

Salm 16: 8-9

Do chuir mi romham, anns gach cùis,
Doh chur mee rohuhm,ahns kack coosh

An Tighearn mòr a-ghnàth;
Ahn cheuhrn more agrah

Chionn air mo dheaslàimh gu bheil e,
Keeyoon air moh yahslehfh goo vehl eh

cha ghluaiser mi gu bràth.
Ha gloouhsher mee goo brah

Mo chridh' ni aoibhneas uime sin,
Moh kreeuh nuh oiyvas oom shin

Ni gàirdeachas mo ghlòir;
Nee gahrechuhkuhs moh glore

Ni m'fheòil fòs comhnaidh fhoistinneach
Nee meeyole fos coneestuhnawch

Le dion an dòchas mòr.
Lay jeeuhn uhn dockas more

Before me constantly

I set the Lord alone.

Because he is at my right
hand

I'll not be overthrown.

Therefore my heart is glad;

My tongue with joy will sing.

My body too will rest secure

In hope unwavering.

Salm 133

O feuch, cia mheud am math a-nis,
Oh feeuhck kuh veeuht ahm mah uhnish
Cia mheud an tlachd faraon,
Cuh veeuhth ahn tlahoh fuhruhn
Bràithrean a bhith nan còmhnaidh ghnàth
Brah rehn uh vee nahn coneer grnah
An sith 's an ceangal caoin.
Ahn sheeth sahn kayuhl kuhn

Mar ola phrìseil air a' cheann,
Mahr oluh freeshuhl air uh'sheehown
Ruith air an feusaig sios
Rooee air an fayuhshuk sheeuhs
Air feusaig Aaroin agus shruth
Air fayuhshuk Ahrone ahqus shroo
Gu iomall 'aodaich ris.
Guh hihmuhl oouhquhk rish

Mar dhealt air Hermon, 's mar an drùchd
Mar deeahlt air Hairmon, smahrahn droochd
Air stèibhtean Shioin shuas;
Air shtaveshehn Heeuhn shoouhs
'N sin dh'òrdaich Dia am beannachadh
Uhn shin goredeek Jeeuh ahn beeuhnukuhd
A' bheatha shìorraidh bhuan.
Uh vayuh geeohree voouhn

How excellent a thing it is
How pleasant and how good,
When brothers dwell in unity
And live as brothers should.

For it is like the precious oil,
Poured out on Aaron's head,
That, running over, down his beard,
Upon his collar spread.
Like Hermon's dew, upon the hill
Of Zion it descends.
The Lord bestows his blessing there—
The life that never ends.