Noo Israel may say an' that trewlie, gif that the Lord

hed no' oor caus main-teint, gif that the Lord haid no' oor

richt susteind: quhan aw the warl' a-gains us furious-ly

made thair up-rairs an' said we suld aw dee.

Noo lang ago thay haid devour't us aw: an swallow't quick,

for ocht that we culd deem: sic wes thair rage as we micht

weel e-steem: an' as the flidds wi' mich-tie force dae faw

sae hed they noo our lyfe een brocht tae thraw.

The rag-in' streams, maist prood in rair-in' noise hed lang ago

owr-whelm't us in the deep. But lue'd be Gode quhilk dis us

safe-ly keep frae blid-die teeth, an thair maist cruel-ly voce,

quhilk as a prey til ate us wadd re-joce.
E'en as the bird oot o' the fool-lers gin escapes away,

richt sae it fares wi' us: broke ar' thair nets, an' we hae,

scapit thus. Gode that made heen an' airth is oor help then:

Hes Name hes sav't us frae thay wick-it men.

Lat us re-joce be aw meins ex-ter-nall an' in-wert hairt,

an' lat us praise the Loard: quha cre-at aw the haill warl'

be His Ward: the Fa-ther, Sinn, an' the Spreit su-per-nall:

quha wes, an' is, an' sall be E-ter-nall.