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, 1769, as 1777.

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

liorish

Max W. Wheeler

Rhumsaa,

Mee hoshee yn arragh, 2019

Text of the selection of 28 Psalms, plus a few hymns, put into Manx verse in 1761 by Robert Radcliff and Matthias Curghey, edited from the 1777 edition of the Manx *Book of Common Prayer*, with variants from the first 1769 edition. In this revised edition (February 2019), the Manx is set alongside the text of the metrical psalms of Tate & Brady, from which they were translated.

TO

The RIGHT REVEREND,

FATHER in GOD,

MARK,

[By Divine Permission]

LORD BISHOP

OF

*SODOR* and *MANN*.

MY LORD,

THE annexed Translation, into our native Language, of the following Psalms, viz. I, IV, VIII, XV, XIX, XXII, XXIII, XXIV, XXV, XXXII, XXXIX, XLV, LXVII, LXXXIV, XC, XCV, C, CIII, CXVI, CXVII, CXIX, CXXII, CXXXV, CXLIII, CXLV, CXLVI, CXLVII, CXLVIII, with the Hymns and Doxologies subjoined, fitted to several of the Tunes, used in the Churches, are most humbly recommended to your Lordship, as proper to be made use of and sung in the several Churches of this Diocese,

BY,

*Your Lordship’s*

*most Dutiful*

*and Obedient Servants,*

ROBERT RADCLIFF.

*Nov.* 3. 1761.

MATTHIAS CURGHEY.

TO BE

PUBLISHED

In the several *Country Churches*

of this ISLE,

Previous to the first Time of using the

MANKS *Singing Psalms*.

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

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

MARK, SODOR & MANN*.*

Givenat *Bishop’s Court,*

*Nov.* 9. 1761.

THE

PSALMS of DAVID

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Lioar Phadjeragh, 1777 | Tate & Brady, 1754[[1]](#footnote-1) |
| PSALM 1. | Psalm 1. |
| Bannit ta’n dooinney shen ta chea | 1 How blest is he who ne’er consents |
| Veih olk dy chooilley raad ; | by ill Advice to walk; |
| Nagh vel lurg coyrle mee-chrauee shooyl, | Nor stands in Sinners Ways, nor sits |
| Ny soie ayns stoyl ny craid. | where Men profanely talk. |
|  |  |
| 2 Agh mooarane taitnys t’eh dy ghoaill | 2 But makes the perfect Law of God |
| Ayns ynrick leigh e Yee ; | his Business and Delight; |
| T’eh jannoo ’churrym jeh ’sy laa, | Devoutly reads therein by Day, |
| As smooinaght er ’syn oie. | and meditates by Night. |
|  |  |
| 3 T’eh goll-rish billey soit rish awin, | 3 Like some fair Tree, which fed by Streams |
| Ta bishaghey as gaase ; | with timely Fruit does bend, |
| Skeayley ’vanglaneyn trome lesh mess, | He still shall flourish, and Success |
| E ghuilley kinjagh glass. | all his Designs attend. |
|  |  |
| 4 Agh vouesyn ta mee-arryssagh | 4 Ungodly Men and their Attempts |
| Ta’n vaynrys vooar shoh freilt ; | no lasting Root shall find; |
| T’ad goll-rish coau sheebit lesh geay, | Untimely blasted, and dispers’d |
| Er feï-ny-cruinney skeaylt. | like Chaff before the Wind. |
|  |  |
| 5 Ayns briwnys kiart ta faagit mooie | 5 Their Guilt shall strike the Wicked dumb |
| Ny kimmee kyndagh treih ; | before the Judge’s Face; |
| T’ad eeb’rit magh veih nooghyn Yee, | No formal Hypocrite shall then |
| As sheshaght crauee sleih. | amongst the Saints have Place. |
|  |  |
| 6 Son Jee ta moylley raad e Noo | 6 For God approves the just Man's Ways, |
| As leagh mooar ver eh da ; | to Happiness they tend; |
| Agh eh ta geiyrt da raaidyn camm | But Sinners, and the paths they tread, |
| Ta cherraghtyn dy bra. | shall both in ruin end. |

| PSALM IV. | Psalm 4. |
| --- | --- |
| O Yee, my vriw, m’ er chosnee cair, | 1 O Lord, that art my righteous Judge, |
| Jean myghin orrym, Hiarn, | to my Complaint give Ear. |
| Veih seaghyn hug oo dou livrey, | Thou still redeem'st me from Distress: |
| As ta mee foast er-mayrn. | Have Mercy, Lord, and hear. |
|  |  |
| 2 Varvaanee hreih! O caid nee shiu | 2 How long will ye, O Sons of Men, |
| Mysh m’ ennym ooasle craid ? | to blot my Fame devise? |
| Caid eiyrys shiu da eer fardail, | How long your vain Designs pursue, |
| Da scammyltyn, O caid? | and spread malicious Lyes? |
|  |  |
| 3 Toig-jee dy vel yn dooinney mie | 3 Consider, that the righteous Man |
| Goit stiagh myr reih ec Jee ; | is God’s peculiar Choice; |
| T’eh geaishtagh rish my phadjeryn | And when to him I make my Pray'r, |
| Tra ta mee huggey guee. | he always hears my Voice. |
|  |  |
| 4 Lesh aggle crauee jean-jee chea | 4 Then stand in Awe of his Commands, |
| Veih eiyrtys peccah trome ; | flee ev’ry thing that’s ill; |
| Smooinaghtyn mie gow shiu nyn gree, | Commune in private with your Hearts, |
| Gys Jee dy injil croym. | and bend them to his Will. |
|  |  |
| 5 Yn oural cooie dy ynrickys | 5 The Place of other Sacrifice |
| Jean-jee y hebbal da ; | let Righteousness supply; |
| Ayns jeerid jeeagh-jee gys y Chiarn, | And let your Hope, securely fix’d, |
| As treisht-jee ayn dy bra. | on God alone rely. |
|  |  |
| 6 Mooaralee er cooid heihltagh soit | 6 While worldly Minds impatient grow |
| Ta kinjagh geearree pooar ; | more prosp’rous Times to see, |
| Agh lhig da aalid dt’ eddin, Yee, | Still let the Glories of thy Face |
| Orryms soilshean ayns gloyr. | shine brightly, Lord, on me. |
|  |  |
| 7 My chree myr shen feer ghennal vees | 7 So shall my Heart o’erflow with Joy, |
| Roie harrish lane dy vree ; | more lasting, and more true, |
| Son cha nee feeyn ny arroo lesh, | Than theirs who Stores of Corn and Wine |
| Ver kuïnid cair ’sy chree. | successively renew. |
|  |  |
| 8 Eisht lhie-ym sheese as hem gys fea, | 8 Then down in Peace I’ll lay my Head, |
| Lesh aigney lane dy hee; | and take my needful Rest; |
| Son uss, O Hiarn, ta my endeil, | No other Guard, O Lord, I crave, |
| Ta coyrt dou fea ny hoie. | of thy Defence possess’d. |

| PSALM VIII. | Psalm 8. |
| --- | --- |
| O Hiarn, oo hene nyn ard chiannoort, | 1 O Thou, to whom all Creatures bow |
| Dagh nhee ta fo dty reill ; | within this earthly Frame, |
| Erskyn ny Niaughyn ta dty ghloyr, | Thro’ all the World how great art Thou! |
| Ta dt’ ennym trooid y theihll. | how glorious is thy Name! |
|  |  |
| 3 Obbyr dty laue tra hee’m ’syn aer, | 3 When Heav’n, thy beauteous Work on high, |
| Ta staaynit lesh dty phooar ; | employs my wond’ring Sight; |
| Yn ghrian, yn eayst, rollageyn neesht | The Moon, that nightly rules the Sky, |
| Scart trooid yn ’eaynagh vooar. | with Stars of feebler Light. |
|  |  |
| 4 Hiarn, cre ta dooinney, smooinee mee, | 4 What’s Man, say I, that, Lord, thou lov’st |
| Dy ghoaill eh ayns e ghooie ? | to keep him in thy mind? |
| Ny cre ta ’lhuight ’sy chilley ayds, | Or what his Offspring, that thou prov’st |
| Dy beagh oo daue cha dooie ? | to them so wondrous kind? |
|  |  |
| 5 Eh, sniessey da dty ainleyn noo | 5 Him next in Pow’r thou didst create |
| Ayns gloyr, ren oo pointeil ; | to thy celestial Train; |
| 6 Coamrit lesh pooar, myr Chiarn y seihll, | 6 Ordain’d with Dignity and State |
| Er dt’ obbraghyn dy reill. | o’er all thy Works to reign. |
|  |  |
| 7 Dagh dooghys ren oo bial da, | 7 They jointly own his pow’rful Sway; |
| Myr daag oo orroo beoyn; 1769 baan | the Beasts that prey or graze; |
| 8 Eeanlee ta bennalt trooid yn aer, | 8 The Bird that wings its airy Way; |
| As eeaystyn snaue ’sy cheayn. | the Fish that cuts the Seas. |
|  |  |
| 9 O Hiarn, oo hene nyn ard chiannoort, | 9 O Thou, to whom all Creatures bow |
| Dagh nhee ta fo dty reill ; | within this earthly Frame, |
| Erskyn ny niaughyn ta dty ghloyr, | Thro’ all the world how great art Thou! |
| Ta dt’ ennym trooid y theihll. | how glorious is thy Name! |

| PSALM XV. | Psalm 15. |
| --- | --- |
| Quoi gys dty phlaase reeoil, O Hiarn, | 1 Lord, who’s the happy Man that may |
| Myr reih nee goaill jurnaa ; | to thy blest Courts repair? |
| Cha nee myr joarree goaill aaght oie, | Not Stranger-like, to visit them, |
| Agh ayn dy reayll dy bra. | but to inhabit there? |
|  |  |
| 2 She eshyn eh ta leeideil bea | 2 ’Tis he, whose ev’ry Thought and Deed |
| Cordail rish leighyn Yee ; | by Rules of Virtue moves; |
| E smooinaght, obbyr as e raa, | Whose gen’rous Tongue disdains to speak |
| Reilt liorish foays e chree. | the thing his Heart disproves. |
|  |  |
| 3 Eh nagh dug scammylt rieau, dy ghoaill | 3 Who never did a Slander forge |
| Veih ’naboo e ghoo mie ; | his Neighbour’s Fame to wound; |
| As nagh dug cleaysh da’n tutlar broghe | Nor hearken to a false Report, |
| Ta shooyl veih thie dy thie. | by Malice whisper’d round. |
|  |  |
| 4 Ta jeh drogh-yantee soiagh beg, | 4 Who Vice, in all its Pomp and Pow’r, |
| Ga t’ad ayns stayd as pooar ; | can treat with just Neglect; |
| Agh jeh ny nooghyn ga t’ad boght, | And Piety, tho’ cloath’d in Rags, |
| T’eh kinjagh soiagh mooar. | religiously respect. |
|  |  |
| 5 Quoi gys e ghialdyn as e loo | 5 Who to his plighted Vows and Trust |
| Ta shassoo fegooish foill ; | has ever firmly stood; |
| As myr t’eh gialdyn t’eh cooilleen | And, tho’ he promise to his Loss, |
| Cre-wooads te da dy choayl. | he makes his Promise good. |
|  |  |
| 6 Eh nagh jean goaill rour thack ny keesh | 6 Whose Soul in Usury disdains |
| Ass argid, cooid ny airh, | his Treasure to employ; |
| Nagh jean goaill leagh ny gioot rolaue, | Who no Rewards can ever bribe, |
| Dy phlooghey briwnys cair. | the Guiltless to destroy. |
|  |  |
| 7 Eh ta myr shoh leeideil e vea, | 7 The Man, who by this steady Course |
| Jeh maynrys shickyr t’eh ; | has Happiness ensur’d, |
| Ga ragh y seihl shoh bun-ry-skyn | When Earth’s Foundation shakes, shall stand, |
| Yiow eshyn slane livrey. | by Providence secur’d. |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| PSALM XVI. Verse 9. | Psalm 16. |
| Yn Chiarn ta mee er hoiagh roym, | [I have set God always before me:  for he is on my right hand,  therefore I shall not fall.][[2]](#footnote-2) |
| Dy ve kiongoyrt rish m’ oaïe, |
| Lesh pooar e laue nee eh m’y reayll, |
| Nagh jean-ym tuittym veih. |
|  |  |
| 10 Er shen my chree ren gennal gaase, | 9 Therefore my Heart all Grief defies, |
| My ghloyr ren boggey ’ghoaill ; | my Glory does rejoice; |
| My eill ghoys fea ayns slane treishteil | My Flesh shall rest, in Hopes to rise, |
| Jeh irree-reesht gerjoil. | wak’d by his pow’rful Voice. |
|  |  |
| 11 Cre’n-oyr? cha jean uss lhiggey dooys, | 10 Thou, Lord, when I resign my Breath, |
| Ayns stayd ny merriu lhie ; | my Soul from Hell shalt free; |
| Ny surranse da dt’ er-cash’rick cheet | Nor let thy Holy one in Death |
| Gys loauid ayns yn oaie. | the least Corruption see. |
|  |  |
| 12 Jeeaghee oo dooys yn raad gloyroil | 11 Thou shalt the Paths of Life display, |
| Nee m’y leeideil gys bea ; | that to thy Presence lead; |
| Ayns dt’ enish ta slane gerjagh lhie, | Where Pleasures dwell without Allay, |
| As maynrys son dy bra. | and Joys that never fade. |

| PSALM XIX. | Psalm 19. |
| --- | --- |
| Ny niaughyn, Hiarn, ta er nyn skyn, | 1 The heav’ns declare thy Glory, Lord, |
| T’ad soilshagh magh dty ghloyr ; | which That alone can fill; |
| Obbyr dty laueyn heose ’syn aer, | The Firmament and Stars express |
| Ta prowal jeh dty phooar. | their great Creator’s Skill. |
|  |  |
| 2 Caghlaaghyn kinjagh laa as oie | 2 The Dawn of each returning Day |
| Cur toiggal dooin dy plain ; | fresh Beams of Knowledge brings; |
| Dy vel y phooar ren ad ’oardrail, | From darkest Night’s successive Rounds |
| Erskyn y roshtyn ain. | divine Instruction springs. |
|  |  |
| 4[[3]](#footnote-3) Ta sheean jeu ayns dy chooilley cheer, | 3 Their pow’rful Language to no Realm |
| Yn feiyr oc trooid y theihll ; | or Region is confin’d; |
| Baght cronnal jeu ta er ny ghoaill | ’Tis Nature's Voice, and understood |
| Liorish dy chooilley ’eill. | alike by all Mankind. |
|  |  |
| 5 Cabbane ayns shen ren oo da’n ghrian, | 5 No Bridegroom, for his Nuptials dress’d, |
| Speeint goll myr fer-noa-poost, | has such a chearful Face; |
| Magh ass e hiamyr, ny myr foawyr, 1769 foar | No Giant does like him rejoice |
| Ayns siyr dy roie e choorse. | to run his glorious Race. |
|  |  |
| 6 E bree ta goll veih shiar gys sheear, | 6 From East to West, from West to East, |
| Myrgeddin jiass as twoaie ; 1769 tooaï | his restless Course he goes; |
| Dagh ayrn jeh’n seihl t’ee geddyn magh, | And thro’ his Progress, chearful Light |
| Veg cha vel follit vo’ee. | and vital Warmth, bestows. |
| PART II. | *The Second Part.* |
| Leigh Yee te glen, chyndaa yn cree, | 7 God’s perfect Law converts the Soul; |
| Gys craueeaght as foays ; | reclaims from false Desires; |
| Creenaght te coyrt da’n boght annoon, | With sacred Wisdom His sure Word |
| Soilshey ’sy ghorraghys. | the Ignorant inspires. |
|  |  |
| 8 Ynrick ta slattyssyn y Chiarn, | 8 The Statutes of the Lord are just, |
| Eunyssagh as gerjoil ; | and bring sincere Delight; |
| Ta ’anney, ronsit magh dy geyre, | His pure Commands in Search of Truth |
| Niartagh yn shilley moal. | assist the feeblest Sight. |
|  |  |
| 9 Aggle y Chiarn ta shickyr soit, | 9 His perfect Worship here is fix’d, |
| Er undin nagh jean craa; | on sure Foundations laid; |
| E leighyn corrym, er nyn dowse | His equal Laws are in the Scales |
| Ayns meighyn kiart dy bra. | of Truth and Justice weigh’d. |
|  |  |
| 10 S’boght soylit huc ta meanyn airh, | 10 Of more Esteem than golden Mines, |
| Ny’n airh hene ta roït voue ; | or Gold refin’d with Skill; |
| Yn vill, ny kerenyn-molley hene, | More sweet than Honey, or the Drops |
| Cha vel cha millish roo. | that from the Comb distil. |
|  |  |
| 11 M’ Ir-choyrlee cooie treishteilagh ad, | 11 My trusty Counsellors they are, |
| As raue’ghyn dooie foardrail; | and friendly Warnings give; |
| Leagh flaunyssagh ta gour nyn lheid, | Divine Rewards attend on those |
| Ta’n vea oc roo cordail. | who by thy Precepts live. |
| PART III. |  |
| 12 E skyrraghtyn quoi oddys ginsh, | 12 But what frail Man observes how oft |
| E vennick goll jeh’n raad ? | he does from Virtue fall? |
| Veih m’ oiljyn follit glen mee, Hiarn,1769 oilchin | O, cleanse me from my secret Faults, |
| Uss ta’n slane coontey ayd. | Thou God that know’st them all. |
|  |  |
| 13 Ny lhig da peccah daaney, Hiarn, | 13 Let no presumptuous Sin, O Lord, |
| M’y reayll fo reill e phooar ; | Dominion have o’er me; |
| Dy voddym’s sauchey fo dty scaa, | That, by thy Grace preserv’d, I may |
| Scapail yn olkys mooar. | the great Transgression flee. |
|  |  |
| 14 My phadjer eisht, as booise my chree, | 14 So shall my Pray’r and Praises be |
| Vees er ny lowal liort ; | with thy Acceptance blest; |
| As mish, fo sauchys dty endeil, | And I, secure on thy Defence, |
| Nee coyrt my varrant ort. | my Strength and Saviour, rest. |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| For GOOD FRIDAY. |  |

| PSALM XXII. | Psalm 22. |
| --- | --- |
| My Yee, my Yee, jeeagh neose veih niau, | 1 My God, my God, why leav’st Thou me |
| Jeeagh er my hrimshey trome ; | when I with Anguish faint? |
| Cre’n-fa t’ou nish er my hreigeil, | O, why so far from me remov’d, |
| As cummal foddey voym ! | and from my loud Complaint? |
|  |  |
| 2 My Yee, er fey-ny-laa hood geam | 2 All Day, but all the Day unheard, |
| Cha vel oo clashtyn mee ; | to Thee do I complain; |
| As aash ny fea cha vel mee goaill | With Cries implore Relief all Night, |
| Er imbagh doo ny hoie. | but cry all Night in vain. |
|  |  |
| 4 Ort hug nyn ayraghyn nyn dreisht, | 4,5[[4]](#footnote-4) On Thee our Ancestors rely’d, |
| Er dty endeilys fieau ; | and thy Deliv’rance found; |
| Lesh aghin jeean ghuee ad son couyr, | With pious Confidence they pray’d, |
| As ren oo cooney lhieu. | and with Success were crown’d. |
|  |  |
| 6 Agh mish ta coontit myr beishteig, | 6 But I am treated like a Worm, |
| Nagh ruggyr jeh sheelnaue ; | like none of human Birth: |
| Ta jiooldit magh veih sheshaght sleih, | Not only by the Great revil’d, |
| As jeeaghyn feohdagh daue. | but made the Rabble’s Mirth. |
| PART II. |  |
| 7 Ayns gearey floutagh ren y theay | 7 With Laughter all the gazing Croud |
| Nyn ghing mooaralagh craa ; | my Agonies survey; |
| Sheeyney nyn meillyn magh ayns craid | They shoot the Lip, they shake the Head, |
| D’oltooaney mee as gra: | and thus deriding say: |
|  |  |
| 8 Dooyrt eh, She mish mac graihagh Yee, | 8 “In God he trusted, boasting oft, |
| Ayn ta my slane treishteil ; | that he was Heav’n’s Delight; |
| Lhig Jee cheet neose dy ghoaill e phaart, | “Let God come down to save him now, |
| My saillish eh hauail. | and own his Favourite.” |
|  |  |
| 11 Ny treig mee ayns my heaghyn dowin, | 11 Withdraw not then so far from me, |
| Ny follee dt’ eddin voym ; | when Trouble is so nigh; |
| Tar uss, my chouyr ; cha vel, my Yee, | O send me Help! thy Help, on which |
| Fer-coonee elley ayn. | I only can rely. |
| PART III. |  |
| 17 My laueyn ren ad ’hreiney trooid, | [16b] They pierc’d my inoffensive Hands, |
| Hrein ad my chassyn neesht ; | they pierc’d my harmless Feet. |
| As hass ad blakey seose nyn rheyrt, | [17b] Yet such a Spectacle of Woe |
| Gyn accan ny erreeish. | as Pastime they behold. |
|  |  |
| 18 My gharmadyn ren ad y rheyn, | 18 As Spoil, my Garments they divide, |
| Dagh unnane goaill e chron ; | Lots for my Vesture cast: |
| As hilg ad lottyn er my chooat, |  |
| Son nagh row whaaley ayn. |  |
|  |  |
| 19 Ny treig mee ayns my heaghyn dowin, |  |
| Ny follee dt’ eddin voym ; |  |
| Tar uss, my chouyr; cha vel, my Yee, | 19 Therefore approach, O Lord, my Strength, |
| Fer-coonee elley ayn. | and to my Succour haste. |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| PSALM XXIII. | Psalm 23. |
| Yn Chiarn eh-hene nee mish y rere, | 1 The Lord himself, the mighty Lord, |
| Tra ta mee huggey geam ; | vouchsafes to be my Guide; |
| Yn bochil mie nee goaill kiarail, | The Shepherd, by whose constant Care |
| Nagh bee’m dy bragh ayns feme. | my Wants are all supply’d. |
|  |  |
| 2 Ayns faiyr meenure[[5]](#footnote-5) as lane dy vlaa, | 2 In tender Grass He makes me feed, |
| T’eh kinjagh fassagh mee ; | and gently there repose; |
| Reesht m’y leeideil gys fynneraght, | Then leads me to cool Shades, and where |
| Yn raad ta geillyn roie. | refreshing Water flows. |
|  |  |
| 3 My chree waggântagh t’eh chyndaa, | 3 He does my wand’ring Soul reclaim, |
| Er graih e ennym hene ; | and, to His endless Praise, |
| As gynsagh mee cre’n aght dy hooyl, | Instruct with humble Zeal to walk |
| Ayns raaidyn jeeragh, glen. | in His most righteous Ways. |
|  |  |
| 4 Ga dy beïn shooyl ayns coan y vaaish, | 4 I pass the gloomy Vale of Death, |
| Cha bee’m ayns dooyt erbee ; | from Fear and Danger free; |
| Dty ’latt, dty lorg nee m’y endeil, | For there His aiding Rod and stAff |
| As kinjagh gerjagh mee. | defend and comfort me. |
|  |  |
| 5 Neayr’s ta my Yee jeh mooad’s e ghraih, | 6[[6]](#footnote-6) Since God does thus his wond’rous Love |
| Er reayll my yea ass gaue ; | through all my Life extend, |
| Yn yea shen neem’s y hymney da, | That Life to Him I will devote, |
| As ayns e hiamble ceau. | and in his Temple spend. |

| PSALM XXIV. | Psalm 24. |
| --- | --- |
| Quoi eh hed seose gys cronk y Chiarn, | [3b][[7]](#footnote-7) O! who shall to that sacred Hill |
| T’eh hene er reih er-lheh ; | deserv’d Admittance find? |
| As quoi vees ayns yn ynnyd shen, |  |
| Goit stiagh lesh oltagh bea ? |  |
|  |  |
| 4 Eshyn ta shooyl ayns raaidyn glen, | 4 The Man whose Hands and Heart are pure, |
| Veih moyrn ta freayll e chree ; | whose Thoughts from Pride are free; |
| Nagh jean molteyrys ayns e loo, | Who honest Poverty prefers |
| Son feeagh ny leagh erbee. | to gainful Perjury. |
|  |  |
| 5 Shoh, shoh’n dooinney da nee’n Chiarn | 5 This, this is he, on whom the Lord |
| E vannaght choyrt gagh-laa ; | shall show’r his Blessings down, |
| Vees lhieent lesh ynrickys e Yee, | Who God his Saviour shall vouchsafe |
| Jee, e haualtys brâ. | with Righteousness to crown. |

| PSALM XXV. | Psalm 25. |
| --- | --- |
| Gys Jee, ayn ta my hreisht, | 1 To God, in whom I trust, |
| Lesh m’ annym as my chree, | I lift my Heart and Voice; |
| Nee’m padjer ghoaill; O Hiarn graysoil, | 2 O! let me not be put to Shame, |
| Ny cur gys nearey mee. | nor let my Foes rejoice. |
|  |  |
| 3 Ayns ynrickys dty raad, | 4,5[[8]](#footnote-8) To me thy Truth impart, |
| Jean mish, O Hiarn ’leeideil ; | and lead me in thy Way; |
| Jee my haualtagh, uss dy bragh; | For thou art he that brings me Help, |
| Nagh jean dy bragh failleil. | on Thee I wait all Day. |
|  |  |
| 5 O smooinnee orrym, Hiarn, | 6 Thy Mercies, and thy Love, |
| Ayns graih as myghin cooie ; | O Lord, recal to mind; |
| As dy graysoil jean tannaghtyn | And graciously continue still, |
| Da peccee boghtey dooie. | as thou wert ever, kind. |
|  |  |
| 6 Lhig loght my aegid, Hiarn, | 7 Let all my youthful Crimes |
| Ve dollit ass dty lioar ; | be blotted out by Thee; |
| As son dty vieys yindyssagh | And, for thy wond’rous Goodness’ sake, |
| Jeeagh dou dty ghrayse as foayr. | in Mercy think on me. |
|  |  |
| 7 Dty vyghin as erreeish, | 8 His Mercy, and his Truth, |
| T’ou soilshagh orrin, Hiarn ; | the righteous Lord displays, |
| Ny shaghrynee goaill gys dty raad, | In bringing wand’ring Sinners home, |
| As thie hood hene ad tayrn. | and teaching them his Ways. |
|  |  |
| 8 Ny imlee as ny meen, | 9 He those in Justice guides |
| Ayns ynrickys nyn mea, | who his Direction seek; |
| T’eh dy leeideil dy myghinagh, | And in his sacred Paths shall lead |
| Ayns raaidyn kiart as rea. | the Humble and the Meek. |
|  |  |
| 9 Ta ooilley raaidyn Yee, | 10 Thro’ all the Ways of God |
| Ayns firrinys gloyroil ; | both Truth and Mercy shine, |
| Dauesyn ta freayll e annaghyn, | To such, as with religious Hearts, |
| Dy myghinagh foayroil. | to his blest Will incline. |

| PSALM XXXII. | Psalm 32. |
| --- | --- |
| O s’maynrey ad, nyn beccaghyn, | 1 He’s blest, whose Sins have Pardon gain’d, |
| Ta maiht daue liorish Jee, | no more in Judgment to appear; |
| Feaysley veih errey trome nyn loght | 2 Whose Guilt Remission has obtain’d, |
| T’er yeearree veih nyn gree. | and whose Repentance is sincere. |
|  |  |
| 3 Choud’s ren mee ayns my ommijys, | 3 While I conceal’d the fretting Sore, |
| Keiltyn my ghoghan baaish ; | my Bones consum’d without Relief; |
| My chraueyn chaill nyn mioyr fo’n laad, | All Day did I with Anguish roar, |
| Shee cha row aym ny aash. | but no Complaint asswag’d my Grief. |
|  |  |
| 6 Leah’s ren mee siyr dy skeayley royd, | 5[[9]](#footnote-9) No sooner I my Wound disclos’d, |
| Ayns padjer loght my vea ; | the Guilt that tortur’d me within, |
| Dty ghrayse as myghin hug dou couyr, | But thy Forgiveness interpos’d, |
| As va my chree ec fea. | and Mercy’s healing Balm pour’d in. |
|  |  |
| 7 Shoh stayd nyn lheid nagh gaill nyn draa, | 6 True Penitents shall thus succeed, |
| Dy hirrey hoods son grayse ; | who seek Thee whilst Thou mayst be found; |
| Agh cronney ny mee-arryssee, | And, from the common Deluge freed |
| Vees trimshey, pian as baase. | shall see remorseless Sinners drown’d. |

| PSALM XXXIII.  Verse 4. | Psalm 33. |
| --- | --- |
| Goo’n Chiarn ta kiart, e chreenaght vooar | 4,5 For faithful is the Word of God, |
| Harrish e obbyr sheeint ; | his Works with Truth abound; |
| Ta ’ghraih er cairys, as yn ooir | He Justice loves, and all the Earth |
| Ta lesh e vieys lhieent. | is with his Goodness crown’d. |
|  |  |
| 6 Yn arch vooar ard ta er nyn skyn, | 6 By his Almighty Word, at first, |
| Va soit magh lesh e laue ; | Heav’ns glorious Arch was rear’d; |
| As ooilley’n cheshaght aalin t’ayn, | And all the beauteous Hosts of light |
| Hug eh nyn doshiaght daue. | at this Command appear’d. |
|  |  |
| 7 Da’n faarkey hug eh boayl er-lheh | 7 The swelling Floods, together roll’d, |
| Coyrt cagliagh lajer mysh ; | he makes in Heaps to lie; |
| As chaglit stiagh myr ayns thie stoyr, | And lays, as in a Storehouse safe, |
| Nagh voddagh eh cheet rish. | the wat’ry Treasures by. |
|  |  |
| 8 Lhig eisht slane cummaltee yn theihl, | 8,9 Let Earth, and all that dwell therein |
| Ve roishyn atchimagh ; | before him trembling stand; |
| 9 Dagh nhee va jeant, hug biallys, | For when he spake the Word, ’twas made: |
| Leah’s haink y sarey magh. | ’twas fix’d at his Command. |
|  |  |
| 11Shen ny ta’n Chiarn dy choyrt myr leigh, | 11 Whate’er the mighty Lord decrees |
| Nee shassoo gyn caghlaa ; | shall stand for ever sure; |
| E haraghyn ta sealit seose, | The settled Purpose of his Heart |
| Nagh vod ve brisht dy bra. | to Ages shall endure. |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| PSALM XXXIX.  Verse 5.[[10]](#footnote-10) | Psalm 39. |
| Hiarn, cur dty ghrayse as tushtey dou, | 4 Lord, let me know my Term of Days, |
| Son toiggal cooie jee’m pene ; | how soon my Life will end; |
| Goaill gys my chree gyirrid my vea, | The wond’rous Train of Ills disclose, |
| Nagh vod ve foddey beayn. | which this frail State attend. |
|  |  |
| 6 Jeeagh ; t’ou er chummey traa my vea | 5 My Life, thou know’st, is but a Span, |
| Gys towshan giare myr reish ; | a Cypher sums my Years; |
| Ayns soylagh gys y veaynid ayds, | And ev’ry Man, in best Estate, |
| Fardail dagh dooinney eisht. | but Vanity appears. |
|  |  |
| 7 Ta dooinney shooyl ayns caslys scaa, | 6 Man, like a Shadow, vainly walks, |
| As lab’raght ayns fardail ; | with fruitless Cares oppress’d; |
| Sheer chaglym cooid, gyn fys quoi da, | He heaps up. Wealth, but cannot tell |
| Ny quoi nee’n soylley ’ghoaill. | by whom ’twill be possess’d. |
|  |  |
| 8 Agh quoi er ta mish farkiaght, Hiarn, | 7 Why then should I on worthless Toys, |
| Cre er m’ imnea baarail ? | with anxious Care, attend? |
| Orts ta mee coyrt my varrant slane, | On Thee alone my stedfast Hope |
| Cha jean oo mee hreigeil. | shall ever, Lord, depend. |

| PSALM XLV. | Psalm 45. |
| --- | --- |
| For CHRISTMAS DAY. |  |
| Ayns coyrt da’n ree ard-voylley cair, | 1 While I the King’s loud Praise rehearse, |
| Ayns smooinaght dowin my chree ; | indited by my Heart, |
| 2 My veeal ren goll myr laue screeudeyr, | My Tongue is like the Pen of him |
| Ta scrieu lesh aght as skhleï. | that writes with ready Art. |
|  |  |
| 3 T’ou foddey s’aailey na sheelnaue, | 2 How matchless is thy Form, O King! |
| Lesh grayse dty veeal ta loayrt ; | thy Mouth with Grace o’erflows; |
| Son dy vel Jee, dty Yee, gagh-laa, | Because fresh Blessings God on thee |
| Giootal e vannaght ort. | eternally bestows. |
|  |  |
| 7 Dty stoyl-reeoil ta shickyr soit, | 6 But thy firm Throne, O God, is fix’d |
| Nagh jean dy bragh caghlaa ; | for ever to endure; |
| Dty lorg lesh pooar nee kinjagh reill, | Thy Sceptre’s Sway shall always last, |
| Lesh leigh nagh vaill dy bra. | by righteous Laws secure. |

| PSALM LXVII. | Psalm 67. |
| --- | --- |
| Ayns myghin jeeagh dou foayr, | 1 To bless thy chosen Race, |
| As bannee shin, O Hiarn ; | in Mercy, Lord, incline; |
| As lhig da soilshey gial dty vaish, | And cause the Brightness of thy Face |
| Er dt’ eiraght hene soilshean; | On all thy Saints to shine; |
|  |  |
| 2 Dy vod dy chooilley cheer | 2 That so thy wond’rous Way |
| Baght jeh dty raad y ghoaill ; | may through the World be known, |
| Ny ayrnyn mooie jeh’n seihl goaill-rish | While distant Lands their Tribute pay, |
| Dt’ haualtys spyrrydoil. | and thy Salvation own. |
|  |  |
| 3 O lhig da dagh ashoon | 3 Let diff’ring Nations join |
| Dty voylley fockley magh, | to celebrate thy Fame; |
| Lhig ooilley’n ooir lesh un choraa, | Let all the World, O Lord, combine |
| Cur moylley dhyt dy bragh. | to praise thy glorious Name. |
|  |  |
| 4 Lhig dauesyn boggey ghoaill | 4 O let them shout and sing |
| Lesh gennallys arrane ; | dissolv’d in pious Mirth, |
| Son uss y briw, dy cairagh kiart, | For Thou, the righteous Judge and King, |
| Nee briwnys dagh unnane. | shalt govern all the Earth. |
|  |  |
| 5 O lhig da dagh ashoon | 5 Let diff’ring Nations join |
| Dty voylley fockley magh ; | to celebrate thy Fame; |
| Lhig ooilley’n ooir lesh un choraa | Let all the World, O Lord, combine |
| Goaill ayrn ’sy chiaulleeaght. | to praise thy glorious Name. |
|  |  |
| 6 Bee’n ooir eisht laadit trome | 6 Then shall the teeming Ground |
| Lesh bratt dy chooilley vleïn ; | a large Increase disclose; |
| As bee mayd bannit liorish Jee, | And we with Plenty shall be crown’d, |
| Yn Jee graysoil ain hene. | which God, our God, bestows. |
|  |  |
| 7 Ver Jee e vannaght dooin, | 7 Then God upon our Land |
| Lesh palchey jeh dagh nhee ; | shall constant Blessings show’r, |
| As ooilley’n seihll nee aggle ’ghoaill, | And all the World in Awe shall stand |
| Roish pooar yn niartal Jee. | of his resistless Pow’r. |

| PSALM LXXXIV. | Psalm 84. |
| --- | --- |
| O Hiarn my Yee, maynrey nyn stayd, | 4 O Lord of Hosts, my King and God, |
| Ta mennick ayns dty hie ; | how highly bless’d are they, |
| Geeck dhyts ayns shen nyn geesh dy ghloyr, | Who in thy Temple always dwell, |
| Lesh arryltys nyn gree. | and there thy Praise display! |
|  |  |
| 5 Maynrys er maynrys gour nyn lheid, | 5 Thrice happy they, whose Choice has Thee |
| Ta ayns dty scaa treishteil ; | their sure Protection made; |
| Myr troailtee gennal, geiyrt da’n raad | Who long to tread the sacred Ways |
| Ta gys dty hie leeideil. | that to thy Dwelling lead! |
|  |  |
| 8 Veih niart dy niart t’ad gennal goll | 7 Thus they proceed from Strength to Strength, |
| Jerkal rish maynrys bra, | and still approach more near, |
| Raad hee ad dt’ oaïe ayns gerjagh beayn | Till all on Sion’s holy Mount |
| Nagh jean dy bragh caghlaa. | before their God appear. |
|  |  |
| 10 Obaare lhiam eisht un laa vaarail, | 10 For in thy Courts one single Day |
| Ayns chiamble noo my Yee ; | ’tis better to attend, |
| Ny bleeantyn liauyr fud sleih gyn-ghrayse, 1769 gyn grayse | Than, Lord, in any Place besides |
| Gyn aggle ayns nyn gree. | a thousand Days to spend. |

| PSALM XC. | Psalm 90. |
| --- | --- |
| Hiarn, nyn saualtagh niartal rieau | 1 O Lord the Saviour and Defence |
| D’ endeil dty reih hioltane ; | of us thy chosen Race, |
| Veih eash dy eash t’ou er ny ve | From Age to Age thou still hast been |
| Yn sauchys shickyr ain. | our sure abiding Place. |
|  |  |
| 2 Roish my ren sleïtyn cheet er-ash, | 2 Before thou brought’st the Mountains forth, |
| Roish ren oo’n seihll y chroo : | or th’ earth and World didst frame, |
| V’ou uss yn ooilley-niartal Jee, | Thou always were the mighty God, |
| Nish yn Jee cheddin oo. | and ever art the same. |
|  |  |
| 3 T’ou caghlaa’n dooinney, Hiarn, gys joan, | 3 Thou turnest Man, O Lord, to Dust, |
| Ass ren oo ’chummey eh; | of which he first was made; |
| Cha leah’s ta’n sarey raït, Chyndaa, | And when thou speak’st the Word, *Return*, |
| Sheign biallys y ve. | ’tis instantly obey’d. |
|  |  |
| 4 Son ayns dty hilley thousane bleïn | 4 For in thy Sight a thousand Years |
| Cha vel agh myr un laa ; | are like a Day that’s past, |
| Ny myr oor ceaut er dromm ny hoie, | Or like a Watch in Dead of Night, |
| Nagh vel mooar geill ain da. | whose Hours unminded waste. |
|  |  |
| 5 Goit myr lesh thooilley, ta shin stroit, | 5 Thou sweep’st us off as with a Flood, |
| As chea myr dreamal oie : | we vanish hence like Dreams; |
| Gaase seose ’sy voghrey, goll-rish blaa | At first we grow like Grass that feels |
| Rere myr ta’n ghrian ceau bree. | the Sun’s reviving Beams: |
|  |  |
| 6 Agh cre-erbee cha glass as te, | 6 But howsoever fresh and fair |
| Cre-wooads yn aalid t’ayn : | its Morning Beauty shows; |
| Te giarit sheese, fiojit, as creen, | ’Tis all cut down and wither’d quite |
| Myjig y laa gys kione. | before the Ev’ning close. |
|  |  |
| 10 Seihll dooinney three feed bleïn as jeih, | 10 Our Term of Time is seventy Years, |
| Stiark ta goll seose er shen ; | an Age that few survive; |
| As my ta fer erbee cha trean | But if, with more than common Strength, |
| Dyheet gys kiare feed blein. | to Eighty we arrive; |
|  |  |
| 11 E hroshid eisht cha bee eh veg | Yet then our boasted Strength decays, |
| Agh trimshey as angaish ; | to Sorrow turn’d and Pain: |
| Snaih’n vea (ta faase) vees brisht, as eisht, | So soon the slender Thread is cut, |
| Geyre farkiaght er ta’n baase. | and we no more remain. |

| PSALM XCV. | Psalm 95. |
| --- | --- |
| Lesh greïnyn kiaullee as coraa | 1 O Come, loud anthems let us sing, |
| Lhig dooin coyrt booise da Jee ; | loud thanks to our Almighty King; |
| As boggey mooar ghoaill ayns y chreg, | For we our voices high should raise |
| Er ta nyn sauchys lhie. | when our salvation’s rock we praise. |
|  |  |
| 2 Stiagh ayns e enish lhig dooin cheet | 2 Into his presence let us haste, |
| Lesh moylley arrymagh ; | to thank him for his favors past; |
| Soilshagh nyn mooise lesh gennallys, | To him address in joyful songs |
| As psalmyn eunyssagh. | the praise that to his Name belongs. |
|  |  |
| 3 Corneilyn sodjey magh yn ooir, | 4 The depths of Earth are in his hand, |
| Ta echey ayns e laue ; | her secret wealth at his command; |
| Ta niart ny croink myrgeddin lesh | the strength of hills that threat the skies, |
| ’Syn order hug eh daue. | subjected to his empire lies. |
|  |  |
| 5 She eshyn ren y faarkey mooar, | 5 The rolling Ocean’s vast abyss |
| Cur voalley lajer mysh ; | by the same sovereign right is his: |
| As lesh e phooar ren eh goardrail | ’Tis moved by his Almighty hand, |
| Yn thalloo dy heet rish. | that formed and fix’d the solid land. |
|  |  |
| 6 O tar-jee, lhig dooin ooashley ’choyrt, | 6 O let us to his courts repair, |
| As loobey sheese nyn ghlioon ; | and bow with adoration there; |
| As croymmey gys y Chiarn nyn Yee, | Down on our knees devoutly all |
| Yn Jee hug toshiaght dooin. | before the Lord our Maker fall. |

| PSALM C. | Psalm 100. |
| --- | --- |
| 1 O Ooilley shiuish fir-vaghee’n theihll, | 1,2 With one Consent let all the Earth |
| Trog-jee kiaull ghennal gys y Chiarn : | to God their chearful Voices raise; |
| Eeck-jee nyn geesh da dy creeoil, | Glad Homage pay with awful Mirth |
| Insh-jee e voylley ayns arrane. | and sing before him Songs of Praise. |
|  |  |
| 2 She eh yn Jee mooar ynrycan | 3 Convinc’d that he is God alone, |
| Liorish ta shin as ooilley bio : | from whom both we and all proceed; |
| Shin t’eh er reih e phobble hene, | We, whom he chuses for his own, |
| Yn shioltane t’er nyn vassagh fo. | the Flock which he vouchsafes to feed. |
|  |  |
| 3 Er e ghiat cash’rick gow-jee stiagh, | 4 O enter then his Temple Gate, |
| As ayns e choort tra vees shiu sthie; | thence to his courts devoutly press, |
| Gow-jee arraneyn eunyssagh, | And still your grateful hymns repeat, |
| Gys moylley’n Jee ta riu cha mie. | and still his Name with Praises bless. |
|  |  |
| 4 Son mie ta’n Chiarn ’skyn smooinaghtyn, | 5 For he’s the Lord supremely good, |
| E vyghinyn rieau shickyr va ; | his Mercy is for ever sure: |
| Feer ta e ghoo, as farraghtyn, | His Truth, which all times firmly stood, |
| Veih eash dy eash er son dy bra. | to endless Ages shall endure. |

| PSALM CIII.  PART *II*.[[11]](#footnote-11) | Psalm 103. |
| --- | --- |
| 13 Jeeagh-jee cre’n chymmey ta ec ayr | 13 Yea, like as a father pitieth his own children: even so is the Lord merciful unto them that fear him. |
| Jeh ’phaitchyn ayns nyn veme; |
| Cha chymmoil cheddin daue ta Jee, |
| T’ayns aggle ersyn geam. |
|  |  |
| 14 Eh ren shin shione nyn niart, cre te, | 14 For he knoweth whereof we are made: he remembereth that we are but dust. |
| As cre’n stoo ta shin jeh ; |
| Cre cha annoon ta’n dooghys ain, |
| Nagh vel agh ooir as cray. |
|  |  |
| 15 Cre’n aght ta dooinney shymley ass, | 15 The days of man are but as grass: for he flourisheth as a flower of the field. |
| As fioghey goll-rish faiyr ; |
| Ny myr y blaa jiu aalin gaase, |
| Agh mairagh skeilt er laare. |
|  |  |
| 16 Yn viljid as yn aalid t’ayn, | 16 For as soon as the wind goeth over it, it is gone: and the place thereof shall know it no more. |
| Lesh feoght yn aer hed mow ; |
| E ghuilley waagh chyndaa gys joan, |
| Cha vaik oo ad ny smoo. |

| PSALM CXVI.  *Sacramental.* | Psalm 116. |
| --- | --- |
| O cre’n chyndaa ver-yms da Jee | 12,13 Then what Return to him shall I |
| Son mooads e vannaghtyn ? | for all his Goodness make? |
| Feeyn y taualtys nee’m y ghoaill, | I’ll praise his Name, and with glad Zeal |
| Er baase Chreest cooinaghtyn. | the Cup of Blessing take. |
|  |  |
| Kainlt hoods, O Hiarn, son whilleen foays, | 16 By various Ties, O Lord, must I |
| Shegin dou hood biallys ; | to thy Dominion bow; |
| Son va mee roie mac dt’ inney-veyl, | Thy humble Handmaid’s Son before, |
| Agh t’ou er m’ eaysley nish. | thy ransom’d Captive now! |
|  |  |
| Oural dy voylley chebbym dhyt, | 17,18 To Thee I’ll Off’rings bring of Praise; |
| Son dt’ ennym casherick ; | and, whilst I bless thy Name, |
| As fenish dty slane agglish noo | The just Performance of my Vows |
| My vreearrey nee’m y eeck. | to all thy Saints proclaim. |
|  |  |
| Meetee ad ayns Jerusalem, | 19 They in Jerusalem shall meet, |
| ’Sy chiamble dagh unnane, | and in thy House shall join, |
| Coyrt moylley dhyts lesh un choraa, | To bless thy Name with one Consent, |
| As mâryms goaill arrane. | and mix their Songs with mine. |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| PSALM CXVII. | Psalm 117. |
| 1 Ashoonee, cur-jee gloyr da’n Chiarn, | 1 With chearful Notes let all the Earth |
| Lesh boggey eunyssagh ; | to Heav’n their Voices raise; |
| Lhig ooilley’n seihll lesh un choraa, | Let all, inspir’d with godly Mirth, |
| Goaill ayrn ’sy chiaulleeaght. | sing solemn Hymns of Praise. |
|  |  |
| 2 E vyghin veiygh ta skeaylt dy lhean, | 2 God’s tender Mercy knows no Bound, |
| E chairys gyn caghlaa ; | his Truth shall ne’er decay: |
| Dy gennal eisht eeck-jee nyn geesh, | Then let the willing Nations round |
| Dy ghloyr as moylley da. | their grateful Tribute pay. |

| PSALM CXIX. | Psalm 119. |
| --- | --- |
| 1 O maynrey ad ta kinjagh shooyl, | 1 How bless’d are they who always keep |
| Ayns raaidyn jeeragh Yee ; | the pure and perfect Way! |
| Ta streeu dy reayll yn cassan cair, | Who never from the sacred Paths |
| Gyn skyrraghtyn erbee. | of God’s Commandments stray! |
|  |  |
| 2 O maynrey ad ta gys e leigh | 2 Thrice bless’d! who to his righteous Laws |
| Coyrt biallys creeoil ; | have still obedient been; |
| Lesh jeeanid anmey imlee guee, | And have with fervent humble Zeal |
| Dy yannoo eh foayroil. | his Favour sought to win! |
|  |  |
| 3 Nyn lheid ta kinjagh er nyn dwoaie, | 3 Such men their utmost Caution use |
| Veih caslys olk dy chea ; | to shun each wicked Deed: |
| Tastagh dy reayll yn raad ta roue | But in the Path which he directs |
| Nagh gaill ad shilley jeh. | with constant Care proceed. |
| PART II. |  |
| Dy hoiggal dt’ annaghyn reeoil, | 4 Thou strictly hast enjoin’d us, Lord, |
| Ta’n sarey ayd’s, O Yee, | to learn thy sacred Will; |
| As ad dy reayll nyn gurrym ard | And all our Diligence employ |
| Lesh jeeanid smoo nyn gree. | thy Statutes to fulfil. |
|  |  |
| Oh eisht dy beagh eh dt’ aigney mie | 5 O then that thy most holy Will |
| Trooid ooilley coorse my vea ; | might o’er my Ways preside! |
| Dy hoiagh roym cre’n aght nee’m shooyl, | And I the Course of all my Life |
| Uss my haualtagh bra. | by thy Direction guide! |
|  |  |
| Lesh dunnallys bee eisht my chree | 6 Then with Assurance should I walk, |
| Ec fea ayns slane treishteil, | from all Confusion free; |
| Ayns gerjagh smoo dy vel my vea, | Convinc’d, with Joy, that all my Ways |
| Rish dt’ annaghyn coardail. | with thy Commands agree. |
|  |  |
| 9 Cre’n aght yiow’n dooinney aeg yn skhleï | 9 How shall the Young preserve their Ways |
| Dy kiart e vea ’leeideil ? | from all Pollution free? |
| Lesh jannoo kinjagh dt’ annaghyn | By making still their Course of Life |
| E sca veih broid yn ’eill. | with thy Commands agree. |
|  |  |
| Lesh arryltys my chree ta soit, | 10 With hearty Zeal for thee I seek, |
| Dy yeeaghyn er dty hon ; | to thee for Succour pray; |
| Veih dt’ annaghyn ny lhig dou, Hiarn, | O suffer not my careless steps |
| Chyndaa er-shaghyryn. | from thy right paths to stray. |
|  |  |
| Dowin ayns my chree dty ghoo ta soit | 11 Safe in my Heart, and closely hid, |
| My stoyr nagh jean failleil ; | thy Word, my Treasure, lies; |
| Nee cooney lhiam dy reayll fo chosh, | To succour me with timely Aid, |
| Mee-viallys yn eill. | when sinful Thoughts arise. |
|  |  |
| My annym booisal, myr shoh reilt, | 12 Secur’d by that, my grateful Soul |
| Dy kinjagh ver dhyt gloyr ; | shall ever bless thy Name: |
| Veih’n traa shoh magh, lhig da my vea | O teach me then by thy just Laws, |
| Ve coadit lesh dty phooar. | my future Life to frame. |
|  |  |
| 33 Ynsee mee ayns dty leighyn, Hiarn, | 33 Instruct me in thy statutes, Lord, |
| Dty raaidyn soilshee dou ; | thy righteous Paths display; |
| Ooilley my laghyn eiyr-yms daue, | And I from them, through all my Life, |
| Cha jem er-shaghryn voue. | will never go astray. |
|  |  |
| 34 My nee uss creenaght y chur dou | 34 If thou true Wisdom from above |
| Yn creenaght flaunyssagh ; | wilt graciously impart, |
| Nee’m goaill dty leighyn gys my chree, | To keep thy perfect Laws I will |
| As freill-ym ad dy bragh. | devote my zealous Heart. |
|  |  |
| 35 Jean uss ayns cassan rea dty ghoo | 35 Direct me in the sacred Ways |
| My immeeaght kiart leeideil ; | To which thy Precepts lead; |
| Ny lhig da’n caslys sloo dy olk, | Because my chief Delight has been |
| M’y chummal fo e reill. | thy righteous Paths to tread. |
|  |  |
| Orryms fo kiangley dty harvaant | 38 Confirm the Promise which thou mad’st, |
| Cur soilshey gennal dt’ oaie ; | and give thy Servant Aid [...] |
| Dy hoiggal as dy reayll dty ghoo | 36 Do thou to thy most just Commands |
| Lesh jeeanid lhieen my chree. | incline my willing Heart [...] |
|  |  |
| 89 Dy bragh, O Hiarn, as son dy bragh, | 89 For ever, and for ever, Lord, |
| Dty stayd cha bee ec kione ; | unchang’d thou dost remain; |
| Trooid ooilley’n aer t’ou cummal seose | Thy Word, establish’d in the Heav’ns, |
| Dy chooilley chruinnyd t’ayn. | does all their Orbs sustain. |
|  |  |
| Veih eash gys eash ta dt’ ynrickys | 90 Thro’ circling Ages, Lord, thy Truth |
| Gyn scughey shassoo beayn ; | immoveable shall stand, |
| Ta’n ooir myrgeddln shickyr soit, | As doth the Earth, which thou uphold’st |
| Lesh dty phooar niartal hene. | by thy Almighty Hand. |
|  |  |
| Ta dagh nhee t’ayn cur lhieu nyn goorse, | 91 All things the Course by thee ordain’d |
| Myr ren oo daue pointeil ; | ev’n to this Day fulfil; |
| T’ad ooilley bial da dty phooar, | They are the faithful Subjects all, |
| Sharvaantyn fo dty reill. | and Servants of thy Will. |
|  |  |
| Hee’m dy bee jerrey er dagh nhee, | 96 I’ve seen an End of what we call |
| Nagh var ad son dy bra, | Perfection here below: |
| Agh lheead dty leighyn’s goll rhyt hene, | But thy Commandments, like Thyself, |
| Cha jean dy bragh caghlaa. | no Change or Period know. |

| PSALM CXXII. | Psalm 122. |
| --- | --- |
| S’mooar va my voggey eunyssagh | 1 O ’Twas a joyful Sound to hear |
| Tra cheayll mee’n pobble gra, | our Tribes devoutly say, |
| Lhig dooin goll seose gys thie yn Chiarn, | Up, Israel, to the Temple haste, |
| Shirveish dy yannoo da. | and keep your Festal Day. |
|  |  |
| Gys shen, lhig dooin nyn gesmadyn | 2 At Salem’s Courts we must appear |
| Dy cheilley y leeideil ; | with our assembled Pow’rs, |
| Son shen y raad, ta Jee ny ghloyr | 3 In strong and beauteous Order ranged, |
| Coyrt bannaght as speedeil. | like her united Tow’rs. |
|  |  |
| Gys shen, myr tribeyn Israel | 4 ’Tis thither, by Divine Command, |
| Lhig dooin goll seose as guee ; | the Tribes of God repair, |
| Moylley, as gloyr, as booise dy bragh | Before his Ark to celebrate |
| Da’n ooilley-niartal Ree. | his Name with Praise and Pray’r. |
|  |  |
| Son shen y raad t’eh soilshagh dooin | 5 Tribunals stand erected there, |
| E vriwnys as e ghrayse ; | where Equity takes place [...] |
| O gow-jee padjer eisht gys Jee, | 6 O pray we then for Salem’s Peace, |
| Son shee as myghin d’ aase. | for they shall prosp’rous be [...] |
|  |  |
| O bannit son dy bragh t’ad shen | 7 May Peace within thy sacred Walls |
| Ta son dty vaynrys guee ; | a constant Guest be found, |
| Shee dy row ayns dty voallaghyn, | With Plenty and Prosperity |
| As ayns dty chooyrtyn shee ! | thy Palaces be crown’d. |
|  |  |
| Feoiltys as palchey dy row lhiat, | 8 For my dear Brethren’s sake, and Friends |
| As shoh my phadjer jeean ; | no less than Brethren dear, |
| My chaarjyn as my ainjyssee | I’ll pray, — May Peace in Salem’s Tow’rs |
| Dy chosney’n bannaght beayn. | a constant Guest appear. |
|  |  |
| S’mooar ta my ghraih son thie yn Chiarn, | 9 But most of all I’ll seek thy Good, |
| As shen-y-fa nee’m streeu ; | and ever wish thee well, |
| Dy voddym son my aigney mie | For Sion and the Temple’s sake, |
| Ve jeh dty vyghin feeu. | where God vouchsafes to dwell. |

| PSALM CXXXV. | Psalm 135. |
| --- | --- |
| O cur-jee moylley ard da’n Chiarn, | 1 O Praise the Lord with one Consent, |
| Jeh ’ennym sheer gimraa, | and magnify his Name; |
| As jean-jee shiuish, shirveishee’n Chiarn, | Let all the Servants of the Lord |
| Ard voylley feeu ’chur da. | his worthy Praise proclaim. |
|  |  |
| 2 O moyll-jee eh shiuish ta tendeil | 2 Praise him all ye that in his House |
| E hie lesh jeeanid cree ; | attend with constant Care; |
| Marish y vooinjer t’ec y voard, | With those that to his outmost Courts |
| Coyrt moylley cooie da’n Ree. | with humble Zeal repair. |
|  |  |
| 3 Ta’n Chiarn graysoil, gow-jee arrane | 3 For this our truest Int’rest is, |
| Lesh boggey-flaunyssagh ; | glad Hymns of Praise to sing; |
| Dy eeck nyn geesh dy voylley cair, | And with loud Songs to bless his Name, |
| Cre ta cha eunyssagh ? | a most delightful thing. |

| PSALM CXLIII. | Psalm 143. |
| --- | --- |
| Eaisht rish my ghuee, Hiarn, as gys m’ eam | 1 Lord hear my Pray’r, and to my Cry |
| Cur cleaysh as bee foayroil ; | thy wonted Audience lend; |
| As lurg dty ghialdyn firrinagh ; | In thy accustom’d Faith and Truth |
| Cur dou ansoor graysoil. | a gracious Answer send. |
|  |  |
| 2 Ec stoyl dty vriwnys dy ve try’t | 2 Nor at thy strict Tribunal bring |
| Ny briwnys mee dy geyre ; | thy Servant to be try’d; |
| Son ayns dty hilley dooinney bio | For in thy Sight no living Man |
| Cha vel veih peccah seyr. | can e’er be justify’d. |
|  |  |
| 5 Smooin-ym er laghyn foddey ceaut**,** | 5 I call to mind the Days of old, |
| As yindyssyn dty laue ; | and Wonders thou hast wrought: |
| Er cre cha mennick ta dty phooar | My former Dangers and Escapes |
| Er my livrey ayns gaue. | employ my musing Thought. |
|  |  |
| 6 Lesh padjer imlee sheeyn-ym hood | 6 To thee my Hands in humble Prayer |
| Dy jeean my laueyn magh ; | I fervently stretch out; |
| My chree ort geam, myr thalloo losht | My soul for thy Refreshment thirsts, |
| Feme fliaghey ymmyrchagh. | like Land oppress’d with Drought, |
|  |  |
| 7 Eaisht rhym dy leah, ta mee failleil, | 7 Hear me with Speed; my Spirit fails; |
| Voym, Hiarn, ny chyndaa dt’ oaie**,** | thy Face no longer hide, |
| Nagh bee’m goll roo ta gyn treishteil, | Lest I become forlorn, like them |
| Heese dowin nyn lhie ’syn oaie. | that in the Grave reside. |
|  |  |
| 8 Dty aigney graihagh soilshee dou, | 8 Thy Kindness early let me hear, |
| Son ta my varrant ort; | whose Trust on thee depends; |
| Jeeagh dou yn raad ayn lhisin shooyl | Teach me the Way where I should go; |
| Hood dy vod m’ annym troailt. | my Soul to thee ascends. |
|  |  |
| 10 Uss, uss, my Yee, gys dt’ aigney mie**,** | 10 Thou art my God, thy righteous Will |
| Ynsee dou biallys ; | instruct me to obey; |
| Lhig da dty Spyrryd my leeideil, | Let thy good Spirit lead and keep |
| Ayns raad ny ynrickys. | my Soul in thy right Way. |

| PSALM CXLV. | Psalm 145. |
| --- | --- |
| Ard-voylley dhyt, O Hiarn, my ree | 1,2 Thee I’ll extol, my God and King, |
| Ard-ooashley dhyt dy bra ; | Thy endless Praise proclaim; |
| Dy choyrt dhyt booise choud as vee’mbio | This Tribute daily I will bring, |
| My churrym kainlt gagh-laa. | and ever bless thy Name. |
|  |  |
| 3 Dty ghloyr, O Hiarn, cha vod my ghlare | 3 Thou, Lord, beyond Compare art great, |
| ’Chur magh lesh ooashley feeu ; | and highly to be prais’d; |
| 4 Dty ooashley t’eh erskyn my phooar, | Thy Majesty, with boundless Height, |
| Dy chormal lesh my ghoo. | above our Knowledge rais’d. |
|  |  |
| 5 Dty obbraghyn bee cooinaght jeu | 4 Renown’d for mighty Acts, thy Fame |
| Gys earishyn gyn kione ; | to future Times extends; |
| 6 Ooashley dty ghloyr ta soilshit magh | From Age to Age thy glorious Name |
| Ayns firrinys dty ghoan. | successively descends. |
|  |  |
| 7 Tra vees dty voylley as dty ghloyr | 5,6 Whilst I thy Glory and Renown, |
| Ayns bingys soilshit magh ; | and wond’rous Works express; |
| Lhig dagh sheeloghe lesh un arrane | The world with me thy Might shall own, |
| Goaill ayrn ’sy chiaulleeaght. | and thy great Pow’r confess. |
|  |  |
| 8 Dty ghraih hymmoil as surranse liauyr | 7 The Praise that to thy Love belongs, |
| T’ad gerjaghey sheelnaue ; | they shall with Joy proclaim [...] |
| 9 Dty vyghin veiygh dy bragh erskyn | 8 The Lord is good; fresh Acts of Grace |
| Eer obbraghyn dty laue. | his Pity still supplies [...] |
|  |  |
| 10Dty obbraghyn t’ad fockley magh | 9,10 Thy Love thro’ Earth extends its Fame, |
| Dty voylley as dty ghloyr ; | to all thy Works exprest; |
| Dty nooghyn taggloo jeh dty niart, | These shew thy Praise, whilst thy great Name |
| Dty vieys as dty phooar. | is by thy Servants blest. |
|  |  |
| 12Dty stoyl reeoil ayns stayd te soit | 13 His stedfast Throne, from Changes free, |
| Te stoamit magh dy lhean, | shall stand for ever fast; |
| Reill dty reeriaght te farraghtyn, | His boundless Sway no End shall see, |
| As rish dty phooar co-beayn. | but Time itself out-last. |
|  |  |
| 14T’ou sheeyney magh dty laue, O Hiarn, | 14,15 The Lord does them support that fall, |
| As troggal seose y boght; | and makes the Prostrate rise; |
| T’ou cooney lesh dagh ymmyrchagh | For his kind Aid all Creatures call, |
| Ta ceau e hraa gyn loght. | who timely Food supplies. |
|  |  |
| 21Lesh rere my phooar nee’m goaill arrane | 21 My Time to come, in Praises spent, |
| Dy voylley hoods, O Hiarn, | shall still advance his Fame, |
| As lhig dy chooilley eill cur booise | And all Mankind with one Consent |
| Choud as vees seihll er-mayrn. | for ever bless his Name. |

| PSALM CXLV.[[12]](#footnote-12) | Psalm 145. |
| --- | --- |
| Dhyts ver-ym booise, my Hiarn as ree, | 1,2 Thee I’ll extol, my God and King, |
| Dty voylley hoilsh-ym magh ; | Thy endless Praise proclaim; |
| Shoh currym goym myr keesh dy eeck, | This Tribute daily I will bring, |
| As bannee-ym oo dy bragh. | and ever bless thy Name. |
|  |  |
| T’ou Chiarn erskyn yn roshtyn ain | 3 Thou, Lord, beyond Compare art great, |
| Dy choyrt dhyt moylley cair ; | and highly to be prais’d; |
| Dt’ ard-ooashley ta erskyn nyn maght, | Thy Majesty, with boundless Height, |
| Ta’n tushtey ain ro ghiare. | above our Knowledge rais’d. |
|  |  |
| Dty obbyr niartal trooid y theihll, | 4 Renown’d for mighty Acts, thy Fame |
| Vees loayrit jeh dy bra, | to future Times extends; |
| Dt’ ennym gloyroil veih eash dy eash | From Age to Age thy glorious Name |
| Vees kinjagh er n’imraa. | successively descends. |
|  |  |
| Tra ta mish loayrt jeh dt’ obbraghyn, | 5,6 Whilst I thy Glory and Renown, |
| As soilshagh magh dty ghloyr, | and wond’rous Works express; |
| Eisht marym’s nee yn seihll goaill-rish | The World with me thy Might shall own, |
| Dty niart as mooads dty phooar. | and thy great Pow’r confess. |
|  |  |
| Cooinaghtyn jeh dty chenjallys | 7 The praise that to thy Love belongs, |
| Vees soilshit trooid y theihll, | they shall with Joy proclaim; |
| Jeh dt’ ynrickys ghoys ad arrane, | Thy Truth of all their grateful Songs |
| Cha jed eh ass nyn meeal. | shall be the constant Theme. |
|  |  |
| Yn Chiarn t’eh dooie as myghinagh, | 8 The Lord is good; fresh Acts of Grace |
| Arryltagh dy hauail, | his Pity still supplies; |
| E chorree shooyl lesh kesmad moal | His Anger moves with slowest pace, |
| E vyghin cheet nyn gwaill. | his willing Mercy flies. |
|  |  |
| Dty ghraih ta roshtyn trooid y theihll, | 9,10 Thy love thro’ Earth extends its Fame, |
| Gys dagh nhee ren oo ayn, | to all thy Works exprest; |
| Dty nooghyn coyrt dhyt moylley’s gloyr, | These show thy Praise, whilst thy great Name |
| As booisal er y hon. | is by thy Servants blest. |
|  |  |
| Gloyr dty reeriaght kiongoyrt roo soit**,** | 11 They, with the glorious Prospect fir’d, |
| Te greesagh ad dy loayrt, | shall of thy Kingdom speak; |
| As da dty phooar smoo niartal ard, | And thy great pow’r, by all admir’d, |
| Bee moylley er ny choyrt, | their lofty Subjects make. |
|  |  |
| Dty stoyl-reeoil ta shickyr soit, | 13 His stedfast Throne, from Changes free, |
| Gyn scughey ny caghlaa, | shall stand for ever fast; |
| Dty lorg lesh pooar nee kinjagh reill, | His boundless sway no End shall see, |
| Lurg kione veer dagh traa. | but Time itself out-last. |
|  |  |
| Sooill dagh cretoor ort’s, Hiarn, ta fieau, | 16 What’er their various Wants require, |
| Son cooney hood’s t’ad geam : | with open Hand he gives; |
| Dty laue t’ou fosley, as coyrt daue, | And so fulfils the just Desire |
| Dy chooilley nhee t’ad feme. | of ev’ry thing that lives. |
|  |  |
| Ynrick ta’n Chiarn, e raaidyn kiart, | 19 He grants the full Desires of those |
| E vyghin kinjagh meiygh : | who him with Fear adore; |
| Er-gerrey daue ta huggey geam, | And will their Troubles soon compose, |
| Ayns firrinys nyn gree. | when they his Aid implore. |
|  |  |
| My hraa ta roym neem’s y vaarail, | 21 My time to come, in Praises spent, |
| Ayns dty hirveish, O Hiarn, | shall still advance his Fame, |
| As lhig dy chooilley eill cur booise, | And all Mankind, with one Consent, |
| Choud as vees seihl er-mayrn. | for ever bless his Name. |

| PSALM CXLVI. | Psalm 146. |
| --- | --- |
| O m’ annym,eeck da’n Chiarn e cheesh | 1,2 O Praise the Lord, and thou, my Soul |
| Dy voylley ard dy bra ; | forever bless his Name; |
| As gow arrane jeh mieys Yee | His wond’rous Love, while Life shall last, |
| Ta coadey oo gagh laa. | my constant Praise shall claim. |
|  |  |
| 2 Ny cur dty hreisht ayns Prince erbee | 3 On Kings, the greatest Sons of Men, |
| Ny foast ayns niart yn eïll ; | let none for Aid rely; |
| Son s’moal y chooney t’ayns nyn laue | They cannot save in dang’rous Times, |
| Voish seaghyn dy endeil. | nor timely Help apply. |
|  |  |
| 3 Spooilt jeh nyn ennal t’ad goll mow, | 4 Depriv’d of Breath, to Dust they turn, |
| T’ad tuittym reesht ayns joan ; | and there neglected lie, |
| Ayns loauys eajee coayl nyn mree, | And all their Thoughts and vain Designs |
| Nyn niart as stayd ec kione. | together with them die. |
|  |  |
| 4 Eisht s’maynrey t’eh ta ’varrant soit**,** | 5 Then happy he, who Jacob’s God |
| Son coadey er e Yee ; | for his Protector takes; |
| Ta goaill Jee Yacob son e niart, | Who still, with well-plac’d Hope, the Lord |
| T’eh ceau e hraa ayns shee. | his constant Refuge makes. |
|  |  |
| 5 Son Jeeren niau, yn ooir, as keayn, | 6 The Lord, who made both Heav’n and Earth, |
| As dagh nhee ayndoo ta : | and all that they contain, |
| E ghialdynys t’eh cummal seose, | Will never quit his stedfast Truth, |
| As niartal son dy bra. | nor make his Promise vain. |
|  |  |
| 6 Yn boght cha lhig eh ve gyn cour, | 7 The Poor opprest, from all their Wrongs |
| Tra huittys eh ayns feme; | are eas’d by his Decree; |
| Ny accryssee t’eh jannoo magh, | He gives the Hungry needful Food, |
| As clashtyn rish nyn eam. | and sets the Pris’ners free. |
|  |  |
| 7 Yn joarree as yn chloan gyn-ayr, | 8 By him the Blind receive their Sight, |
| Ta ard-chiarailys Yee ; | the Weak and Fall’n he rears; |
| Dy veaghey lesh y palchey smoo | With kind Regard and tender Love |
| Yn traa t’ad huggey roie. | he for the Righteous cares. |
|  |  |
| 8 Trimshey’n ven-treoghe tra t’ee ayns feme | 9 The Strangers he preserves from Harm, |
| Ta Jee coyrt tastey da ; | the Orphan kindly treats, |
| Agh raaidyn olk mee-viallee, | Defends the Widow, and the Wiles |
| T’eh bun-ry-skyn chyndaa. | of wicked Men defeats. |
|  |  |
| Ta’n ooilley-niartal Chiarn ny ree, | 10 The God, that does in Sion dwell, |
| Dy bragh ayns Sion reïll ; | is our eternal King: |
| Veih eash dy eash ta ’phooar goll magh | From Age to Age his Reign endures; |
| As roshtyn er y theihll. | let all his Praises sing. |

| PSALM CXLVII. | Psalm 147. |
| --- | --- |
| O Moyllee-jee yn Chiarn t’ayns niau, | 1 O Praise the Lord with Hymns of joy, |
| As insh-jee magh e ghoo ; | and celebrate his Fame; |
| Son s’mie as stooamey t’eh dy loayrt, | For pleasant, good, and comely ’tis |
| Ayns booise da ’ennym noo. | to praise his holy Name. |
|  |  |
| Yn cree ta brisht lesh seaghyn trome, | 3,4 He kindly heals the broken Hearts, |
| Dy leah t’eh jannoo slane ; | and all their Wounds does close; |
| As earroo ny rollageyn heose ; | He tells the Number of the Stars, |
| T’eh coontey dagh unnane. | their sev’ral Names he knows. |
|  |  |
| S’mooar ta yn Chiarn as s’mooar e niart | 5,6 Great is the Lord, and great his Pow’r, |
| E chreenaght as e phooar; | his Wisdom has no Bound; |
| Ny meen t’eh troggal, agh drogh leih | The Meek he raises, and throws down |
| T’eh lhieggal gys yn ooir. | the Wicked to the Ground. |
|  |  |
| Gys Jee nyn Jiarn, arraneyn bing | 7 To God, the Lord, a Hymn of Praise |
| Gow-jee lesh ard-choraa. | with grateful Voices sing; |
| Er greïnyn kiaullee, dy creeoil, | To songs of Triumph tune the Harp, |
| Coyrt booise as moylley da. | and strike each warbling String. |
|  |  |
| Ny sleityn heose as coanyn wass | [8b] Thro’ him, on Mountain-tops, the Grass |
| T’eh jannoo magh lesh troar ; | With wondrous Plenty grows. |
| Myr shoh ta dagh cretoor goaill ayrn, |  |
| Jeh ’vieys as e ’oayr. |  |
|  |  |
| Son maase as ollagh t’eh kiarail, | 9 He, savage Beasts, that loosely range, |
| Nyn veme t’eh cur-my-ner ; | with timely Food supplies; |
| As eer son eeanlee feïe yn aer, | He feeds the Ravens tender Brood, |
| Yn traa t’ad geamagh er. | and stops their hungry Cries. |
|  |  |
| Yn aer t’eh coodagh doo as dowin, | 8a He covers Heav’n with Clouds, and thence |
| Lesh bodjallyn as kay ; |  |
| Laadit lesh fliaghey as lesh druight, | refreshing Rain bestows; |
| Yn ooir dy yannoo meay. |  |
|  |  |
| Cha nee er niart yn dooinney trean, | 10 He values not the warlike Steed, |
| Dy chooney lesh t’eh treisht ; | but does his Strength disdain; |
| Ny foast er troshid mooar y niagh, | The nimble Foot that swiftly runs, |
| My s’lajer ta yn veisht. | no Prize from him can gain. |
|  |  |
| Agh graih as kenjallys y Chiarn | 11 But he, to him that fears his Name, |
| T’eh soilshaghey dy keiyn ; | his tender Love extends; |
| Da’n dooinney imlee, crauee shen | To him that on his boundless Grace |
| Ta firrinagh da hene. | with stedfast Hope depends. |
| PART II. |  |
| Bannee dty Hiarn, Yerusalem, | 12,13 Let Sion and Jerusalem |
| As uss, O Sion, lheïe ; | to God their Praise address, |
| Ta voish dty ghiattyn geiyrt dty noid, | Who fenc’d their Gates with massy Bars, |
| Guard er dty chloan cheu-sthie. | and does their Children bless. |
|  |  |
| Harrish dty ream t’eh skeayley shee, | 14 Thro’ all their Borders he gives Peace, |
| Ga ta dty noidyn troo ; |  |
| Lesh flooyr y churnaght s’miljey neesht | with finest Wheat they’re fed; |
| Ta Jee dy veaghey oo. |  |
|  |  |
| Ta’n ooilley-niartal fockley magh |  |
| Lesh ard-choraa e phooar ; |  |
| Cha leah t'eh loayrt, cha leah t’eh jeant, | 15 He speaks the Word, and what he wills |
| Dy tappee er yn ooir. | is done as soon as said. |
|  |  |
| Myr ollan vane, ta’n sniaghtey gial | 16 Large Flakes of Snow, like fleecy Wool, |
| Cheet neose as sheebit fo ; | descend at his Command; |
| As myrragh garmad chiow yn ooir, | And hoary Frost, like Ashes spread, |
| Lesh meeaylys y lieh-rio. | is scatter’d o’er the Land. |
|  |  |
| Yn sniaghtey garroo trome as dewil | 17 When, join’d to these, he does his Hail |
| Myr steabyn tilgey chion ; | in little Morsels break, |
| Quoi oddys shassoo magh ny ’oï, | Who can against his piercing Cold |
| Ny bydal er y hon ? | secure Defences make? |
|  |  |
| Agh s’leah ta Jee chyndaa e laue, | 18 He sends his Word, which melts the Ice; |
| As fockley magh e ghoo ; | he makes his Wind to blow; |
| Thennue as chiass, cheet veih yn jiass, | And soon the Streams, congeal’d before, |
| T’ad lheïe as eisht goll mow. | in plenteous Currents flow. |
|  |  |
| E lattyssyn as oardaghyn | 19 By him his Statutes and Decrees |
| Da Jacob t’eh ’r livrey; | to Jacob’s Sons were shown; |
| Da Isr’el e recortyssyn, | And still to Isr’el’s chosen Seed |
| Dy reayll ad son dy bra. | his righteous Laws are known. |
|  |  |
| Yn foayr graysoil as myghin shoh, | 20 No other Nation this can boast, |
| Cha dooar n’ashoonyn-quaagh ; | nor did he e’er afford |
| Agh dooinyn t’eh er hoilshaghey, | To Heathen Lands his Oracles, |
| Saualtys son dy bragh. | and Knowledge of his Word. |

| PSALM CXLVIII. | Psalm 148. |
| --- | --- |
| Reamyn yn yrjey vooar, | 1,2 Ye boundless Realms of Joy, |
| Moylley-jee nyn ver-croo, | Exalt your Maker’s Fame, |
| Insh-jee magh mooads e ghloyr | His Praise your Song employ |
| Shiuish ainleyn smoo as sloo | Above the starry Frame; |
| Trog-jee coraa, | Your Voices raise, |
| O Cherubim, | Ye Cherubim |
| As Seraphim | And Seraphim, |
| Cur moylley da. | To sing his Praise |
|  |  |
| 2 Uss eayst ta reill ny hoie, | 3,4 Thou Moon, that rul’st the Night, |
| As ghrian leeideil y laa ; | And Sun, that guid’st the Day; |
| Rollageyn sollys choie, | Ye glitt’ring Stars of Light, |
| Cur-jee nyn geeshyn da ; | To him your Homage pay; |
| Eeck-jee e chair, | His Praise declare, |
| O shiuish niaughyn, | Ye Heav’ns above |
| As vodjallyn | And Clouds that move |
| Getlagh ’syn aer. | In liquid Air. |
|  |  |
| 3 Lhig daue shoh ennym Yee | 5,6 Let them adore the Lord, |
| Y voylley dagh unnane ; | And praise his holy Name, |
| E ghoo hug daue nyn mree | By whose Almighty Word |
| Tra nagh row veg jeu ayn ; | They all from Nothing came; |
| Bee ad er-mayrn, | And all shall last, |
| Seyr veih caghlaa | From Changes free; |
| Er son dy bra | His firm Decree |
| Shassee leigh’n Chiarn. | Stands ever fast. |
|  |  |
| 4 Moyll-jee eh whaleyn mooar | 7,8 Let Earth her Tribute pay; |
| As eeast ’sy diunid heese ; | Praise him, ye dreadful Whales, |
| Eïllit lesh scailley creoi, | And Fish that through the sea |
| Cur-jee cair dasyn neesht. | Glide swift with glitt’ring Scales: |
| Aile, sniaght’ as rio, | Fire, Hail, and Snow, |
| Druight, sterm as geay, | And misty Air, |
| Cheet tra t’eh gra | And Winds that, where |
| Cooilleeney ’ghoo. | He bids them, blow. |
|  |  |
| Sleityn as croink as coan | 9,10 By Hills and Mountains (all |
| E voylley ta diu jesh | In grateful Consort join’d,) |
| Cedaryn liauyr nyn gione, | By Cedars stately tall, |
| As biljyn gymmyrk mess. | And Trees for Fruit design’d; |
| Beiyn feïe as meen, | By ev’ry Beast, |
| Snauee er laare. | And creeping Thing, |
| As eeanlee’n aer | And Fowl of Wing, |
| Jannoo cooilleen. | His Name be blest. |
|  |  |
| Ree’ghyn as princeyn ard, | 11,12 Let all of Royal Birth, |
| Marish dagh theay ta foue ; | With those of humbler Frame, |
| Briwnyn y theihll dagh raad, | And judges of the Earth, |
| Cur-jee da ’voylley feeu. | His matchless Praise proclaim. |
| Dy wooiys Jee, | In this Design |
| Lhig aeg as shenn | Let Youths with Maids, |
| Dooinney as ben | And hoary Heads |
| Cur chengey’s cree. | With Children join. |
|  |  |
| Lhig da’n slane chroo cordail | 13 United Zeal be shown |
| Dy hoiagh seose e ghoo; | His wond’rous Fame to raise, |
| E ennym smoo gloyroil | Whose glorious Name alone |
| Ta toilchin moylley voue | Deserves our endless Praise. |
| King foddey’n theihll | Earth’s utmost Ends |
| Ta bial da, | His Pow’r obey; |
| E ghloyr dy bra | His glorious Sway |
| T’erskyn dagh reill. | The Sky transcends. |
|  |  |
| E nooghyn hene ta eaït | 14 His chosen Saints to Grace, |
| T’eh soiagh seose dy bra, | He sets them up on high, |
| As Isr’el e chloan reiht | And favors Isr’el’s Race |
| Ta kinjagh ’gerrey da. | Who still to him are nigh. |
| Nish ayns arrane | O therefore raise |
| Trog-jee coraa | Your grateful Voice, |
| Gennal dy bra | And still rejoice |
| Dy voylley’n Chiarn. | The Lord to praise. |

An HYMN for CHRISTMAS;

Sacramental.

O Ooilley shiuish shirveishee feer

Yn ooilley-niartal Ree ;

Trog-jee e voylley trooid yn aer

Lesh chengey as lesh cree.

2 Ayns boggey lhig dooin ennym Yee

Y wooiys dagh unnane ;

Lhig dooin ve gennal son t’er jeet

Feailley reeoil yn Eayn.

4 Shiaght keayrtyn bannit ny heiyn

Ta gys y vannish eaït ;

As ta gys board reeoil y Chiarn,

Lesh creeaghyn aarloo cheet.

| An hymn FOR CHRISTMAS-DAY. |  |
| --- | --- |
| Choud as va bochillyn ’syn oie | 1 While Shepherds watch’d their Flocks by Night, |
| Freayll watch er nyn shioltane ; | all seated on the Ground, |
| Orroo ren ainle y Chiarn cheet neose, | The Angel of the Lord came down, |
| Ren gloyr Yee moo soilshean. | And Glory shone around. |
|  |  |
| Ny gow-jee aggle dooyrt yn ainle | 2 “Fear not, said he (for mighty Dread |
| (Son atchim mooar ve daue) | had seiz’d their troubled Mind,) |
| Naightyn gerjoil dy voggey mooar | Glad Tidings of great Joy I bring |
| T’ayms diu as da sheelnaue. | to you and all Mankind. |
|  |  |
| Diu ayns ard-valley Ghavid hene, | 3 To you in David’s Town this Day, |
| Ta er ny ruggey jiu ; | is born of David’s Line, |
| Saualtagh, eh ta Creest y Chiarn, | The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord; |
| As shoh vees cowrey diu ; | and this shall be the Sign: |
|  |  |
| Yiow shiu yn oikan flaunyssagh | 4 The heav’nly Babe you there shall find |
| Ayns stable son e ’hie ; | to human View display’d, |
| Dy imlee kainlt ayns soïlaghyn, | All meanly wrapt in swathing Bands, |
| As ayns manjoor ny lhie. | And in a manger laid.” |
|  |  |
| Shoh raït, v’ayns tullogh sheshaght vooar | 5 Thus spake the Seraph, and forthwith |
| Dy ainleyn gial y Chiarn ; | appear’d a shining Throng |
| Ren brishey magh ayns kiaulleeaght ard, | Of Angels praising God, and thus |
| As myr shoh goaill arrane. | addrest their joyful Song: |
|  |  |
| Ard-ghloyr da Jee ’syn yrjey heose, | 6 “All glory be to God on High; |
| Shee er y thalloo neesht ; | and to the Earth be Peace; |
| Aigney-mie Yee da slane sheelnaue, | Good-will henceforth from Heav’n to Men, |
| Gur-voylley daue ayns Creest. | begin and never cease.” |

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

GLORIA PATRI, *&c*.

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| *Common Measure* | *Common Measure* |
| Gloyr gys yn ooilley-niartal Three,  Un Jee va, ta, as vees ;  Dy der dagh annym dasyn chooie  Nyn geesh dy ghraih as booise. | To Father, Son and Holy Ghost.  the God whom we adore,  Be Glory as it was, is now,  and shall be evermore. |
| 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 traa. |
| OR,  Da’n Ayr, da’n Mac, da’n Spyrryd Noo  Three bannit ayns Unnane ;  Dy row booise s’imlee s’moylley smoo  Choud as vees traa er-mayrn. |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| As PSALM XXV. | *As Psalm 25.* |
| Hoods, Yee vooar, Three Unnane, | To God the Father, Son, |
| Dy row gloyr son dy bra ; | and Spirit, Glory be; |
| Myr ve, te nish, as myr shen vees, | Asˈtwas, and is, and shall be so |
| Lurg kione ve er dagh traa. | to all eternity. |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| As PSALM C. | *As the 100 Psalm.* |
| Nish gys yn ooilley-niartal Three, | To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, |
| Un Jee nagh vod ve er ny rheynn, | the God whom earth and heav’n adore |
| Dy row dagh moylley, booise as gloyr, | Be glory as it was of old, |
| Lurg kione ve er dagh traa, Amen. | is now and shall be evermore. |

As PSALM CXIX.

Moylley as gloyr da, Jee yn Ayr,

Gys Jee yn Mac co-beayn,

Gloyr neesht gys Jee yn Spyrryd Noo,

Yn Jee mooar, Three Unnane :

Myr ayns y toshiaght va, ta nish,

As vees son eashyn bra,

Tra nee’n nah heihll, lurg shoh v’ec kione.

Goaill toshiaght gyn caghlaa.

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| As PSALM CXLVIII. | *As Psalm 148.* |
| Hoods Trinaid cash’rick rieau, | To God the Father, Son, |
| Ayr, Mac, as Spyrryd Noo ; | and Spirit ever bless’d, |
| Dy der dagh nhee gloyr feeu, | Eternal Three in One, |
| Jeh ren oo hene y chroo. | All worship be address’d |
| Myr flaunyssagh | As heretofore |
| ’Sy toshiaght ve | It was, is now. |
| As nish myr te, | And shall be so |
| As bee dy bragh. | For evermore. |

YN JERREY.

1. Tate & Brady: *A New Version of the Psalms of David fitted to the tunes used in churches*, by N. Brady, D.D., Chaplain in Ordinary, and N. Tate, Esq., Poet-Laureat, to His Majesty. London: Printed by J. Roberts, for the Company of Stationers. Mdccliv. And are to be Sold at Stationers-Hall, near Ludgate, and by most Booksellers. [↑](#footnote-ref-1)
2. The Manx here corresponds to v. 9 of the Psalter text, which is not rendered in Tate & Brady. [↑](#footnote-ref-2)
3. Tate & Brady’s Verse 4 is not in the Manx, whose v. 4 corresponds to T&B’s 3. [↑](#footnote-ref-3)
4. Tate & Brady’s verses 3, 9, 10, 12-15, the first half of 16 and of 17 are absent from the Manx. T&B’s 18 and 19 are expanded, but the remainder (vv. 20-31) are omitted. [↑](#footnote-ref-4)
5. *sc*. menoyr [↑](#footnote-ref-5)
6. T&B’s verse 5 is not in the Manx. [↑](#footnote-ref-6)
7. T&B’s 1-3a, and 6-10 are not translated. [↑](#footnote-ref-7)
8. T&B’s v.3 is absent from the Manx, and the numbering of the subsequent verses is shifted. [↑](#footnote-ref-8)
9. T&B’s vv. 4 and 7-11 are absent from the Manx. [↑](#footnote-ref-9)
10. Actually, it is T&B’s vv. 4-7 that appear in the Manx. [↑](#footnote-ref-10)
11. The Manx here does not render T&B but elaborates the four verses of the Psalter. [↑](#footnote-ref-11)
12. A second translation of Psalm 145. [↑](#footnote-ref-12)