Gie thanks un-tae the Loard oor Gode for gracious is He, an'
that hes mair-cie hes nane en' aw mortal men may see. Sic as the
Loard re-deemit 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 wilderness an' stray-it frae the way an'
fun' nae cee-tie quhair tae dwell that ser' micht for thair stay. Quhase thrist
an' hunger wes sae great in thase deserts sae voyd that faintness
did thame sair assault, an' eke thair saulls annoy't. Than did thay
cry in thair distress un-tae the Loard for aid, quha did remuve thair
trib-blus state, accordin' as thay pray't. An' be the way quhilk
wes maist richt hee led thame like a gyde, that thay micht til a cee-tie
gae, an' thair aw-sae a-byde. Lat men thair-fore a-fore the Lord

con-fess his guid-ness then, an' schaw the wun-ners that he dis

a-fore the sinns o'men. For He the emp-ty saull su-stain't,

quham thirst hed made tae faint, the hun-gry saull wi' guid-ness fed, an'

did thame eke ac-quaint. 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

daesaul faur ex-cell. But quhan he hum-milt thame fu'l 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 their trib-blus state ac-

cor-din as thay pray't. For he frae derk-ness oot thame brocht
an' frae deiths dreid-fu' shade, bristin' wi' force the i-ren bauns

quhilk he afore thame laid. Lat men thair-fore afore the Loard

con-fess his gude-ness then, an' schaw the wun-ners that he dis a-

fore the sinns o' men for he threw doon thair gates o' bress

an' brak thame wi' strang haun', the i-ren bars he smote in twae,

nae thing culd him with-staun'. Thy peo-ple an' thine He-ri-tage,

Loard bliss, gyde an' presairve, in-crais thame Lord, an' rule thair hairts, that

they may ne-ver swairve. Glore tae the Fai-ther, an' the Sinn,

an' tae the Hail-ly Gaist, as it wes in the

be-gin-nin', is noo an' aye sall laist.