

Metrical Saum 1 – bi Thomas Thomson Alexander (1881 – 1945)

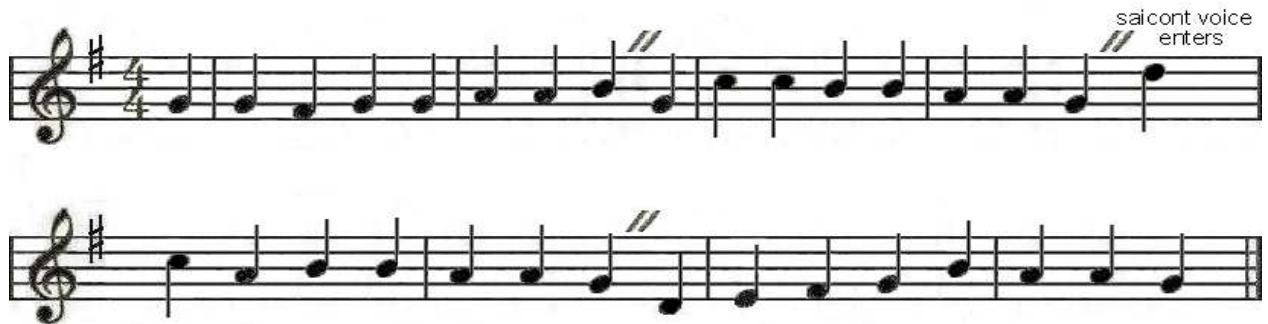
(CM: St. Peter – CH3 376 / CH4 461)

- 1 Oh, blissit he at gangsna wi
The godless, nor will staun
Mids sinfu men, nor sit wi them
At scoff at God's commaun;
- 2 But, day an nicht, fins his delicht,
Ey foremaist abune aa,
Tae ponder lang the thochts amang
O God's maist halie Law.
- 3 A tree at grows whaur burnie rows
In hairst-time frit sal gíe;
Its leaves sae braw n'er wilt awà -
Sae sal the richtous be.
- 4 But godless men can niver ken
Sic blissins; like they ar
Tae cauf at's driv'n by wins o heiv'n,
An skailed baith near an far.
- 5 In jdgment they at dinna hae
Regaird for God maun faa;
Nor can they gang at ettle wrang
Wi fowk at loe God's Law.
- 6 Because the wey o gude men ey
The Lord dis brawly ken;
But, shair as ocht, He'll bring tae nocht
The gate o godless men.

SAUM 8 *frae the Hebrew*
(LM i twa-pairt canon: Tallis' Canon)

LM: Tallis Canon

Thomas Tallis (c.1505 – 1585)



- 1 Jehovah, our guid Lord, what gran
that name o thine atour the lan!
The mouths o weans, an pap-bairns evin,
thou's lairnt tae ruise thy glore til heivin.
- 2 Thou's biggit thair a bastle brow
again thy faes, tae stymie aa
As wad rise up, thirsels tae be
baith doomster an rank enemy.
- 3 I scan the lift, thy finger-wark,
the mune an starn thou's dichtit stark:
What's onie chiel for mindin on,
or Aidam's bairn at sic thou'd awn?
- 4 Yet laicher by the angel band
a wee thou made een thon tae staund;
Syne thou did croun a human heid
wi honour an wi glore indeed:
- 5 Thy haundiwark tae rule an keep,
thou's putten aathing neth man's feet -
Aa sheep an kye, een reengin deer,
the fous flie'n in the lift sae clere,
- 6 The fish, an sic as roams the sea -
thou's aathing made neth hiz tae be.
Jehovah, our guid Lord, what gran
that name o thine atour the lan!

Metrical Saum 8 – bi Thomas Thomson Alexander (1881 – 1945)
(CM: Winchester – CH3 138 / CH4 4)

- 1 Lord o us aa, hou is Thy name
On hie exaltit far,
At has Thy glory set abune
The yontmaist lemin star!
- 2 Frae out the mou o bairnies smaa
Thou stablishit Thy micht,
At vengefu men an faemen aa
Soud quaten at the sicht.
- 3 Gin tae the lift I heist my een -
The wark o Thine ain haun -
Whaur mune an starnies aa ar seen,
Set thair bi Thy commaun;
- 4 Than, what is man, I'm fain tae speir,
At Thou heeds him avà,
Or son o man, at Thou sae near
Tae him soud couthie draw?
- 5 For, but a kennin laicher Thou
Than God himsel him made;
A croun o glory on his brou
An gude-gree Thou has laid.
- 6 Laird owre Thy warks Thou made him be
Pit a thing naith his feet -
Aa sheep an owsen, ay, an sae
The beass at fend for meat;
- 7 Birds o the air, aa fish whaus hame
Is in the trochs o sea.
Lord o us aa, hou is Thy name
Exaltit up on hie!

SAUM 11 *frae the Hebrew*

(DCM: Tramps an Hawkers – CH4 5)

- 1 My bíeld it is intil the Lord;
Whatfor, syne, prig my saul?
“Oh, birdie, tak ye tae the hills!
For, leuk, th’ ill-deedie faa
Tae pittin fit til tae bow nok;
Haen strauchtit flane on string,
Frae out the sheddas mirk they shuit
The aefauld hert tae ding.”

- 2 Sae, an the foun an grundin gang,
Hou stauns the upricht than?
The Lord’s intil his halie howf,
His thron i heiv’n dis staun:
His een they clear behaud an leuk
The warld frae howe til cairn,
Throwe nairra’d winkers, dichtan close,
Assay aul Aidam’s bairns.

- 3 The richtous an th’ ill-deedie baith
The Lord dis test an screen.
His saul it canna bide nae wey
Thaim at for mischíef greens:
On thaim he s’ skail flaucht, lava, ess;
Het wind their caup sal fou.
The richtous Lord loes richtousness:
His face the true ane s’ view.

Metrical Saum 19 – bi Thomas Thomson Alexander (1881 – 1945)
(CM: St. Andrew [Tans'ur] – CH3 293 / CH4 425)

- 1 God's gudeliheid the hevins rede,
The lift his wark furthshaws;
Day cries tae day, an even sae
Nicht tells to nicht, His Laws.
- 2 There's n'er a tung nor tellin rung
But whaur their souchin souns;
Their airt's gane furth ower aa the yirth,
Their wurd tae warl's bouns.
- 3 He ettled lang e'en them amang
A shielin for the sun -
Like bridegroom led frae's chaumir, gled
A giant's race tae rin.
- 4 Frae ae lift's end his gate dis wend,
Syne rinks til ither roun;
There's nocht at may be happit frae
His lowin, leamin doun.
- 5 God's law's thro'gaen, awaukenin
The saul misleard wi vice;
His tryst o truith is ey richt suith,
The bairnlike makin wyss.
- 6 His lear's a licht at airts us richt,
An maks the hert fu fain;
His biddin's clean, an tae the een
Gies gude enlichtenin.
- 7 This hailsum dreid gars folk tak heed,
Abidin iver mair;
His jdgments e'en i truith ar gien,
An aathegither fair.
- 8 Mair tae be socht than aa at's bocht
Wi rowth o gowd sae fine;
The hinnie sweet can n'er compete,
O Lord, wi wurd's o Thine.
- 9 They weel can wairn Thy ilka bairn
Hou he may win gude lear;
Wha tents them weel sal niver feel
The want o gudes or gear.
- 10 Wha has the skill to ken the ill
His ain mislearin wins?
Oh, hain me frae the wyte, I pray,
O happit, hidden sins.
- 11 Thy servan hide frae pour o pride,
At it rule nane my will;
Syne sal I be aefauld, an free
O mickle scaith an ill.

12 Wurds o my mou an hert-thochts too,
Lat them ey pleasure Thee,
O Lord, my strenth, at at lang lenth
My bringer-hame sal be.

SAUM 23 *frae the Hebrew*

(CM: Crimond, Evan, Wiltshire, etc. for group singin
The Carnal and the Crane for solo singin)

CM: The Carnal and the Crane

English Trad.



- 1 The Lord's my herd; I s' lack for nocht:
Whaur green the gressis grow
He faulds me, an he taks me ey
Whaur lown the waitters row.
- 2 He gars my saul be blithe again;
For sake o his guid name,
Richt pads at airts til lichtsome heichts,
He leads me out on thaim.
- 3 Na, an I gang the deid mirk dale,
I grue for nae mischance,
For thou's wi me, thy club an cruik
Haud cheerie baith my stance.
- 4 Thou busks a brod afore mysel,
Whaur faes o mine may glower;
Thou sains an straiks my pow wi oil,
My tassie's reaman ower.
- 5 Een sae sal seil an lealtie baith
Gang aa my days wi me;
My haunt sal be the guid Lord's howf
For iver an for ey.

Metrical Saum 23 – bi Thomas Thomson Alexander (1881 – 1945)

(CM: Crimond – CH3 287 / CH4 14)

- 1 E'en as a shepherd tents his sheep
The Lord for me dis fend,
He mak's me rest whaur pasture's best
An wimplin watters wend.
 - 2 Soud my saul ail, He mak's it hale
An airts my feet tae gang,
For His name's sake, the bonny gate
Whaur's nocht o ill or wrang.
 - 3 Whaun I am boun tae traivel doon
The mirky Glen o Daith,
Nae dreid I bruik, His stave an cruik
Sal haud me free o skaith.
 - 4 Wi ample fare Thou dis prepare
My brod, while faemen glow'r;
Wi eintment fine my heid dis shine,
My bicker's skailin ower.
 - 5 Guidness an mercy aa my days
Ar siccar at my side,
An in God's hame I'l be fu fain
For ivermair tae bide.
-

Metrical Psalm 23 - bi Alex Borrowman

(CM: Crimond – CH3 287 / CH4 14)

- 1 The Lord's ma herd Ah sall want nocht
He gars me doon tae ligg
Amang howes haw by wattirs lown
Ma wabbit saul tae bigg.
- 2 Ma wa-gaen saul He waukens up
In roddins richt tae spail;
Frae ferture fell He weisit me
His bandoune wyce tae wale.
- 3 Gin Ah gae throwe the deid mirk dail
Nae ill can dae me skaith;
Ye're nar me and yer rod and cruik
Ma bield and waird are baith.
- 4 Ma tabyll Ye hae hanselt weel;
Ye've cuisten doon ma faes.
Ma heid wi oyle Ye've drookit aa;
Ma bickers fu aaways.
- 5 Guidness and sainin aa ma life
Sall shairly bide wi me,
Syne in God's howff for evirmair
Ah sall abydan be.

Metrical Saum 23 - bi Sandy Forbes, Fraserburgh

CM: Evan

William Henry Havergal (1798-1870)

- 1 MY Shepherd is the Lord, and aye
My ilka want He'll fill.
He ca's me far the girss grows green
An burnies row sae still.
- 2 My wandert sowl He'll turn again,
And, aa for his dear name,
He'll gar my thochtless fit aye haud
The road that brings me hame.
- 3 Nae dreed shall stoun my briest when I
Gang throwe death's dowie den,
For Ye're my nieper, and Your staff
Convoys me safely ben.
- 4 Ye've set me doon tae sup my fill,
My croon wi blessin's cower;
In sicht o aa that wish me ill
My bowlie's breemin ower.
- 5 Through aa my days Your kindly care
Shall traivel at my side,
And in my Faather's heavenly hame
For evermair I'll bide.

Metrical Saum 23 – bi Claude Gilfillan
(CM: Crimond – CH3 287 / CH4 14)

- 1 The Lord's my herd, I'll want for nocht,
He gars me to lie doon
In grassy howes, an syne I'm brocht
Faar wimplin burnies croon.
 - 2 An fan for ither joys I craik,
An wander faur frae God,
He airts me, for His ain Name's sake,
Intil his ain richt road.
 - 3 Ay, though I gang through yon dark glen
Faar waesome shadows faa,
He'll keep near-haun me, and I ken
I'll hae nae fear ava.
 - 4 Though mony foes aroon me staun
His kindness never fails;
He spreads my table, and His haun
Fills my cup till it skails.
 - 5 Een sae, gweed guidin and gweed-gree
Gang wi me ilka day,
And in God's Hoose faur up on hie
I fain wad bide for aye.
-

Da 23rd Psalm - bi John Graham, Lerwick

- 1 Da Loard's my hird, I sanna want;
He fins me bols athin
Green modoo girse, an ledds me whaar
Da burns sae saftly rin.
- 2 He lukks my wilt an wanless sowl,
Stravaigin far frae hame,
Back ta da nairoo, windin gaet,
Fir sake o his ain name.
- 3 Toh I sood geng doon Daeth's dark gyll,
Nae ill sall come my wye,
For He will gaird me wi His staff
An comfort me forbye.
- 4 My table He has coosed wi maet,
Whin fantin god da fremd;
My cup wi hansels lippers ower,
My head wi oil is sained.
- 5 Noo shorly aa my livin days
God's love sall hap me ower,
Until I win ta His ain hoose
Ta bide fir evermore.

The Twantie-third Psalm o King Dauvit – bi Douglas Young

- 1 The Lord's my herd. I sall nocht want.
Whaur green the gresses grow
sall be my fauld. He caas me aye
whaur fresh sweet burnies rowe.
- 2 He gars my saul be blythe aince mair
that wannert wis frae hame,
an leads me on the straucht smaa gait
for sake o his ain name.
- 3 Tho I suld gang the glen o mirk
I'd grue for nae mischance;
Thou bides wi me, thy kent an cruik
maks aye my sustenance.
- 4 Thou spreids ane brod an gies me mait
whaur aa my faes may view,
Thou sains my heid wi ulyie owre
an pours my cogie fou.
- 5 Nou seil an kindliness sall gae
throu aa my days wi me,
an I sall wone i God's ain houss
at hame eternallie.

SAUM 25 *frae the Hebrew*

7.8.7.8 D: Clonmacnoise

Irish Traditional



- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Aa the day I bide on thee;
til thee, O Lord, I heize my saul.
Binna sae's I hing my heid;
til thee, my God, I lippen aa.
Come, lat faes geck nane ower me,
nor aa wha bide on thee leuk doun:
Dowf thir deils as arna leal;
een doun, they hing their heid fu sune.</p> | <p>4 Oh, the yin wha dreids the Lord!
He'll learn sic fowk whilk gate tae wale.
Persp'rous in their day yon s' bide;
their bairns sal faa the lan, aa hail.
Quate guid counsell frae the Lord
is gien til thaim reverin him;
Redd he gies his trystin wurd,
for they ar drawn in aw til him.</p> |
| <p>2 Ey, Lord, airt me lang thy gates,
learn me thy pads, teach me thy wey;
Gar me gang as true's I may,
for thou's the God wha saufs me ey.
Haud, leal Lord, til thy ain rewth,
for still an on it's ey for weel.
Idle youth's misgaens lat be;
juist mind me, thou bein guid an leal!</p> | <p>5 Still my een ar on the Lord;
he frees my feet frae fanklin nets.
Turn til me, an grâcious be;
I'm lorn an lane an quite beset.
Up an up my hert's waes wear;
heise me frae out my stressfu need.
Vizzy whatna dule I dree,
an syne forgie my ilk ill deed.</p> |
| <p>3 Kind an guid's the Lord, an straucht;
syne he the waywart airts his rod:
Leadin lawlie fowk aricht,
he learns the hummle til't tae haud.
Mindfu, leal, he's ey the same
til wha, as bidden, keep his tryst.
Nou, for sake o thy guid name,
O Lord, owerleuk my sin; it's gryte.</p> | <p>6 Watch an see what muckle faes,
an wi what spite they ill-will me.
Yea, defend, help me sauf face,
for I dae trust for biêld in thee.
Zeal for richt be shield til me,
for guid an straucht I bide on thee.
Than, O God, redeem thy fowk
frae out o aa the strets they dree.</p> |

SAUM 29 frae the Hebrew

11.10.11.10: Intercessor

Charles Hubert Hastings Parry (1848 – 1918)

- 1 O grant the Lord, ye o the heiv'nlie courtrie,
O grant the Lord the glore, the pith o wurd,
O grant the Lord the glore til his name awan;
Lout at the halie kythin o the Lord!
- 2 Herk ye, the Lord's about atour the waitters;
The God o glorie thunnars fou an fel:
Herk ye, the Lord our God is wicht an feckfu;
Ay herken, he is majestie itsel.
- 3 Herk ye, the Lord dis rive in twa the cedars,
In flinders Lebanon's stout cedar trees,
Gars Leb'non fidge an caper like a stirkie,
An Sirion's heichts like caufies o will beass.
- 4 Herk ye, the Lord it is at fire flauchts sinders;
The Lord's atour hie waitters monie feck.
Herk ye, the Lord dis gar the desert dinnle;
The Lord dis gar the muirs o Kadesh quak!
- 5 Herk ye, the Lord dis gar the hinds cauf, sune like,
Late on he tirs the forest til it's bare,
For he's on heich intil his halie tempil,
An aa he is an dis cries 'Glorie' thair.
- 6 The Lord's enthront heich atour the cairries;
The Lord's the King whase ring dis niver cease:
May God the Lord gie feck ontill his peepil,
An may the Lord ey bliss his fowk wi peace.

AMEN

SAUM 67 frae the Hebrew

(LM + refrain: Sussex Carol – CH3 181 / CH4 294)

- 1 May God be guid til us an kind,
His gracious face beam blissin doun,
At his gate may be kent on airth,
His pour tae sauf mang aa aroun.
*Oh, lat the fowks gie thee aa laud;
Lat aa fowks gie thee praise, O God!*

- 2 Lat neibor kins be blythe an lilt,
For ower aa fowks thou rings wi maucht,
Thou judges them fou richt an fair,
An airts airth's natiouns guid an straucht.
*Oh, lat the fowks gie thee aa laud;
Lat aa fowks gie thee praise, O God!*

- 3 An may the airth mak guid her hairst,
An God, our ain God, bliss us aa:
May God bliss us; may ilka neuk
O airth fore him atremmlan faa.
*Oh, lat the fowks gie thee aa laud;
Lat aa fowks gie thee praise, O God!*

SAUM 72 *frae the Hebrew*

(DCM: Pentatone – RCH 446, repeating last line for ‘Amen’)

1 Lord, gie the King thy ain just weys,
What’s richt til yon king’s son,
Sae’s he sal judge thy fowk fu richt,
For puir sauls richt bring in;
Peace, syne, the heichts sal bring the fowk,
The knowes see justice din.
*The Lord, the God o Israel bliss;
Himlane sic wunners dis!*

2 He s’ richt the puir amang the fowk,
The feckless bairn help than -
*Ey blissit be God’s Name sae gran,
His glorie fou ilka lan! -*
Bot he sal intil flinders sen
The loon wi hevie haun.
*The Lord, the God o Israel bliss;
Himlane sic wunners dis!*

3 Sae lang’s the sun an min shaw face
He s’ líve, while fowk remain.
As showirs on the swaird he s’ faa,
An on the lan like rain;
Fou green sal justice grow in’s days,
An peace til min shínes nane.
*Ey blissit be God’s Name sae gran,
His glorie fou ilka lan!*

4 Frae sea til sea sal he syne ring;
Frae whaur the river glides
Til benmaist neuks out-throoch the lan
Them in the drouth at bides
Sal lout til him, agrouf i stour
Them at again him sides.
*The Lord, the God o Israel bliss;
Himlane sic wunners dis!*

5 Frae Tarshish an the iles sal kings
Til him a hansel bring;
The King o Sheba, gift til haun,
Sal come wi Seba’s King;
Ay, aa the kings sal lout til him,
Aa outlans ken his ring.
*Ey blissit be God’s Name sae gran;
His glorie fou ilka lan!*

6 He shair will sauf the puir at skreich,
The weak at stoop hes nane;
On thaim forgane he s’ lay fou licht,

An fríenless sauls he s' hain;
Frae mischíef he sal redd their life,
An see them as his ain.
The Lord, the God o Israel bliss;
Himlane sic wunners dis!

7 'May he be gíen fine Sheban gowd;
Líve lang!' they ey sal pray.
Wi corn thick ower the lan til'ts heichts,
They s' bliss him ilka day;
The growth sal swee like Lebanon,
Like machair touns blume gay.
Ey blissit be God's Name sae gran;
His glóre fou ilka lan!

8 His name it sal for iver líve,
Ey wi the sun be ris.
Aa fowk s' be blissed in him; they'l say,
'His life, what rare it is!'
The Lord, the God o Israel bliss;
Himlane sic wunners dis!
Ey blissit be God's Name sae gran;
His glóre fou ilka lan!

Amen an sae lat it be.

Metrical Saum 90 – bi Thomas Thomson Alexander (1881 – 1945)
(CM: St. Anne – CH3 611 / CH4 161)

- 1 O Lord, our hame in Thee alane
Frae auld langsyne has been,
Afore the tourin hills war born,
An heichts o lan war seen.
- 2 Or Thou the yirth an aa the warl
Had shapen tae Thy plan,
E'en God Thou is till time be dune,
As frae whan time began.
- 3 Man tae the yirth Thou airts alang,
Til nocht o him remain;
An says tae ilka son o man,
"Come hame tae Me again."
- 4 A thousan years appear tae be
Nae mair afore Thy sicht
Than gliff o yesterday at's gane,
Or than a blink o nicht.
- 5 As spates afore thaim aathing tak,
Sae Thou bears thaim awà!
A dwaum o sleep; a blade o gress:
Nae ither ar they aa.
- 6 It breers an grows whan mornin daws,
At een mawn doun an dwined;
Sae by Thine angir we'r consumed,
Its dreid owercomes the mind.
- 7 Our fauts afore Thee Thou has set
Whaur Thou can plainly see,
An aa our sae weel-happit sins
Afore Thy glintin ee.
- 8 For in Thine angir ilka day
O ours drees dreich alang;
An aa our years they wear awà
Like souchs o silenced sang.
- 9 The days an years at mak our life
Ar three-score year an ten,
Or fowerscore, gin our strenth be mair
Than faas the feck o men.
- 10 E'en sae a wearie warsle ey
Our strenth is, aa the same;
For in a gliff it's slippit by,
An we maun flichter hame.
- 11 Thine angir's pour, O, wha can tell?
'Tis marrow tae thy fear.
Tae count our days syne teach us, sae
Our herts may win sic lear.

12 O Lord, hou lang or Thou come back
Tae them at miss thee sair?
O, haud Thy haun frae Thine ain fowk
An, in Thy pítý, spare.

13 Fu sune wi rowth o mercy sweet,
O, mak our sauls content;
Syne sal we lilt an blithesum be
Til aa our days be spent.

14 For aa the weary days at we
In dool an dolour lay,
An aa the years at ill befel,
Oh mak us gled, we pray.

15 Lat aa Thy fowk at thirldom ken
But líve Thy wark tae see,
An tae their bairns a gudely sicht
O Thine ain glorie gíe.

16 Syne let the glamour o the Lord,
Our God, upò us faa;
An siccar mak our warks o haun,
Ay, siccar mak thaim aa.

SAUM 93 *frae the Hebrew*

886: Tryphaena (alterit)

Frances Ridley Havergal (1836 - 79)

The musical score is written for piano in 2/4 time with a key signature of two sharps (D major). The tempo marking is 'maestoso'. The score is divided into two systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system ends with a double bar line and a fermata over the final chord.

- 1 The Lord our God hislane dis ring,
He's buskit as becums the King,
He's buskit, graithed wi nicht.
- 2 Tae bide onmuived the warld he's dicht;
Thy thron sensyne is sted fou richt;
Thou's frae eternitie.
- 3 The spates hae heised, O Lord Maist Hie,
The spates hae heised their rair awee;
The spates heise up their din.
- 4 Abune gryte waitters' thunnerin
An seas' flude rowan graunlie in,
Fou graun's the Lord abune.
- 5 Thy trysts, they'r shuir, a weil set foun;
Til praise o saunts thy houss sal soun;
Lord, days nane en sal bring.

AMEN. AMEN. AMEN.*

- *ilk 'amen' is sung til a hale line o the tune.*

Metrical Saum 93 – bi Thomas Thomson Alexander (1881 – 1945)
(CM: Stroudwater – CH3 140 / CH4 57)

- 1 The Lord wi majestie is cled,
An he alane dis ring
Ower aa His warks at he has med
Wi nicht, as sets a King.
- 2 The warl on siccar founs is set;
Outower it winna swee;
Thou an Thy thron establishit
Frae everlastin be.
- 3 The fludes, O Lord, wi fearsum din
An loudsum roarin ran;
The rushin fludes raxt heich abuin,
As gin they'd lowp the lan.
- 4 But God, abuin the fludes at bides,
In pour excels them aa -
The roarin spates, the michtie tides
O sea at rise an faa.
- 5 The trystins promised in Thy Wurd
Can ey be lippeded fair;
Thy Houss an halieness, O Lord,
Ar marrows iver mair.

SAUM 100 frae the Hebrew

LM: The Auld Hunner

melody – Genevan psalter (1551)



faux bourdon – John Dowland (1563 – 1626)



- | | |
|---|--|
| 1 Sing, ilka clan frae ilka lan,
Beck til the Lord an blythsum be:
Sair him wi mirth, fowk o the yirth;
Ben nou afore him, loud wi glee! | 3 In throwe his yetts wi lowpin herts!
Liltan aa laud, his tempil thrang:
Cun thanks as in fore him ye win,
An bliss his name wi steven strang. |
| 2 See an behaud the Lord is God;
Himlane he med us, nane beside:
His fowk syne we, his flock o fe
At on his hirsels sauf dis bide. | 4 For guid's the Lord, ey guid's his wurd,
An leal's his luv ear efter ear;
For iver new, he bides ey true
Til childer o his childer dear. |

Dox.* Til God the Three aa glorie be,
Til Faither, Son, an Speerit, ae,
As ey it wis, as ey it is,
An ey sal be til lastin day.

* Gin the RVW festival settin o the Auld 100 is yaised, the doxologie maun be sung.

Metrical Saum 100 – bi Thomson Alexander (1881 – 1945)

- 1 Lat ilka clan in ilka lan
Mak tae the Lord a blithesum sang;
Sair Him wi mirth ower aa the yirth
As ye intil His presence gang.
- 2 Ken ilka ane, He's God alane,
Our Makar, He an nane beside;
We ar His folk, we ar His flock,
Wha in His pasture may abide.
- 3 Wi thankfu hert gang throwe the yett,
An liltin, aa His temple thrang;
It's richt at we soud gratefu be,
An bliss His name baith loud an lang.
- 4 For God is kind, we aa maun mind,
His mercy siccar ey sal be;
Lippen His truith, for it is suith
As age on age can testifee.

SAUM 113 frae the Hebrew

7777 + Halleluya: Württemberg

melody – 'Hundert Arien', Dresden (1694)
harm. – William Henry Monk (1823 – 89)



1 Praise, gíe praise ontíl the Lord!
Praise, ye servans o the Lord!
Praise, gíe laud ontíl the Lord!
Praise the name o God the Lord!
Halleluyah!

2 Blissit be Jehovah's name
Frae the nou, an while time lasts!
Frae the aist ontíl the wast
Praise belongs Jehovah's name!
Halleluyah!

3 Frae the airt the sun dis rise
Til the pairt o his demise,
Ower aa fowks the Lord is hie
Ower the heiv'ns his glore shínes free.
Halleluyah!

4 Wha is like the Lord our God,
Him at's throned abuin sae gran,
Him at leuks awà faur doun
On the lift an on the lan?
Halleluyah!

5 Out the stour he lifts the puir,
Frae the cowp the needie howks,
Maks them fit wi chiefs tae sit,
Wi the chieftains o his fowk.
Halleluyah!

6 Bairnless wifes he gíes a hame -
Mithers blithe o mony a wean!
Praise, ye servans o the Lord,
Praise the name o God the Lord!
Halleluyah!

SAUM 114 *frae the Hebrew*

(9999: Lansdowne – CH4 676)

- 1 Whan God's fowk frae Egyp's bouns wan free,
Jaucob's houss frae fowk o fremit leed,
Judah syne becam his halie hame,
Israël his kinrick - praise his Name!

- 2 Syne the sea, it saa an fled awà;
Jordan watter ran aback an aa:
Heichts an hills, they fided an focht like tups,
Knocks an knows like lammies stach'ran up.

- 3 Sea, whit ails ee at ee flee awà?
Jordan, why's it you rin back an aa?
Heichts, why div ee fidge an fecht like tups?
Knows, whit for like lammies stach'ran up?

- 4 Daunce an dinnle, Yirth, afore the Lord,
Fore the face o him at's Jaucob's God!
Him at maks scarp scree a lush, weet laich,
Maks dour whin a wall, a lipp'ran quaich.

SAUM 117 frae the Hebrew

7777 + Halleluyahs: Llanfair

melody - *Robert Williams (1782 – 1818)*
harmony – *David Evans (1874 1948)*

Praise the Lord, O ilka lan;	[weemen]
<i>Halleluyah!</i>	[aa]
Laud himsel, aa neibour kin:	[men]
<i>Halleluyah!</i>	[aa]
For his lealty til's is gran;	[weemen]
<i>Halleluyah!</i>	[aa]
An his truith for ey sal win.	[men]
<i>Halleluyah!</i>	[aa]

SAUM 121 *frae the Hebrew*
(CM: French – CH3 139 / CH4 81)

- 1 Up til the heichts I cast my een;
Whaurfrae can help be brocht?
Help cums bot frae the the Lord himlane
Wha lift an lan hes wrocht.
- 2 Hissel, he winna lat ye cowp,
Nor dwaum as gaird he keeps.
Na! him at gairds them at he's waled,
He dovers nane nor sleeps.
- 3 By nicht the Lord is your caur gaird,
Your sponce upò your richt
By day; the sun will skaith-ye-na,
Nor nane the min at nicht.
- 4 The Lord sal waird ye frae aa ill,
Your life he'l waird an stey;
Ay, still an on he'l waird your gaen
Baith but an ben, for ey.

SAUM 122 *frae the Hebrew*

(7777: Aus der Tiefe, stanzas 1-3 & dox. – CH3 210 / CH4 337; Buckland, sts. 4-5 – CH3 106)

- 1 Fain wis I whan fowk did say,
“Til the Houss o God lat’s gae.”
Nou my traiv’lin’s at its en,
Ben your ports, Jerusalem.

- 2 Cítie o Jerusalem -
Bigget stark frae en til en.
Up til her the clans dae gang;
Thair God’s trystan clans dae thrang,

- 3 For for Israel it’s decrete:
Thanks ontil God’s Name be gíed.
Thair the judgment thron is dicht,
Thron o Dauvit’s houss an richt.

- 4 Pray Jerusalem knaws peace:
“Saucht on herts warm til your ease!
Peace dwall lown athin your waas,
Saucht athin your tours an haas.”

- 5 Sake o friens an neibours here,
“Peace be in ye!” I’ll say clere;
Sake o God our Lord’s Houss hie,
Aa at’s guid I’ll pray for ye!

- Dox. ‘Glorie!’ til our Faither sing,
‘Glorie!’ til his Son, our King,
‘Glorie!’ til the Spírit, Three
In eternal unity.

SAUM 123 frae the Hebrew

666 x 3/2: Leoni

Hebrew melody (adapted c. 1770)

- 1 Up I dae cast an ee,
Up, Lord, whaur thy thron bides,
Up til the heivens hie,
An til thysel besides.¹
Like as aa servans' een
Leuk til their maister's haun,
An as a maiden's een
Til her ain mistress' haun,
Een sae 'tis our een leuk
Up til the Lord our God;
We leuk an better leuk
Gin on us rue he wad.
- 2 Lord, rue on us eenou,
Oh, rue an niver hide;
O scorn w'iv hed our fou,
Ar fou as we can bide;
Our life hes taen a staw
At easedom's skeich an side,
An at the scorn o aa
At hove wi ugsun pride.

AMEN.

¹ Return til the beginnin o the tune; the first fower lines may be sung solo bi a precentor.

Metrical Saum 23 – bi Thomas Thomson Alexander (1881 – 1945)
(10.10.10.10: Old 124th – CH3 392 / CH4 84)

- 1 Gin at the Lord had n'er bin on our side
Nou Israël may weel an truly say,
Gin at the Lord did n'er us weel betyde
Whan men wan up agin us, than had they
Sweeled us alive, - sae wis their wuth fu fey.

- 2 Syne had the fludes o watter sweeled us doun,
An ower our saul the tourin tide had gaen;
Clean owre our saul had gaen the fludes at droun;
But, blithe be God at hasna gíen His ain
Tae feast the fangs o siccan fearsom men.

- 3 Our saul frae skaith richt weel is wun awà,
E'en as a bird out frae the girn may win;
Skaith hae we 'scaped, the girn is riv'n in twa:
Syne sal we say, our help alane is in
The Lord at med Hissel baith yirth an heiv'n.

SAUM 125 *frae the Hebrew*

(14.14: Martyrs – CH3 7 / CH4 34; or Irish – CH3 294 / CH4 473)

- 1 Wha lippen God the Lord ar like
aul Zioun's halie know,
At ey hes bin, an ey dis bide,
an canna steer nae how.

- 2 As roun about Jerusalem
the muntains gird her weel,
Sae still an on the Lord dis fauld
his fowk in airms ey leal.

- 3 The meschant mace will no ey ding
the lot o weel-willed fowk,
Lest sic weel-willed wad rax their hauns
Tae play the wicket gowk.

- 4 Dae weel, O Lord, til them's dae weel,
til them wha'r richt at hert;
Wha vaig i raivelled gates the Lord
maun gar wi loons depert.

- 5 An sae may peace an lown-tide faa
God's fowk agangan free,
As richt ey faas til Israel's God.
Amen; sae lat it be.

SAUM126 *frae the Hebrew*

(7.7.7.7 D: St. George's, Windsor - CH3 627 / CH4 411)

- 1 Whan the Lord fuish Zioun hame,
 'twis like we war in a dwaum;*
Lauchter skailed syne frae our mou,
 Skirlin tummled aff our toung.
Syne 'twis threapit mang aa fowks,
 "God hes wrocht gran things for thaim!"
God hes wrocht gran things for us;
 Braw an blithesum war we than.

- 2 Lord, fesh hame aul times for us,
 Een as spates green birstled lea.
Lat aa thaim at saws i tears,
 Hooch an skirl whan they shear.
Wha agreetan gangs afield
 Wi a sheet o corn tae yird,
Sal cum hame, wi blithesum hooch,
 Heftan hie the sonsie kirn.

AMEN.

* or "We war like til thaim at's hailed"

SAUM 127 *frae the Hebrew*
(7777: St. Dunstan - CH3 75)

- 1 An the Lord dis bigg it nane,
nauchtie is houss-biggers' fash;
an the Lord dis waird it nane,
waukin fails the Burgh Watch.
- 2 Steerin lang or gray licht's vain,
beddin late, an takin mait
throwe your pains; for he his ain,
een in sleep, wi kindness traits.
- 3 Wame's frute's God-gíen heritage,
bairns a handsel frae the Lord;
fushen up afore auld age,
they'r like flanes an archer hauds.
- 4 Blythe him wi a sheaf o thae;
blate they s' no be in retort,
skailan his ill-willers frae
law'n an dealin in the Port.

Dox. Til the Faither glorie be,
in his ae beluvit Son,
throwe the Spírit, luvan, free -
God at's iver Three an Yin.

SAUM 130 frae the Hebrew

CM: Martyrdom

melody – *Hugh Wilson (1776 - 1824)*

adapted – *Robert Archibald Smith (1780 – 1829)*



- 1 Frae deeps as droun I caa til thee,
Lord; hearkin til my skraich,
Lord; lat thy lug be apen til
my prayer, as thou louts laich.
- 2 An thou, O Lord, did mind ilk faut,
wha, syne, cuid staun avà?
Bot pítie's ey bin wi thysel,
an in thy rev'rence aa.
- 3 I bide the Lord, my saul it bides,
I bide his wurd an aa;
My life bides God mair nor the watch,
the watch at bides the daw.
- 4 Lat God's fowk lippen God himlane,
for lealty's ey in him;
Rowth o remeid's wi him wha'l redd
his fowk o aa their sin.

AMEN.

Metrical Saum 130 – bi Thomas Thomson Alexander (1881 – 1945)
(CM: Martyrdom – CH3 667 / CH4 87)

- 1 Lord, frae the mirkie hauchs o dool
My cry tae Thee has gaen;
Jehovah, hear; an lat Thine ear
Be heedfu o my mane.
- 2 Gin Thou, O Lord, our fauts soud mark,
Wha coud tae Thee draw near?
But ey wi Thee sal mercy be,
Tho' men haud Thee in fear.
- 3 My saul abides its tryst wi God,
His wurd I lippen on;
My saul's mair fain for God, than ane
At wearies for the dawn.
- 4 Atweel, I weary mair than aa
At lang for dawn o day;
Lat Israëel trust God Himsel,
For He sal mercy hae.
- 5 An wi the Lord nae lack there is
O pour tae save an sain;
Frae aa the sin at he has din,
He Israëel sal hain.

SAUM 131 *frae the Hebrew*

(8.7.8.7: Evening Prayer – RCH 654 / CH3 467; All for Jesus – CH4 187)

1 Lord, my hert it isna heelie,
Nor my een's no heised ower heich,
Nor, wi sic gryte ferlies fore me,
I'm no taen wi govin skeich.

2 Raither hae I caumed my saul, Lord;
Like a wean at is new speaned
At its mither's side is wheeshtit,
Sae my saul it doun hes leaned.

3 Til the Lord, O Israel, lippen;
Aa God's fowk, ey trust til's thocht,
Frae the nou, an still an on til
Time an tide ar cum tae nocht.

Dox. Glorie be til God the Faither,
Glorie be til God the Son,
Glorie be til God the Speerit,
Nou an iver Three an Yin.

SAUM 133 *frae the Hebrew*

(12.12.8.8.4: Ar Hyd Y Nos – CH4 562)

- 1 See, hou guid an brow it is, what gran wad ye say!
Whan kin fowk dae bide thegither, aa friens as ae;
It's like fine oil, toomed upo the
Heid, at faas upo the beard, the
Heid-Priest's beard at faas doun ower the
Neuk o's array.

- 2 Ay, hou guid an brow it is, what gran wad ye say!
Whan kin fowk sing praise thegither, wurship at ae;
It's like Hermon's muntain dew's a-
Faa'n on Zioun Know: it's thair at
God the Lord the blissin bodes at
Is life for aye.

- Dox. Chaunt ye, 'Glorie!' til the Faither - Halleluyah!
'Glorie!' til God's Son, our brither - Halleluyah!
In an til the Speerit frae thaim
Faa'n on Christ's ain fowk sae's, throwe thaim
Three, we'r aa med ane, een like thaim,
'Halleluyah!'

SAUM 134 frae the Hebrew

(LM: Connolly – CH3 647)

1 Oh see an bliss the Lord himlane,
Aa ye at sair the Lord fu fain,
At staun bi nicht in wurship here,
At in his houss the Lord revere.

2 Hauns til the Halie Ane heize ye,
An bliss the name o God on hie:
Halleluyah, halleluyah,
Halleluyah, halleluyah!

3 weemen-fowk
Halleluyah,
Halleluyah,
Halleluyah, halleluyah,
Halleluyah, halleluyah!

3 men-fowk i canon
Halleluyah!
The Lord, wha wrocht baith lift an lan,
Bliss you frae halie Zioun gran.
Halleluyah, halleluyah!

Dox.* Aa, 'Glorie til the Faither,' chaunt,
An til the Son ey glorie grant,
The Halie Spirit's glore sing rare
This nicht, the morn, an iver mair.

* *or anither stanza o halleluyahs*

SAUM145 *frae the Hebrew*

8888D: Lewis Folk Melody

Capo 3 D Em7 D/F# Em7/G F#m7 Bm7 Em A

D Am D Bm Em7 F#m7 Em7/G A

D Em7 D/F# Em7/G F#m7 Bm7 Em7 D

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Ah, my God at's King, I'll heize ee,
 an ey an iver bliss thy name;
 Blissin ilka day I'll wage ee,
 an ey an iver laud thy name.
 Certie God is braid out laudit,
 an richtlie sae sen gryte is he;
 Deed, his gryteness is onendin,
 an fathomit it canna be.</p> | <p>4 Name they, syne, fore aa God's ferlies,
 an hou in splendour shines his swey;
 Oh, thy realm's a realm onendin,
 an dures thy rewl ower aa for ey!
 Plain the Lord's in's ilk wurd faithfu,
 an grâcious in ilk ack o's maucht -
 Quite his thing tae stoop aa cowpin,
 an aa as gang twa-fauld tae straucht.</p> |
| <p>2 Een til their bairns, bairns sal praise ee,
 an weil furthshaw thy michtie acks;
 Fair that kinglie glore they'l speak o,
 an I'll admire thy wunner-warks.
 'Gryte thy ferlies,' fowk sal witness,
 an I'll declare thy celsitude;
 Hie that richtousness they'l lilt o,
 an sing the fame ey o thy gude.</p> | <p>5 Richt the een o aa leuk til ee;
 an thou gies meat til thaim belyve,
 Spreidin brawlie braid thy loof, Lord,
 an toomin routh on aa alive.
 'Tis the Lord at's just in aa's gates,
 an kindlie in his ilka deed:
 Unco near til aa cry'n on him,
 veracitie in pray'n he heeds.</p> |
| <p>3 It's the Lord at's grâcious, louin
 juist; slaw tae low, he rues richt fain:
 Kind an gude the Lord til aab'dy,
 an's pitié's ower his warks ilk ane.
 Lord, thy warks, they aa maun thank ee,
 an saunts o thine maun speak ee fair!
 Maun declare thy kinrik's glorie,
 an on thy pour maun wurd's ey ware.</p> | <p>6 Wha reveere him, God dis fauvour
 an saufs them, hearkenin their cry;
 eXtra care taks o wha lo him,
 an aa wha'r wicket he'l ding by:
 Yea, his laud my mouth s' be tellin,
 an singin o the Lord aaway;
 Zíonart lat aa heize blissin,
 an praise his halie name for ey.</p> |

SAUM 147b (verses 12-20) *frae the Hebrew*
(LM + Halleluyahs: C.H. Three – CH4 289)

- 1 Jerusalem, O cítie gran -
Halleluyah!
O Zioun, know whauron she stauns -
Halleluyah!
Ontil the Lord gíe glore an laud;
Sing praise, lilt heich ontill your God:
Halleluyah! Halleluyah! Halleluyah!

- 2 For he maks stark your barrit yetts -
Halleluyah!
Your bairns athin ye blissin get -
Halleluyah!
Your bouns i weil-dae'n lown he beets,
An stechs ye wi the best o wheat.
Halleluyah! Halleluyah! Halleluyah!

- 3 He sends his biddin but on yirth -
Halleluyah!
Wi unco speed his wurd wins furth -
Halleluyah!
He haps the grun - like oo the snaw;
The cranreuch like til aise he straws.
Halleluyah! Halleluyah! Halleluyah!

- 4 He ettles hail like scran for fouls -
Halleluyah!
Gars faas tae hing in iceshokuils -
Halleluyah!
He breathes a wurd til thow thaim syne:
His spírit blows; burns wimple fine.
Halleluyah! Halleluyah! Halleluyah!

- 5 He maks his wurd til Jaucob clere -
Halleluyah!
His trysts an says lat's Israel hear -
Halleluyah!
He traitsna ither fowks the same;
They kenna his just says mang thaim.
Halleluyah! Halleluyah! Halleluyah!

SAUM 148 *frae the Hebrew*

(6666 444 + Halleluyah: Darwall's 148th - CH3 296 / CH4 741)

- 1 O praise the Lord himlane
Een frae the heivens hie,
An in the heichest heichts
Praise ontill him gie ye;
Sing, angels aa,
Aa's hosts on hie,
His praises free:
Halleluyah!
- 2 O praise him, sun an min
An aa ye starns sae bricht
Praise him; ye heichest heiv'ns,
Laud him, the Lord o micht;
Ye waiters aa
The heiv'ns abune,
His praises soun:
Halleluyah!
- 3 O lat them praise God's name,
Wha, frae his royal seat,
Did speak an they war med,
An syne bi his decreete
He sattlit aa
Whaur they wad be
Baith nou an ey -
Halleluyah!
- 4 O praise the Lord frae yirth,
Ilk spout an wait'rie howe,
Flaucht, hail, snaw, mist an blast
Awhirl roun heicht an know;
Ye, ilk an aa
His biddin dis,
Ilk wurd o his:
Halleluyah!
- 5 Ay, frute trees, cedars tae,
Will brutes an beass afield,
What creeps an fouls awing,
Yirth's kings, aa fowks, nou yiel'd -
Prince, chief an aa,
Baith lass an lad
Baith ying an auld -
Halleluyah!
- 6 O lat them praise God's name;
His name alane's fel hie,
His majestie's abune
The yirth an heiv'n, an he
The horn an aa
O's fowk sal raise;
He is their praise,
Halleluyah!

SAUM 150 frae the Hebrew

(LM + Halleluyahs: Lasst uns Erfreuen - CH3 30 / CH4 147)

- 1 Praise God upo this halie spot;
Laud him up in his heiv'nlie vault!
Halleluyah, halleluyah!
Praise him for aa his acks o pour;
Laud him as aa he is atour!
Halleluyah, halleluyah!
Halleluyah, halleluyah, halleluyah!

- 2 Praise him i blaw'n the ramhorn's 'Cum!'
Laud him i liltin til the drum!
Halleluyah, halleluyah!
Praise him on clarsach an on lute;
Laud him on thruman thairms an flute!
Halleluyah, halleluyah!
Halleluyah, halleluyah, halleluyah!

- 3 Praise him wi cymbals clashan free;
Laud him wi cymbals dirlan hie!
Halleluyah, halleluyah!
Lat aa as breathes, aa leevin sing,
Praise, laud an bliss the Lord, the King!
Halleluyah, halleluyah!
Halleluyah, halleluyah, halleluyah!