

Saum 118, verses 1,14-24,28-29

owerset bi P. Hateley Waddell 1877, revisit 2010

Gíe laud til the Lord, for he's gude;
for his gudeness it tholes for ey!
My strenth an sang is the Lord;
my salvâtion he's e'en come tae be.

The souch o a sang o salvâtion i the shiels o the gude an richt! 15
"The richt haun itsel o Jehovah, it ey wins the gree!"
The richt haun itsel o Jehovah is heised wi sic pour an micht;
the richt haun itsel o Jehovah, it ey bears the gree!"

Gíe laud til the Lord, for he's gude;
for his gudeness it tholes for ey!

Nane sal i díe, bot sal lívin be, 17
an the warks o the Lord, I sal tell;
The Lord hes ettled tae ding me sair,
bot til díed he hes nane gíen mysel.

Gíe laud til the Lord, for he's gude;
for his gudeness it tholes for ey!

O rax til me wide the yetts o the richt; 19
It's bi them I'd win ben an cun thanks til the Lord:
for thon's ey the yett til the Lord;
bi it sal the richtous them lane win ben.

Gíe laud til the Lord, for he's gude;
for his gudeness it tholes for ey!

Til yersel I cun thanks, for thou's answert me; 21
my salvâtion thou's e'en come tae be.
The stane the biggers wad nane o,
Hit hes een become the cunyie.

Gíe laud til the Lord, for he's gude;
for his gudeness it tholes for ey!

This is wrocht bi the Lord himlane; 23
an a ferlie it stauns in our een.
A day siclike, 's the wark o the Lord;
blithe an fu fain lat us be tharin.

Thou's my God, I s' een thank thee; 24
thou's my God, I s' een ruise thee.
Gíe laud til the Lord, for he's gude;
for his gudeness for iver sal be!

The ROAD til EMMAUS

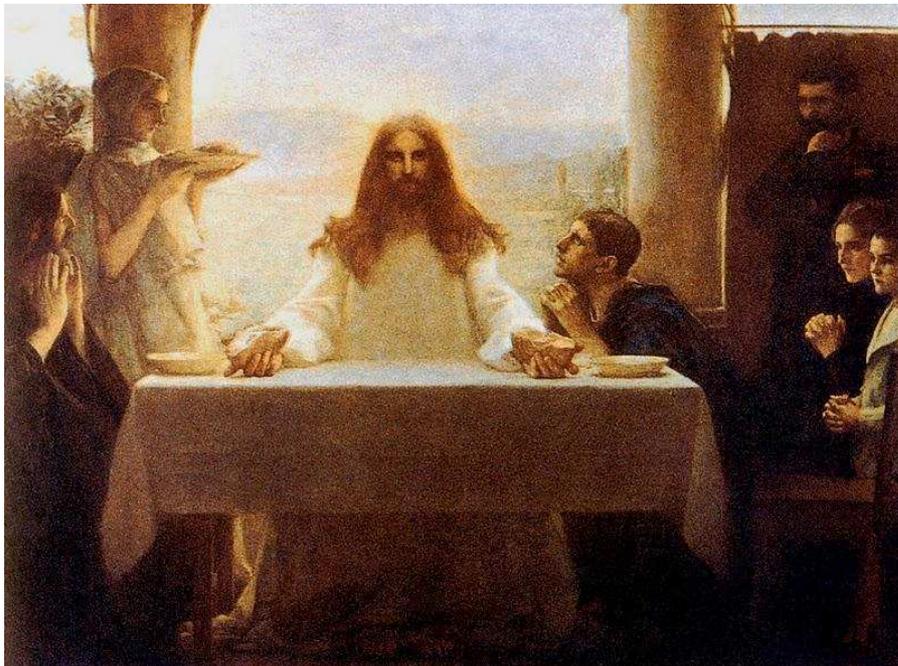
frae 'A Scots Gospel' bi Jamie Stuart
cf. Lk.1.13-35

On the same day, twa o the disciples war gaun on thair traivel til a village caa'd Emmaus, about seiven mile frae Jerusalem, an they spak thegither o aa the things that had taen place.

As they war speakin an reasonin thegither, Jesus hissel cam near an gaed wi them. They saw him, but somewey didna ken him. Jesus said tae them, "Whit is it that ye are debatin about as ye gang on?" Ane o them, by the name o Cleopas, answert, "Div ye bide by yer lane in Jerusalem that ye hae no kent o aa the things that hae come about in thae days?" Jesus said, "Whatna things?" An qo they, "Anent Jesus o Nazareth, wha wis a prophet, a man mighty in deed an wurd, in God's sicht an afore aa mankind. Oor heid-priests condemnit him tae daith an hae crucified him." Jesus said tae them, "O blin o sicht! an dour in yer herts tae lippen on the things that the prophets hae said."

As they cam near til the village, Jesus luikit tae gang on, but they pressit him, sayin, "Bide ye wi us! The day is far alang, an the gloamin is comin." Sae Jesus tarried wi them. He sat doon at the table wi the twa disciples, tuik the breid in his haun an said the blissin. An, brekin the breid, he gied it tae them. Suddent, thair een war apenit! They kent him! But than he vanisht frae thair sicht. They luikit at ane anither - "Did we no feel oor herts on fire as he spak wi us on the road?"

They got up at aince an gaed back til Jerusalem. Findin the ither disciples gaihert thegither, they telt them, "The Lord has risen, in trowth!"



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¹ *Christ and the Disciples at Emmaus* Pascal-Adolphe-Jean Dagnan-Bouveret (1852-1929)

Evan
New Britain

William Henry Havergal (1798-1870)
trad.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves, a treble clef on top and a bass clef on the bottom. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The music features a series of chords and single notes, with repeat signs (//) at the beginning and end of the system.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. It features a treble and bass staff. The key signature remains three flats. The time signature changes to 3/4 at the end of the system. There are repeat signs and a fermata over the final notes.

The third system of musical notation continues the piece. It features a treble and bass staff. The key signature remains three flats. The time signature is common time. There are repeat signs and a fermata over the final notes.

The fourth system of musical notation includes lyrics. It features a treble and bass staff. The key signature remains three flats. The time signature is common time. The lyrics are: "Ha - lle - lu - yah - !". There are repeat signs and a fermata over the final notes.

His face it wis sae downward bent

His face it wis sae downward bent,
An laich he cast his ee;
O sic a wecht o dool he kent,
O sic a draucht o dree.

It wis a mirksome, eerie day
He made for Calvary,
An cairriet aa yon wecht o wae
Tae set his kindred free.

It wis a mornin bricht wi dyowe;
Wi saws the weemin came,
An faur he'd lain wis teem an howe,
An he wis lichtlie gane.

*Halleluyah!*¹

David Ogston (1945 – 2008)



¹ Optional response til the makar's sang

A toi la gloire

Tune: *Maccabaeus* (CH3 279; CH4 419)

Aa glore til thee at's back upò life's wey!
Ontil thee the gree for iver an for ey!
Sheen the leam at shane as th'angel cam adoun,
Him at rows the stane frae aff the dingit tomb.
Aa glore til thee at's back upò life's wey!
Ontil thee the gree for iver an for ey!

Leuk wha is here! It's him! It is thy Laird,
Maister, Jesus dear! Oh, niver dout nae mair!
Fowk at Christ inwons, be lichtsome, lauch awà,
Liltan still an on: the Sauviour fair dings aa!
Aa glore til thee at's back upò life's wey!
Ontil thee the gree for iver an for ey!

Sal I ey fear? He líves for enless days,
Him I luve sae dear, at is the Prince o Pace,
Him at is my gree, my puissant stoup himlane -
Life an glore tae me: na na, I'll no fear nane!
Aa glore til thee at's back upò life's wey!
Ontil thee the gree for iver an for ey!

Edmond Budry (1854 - 1932)
owerset bi R. Ree (b.1950)

JESUS an MARY

Kenneth Stout, Fair Isle
cf. St. John 20.11-18

But Mary wis staanin outby, inti da kirkyaird greetin.

An as she wis greetin, she stoopit doun an lookit inti da holl. She saa twa angels aa in white, settin dem doun, ane at da haed an da tidder at da fit, whaur Jesus haed restit himsel. An dey said, "Wife, whit is du greetin fir?" She said tae dem, "Becaas dey hae taen awa my Maister, an I dinna ken whaur dey hae putten hem."

An whan she had spakken aa yon, she turned hersel around an saa het wis Jesus staanin, but she didnae ken wha het wis.

Jesus said tae her, "Wife, whit is du greetin fir?" She tocht het wis da gairdner, an said, "Sir, if du haes taen hem awa, tell me whaur du haes putten hem, an I sal tak hem awa."

Jesus said til her, "Mary."

She turned hersel around, an said til hem, "Rabboni," which is 'Maister'.

Jesus said til her, "Dinna du touch me, fir I'm no gaen awa up ti da Fadder. But ging du awa tae ma bridders an say tae dem, "I ging awa up ti da Fadder, an tae ma God an tae dy God."

Mary Magdalene cam an telt aa da friens dat she haed seen da Lord, an dat he haed spakken aa yon things tae her.

Kenneth Stout, Fair Isle



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¹ *The Appearance of Christ to Mary Magdalene* Alexander Ivanov, c. 1834
http://freechristimages.org/biblestories/jesus_appears_mary_magdalene.htm

WILLIAM LAUGHTON LORIMER

Ye hae dune mair nor onie preachin man.
Whiles, i Saunt Andra's toun, ye warn a juist
Stuffin pretentious heids wi scraps o Greek. Na!
Yer rael tred wis the míracle o wurds.
Nou ye hae wirkit a wee bit míracle yersel.
An why fur no?
Efter aa, Mark an Luke an ithers tae
Hed dune their bittock.
Nou you in turn wi scholar-like
An eident haun completit it.

An ye hae dune mair fur me tae.
I hed grawn cauld,
Whit wi dule an dísappointments,
No tae mention the slowin o the bluid
Throwe monie seasons.
Bot last nicht an the nicht afore,
Fu grippit, Lorimer, I read yer buik.

An nou i this day's licht sae snell an clear,
I fund, whan I gaed doun the watter's side,
The Lord Christ walkit wi me yince again.

Alistair Halden



<http://www.photoeverywhere.co.uk/britain/scotlandmain/slides/beach3627.htm>

PAISCH

I saa three crosses gainst the caul blae lift,
An on them me an you an him atween;
I hard him say tae you, "Tak nou my gift
O life in Paradise this aifterneen."

They laid him in a gairden bi himsel
An us twa i the yaird outside the waa,
An on aa three o's i the pit o hell
God loot the blaak mirk o the Void tae faa.

E'en thair wi voice o luv he spak tae me
The wurd I wadna hear fan on my cross,
Syne fell awa fae me my miserie
An aa I loed on airth tae me wis dross.

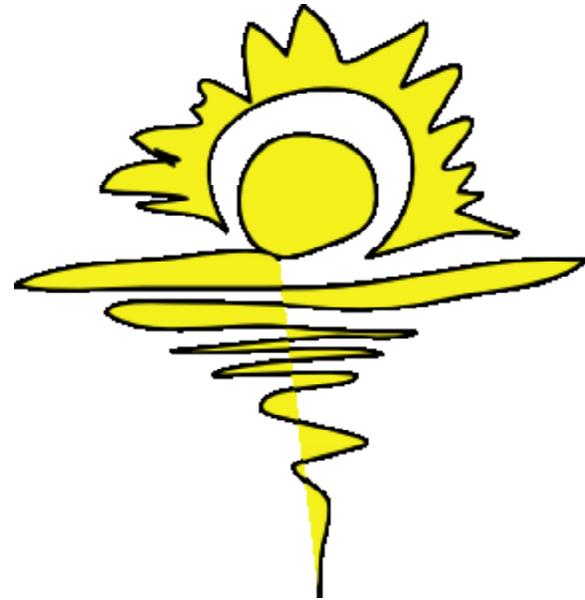
Twa nichts gaed by an syne at skreich o day
God row'd awa the steen at steek'd the tomb,
Set free his Son fae caul corruptin clay
An sowl's o men fae fear o mortal doom.

I saw the brichtness o the sun gae out
Fan he th' eternal Sun himsel did rise
Upon a warl I n'er haed thocht about,
Ayont men's dreams an aa their sair emprise.

Ivo Macnaughton Clark
(1883 -1950)



Peter an the Maister



bi Revd D Gibb Mitchell
(1861 -1921)

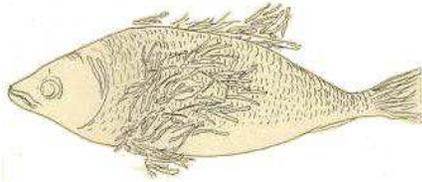
**Editit an abridged for the
Scots Language in Worship Group
2010**

Peter an the Maister

Here's a few o the disciples gathered roun their Maister on the strand -- Peter amang them. They hed bin out on the watter at their auld tred. It hed bin a dreich nicht. As the licht glimmert in, they rowed for land, wi empy nets an a clean boat. They wis dowie an cuisten doun.

As the boat drew in they spied a mannie staunin waitin. They kentna wha it wis. They glowered an wunnert, screengin their minds for a clue. There wis something weird i the leuk o him, an yet they seemed tae ken him. "Lads, hae ye ocht tae aet?" he cried. A unco feelin cam ower the men. Whit garred this man fash for them? Hou hed he thocht upò their wants? The voice wisna new, an yet they cuidna say wha it wis. They leukit, an ey leukit, whan aa at aince John guessed it wis the Lord; a blithe dirl o gledness ran throwe them.

Here wis their Lord aince mair takkin pairt i their life in his ain auld luvin wey. He wantit them tae brak fast an hae a bite. He hed kennit a fire. There it wis, wi the lowe dancin an the reek curlin up! They lowpit intil the shallas an harlt their boats up. As they steppit forrit, slow like nou, the Maister bade them come awà an aet. What a hush teuk haud as they sat doun! Athout a wurd they raxed for the breid an the fish. There wis nae speakin. No ane daured speir, "Wha ar ye?"



There wis ae man at's thochts wis tribult. He wis huddled up, an cuid scarce lat ower a morsel. His mind wis rinnin back til a oor whan he hed bin fause, a oor whan his Maister wis síck wi cruel sorra. It wis the mirkest day the Sauviour breathed throwe. Ben stuid the Perfite Man, amang a crew o deevils; the sound o ill-witit jibin an jamphin fyled the air. But, in a neuk hardby, a when servans clashed an claivert. Peter, the gran promiser, scougit amang them. He wis watchin an waitin tae see what wad come ower the man unner arrest.

He didna want tae speak. He wantit tae be lat alane. Ane luit faa a wurd about them at cronied wi Jesus o Nazareth. They jabbered on til anither clappit her een upò Símon, at wis ey haudin his toung. Belyve they cuist it up til him at he wis a fríen o the prísoner. The disciple wis taen bi surprise, an blurtit out, "Na, I dinna ken him." Thrice he threepit wi them at he didna ken him.

"Man, whit ar ye sayin? Ye dinna ken him! It's a shamefu líe; staun an think! Did ye no leave aa tae gang his rod? Hae ye no bin his neibour for ears? Hinna ye seed him dae wunners? an hard him speak wurd o life? Wis it no his form at kythed throwe the nicht as yer ship wis tossin amang the brekkers? Awn up the truth: isna he the man you ken better nor the lave? the man ye blithe serred? Wae's me, man; whit gars ye say ye dinna ken him?"

As he wis still argiein an flamin at the hizzies for meddlin wi him, the cock crawed. In a gliff he mindit what his maister hed warnished him o. He glowered ben, an there wis the man he wis disawnin, leukin straucht at him. It awoke him, an he kent what he hed din. He ran tae the door an grat his een baith bleart an blin.

He gaed furth leavin the soun o a thrice denial i the ears o God's Son. The Cross teuk the guid Maister, an 'I dinna ken him' wis the fareweel o the disciple.

Whan wad thae waefu wurd be wipit out? Whan cuid that horrible nicht be forfeitit? Whan cuid he confabble wi his Lord again on the auld fittin? He allowed himsel tae be cuisten out o the gallant clan: wad he be luitten bide outside? Wad there be nae back-speirin on this day's wark? Wad Jesus gang hame an n'er aise his sair hairt?

Whiles they hed a passin glint o ane anither. Aince a meanin message hed come: "Gang, tell ma men -- an Peter -- that I am out o the grave again." 'Tell Peter' -- hou the wurd maun hae dirled throwe the man. That wis a blink i the gloom, that wis howp efter the lanely nichts he hed pit throwe. There wis nae sang or lichtsme oor for the man at hed bracken his troth. He wis i the black beuks wi the halie Nazarene. He hed nae hairt for oniebody else; nae ither voice wad hae onie meanin for him. Nae company, nae pleisur-ploy cuid droun the moan i his riven saul. A body at haes faa'n out wi the Aamichty is out wi aa fowk! The hairt at's bracken aff frae God finns itssel agley wi aa!

We maunna tell what dule our brither cairies. There wis Peter, stravaigin out an in -- whiles fittin the grund -- whiles boued an thinkin. Aiblins, his cheeks runnelt wi tears, or his breist heavin wi his sabs. Puir cratur, he wis nae cauld stane: his hairt wis leal an luvin. He wis ramstam, an whiles hed muckle tae rue. But this wecht wadna budge, he cuidna get nane aise, an there wis but ane at cuid set him up again; an that man wis bidin his time.

The day hed dawed; the oor is come. The meal's etten; the quait is bracken as the Maister turns til Peter. There's

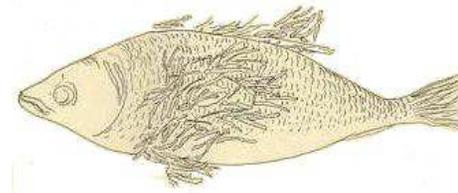
nae miscaain, nae flytin, nae skaithin wurd. Jist a speirin at him, three times ower: "Div ye lo me? Is yer hairt wi me?" Three times the quaisten cam straucht at him. It stang him sair, his Maister still misdoutin his lealness. It wis torter!

It wis sune by: the probin wis ower, an the disciple kent at the past wis buried. He wis a shriven man, an his Lord poued him intil his hairt again. The jiltin wis set by, an the quarrel wis sowthered up atween the twa.

"Div ye lo me? Is yer hairt wi me?" -- thir wurd comes tae ane an aa. Think wha it is at speirs this at ye! Lat the siftin be thoro. Gar yersel say outright hou ye staun til yer Sauviour. It's no: 'Div ye think muckle o me? Div ye dreid me? Div ye respect me?' God kens weel the best wey tae mak the tie siccar. Lat him get the hairt, an the lave is his.

For -- *The hairt's aye the pairt aye
that maks us richt or wrang.*

It's our luv the Creâtor wad fain hae. We hae naething better tae gie him, an nocht less will he tak.



"Div ye lo me?" wis a canny wey tae begin. Wis there tae be nae splore? nae lowsins o wurd? nae howkin up o byganes? Peter hed gien the Maister a sair hairt. It wis a stab frae a frien. The lees an slichts frae his faes he cuid thole, but for his cronie tae disawn him -- it wis cuttin; it nar cloured him!

Nou wis his chance, if sic a man cuid houss a spitefu

feelin! Nou wis his chance ti draw his dirk. Aiblins, nae ither body kent o what hed befaan that nicht, barrin the twa at wis reddin up the by-past. Nou wis a time whan the Son o God cuid hae shamed his traitor loun, an brocht tae the licht the fauseness o his man. He cuid hae tuimed out his wrath, garred him stoiter wi a bleeze o anger, an sindert their frienship for ey.

But the Divine Sowtherer didna come tae pairt folk, but tae leuk ower their fauts, an weise them til himsel. He wis kind an tender - wyss wi the waesome chiel at hed lee'd. He luit his een faa quaitly on Peter's, an leukin straucht at him, he eithly speired, "Div ye lo me?" Peter is the ainly man at kens what his Maister means, what he's ettlin at. 'Div ye lo me?' comes three times ower, an ilka time it wis waur tae thole. It wis tae mind him o the three stabs upò the nicht afore the cross, an it wis ti dicht out his faa, an droun the soun o his denial 'I dinna ken him'.

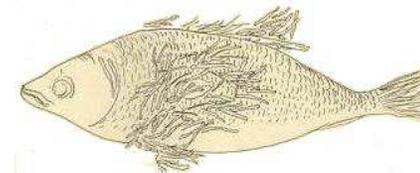
His fareweel tae the Sauviour -- the Sauviour at's fit wis liftin frae aff this warld -- wis nou, "I luve ye; ye ken I div." His hinmaist crack wis fou o luve. Peter cuid be lipped tae licht the warld wi the Guid News. The day wisna faur awà whan crouds wad hear Peter speak, an shout, "Halleluyah!" as their hairts caught the luve o Heiven!

We leave Peter, gled at he's by wi the quaistenin, an at he hes come out richt. But bide a wee. Gin that face o luve leukit intil oor ain, wha cuid say they wis skaithless? See the Maister facin ye? Tho yer hert is at the brakkin, tho ye'r chokin wi sabs, leuk up an see him. He'll be the same as he wis that day. He'll no gar ye rise up an tell yer sin. Yer past'll no be rakit out afore the lave, an ye winna hae tae

staun blushin an hingin yer heid. Na, that's no his wey. Herk ye: what is't he speirs? Laich an tender comes the wurd, "Div ye lo me?" There's nane sall hear him askin. There's nane will get a glint o yer strucken saul. Nane sall ken yer rush o shame an throbbin breist. Kneel doun an tell aa. Awn up yer wrang, an lat him ken ye'r gríeved. He'll no haud ye waitin lang for a blissin. He'll lift ye wi his ain haun, an rink ye roun wi promises, monie an swaet!

Luve is a graun maister. It gaithers in aa tae its employ, rich an puir, lairned an onlairned, auld an ying. It maks the day's darg a joy, be the toil licht or lourd. Luve maks us gang out o our wey an dae mair nor the set job. Irksome tasks tines their stang. Smaa things taks on guid value, an drudgery is heiven's wark. Luve'll dae aa, an thole aa, will gie aa, an mak life a sang!

Luve is afore aathing; luve bides ey. At the hinnerend we'll no be speired, 'Hou affen hae ye prayed? Hou muckle hae ye read the Beuk? What siller hae ye gíen? Whatna kirk did ye sit in? Wis ye heich or law? Braid or nairra?' but, "What wis yer hairt fixed on?" That richt, aa is weel. "Hae ye loed me? Hes luve bin afore aa?" Answer that, an there's nae mair tae speir.



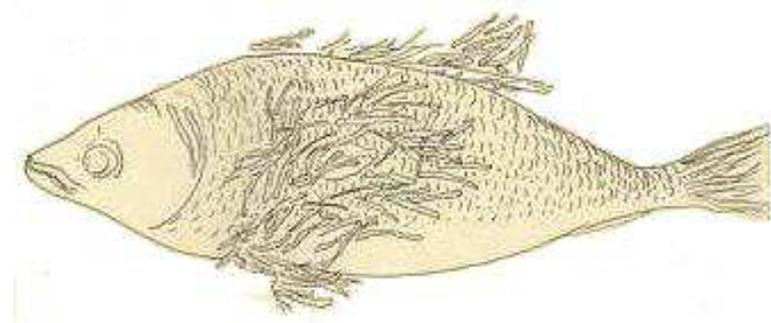
Ae blink mair at the sowtherin bi the lochside. Did we catch the hinmaist bit o the quaisten? "Mair nor thir?" Whit dis he mean? Peter leukit at the men, an then at Jesus.

"Div I luve ye mair nor thae lads, ma marrows? They ar fine, honest, toilin fishers. But mair nor yersel: na na, I treisur you abuin thaim. There's nane hes mair likin for ye than I hae."

Or sal we picter him leukin ower his shouther at the nets an fishin gear? "Div I luve ye mair nor thir? my wark an tools an needcessities? Forsuith -- na, Lord; I luve-them-na. It is yersel I treisur. Blithe am I tae lay them by, or haun them ower tae ithers, an staun forrit for yer ain wark. I'll herd yer sheep an yer lamies. I'll voice yer wurds, an tak ma cue frae yer ain life. Frae nou, til daith caas me yont, I'll be yer man!"

Lat's aa be rowstit an waukened. There's muckle tae dae. The wark is staunin for want o fowk wi hairts. Lat luve woo ye, win an herd ye. Latna life skliff by athoot this gowden glow! Lat it wall up an warm ye; lat it brim ower an seek on til ithers. Keepna a grudge again onie. Cast up nae byganes. Be big-haired; ey seek the best in aa. Whan the Lord speirs, "Lo ye me?" wirkin haun in haun, our een set on ae face, lat's be answerin bi our life, "We luve ye."

A life spent i the company o the livin Jesus means a body risin tae God!



(The hail sermon wis first publishit in 1910 i "*Sermons in Braid Scots*" - online at http://www.scotstext.org/makars/d_gibb_mitchell)

MAN, YE WERE SAFE

Man, ye were safe i the biggins o Bethlehem
Row't i the strae faur awa frae the steer;
An the fowk that wis geddert had niver
A notion o fit wis yer eerin in aa the mineer.

Fit wis it gaur't ye tae traivel awa fae't,
Trystin yer cronies awa frae the sea?
Man, they were snod at their traffic an tradin,
An wannert b'times cudn'ye latten them be?

An syne foo they wannert faun traikin ahin ye
Wi never a bield nor a bakin o breid,
Foo, aften, ye telt 'em the teuchats abeen them
Pit naething bit sangs i the mous that they feed.

Man, ye were safe gin ye niver had dauchled,
Had wipet Jerusalem's stew fae yer sheen;
Bit na - ye wad gether her fushionless chuckens -
Oh, but gin onlie ye'd left her aleen!

Ye left her tae tak ye, an Judas took leave
Tae feather his nest on yer tree -
An aa the eleiven that didna tak money
Took wauges o fear for their fee.

Aa the days o yer breath ye had never a bed
Nor ever a reef o yer ain -
They gaed ye a cradle fanever ye cam,
An they gaed ye a lair at the en.

Man, ye were safe i the oxter o God,
But ye traivelt the mairches o sin -
Ye measured the acres o Heiven amang us,
An opened the gates o the Grave to the win.

David Ogston
(1945-2008)

At Tiberias Loch

frae 'A Scots Gospel' bi Jamie Stuart
cf. Jn.21.1-13

Jesus shawed hissel aince mair tae the disciples at Tiberias Loch, whan Símon Peter, Tammas, Nathanael, the sons o Zebedee an twa mair o the disciples, war aa thegither.

Símon Peter said tae them, 'I am gaun til the fishin,' an the ithers said, 'We sal gang wi ye as weel.' They gaed aboard the boat, but didna catch ocht that nicht.



sunrise ower Tiberias Loch

At the dawin, Jesus stuid on the strand, but the disciples didna jalouse that it wis Jesus. He caa'd oot tae them, 'Fríens, hae ye caucht ocht?' They cried back, 'Na.' Sae he telt them, 'Cast yer net oot on the richt-haun side o the boat an ye will mak a catch!'

Syne they cast, an leuk, they cuidna haul the net in for the rowth o fish ithin it. An the disciple wham Jesus luvit said tae Peter, 'It is the Lord!' Sae sune as Peter hard wha it wis, he bund his cloak about him, for he wis hauf-strippit, an he cast hissel intil the loch. The ither disciples cam roun wi the boat, trailin the net. Símon Peter pu'd the net til the laun, fu o muckle fish.

Sae sune as they cam intil the laun, they saa an ingle wi coals, an fish ower it, an breid. Jesus said tae them, 'Come an eat.' An he tuik the breid an the fish, an gíed it tae them aa.

IHCYC XPICTOC ΘΕΟΥ ΥΙΟC CΩTHP
Jesus Christ God's Son Sauviour
OAPTOCOKATABACEKTOYOYPANOY
the breid at hes come doun frae heiven