Oor Gode that is Lord an' author o' grace

Schaw til us pur sauls His merciful face.

His blissin's increass, defend us wi' micht,

An' schaw us His luve an' coon - te - nance bRICT.

That quhyles in this airth we wan - ner an' walk

Thy ways may be k-nawn in thocht, deed an' talk.

An' hoo Thy great luve t'ward man - kyn' is bent,

Senn Thy saiv - van' helth til aw fowks is sent.

The pe - pill thair - fore O Gode lat thame praise

Thy won - ner - fu' warks an' mer - ci - fu' ways.

Yea, lat aw the warl' baith faur wyde an' near

Praise Thee, thair Lord Gode, wi' re - vrence an' fear.
Och, lat the haill warl' be glaid an' re-joce,

An' praise Thee thair Gode wi' haairt an' wi' voce:

For Thoo sall judge aw wi' judge-ment maist richt,

An' lyk-wyse on earth sall rule be Thy micht.

Sae sall Thoo than caus the earth frute tae beir

Maist plen-ti-ful-ly an' e-ve-rie quhair,

An' Gode, e-vin Gode, on quham we dae caw

His blis-sings sall gie, an pro-sper us aw.

Tae Gode, oor Fai-ther, an tae his dear Sinn, and

tae the Hail-ly Gaist, quhilk three ar aw yin, be glore as