Psalm 76

Text: Robert Pont, Scottish Psalter (Charteris 1596; Smyth 1599)
Scots performing edition: Jamie Reid Baxter
Melody: Scottish Psalter, 1564, ed. Mick Swithinbank
Original source: adapted from tune for Psalm 11 in Enchiridion, Erfurt, 1524

In Jewrie laun' Gode is weel k-nawn, in Is-rael great
is his name, he chose oot Sa-lem for his awn, his

ta-ber-na-cle o' great fame thair-in tae raise, an'

Moont Si-on tae make his ha-bi-ta-ci-oun an'
residence wi' in the same. Thair did he break the

bowe-men's shafts, thair fy-rie dairts sae swift o' flicht, thair

shields, thair swords, an' aw thair crafts o' weir, quhan thay wer

boon tae fecht. Mair ex-cel-lan' an' mair mich-tie ar'

thoo thair-fore then moon-taines hie, o' re-v-nous wowffs void

o' aw richt. The stoot hair-tit wer made a prey an'

aw the strang men in that fray a sid-dan sleep did

thame con-foon', thair fee-bill hauns thay hae no' foon'. At
thyme rebuke, O Jacob's Gode, horses wi' charioteers ower trod, as wi' deid sleep wer kest til groon. Fear fu' ar' thou, O Lord oor gyde, yea, thou a lane, an' quha is he that in thy presence may abide gif ance thyne anger kennlit be? Thoo makis men frae been tae hear thy judgments jist. The earth for fear stil lit wi' silence then we see. Quhan thou O Gode begins tae ryse sentence tae gie as judge o' aw, an' in the airth dis enterprise tae ridd the hummill oot o' thraw, certies the rage o' mortall men sall be thy prey: the remnant then o' thair furie thou bynes wi' aw. Voo, an perform yer voos thairfore, un
tae the Lord yer Gode aw ye that roon a-boot him

dwell, a-dore this fear-fu' Ane wi' of-frins free, quha

may cut aff at hes vint- age the v-raith o' prencis

in thair rage til earth-lie kings fear-fu' is he. Tae

Gode a-lane, o' mich-tis maist, be laud, praise, glore an'
dignitiie, the Fai- ther, Sinn, an Hail-ly Gaist, three

per-souns in di-vi-ni-tie, as aye hes been in

tymes a-fore, is noo an' sall be

ever-more, throwe sea an' laun' in ilk de-gree.