

# Saum 51, verses 1-17

owerset bi P. Hateley Waddell 1877, revisit 2010

Be guid til me, God, as yer leal guidness can be;  
i the feck o yer rewth, dicht out my wrang:  
reinge me fu weel frae my ill-din deed,  
an sine me fu soun frae the sin I belang.

For my wrang I ken brawlie mysel, 3  
an my sin, it's fu sikker afore me.  
Til yerlane, til yerlane I din aa the skaith,  
an sic ill I hae wrocht i yer een:  
sae 'tis yer just i charge an doom baith,  
clean-quat i the judgment ye gie.  
I wis conceivit, ye ken, in sin,  
an my mither in wrang boukit she:  
bot truth's whit ye like weel within;  
i my benmaist sel wísdom ye lerne me.

Reinge me wi hysope, an syne I s' be brow; 7  
wash me, an syne I s' be brichter nor snaw:  
gar me tent again gledness an glee;  
the banes ye hae braken, mak liltin-free.  
Hap atower yer face frae my fauts,  
an aa my ill-daens dicht by;  
mak a clean hert, O God, for me,  
an a richt, caller spírit athin me forby.  
Thring-me-na but frae yer sicht,  
nor takna yer Spírit sae halie frae me;  
the joye o yer salvâtion ware on me yet,  
an stoop me forby wi the spírit at's fit.

Wrang-gangers syne I sal airt yer ain gate, 13  
an wrang-daers aa sal win back til thee.  
Redd me frae daith, O God, thou God o my ain salvâtion,  
an my toung it sal lilt o yer judgment sae leal;  
onsteek ye my lips, O Lord,  
an my mouth yer ain praise sal tell.  
For thou thinks no weel o a saicrifíce dine;  
an I med th'altar reek, 'twad be nane o thine:  
a birset spírit's God's saicrifíce ay;  
a birset hert an a tholin breist, O God, ye will n'er leuk by!