Psalm 42

Like as the hait dis braith an' bray, the wallsprings til ob-

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My Saull dis thrist an' wadd draw near the livin' Gode o' micht; och,

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The teirs aw times ar’ my re-paist, quhilk frae myne een dis slyde, quhen

wick-it men cry oot sae faist, Quhair is nou Gode thy guide? A lace, quhat

greiff is it tae think quhat fre-dome ance I hed: ther

fore, my Saull, as at pits brink, is maist heavy an' sedd.

Quhan I did maarch in guid array, weel furnisch't wi' my train, un-

tae the Temple wes oor way, wi' sangs an' hairts maist fain. My Saull, quhy

ar' thoo sedd aw-ways, an' frets thus in my braist? Traist

My Saull, quhy
still in Gode, for Him tae praise I haud it e-vir baist.

I am per-swa-dit this tae say tae Him wi' pure pre-tence, O

Loard theo ar' my gyde an' stay, my roke an' my de-fence. Quhyle dae I

than in pensi-ve-ness hing-in' the heid this walk, quhyle
Traist in the Loard thy Gode aw-ways, an' thoou the tyme sall see tae

gie Him thanks wi' laud an' praise, for hailth re- stor't til thee. Glore tae the

Faither, an' the Sinn, an' tae the Hail-ly Gaist, as
it wes in the beginnin', is nou an' aye sall laist.