Psalm 107

Treble

Gie thanks unto the Lord oor Gode for gracious is

Alto

Gie thanks unto the Lord oor Gode for gracious is

Tenor/Kirk part

Gie thanks unto the Lord oor Gode for gracious is

Bass

Gie thanks unto the Lord oor Gode for gracious is

He, an' that hes mair-cie hes nane en' aw mortal men may see.

Sic as the Lord redeemit hes, wi' thanks suld praise hes

name an' schaw hoo thay frae faes wer freed, an' hoo he v-rocht the same.
He ged-dert thame furth frae the laun's that lay sae faur a-boot frae

East tae West, frae North tae Sooth hes haun' did find thame oot. Thay wannert

in the wil-der-ness an' stray-it frae the way an'

fan' nae cee-tie quhair tae dwell that ser' micht for their stay. Quhase thrist
an' hunger wes sae great in thase deserts sae voyd that faintness

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did thame sair assault, an' eke thair saulls annoy't. Than did thay

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cry in thair distress untae the Lord for aid, quha

cry in thair distress untae the Lord for aid, quha

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did re-muve thair trib-blus state, ac-cor-din' as thay pray't. An' be

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the empty saull sustain't, quham thrist hed made tae faint, the hungry

saull wi' guid-ness fed, an' did thame eke acquaintance. Sic as dae

dwell in derk-ness deep, quhair thay o' deith dae wait, faist

boon tae taste sic trib-blus storms as i-ren chains dae thrait. For that
a-gains the Loard's awn wards thay socht sae tae re-bell e-stee-min

licht his coon-sals heich, quhilk dae sae faur ex-cell. But quhan he

hum-milt thame fu' law, than thay fell doon wi' grief an'

nane wes fun' sae mitch tae help, quhair-be tae get re-leif. Than did
thay cry in thair di-stress un-tae the Loard for aid quha did re-
muve thair trib-blus state ac-cord-in as thay pray't. For he frae
derk-ness oot thame brocht an' frae deiths dreid-fu' shade, bris-
tin' wi' force the i-ren bauns quhilk he a-fore thame laid. Lat men
Tr. a. therefore the Lord confess his goodness then, an' schaw the

A. a. therefore the Lord confess his goodness then, an' schaw the

T. a. therefore the Lord confess his goodness then, an' schaw the

B. a. therefore the Lord confess his goodness then, an' schaw the

wun. wun. wun. that he dis a. fore the sinns o' men for he threw

A. wun. wun. wun. that he dis a. fore the sinns o' men for he threw

T. wun. wun. wun. that he dis a. fore the sinns o' men for he threw

B. wun. wun. wun. that he dis a. fore the sinns o' men for he threw

doon thair gates o' bress an' brak thame wi' strang haun', the

A. doon thair gates o' bress an' brak thame wi' strang haun', the

T. doon thair gates o' bress an' brak thame wi' strang haun', the

B. doon thair gates o' bress an' brak thame wi' strang haun', the

i. ren bars he smote in twae, nae thing culd him wi' staun'. Thy peo-

A. i. ren bars he smote in twae, nae thing culd him wi' staun'. Thy peo-

T. i. ren bars he smote in twae, nae thing culd him wi' staun'. Thy peo-

B. i. ren bars he smote in twae, nae thing culd him wi' staun'. Thy peo-
Lord, an' rule thair hairts, that they may ne'er swairve. Glorie tae the

Fai-ther, an' the Sinn, an' tae the Ha-ily Gaist, as

it wes in the be-gin-nin', is noo an' aye sall laist.