Psalm 119

Blis - sit are thay that per - fyte are an' pure in myne an' hert, quhase

lyves an' con - ver - sa - ti - oun frae Godes law ne - ver stert. Blis -
sit are thay that gie thame - sells his sta - tutes till ob - sairve, seek -
in' the Lord wi' aw thair hait, an' ne - ver frae him swairve.

Doot - less sic men gang no' a - stray nor dae nae wick - it thing; quhilk

steid - faist - ly walk in his paiths wi' oot o - nie wan - ring. It

is thy will an' com - mand - ment that wi' atten - tive heed thy

no - ble an' di - vine pre - ceps we lairn an' keep in deed.

Och wadd tae Gode it micht thee please my ways sae til ad - dress that

I micht baith in hert an' voce thy Laws keep an' con - fess. Sae

suld nae shame my life at - teint, quhyles I this set myne ees, an'

ben' my myne aw - ways tae muse on thy sa - cred De - crees.
Than will I praise wi' up-richt hert an' mag-ni-fie thy Name, quhan

I sall lairm thy jidg-ments jist an' lyke-wise pruve the same. An'
hail-ly will I gie my-sell tae keep thy Laws maist richt: for -
sake me no' for e-ver, Loard, but schaw thy grace an' micht.

Be quhat means may a ying man baist his life lairm til a -menn? Gif
that he merk an' keep thy Ward, an' thair-in his tyme spenn. Un -
fain-yit-lie I hae thee socht, an' this seek-in', a -byde: och
never suf-fer me O Loard frae thy pre-ceps tae slyde.

Wi' in my hait an' se-cret thochts thy wards I hae hid still: that
I micht no' at o-nie tyme of - fenn' thy gode-lie will. We
mag-ni-fie thy name, O Loard, an praise thee e-ver-mair, thy
sta-tutes o' maist war-thie fame O Loard, teach me thair-fore.
My lips hae ne’ver ceas’t tae preache an’ publish day an’ nicht the
judg’ments aw, quhilk did proceed frae thy mooth fu’ o’ micht. Thy
testimonies an thy ways please me nae less indeed then
aw the trei’-sours o’ the airth quhilk worldlings make their mede.
O’ thy pre’-cepts I will still muse an’ their—till frame my talk, as
at a merk, sae will I aim, thy ways hou I may walk. Myne
ane’ly joy sall be sae fixt an’ on thy Law sae set that
nae’thing can me sae faur blinn that I thy wards forget.
O Loard that ar’ the readie help o’ thame that traists in thee, save
an’ de’fenn’ thy cho’sin fiske, that noo di’stres’sit be. Glorie
tae the Faither, an’ the Sinn, an’ tae the Hail’ly Gaist, as
it wes in the beginnin’, is noo an’ aye sall laist.