Tenor/Kirk Part

PSALM 103

My saull gie laud un - tae the Lord, my spreit sall dae the same, an'
aw the se -crets o' mine hairt praise ye hes hail-ly name. Gie thanks tae
Gode for aw hes gifts, schaw no' thy sell un-kyne, an' suf-fer no' hes
be -ne-fits tae slip oot o' thy myne. That gave thee pair-don for thy
faughts, an' thee re-stor't a-gane, for aw thy waik an' frail di-sease,
an' heal't thee o' the same. That did re-deeme thy life frae deith, frae
quhilk thouuld no' flee, hes mer-cie an' com-pas-sioun baith he did ex-
tenn tae thee. That fillt wi' glaid-ness thy de-syre, an' did pro-long thy
youth, like as the ea-gle caists hir bill, quhair-be hir age re-nweth.
The Lord wi' jis-tice dith re-pay aw sic as be op-press, sae
that huir suf-frins an' huir v-rangs ar' tur-nit til the baist. Hes way an'
hir Com-man-de-ments tae Mo-ses he did schaw, hir coon-sals an' hir
va·li·ant acks the Is·ra·el·its did k·naw. The Loard is kine an mair ci·
fu', qhan sin·ners dae him grieve, the slaw·est tae con·save a v·raith,
an' rea·diest tae for·gieve. He chydes no' us con·tin·ual·ly, though
we be fu' o' strife, nor keeps oor fau·tts in me·mo·rie, for aw oor
sin·fu' life nor yit ac·cor·din' til oor sins the Loard dis us re·
gaird, nor ef·ter oor in·qui·ties he dis us no' re·waird.
But as the space is won·rous great twixt airth an' heen a·buve, sae
is his guid·ness mitch mair lairge tae thame that dae Him luve. Gode dis re·
muve oor sins frae us, an' oor of·fen·ces aw, as faur as is the
sin ry·sin fu' dis·tant frae his faw. An' luiks quhat pe·tie pa·rents
dear un·til thair chil·den beir, like pe·tie beirs the Loard til sic
as war·schip him in fear. The Loard that made us k·naws oor shape, oor
126 mould an' fas-soun jist, hou waik an' frail oor nait-tur is, an' hou we
126 ar' but dist. An' hou the tyme o' mor-tall men is like the wid-drin'
131 hay, or like the flooer richt fair on field that fades fu' sune a-way.
136 Quhase gloss an' beau-ty stormie winns dae ut-ter-ly dis-grace, an'
141 make that ef-ter their ass-aughts, sic blossoms hae nae place. But yit the
146 guid-ness o' the Lord wi' his sall e-ver staun', thair child-ren's child-ren
151 dae res-save hes rich-tes-sness at haun', I mean quha keeps his Co-ve-
156 nant wi' aw thair haill de-syre, an' no' for-get tae dae the thing
161 that he dis thame re-qyure. The hee-vins heich ar' made the seat an'
166 foot-stule o' the Loard, an' be his poore im-pe-ri-al he go-vern-
171 aw the warl'. Ye an-gels quha are great in poore, praise ye an' bliss the
176 Loard, quha til o-bey an' dae his will im-me-di-at-ly ac-cord.
Yee noble hosts an' meenisters cease no' tae laud him still quha rea-die ar' tae exe-cute hes ple-sour an' hes will. Yea aw his warks in e-vry place, praise yee hes hail-ly name, mine hairt, my myne, an' eke my saull, praise ye al-sae the same. Thy peo-ple an' thine he-ri-tage, Loard bliss, guide an' pre-sairve, in-craiss thame, Loard, an' rule thair hairts, that they may ne-ver swairve. Glore tae the Faither, an' the Sinn, an' tae the Hail-ly Gaist, as it wes in the be-gin-nin', is nou an' aye sall laist.