Och hoo happe a thing it is an' joy fu' for tae see

brethren the gilder faist tae haud the baun' o' amity tie.

It caws tae myne that sweet perfume an' that coastly ointment

quhilk on the sacrificer's heid be Gode's precep wes spent.

It wat no' Aaron's heid a lane but drencht his beard throweoot,

an' fy nalie it did rinn doon his rich attyre a boot.

An' as the lawer hill dis drinke the dew o' Hermon hill,

an' Sion wi' her sillar drapps the feild wi' fruit dis fill.

Een sae the Lord dis poor on thame hes blissins monie fauld

quhase herts an' mynes wi' oot aw gyle this k-note dis keep an' haud.

Glore tae the Fai ther an' the Sinn an' tae the Haily Gaist

as it wes in the beginnin', is nou, an' aye sall laist.