

JESUS TRANSFIGURT

St. Mark 9.2-9 rendert in Doric bi Gordon M. Hay

Sax days efter att, Jesus teuk Steenie, Jeames an Jock awa intill a heich hill bi their leen, an afore their verra een he wis transfigurt. His claes aa turnt a sheenin fite, jist like snaa, a fite att nae bleachin culd mak ony fiter. An Elijah an Moses appeared wi him, newsin him up. Steenie says till him, "Maister, A'm richt gled we're here. We'll mak three bields for ye, een for yersel, een for Moses an een for Elijah." (Cause he jist didna ken fit tae say, they were sae sair come at). Syne a clood cam ower abeen, keessin its shadda ower them an a vice cam oot o e clood, "Iss is ma Sin, ma dearie, hearken tae fit he his tae say." An e neist they kent, fan they lookit roon about them, there wisna a sowl there bit Jesus an themsels.

Gyan back doon e hill he bad them tell naebody fit they hid seen, till sic time as e Sin o Man hid risen fae e deid.



Mount Tabor frae Mount Carmel (1912)

* frae 'THE DORIC NEW TESTAMENT, rendered in Doric by Gordon M. Hay, Longside 2012; I.S.B.N. 978-0-9573515-0-9

SAUM 2

owerset bi P. Hateley Waddell (1877 - revisit 2013)

Whatfor dae the faur-aff fowk fash,
an the frem think idle thochts?
Yirth's kings mint makin a staun,
an the rulers collogue thegither
again the Lord an his Christ:
“Lat's rive their bridle sindry,
an fling their traces frae us!”

Wha's throned i the heivens lauchs jist;
the Lord bot lichtlies them.
Syne sal he bost them in his wrath,
an fair fley them in his fury:
“I hae setten my king
on Zíoun, my halie heicht.”

I sal proclaim the decree:
Go the Lord ontill me, “Thou is my Son,
this day hae I begotten thee.
I sal gíe the faur-aff fowk til your faa-share,
an the yonnermaist neuks o the warl til your ain haudin.
Ye sal herd them wi a cruik o airn;
like a potter's gowpin sal ye ding them til shairds.”

Be wyss than, O ye kings;
tak tent, ye rulers o the warl:
Lout ye tae the Lord wi dreid
an, shakan, kiss ye the Son,
At he waxna wrath an ye tine your ain gate,
for his low is kennelt in a gliff.

O blythe be they aa at lippens til Himsel alane.

Lat the heivens gíe laud til yer wunner-warks, Lord, 5
 til yer lealty, i the thrang o the saunts.
 For wha i the lift sal staun wi the Lord,
 or kythe wi the Lord mang the heivenlie yins?
 a God hauden in aw i the council o the halie,
 fel feared abuin aa forgaithert roun him.
 Lord God o monie-micht, wha's like yersel, sic a michtie Lord,
 an yer lealty, at wins aa about ye?
 Yerlane, ye swee ower the heicht o the sea;
 i the heize o its waves, ye lay thaim.
 Yer ain ar the heivens, an the yirth is yer ain; 11
 the world an its walth, ye hae med thaim sikker.
 The north an the south, ye hae shuppen thaim baith:
 Tabor an Hermon, they lilt at yer name.
 Yer ain is an airm wi micht an aa;
 sterk is yer haun, an fu heich yer richt haun.
 Justice an richt ar found for yer thron;
 stench luv an lealty haud the gate afore ye.

Fu blythe ar the fowk at kens the festal sang
 their gate i the licht o thy face, Lord, they gang.
 I that name o thine, the lee-lang day, they lilt free;
 an i that richtousness o thine they'r hauden hie.
 For the guidliheid o aa their micht ar ye, yersel alane;
 an intil that guid-will o thine ye sal heize our horn abuin.
 For our shield shuir is the Lord,
 an Israel's Halie Ane deed is our King.

Syne spak ye i the seer's seein
 til thaim war leal tae thee:
 "Help ontill a michtie ane hae I lippened," go ye.
 "A weel-waled wicht frae mang the fowk hae I setten on hie.
 I fand him out my ain lealman til be,
 an wi the ile o haliness chrystit himsel hae I.
 An sae my haun wi him sal staun,
 an my airm his stoop sal be.
 My stench luv an lealty they sal bide wi himsel, 24
 an his horn i my name sal be heichtit.
 His haun l'een set on the sea,
 an his richt haun on braid-rowin fludes.

"Til mysel he sal cry, 'My Faither ar ye,
 my God an my hainin rock.'
 Syne sae the auld son I sal mak him,
 abuin aa kings o the lan:
 iver mair my guid-will for him I sal hain,
 an stieve my tryst wi himsel it sal staun."

*Blythe be the Lord, iver mair:
Amen, an sae lat it faa!*