

Saum 22

owerset bi P. Hateley Waddell 1877, revisit 2010

MY God, my God, what for hae ye mislippent me?

Sae far ar ye frae helpin me, an the wurds o my waefu wailin!
My God, I hae skreichit the lee-lang day, bot ye mind me nane,
an the nicht forby, an nae peace for me.

Bot thou is halie, 3
 an weel faas the leal lits o Israel.
Our faithers lippent til thee;
 they lippent, an ye redd them hame.
They sícht til yersel, an wan weel awà;
 they lippent til thee, an war nane affrontit.

Bot 'am but a wurm, an nae body; 6
 a carl's sang, an a geck o the peepil.
Aa at see me lauch me by;
 they shuit wi the lip, they cave the heid:
"He lippent the Lord; lat the Lord gar him gang:
 lat the Lord redd him but, sen he's fain o him!"

Bot yerlane redd me out frae the wame; 9
 ye layed me on my mither's bosie.
On yersel wis I cuisten frae her jizzen;
 frae my mither's bouk, ye 'bin my God.

Bena far frae me, Lord, for stretts ar nar, 11
 for nane but yerlane can mak sikker:
droves o nowte ring me roun,
 stour stirks o Bashan fank me about;
they glaum abune me wi their mouths
 like a ríevan an a roaran lyoun.

'Am skailed like watir, 14
 ilk bane o me's lowse;
my hert's nae better nor wax,
 it's thowed doun laich i my breist;
my thrapple's clung as a shaird,
 an my toung's stucken til my hals;
 an ye bring me til the stour o deid.

Ay, curs forset me roun, 16
the pack ill-daers fank me about;
they drave throwe my hauns an my feet.

I may count ilk bane i my bouk
as they glaum an glowr at mysel;
they hauf my cleedin amang them,
an cast caivels ower my verra manteel.

Bot yersel, O Lord, bena far frae me: 19
haste ye tae help me, my strenth an aa.
Redd my saul atower frae the swurd,
an the lave o my life frae the grip o the grew,
Redd me, Lord, frae the lyoun's glaum;
thou hes hard me or nou frae the horns o the stots.

I maun tell o yer name til my brether ilk ane; 22
in mids o the fowk I maun lilt til thee.
Wha fear the Lord, ye sud laud him aa;
aa Jaucob's bairns, ruise him heich;
an aa Israel's friens, quauk ee afore him.
For he lichtliedna, nor grued at the dirgie o the doun-dang;
nor happit his face frae him,
bot hearkent whan he skreighed til himsel.

Frae yersel comes the souch o my sang i the gathran sae gran; 25
I sal bide my trysts afore them at fear him.
The hummle an laich sal feed an be fou;
they sal lilt til the Lord, wha leuk for himsel:
lat your herts live for aye!.

Aa neuks o the yirth sal hae min, 27
an sal turn their gate til the Lord;
ilk kin o the fowk
sal lout afore thee.
For the kinrick's the Lord's,
an maister is he mang the nâtiouns.

Ay, til himsel sal aa at's tae sleep i the yirth lout laich; 29
wha gang til stour, ilkane maun lout afore him.
An whan a body maunna bide lîvin nae mair.
syne bairns an bairns' bairns sal sair himsel;
it sal be telt o the Lord til them comin efter,
an his richtousness gart kent til the níest-born kin,
at himsel did it.