (Metrical) Psalm 95 in the Manx Prayer Book to a different metre.

² Wrongly called 'Psalm 90' in 1905.

PSALM 106

- 1 My chaarjyn deyr, O! cur-jee booise,
Da Jee ta er yn yrjid heose;
E vyghin veiygh va er dy rieu,
T'eh soilshagh dooin as da sheelnaue.
- 2 Quoi eshyn eh, lesh e chora,
Oddys e yindyssyn imraa?
Cre'n chengey oddys fockley magh
Nyn moylley da er aght cairagh?
- 3 O! s'maynrey ad ta bea leeideil,
Cordail rish leighyn nyn ver-reill;
Ta lhieent lesh cairys as graih Yee,
Veih'n toiggal t'oc jeh ayns nyn gree.
- 4 O cooinee, Hiarn, er dty harvaant!
Lesh dty ghraih mee ta kinjagh mayrt;
Tra hig oo reesht dy yeeaghyn shin,
Lhig da dt' hualtys ve mairin.

PSALM 106

- 1 O render Thanks to God above,
The Fountain of eternal Love;
Whose Mercy firm through Ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.
- 2 Who can his mighty Deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless?
What mortal Eloquence can raise
His Tribute of immortal Praise?
- 3 Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy Judgments never stray:
Who know what's right; nor only so,
But always practice what they know.
- 4 Extend to me that Favour, Lord,
Thou to thy Chosen do'st afford;
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy Salvation visit me.

PSALM 111

- 1 Moyll-jee yn Chiarn, booise verym's da,
Lesh my slane cree as my chora;
Marish sleih crauee soilshym's magh,
E ghloyr ta mooar, lesh kiaulleeaght.
- 2 O! s'mooar ta obbraghyn y Chiarn,
Va roie as vees dy bragh er-mayrn;
Dy aashagh er ny gheddyn magh,
Lioroo ta er e ghoo graihagh.
- 3 E obbraghyn t'er-skyn imraa,
Ta feeu jeh moylley son dy brâ;
E chairys neesht ta yindyssagh,
Nee farraghtyn er son dy bragh.
- 4 Lesh saraghyn t'eh goardrail shin,
Dy chooinaght er e obbraghyn;
As da sheelnaue dy hoilshagh magh
E vieys vooar ayns kiaulleeaght.

PSALM 111

- 1 Praise ye the Lord; our God to praise
My Soul her utmost Pow'rs shall raise,
With private Friends, and in the Throng
Of Saints his Praise shall be my Song.
- 2 His Works, for Greatness tho' renown'd,
His wond'rous Works with Ease are found
By those who seek for them aright,
And in the pious Search delight.
- 3 His Works are all of matchless Fame,
And universal Glory claim;
His Truth confirm'd thro' Ages past,
Shall to eternal Ages last.
- 4 By Precept he has us enjoin'd,
To keep his wond'rous Works in Mind;
And to Posterity record,
That good and gracious is our Lord.

PSALM 119.¹

- 1 O cur my-ner my hrimshey, Hiarn,
Ass treihys m'y livrey;
Son dt' **h**aualtys ta mee gearree,
Cuin vees my heaghyn rey?
- 2 Agh mie te dou dy ve seaghnit,
As smaghtit liorish m' Ayr;
Dy voddym shirrey 's chyndaa hood,
As shooyl ayns raaidyn cair.
- 3 She oo ooilley yn gherjagh t'aym,
Tra ta my chree failleil;
Dty ghoo ta mee lhaih as geiyrt da,
'S my pheccaghyn treigeil.
- 4 Dty ghoo hug gien as gerjagh dou,
Tra va mee seaghnit trome;
Nonney va m'annym er vaagail,
As leah er phaartail voym.
- 5 Hiarn, chairal ta dty vriwnyssyn,
Myr s'mie ta aym nish fys;
As dy vel oo cur seaghyn dou,
Ayns graih as ynrickys.
- 6 Roish va mee smaghtit lesh seaghyn,
Ren mee shooyl ass y raad;
Agh nish ta mee freayll dt' annaghyn,
As bial da'n goo ayd.

PSALM 121

- 1 Gys Cronk Sion ren mee jeeaghyn,
Son cooney veih m' er-reill;
Gys Cronk Sion as cronk my Yee,
Chroo niau as ooilley'n seihll.
- 2 [3-4] My annym eisht, gow us dty ea,
Yn Chiarn nee coadey oo;
T'eh kinjagh dooisht freayll arrey cooie,
Er obbraghyn y chroo.
- 3 [5-6] Fo scaa e skian bee sauchys ayd,
Veih olk as dagh danjeyr;
Yn ghrian 'sy laa, yn easyt 'syn oie,
Cha jean ad dhyt aggair.
- 4 [7] Veih olk as veih lhag-haghyrtyn,
Doaltattym cheet dty raad;
As veih ny noidyn s'niurinee,
Nee taghyrt dy ve ayd.

PSALM 121.

- 1 To Sion's Hill I lift my Eyes,
from thence expecting Aid;
- 2 From Sion's Hill and Sion's God,
who Heav'n and Earth has made.
- 3 Then, thou my Soul, in Safety rest;
thy Guardian will not sleep:
- 4 His watchful Care that Isr'el guards,
will Isr'el's Monarch keep.
- 5 Shelter'd beneath th' Almighty's Wings,
thou shalt securely rest,
- 6 Where neither Sun nor Moon shall thee
by Day or Night molest.
- 7 From common Accidents of Life
his Care shall guard thee still;
From Evils undesign'd, and Foes
that lie in wait to kill.

¹ There is a substantial rendering of selections from Psalm 119 in the Prayer Book Metrical Psalms (Wheeler 2019). Clague's text seems rather to paraphrase some of the ideas than to render any specific section of the psalm, or of Tate & Brady's version.

PSALM 121

- 5 [8] 'Sy thie, er broad, ayns shee ny streeu,
Dty Yee nee oo 'endeil;
Ayns sauchys nee dty chesmadyn
Gys jerrey mie leeideil.

PSALM 125

“The Saint’s Trial and Safety.”

- 1 Ad t’er y Chiarn nyn marrant coyrt,
Nee sauchey tannaghtyn;
Ta son dagh cooney treishteil er,
Ayns feme as arkyssyn.
- 2 [1] Nyn gredjue lajer shickyr vees,
Ayns Creest yn carrey mie;
As myr Sion nee farraghtyn,
Ayns dagh stayd mie ny sie.
- 3 [2] Cha ren voal ard as croink fendeil
Jerusalem gyn stroie;
Myr ta’n Chiarn Jee e nooghyn freayll,
Dy sauchey as ayns shee.
- 4 [3] Ga dy der ny mee-chrauee daue
Aggair, seaghyn ’s tranlaase; 1905: translaase
Jee cha lhig lhieu yn varriaght,
Lesh crout erbee ny saase.
- 5 [3] Cha sur e chloan ve ayns treihys,
Ny trome er nyn seaghney;
Dy jean ad ersyn mee-hreishteil,
Ny gys drogh saaseyn chea.
- 6 [4] Hiarn, bee kenjallagh as foayroil,
Daue, mie as cairal ta;
Dauesyn ooilley ta reih as goaill
Neu-loghtynys son scaa.
- 7 [5] Adsyn ta reih ny raaidyn olk,
Vees laadit lesh treihys;
As ad ta cairal kinjagh vees,
Ayns boggey as maynrys.

PSALM 131

Humility and Submission.

- 1 O Hiarn, cha vel cree voyrnagh aym,
Ard-aignagh cha vel mee;
Chamoo my smooingaghtyn goit seose,
Lesh reddynd ard, O Yee.
- 2 M’ ymmyrkey bea feer imlee ta,
Gyn loght neesht my yannoo;
Gyn roon as olkys ta my chree,
Ôney meein myr lhiannoo

PSALM 121.

- 8 At Home, Abroad, in Peace, in War,
thy God shall thee defend;
Conduct thee thro’ Life’s Pilgrimage,
safe to thy Journey’s End.

PSALM 125

- 1 Who place on Sion’s God their Trust,
like Sion’s Rock shall stand;
- Like her immoveably be fixt
by his Almighty Hand.
- 2 Look how the Hills on ev’ry Side
Jerusalem inclose,
So stands the Lord around his Saints,
to guard them from their Foes.
- 3 The Wicked may afflict the Just,
but ne’er too long oppress,
- Nor force him by Despair to seek
base Means for his Redress.
- 4 Be good, O righteous God, to those
who righteous Deeds affect:
The Heart that Innocence retains,
let Innocence protect.
- 5 All those who walk in crooked Paths,
the Lord shall soon destroy;
Cut off th’ Unjust, but crown the Saints
with lasting Peace and Joy.

PSALM 131

- 1 O Lord, I am not proud of Heart,
nor cast a scornful Eye;
Nor my aspiring Thoughts employ
in Things for me to high.
- 2 With Infant Innocence thou know’st
I have my self demean’d;
Compos’d to quiet, like a Babe
that from the Breast is wean’d.

PSALM 131

- 3 O lhig dooin ayns y Chiarn treishteil,
As geam son cooney da;
Kinjagh lhig er nynARRANT ve,
Ta bio er son dy brâ.

PSALM 131

- 3 Like me let Isr'el hope in God,
his Aid alone implore;
Both now and ever trust in him,
who lives for evermore.

PSALM 133
Brotherly Love.

- 1 S'mooar shegin da'n vaynrys oc y ve:
S'mooar ta nyn gherjagh cree!
Ta gollrish braaraghyn ayns graih,
Ayns aigney mie as shee.
- 2 Ta graih braaragh gollrish yn ooill,
Deayrtit er kione Aaron;
Roie ooilley sheese harrish e chorp,
Gys rhumbyl 'choamraghyn.
- 3 Te gollrish druight er Cronk Hermon,
Ta cur er ve boggoil;
Ny myr frassyn fliaghee meein,
Er Cronk Sion mессoil.
- 4 Son Sion ta yn ynnyd reiht,
Raad ta nyn Ree Mooar reill;
T'er ghialdyn bannaght da nyn lheid
'S ver da e leighyn geill.

PSALM 133

- 1 How vast must their Advantage be!
how great their Pleasure prove!
Who live like Brethren, and consent
in Offices of Love!
- 2 True Love is like the precious Oil
which, pour'd on Aaron's Head,
Ran down his Beard, and o'er his Robes
its costly Moisture shed.
- 3 'Tis like refreshing Dew, which does
on Hermon's Top distill;
Or like the early Drops that fall
on Sion's fruitful Hill.
- 4 For God to all, whose friendly Hearts
with mutual Love abound,
Has firmly promis'd Length of Days
with constant Blessings crown'd.

PSALM 136
God's Wonders of Creation
and Preservation.

- 1 Da'n ooilley-niartal Jee,
Lhig dooin cur moylley mooar;
Lesh aigney as lesh cree,
Dasyn ta wheesh ayns pooar,
Son Jee rieu va,
Ny charrey dooin;
E ghraih mooar hooin
Vees son dy brâ.
- 2 [2-3] T'eh harrish ooilley reill,
Lesh pooar feer niartal ta;
Da, shegin dagh Ree cur geill,
Ve ammyssagh dy brâ.
¹Dty vyghin, Hiarn,
Myr va rieu hooin;
Nee tannaghtyn,
Dy bragh er-mayrn.

PSALM 136

- 1 To God the mighty Lord,
Your joyful Thanks repeat:
To him due Praise afford,
As good as he is great.
For God does prove
Our constant Friend,
His boundless Love
Shall never end.
- 2,3 To him whose wond'rous Pow'r
All other Gods obey,
Whom earthly Kings adore,
This grateful Homage pay.
For God does prove
Our constant Friend,
His boundless Love
Shall never end.

¹ Clague varies the refrain, which recurs verbatim in Tate & Brady.

PSALM 136

- 3 [4-5] Lesh niart as pooar e ghoo,
T'eh jannoo mirrilyn;
Ny niaughyn ren eh 'chroo,
Yn aer ta er nyn skyn.
E ghrayse as pooar,
Vees choiee er-mayrn;
O moyll-jee'n Chiarn,
Lesh boggey mooar.
- 4 [6] Hug eh ny faarkaghyn,
Chymmylt yn thalloo runt;
Dagh cheer foast tannaghtyn
Skyn ushtey, rish nyn ghrunt.
Dty vyghin, Hiarn,
Dty ghoo as pooar;
As dty ghloyr vooar,
Vees choiee er-mayrn
- 5 [7-8] Dagh soilshey t'ayn ren Jee,
Eh ooilley creeney ta;
Yn ghrian ta hoooin ceau bree,
As soilshey ayns y laa.
E vyghin smoo,
Nee tannaghtyn;
As farraghtyn
Dy bragh nee 'ghoo
- 6 [9] 'N eayst ta caghlaa ayns pooar,
Dy chur dooin soilshey cooie;
Rollageyn beg as mooar,
Dy nyn leeideil 'syn oie.
Son Jee rieu va
Ny charrey dooin;
E vyghin hoooin
Vees son dy brâ.
- 7 [23-4] Dooin va ayns treihys vooar,
Trooid peccah cherraghtyn;
Hug eh myghin as foayr,
As veih livrey eh shin.
Dty vieys, Hiarn,
Myr va rieu hoooin,
Nee tannaghtyn,
Dy bragh er-mayrn.
- 8¹ Hug eh e Vac graihagh,
Shin peccee dy hauail;
Veih'n noid va eulyssagh,
Dy voddagh shin scapail.
E ghrayse as pooar,
Vees choiee er-mayrn;
O moyll-jee'n Chiarn,
Lesh boggey mooar!

PSALM 136

- 4, 5 By his Almighty Hand
Amazing Works are wrought;
The Heav'ns by his Command
Were to Perfection brought.
For God does prove
Our constant Friend,
His boundless Love
Shall never end.
- 6 He spread the Ocean round
About the spacious Land;
And made the rising Ground
Above the Waters stand.
For God does prove
Our constant Friend,
His boundless Love
Shall never end.
- 7, 8, 9 Thro' Heav'n he did display
His num'rous Hosts of Light;
The Sun to rule by Day,
The Moon and stars by Night.
For God does prove
Our constant Friend,
His boundless Love
Shall never end.
- 23, 24 He, in our Depth of Woes,
On us with Favour thought,
And from our cruel foes
In Peace and Safety brought,
For God does prove
Our constant Friend,
His boundless Love
Shall never end.

¹ This verse, as the matter suggests, is evidently Clague's own.

PSALM 136

- 9 [25-6] Dagh cretoor ta gearree,
T'eh cur y veaghey da;
Lurg dooin cur gloyr da Jee,
As moylley son dy brâ.
Dty vyghin, Hiarn,
Dty ghoo as pooar;
As dty ghloyr vooar,
Vees choiee er-mayrn

PSALM 136

- 25, 26 He does the Food supply,
On which all Creatures live:
To God who reigns on high
Eternal Praises give.
For God will prove
Our constant Friend,
His boundless Love
Shall never end.

PSALM 138

- 1 Verym dhyt booise, O Hiarn, my Yee!
My voylley vees creeoil;
As kiongoyrt rish ny ainleyn ayds,
Hood's neeym padjer 'ghoaill.
2 She ec dty hiamble casherick 1905: Shee
Ayns graih neeyms my hee;
Er son dty ennym as dty ghoo,
T'er-skyn dy chooilley nhee.
3 S'cooidsave lhiat, Hiarn, dy lhiassagh rhym,
Tra ren mee geamagh ort;
As tra ren aggle girree seose,
Chur oo dou mooarane niart.
4 Er yn oyr shen nee ard-gheiney,
Dty voylley fockley-magh;
As liorish clashtyn goan dty veel,
Dy vel ad firrinagh.
5 Nee ad as ooilley goaill arrane,
Jeh raaidyn mooar y Chiarn;
As nee ad gloyr y choyrty dasyn,
Eh vees dy bragh er-mayrn.
6 Son ga dy vel yn Chiarn feer ard,
Da'n boght t'eshyn coyrty geill;
Er son mooaralee ta'n Chiarn gra,
Dy jean eh ad 'hreiheil.

PSALM 138

- 1 With my whole Heart, my God and King,
thy Praise I will proclaim;
Before the Gods with Joy I'll sing,
and bless thy holy Name.
2 I'll worship at thy sacred Seat;
and with thy Love inspir'd,
The Praises of thy Truth repeat,
o'er all thy Works admir'd.
3 Thou graciously inclin'dst thine Ear,
when I to thee did cry;
And when my Soul was press'd with Fear,
didst inward Strength supply.
4 Therefore shall ev'ry earthly Prince
thy Name with Praise pursue,
Whom these admir'd Events convince
that all thy Works are true.
5 They all thy wond'rous Ways, O Lord,
with chearful Songs shall bless;
and all thy glorious Acts record,
thy awful Pow'r confess.
6 For God, altho' enthron'd on high,
does thence the Poor respect;
The Proud far off, his scornful Eye
beholds with just Neglect.

PSALM 139^{1 2}

- 1 [1-2] O Hiarn, t'ayd toiggal jee'm feer vie,
Shione dhyt my irree as my lhie;
T'ayd fys er m' aigney ayns dagh nhee,
Roish t'ad er ghientyn ayns my chree
- 2 [3-4] T'ou ayns my raad as mysh my lhiaght,
Follit ny foshlit t'ayd jeh baght;
Ta fys ayd, Hiarn, cre baillym gra,
Roish ver my veillyn magh coraa.
- 3 [5-6] Oo ren m'y chroo, oo ren my oaie,
Ta mee combaasit lesh dty roih;
Slane tushtey jeed, O Yee my Ayr,
Cha vod keeayll dooinney cheet ny aar.
- 4 [7] Dy smooinin nish dy hirrey saase,
Dy hea er-sooyl void, Yee ny grayse;
C'raad yinnin veih dty enish roie,
Ny c'raad dy follit oddin soie?
- 5 [8] Dy voddin getlagh seose gys niau,
Coamrit ayns soilshey yn raad t'ou;
Dy voddin chea gys niurin heese,
Shen raad t'ou ooilley-niartal neesht.
- 6 [9-10] Dy voddin skianyn 'voghrey 'ghoaill,
As getlagh foddey veih my oayll;
Ayns shen nee oo m'y gheddyn magh,
As m'y ghoaill seose myr dagh
chimmagh.

PSALM 150

- 1 Moyll-jee yn Chiarn 'syn ynnyd shen,
Veih ta dagh gioot mie hooinyen cheet;

Ayns gloyr raad ta e ghloyr soilshean,
Raad ta e vieys vooar soilshit.
- 2 Moyll-jee eh son t'eh er n'yannoo
Obbraghyn mooar feer virrilagh:
Moyll-jee eh myr t'eh dy hoilliu,
As bee nyn mooise da son dy braggh. 1905:
mwooise
- 3-6 [6] Lhig dagh cretooor ta ennal ayn,
Yn ennal shen, chouds t'eh er-mayrn,
'Hroggal gys Jee ayns y traah t'ayn;
Lhig dagh cretoor coyrt gloyr da'n Chiarn.

PSALM 139

- 1 Thou, Lord, by strictest Search hast known
2 My rising up and lying down;
My secret Thoughts are known to thee,
Known long before conceiv'd by me.
- 3 Thine Eye my Bed and Path surveys,
My publick Haunts and private Ways;
4 Thou know'st what 'tis my Lips would vent,
My yet unutter'd Words intent.
- 5 Surrounded by thy Pow'r I stand,
On ev'ry Side I find thy Hand.
6 O Skill, for human Reach too high!
Too dazzling bright for mortal Eye!
- 7 O could I so perfidious be,
To think of once deserting thee,
Where, Lord, could I thy Influence shun?
Or whither from thy Presence run?
- 8 If up to Heav'n I take my Flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in Light,
Or sink to Hell's infernal Plains,
'Tis there Almighty Vengeance reigns.
- 9 If I the Morning's Wings could gain,
And fly beyond the Western Main,
10 Thy swifter Hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy Fugitive.

PSALM 150

- 1 O praise the Lord in that blest Place
From whence his Goodness largely
flows;
Praise him in Heav'n, where he his Face
Unveil'd in perfect Glory shows.
- 2 Praise him for all the mighty Acts,
Which he in our Behalf has done;
His Kindness this Return exacts,
With which our Praise should equal run.
- 6 Let all that vital Breath enjoy,
The Breath He does to them afford,
In just Returns of Praise employ;
Let ev'ry Creature praise the Lord.

¹ This psalm, attributed to Clague in the 1905 edition, is to be found with some slight variation (indicated here in note 2) together with six more stanzas, in three of the four known Manx Hymn Books (*LH*); see Lewin & Wheeler (2019: Hymn 211).

² 1 er m' aigney: *LH* my smooineaght; 2 gra: *LH* 'ghra; 3 m'y chroo: *LH* my chooyl; 5 yn raad: *LH* shen raad; 6 skianyn 'voghrey: *LH* skian y voghrey; 6 m'y ghoaill seose myr dagh chimmagh: *LH* mee 'ghoaill seose dty chimmagh boght.