

ADIUTOR LABORANTIUM

An A B C i Prayer

Aider o them at is toilin
Blyth guider o aa guid-willin
Clere watcher on the barmekin
Defender, tae, o the trustin
Een the laich an hummle heisin
Fowk at's heich an heelie brakin
Gleg pilot tae them leal crewin
Het fae o the onrepentin
Ilka judge as Justice judgin
Just in sentencin the errin
Keen an clean life o the lívin
Leam an Faither o lichts leamin
Muckle licht sae braid a-beamin
Nocht o pour nor help denyin
Ontil onie as is howpin,
Pray I at me, a waif strucken
Quakin, tossit, fair forfochtin
Rowin throwe the surge onendin
Sicna surge as is this tidin
Til the hie heivenlie haven
Unco bonnie, peerless landin
Verra life's braw bíeld tae berth in
Wharf sublime whan aa's said an din
X_p [Christ] Jesus may tow efter him.
Yet may thou lead frae faes' graspin
Zeal, tae iver halie hyme, in
Paradise's joy onendin.¹

Saunt Columba (521 – 597)
owerset bi Robin Ree (b.1950)

1 Wi baith a wee trick i the middle an a extra 'p' at the en, Columba follows the abecedarian Hebrew saums 25 an 32 at maks a chynge i the middle an finishes wi a secont 'pe'. The owersettin repeats the 'p', but hauds tae the alphabet fowk is yaised wi whan Columba (ablins fallowin Gaelic weys) hesna a 'k' but twa 'c's in his variàtion on the Latin alphabet. An monie's the saum at muves atween third an secont person.

COME GENTLE SPÍRIT

Like til the souch o the sea on the sand,
Like til the whusperan breeze ower the land,
Come, Halie Spírit, come!

Like til the dew on the wobbie whun,
Like whan the gowan's gart smile bi the sun,
Come, Halie Spírit, come!

Like til the fire at warms the hame,
Like til the licht o a steadie flame,
Come, Halie Spírit, come!

Come frae the Faither, an come frae the Son,
Come thou, third o the Halie Yin,
Come, gentle Spírit, come!

Robin Ree

GOD'S GRACE

Lord Jesus, you ar my richtousness,
an me, I'm your sin;
Ye tuik on yersel what wis mines,
an ye sattled on me what wis yours;
Ye becam that ye wisna
at I nicht becum
that I wis nane.

Lord Jesus, you ar my richtousness.

efter **Martin Luther**

O, licht Amo' the Hills: bi Nan Shepherd

O, licht amo' the hills,
S'uld ye gang oot,
To whatna dark the warld 'll faa.

Nae mair the thochts o men
'll traivel yont the warld
Frae aff some shinin Ben.

Nae mair the glint o snaw
Oot ower the warld's wa'
'll mak men doot
Gin they'v their een or na.

O, licht amo' the hills.

PRAYER

God oor Faither:

Oor licht amo the hills an throwe the warld.
That warld the day heaves an groans
wi the travails an the mistaken weys o
yer ain - fowk made i yer image, but
no aye o yer min.

The warld bleeds anew throwe strife an
famine, dule an wae;
wrocht by yer ain - fowk made i yer image, but
no aye o yer min.

An yet, i torn or raivaged community,
in hairt o city, riven wi fear;
Wha binds the broken heid?
Wha tends the broken hairt?
Wha disna juist pass by?

It is yer ain - ordinar fowk made i yer image,
wha, wittin or na, wirk yer
will an mirror yer min.

Maister, we gie gratefu thanks for aa
that wark for ithers, whither be profession
or callin, be natur or be instinct;
for men an wimmen,
saunts o street an city, lan an sea,
seein somehou in ithers yer image an yer peety
an compassion, maircy an grace.

Help us, yer ain - fowk made i yer image
an strugglin tae be o yer min, tae wirk yer
will for ithers, for yer lan an for yersel.

God, oor Faither,
oor licht amo' the hills an throwe the warld;

Amen.

GOD'S PRESENCE

(efter Saum 139.7-12)

Foo far, O God, foo far
Div I hae tae gyang
Afore I'm ayont Your seein een?
Is there nae wye ataa tae jouk You?

I cud climm the hichts,
Bit ye're there aheid o me.
Gin I took the laich road tae the laan o the mirk,
Ye wid be there aareadies,

Gin I cud tak tae the lift an flee
Like a bird at the crack o day,
Gin I put oceans ahin me, there an aa
Ye wid keep me an gaird me,
Yer richt haun stieve an ticht aroun me.

Gin I said, "Hide me fae even the face o the min,
Hap me in smorin nicht,"
Tae you the dour nicht his naethin tae say,
The nicht cudna bleck me: for wi You
The hait o the dark his a lowe
Bricht as a simmer sin.

David Ogston
(1945 - 2008)

INVOCÂTION O THE HALIE TARANTY FRAE *CARMINA GADELICA*

O Chîef o chîefs,
Lord o lords,
Kíng o kíngs;

Be wíe me lyin doon,
Be wíe me at the blink o day.

Withoot You nae delyte nor licht,
Nae licht withoot You.

O Sin o Mary,
Sin o Man,
Sin o the Faither:

Be wíe me i the pit-mirk,
Be wíe me in braid day.

Withoot You nae day nor nicht,
Nae nicht without You.

Spírit o life,
Spírit o pooer,
Spírit o truith:

Be wíe me on the stey brae,
Be wíe me in the saft howe.

Withoot You nae deep nor hicht,
Nae hicht withoot You.

owerset bi **David Ogston**

A (bi W. L. Lorimer)

Our Faither in heiven,
 be hallowt thy name ;
 thy Kíngdom come;
 thy will be dune
on the yird, as in heiven.

Gie us our breid for this incomin day;
forgíe us the wrangs we hae wrocht,
 as we hae forien the wrangs we hae dree'd;
an sey-us-na sailrie, but sauf us
 frae the Ill Ane:

*for the Kíngdom, the pouer an the glorie ar thine
 for ivver an aye. Amen.*

B (i Doric bi David Ogston)

Faither o us aa,
 Faa's hame is Heiven,
 We haud up Your name.
Lat Your Kingly wark gyang forrit,
 An lat Your wye win throwe doon here amang hiz
 The same as it daes abeen.

Gie us this day the mait we need.
Gin we hae deen wrang, dicht aff the sclate agin's
 Like we wid dee for een anither.
Keep's airted awa fae faar we're like tae tummle,
 An rax us free o coorseness:

For Your's is the Croon
 An the Micht
 An the Glorie,
 Aawye an aawye.
 Sae lat it be.

C (anon.)

Wir Faither in Hivin,
Yir name be keepit in awe,
Yir ring begin,
i the world as in Hivin.

Gie us ilk day wir breid
for the day,
An forgie whit we are awin tae Yirsel,
As we forgie ithers whit is awin tae us.
An dinna trachle us sairly,
but free us frae the Deil;

fur the Croun is yir ain,
An the nicht an the glorie,
World upo world.
Sae be it.

SELKIRK GRACE

Some hae meat, and canna eat,
And some wad eat that want it;
But we hae meat, and we can eat,
And sae the Lord be thankit.

Robert Burns
(1759 - 1796)

THE STARS AR STEADY

The stars ar steady abune;
i the watter they flichter an flee;
But, steady aye, luikin doun
they ken theirsels i the sea.

Aa licht, an clear, an free,
God, thou shínes abune;
Yet luik, an see thysel in me,
aye on me luikin doun.

George Macdonald

CONSTITUTIN COLLECT

Peter stuid up at a meetin o the brether ... Syne they prayed, sayin, O Lord, at sees ben intil aa fowk's hairts, shaw us ... (Acks 1.15a, 24a - Lorimer)

We constitute wi prayer:

Guid-hertit God, whase mercies cum doun aa owrelappin like the sclates on a ruif or the scales on a fishie's back, we cun you thanks for the gryte gift o your Son at líves amang us at we may líve in him, an for the out-pourin o his Spírit on your servans: Bliss us wi that Spírit in our wark for his Kirk this day; tae the glorie o your Name. Sae lat it be.

Efter anon.