

From 'Worship in Scots'

(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.

Gíe us our breid for this incomin day;

forgíe us the wrangs we hae wrocht,

as we hae foríen 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.



(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 slate agin's Like we wid dee for een anither.

Keep's airted awa fae faar we're like tae tumble,

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.



(Anon.)

Oir 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 micht an the glorie, Warld upo warld.

Sae be it.

