

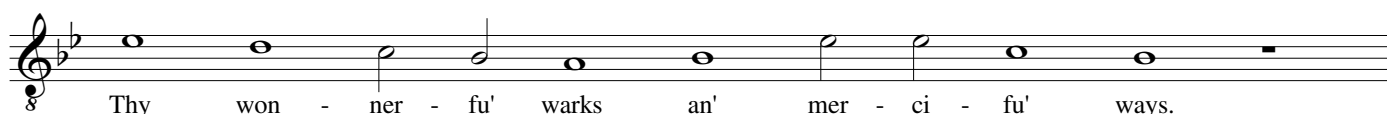
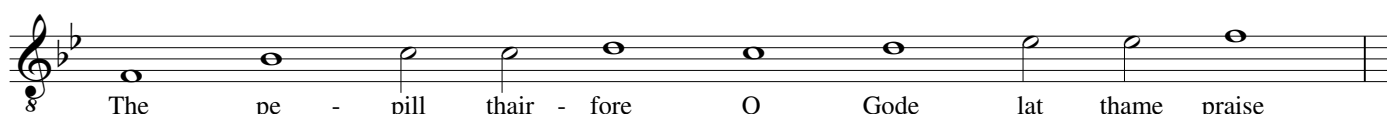
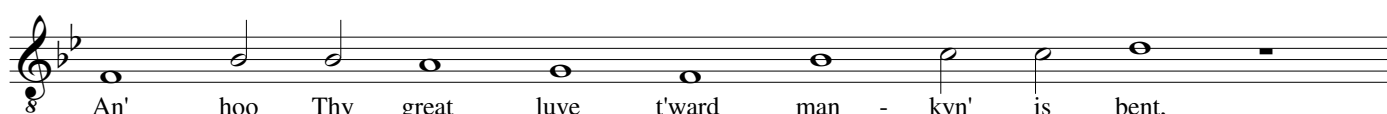
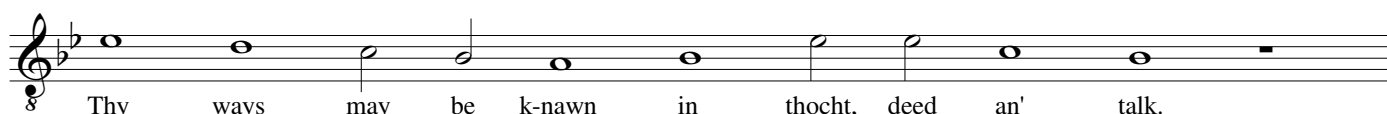
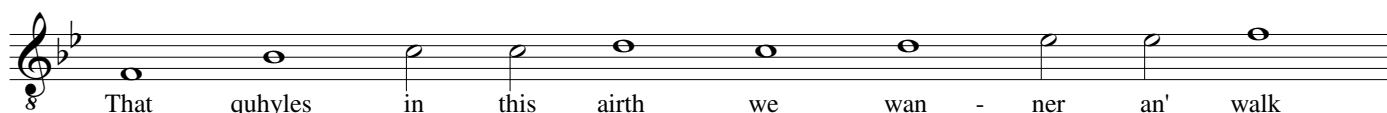
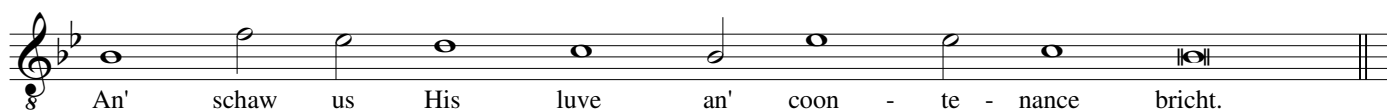
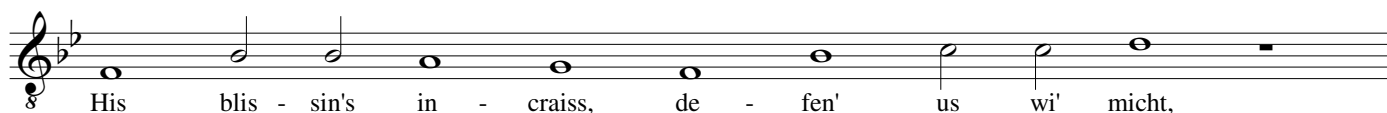
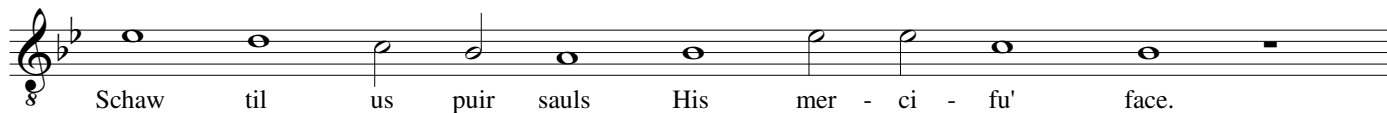
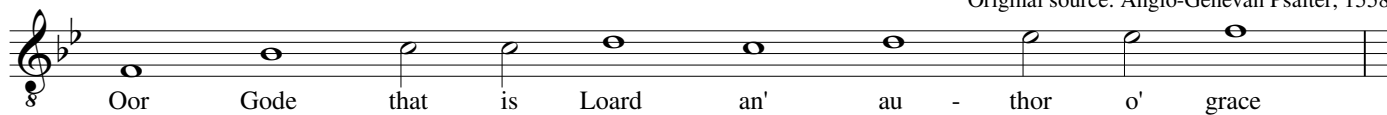
# PSALM 67

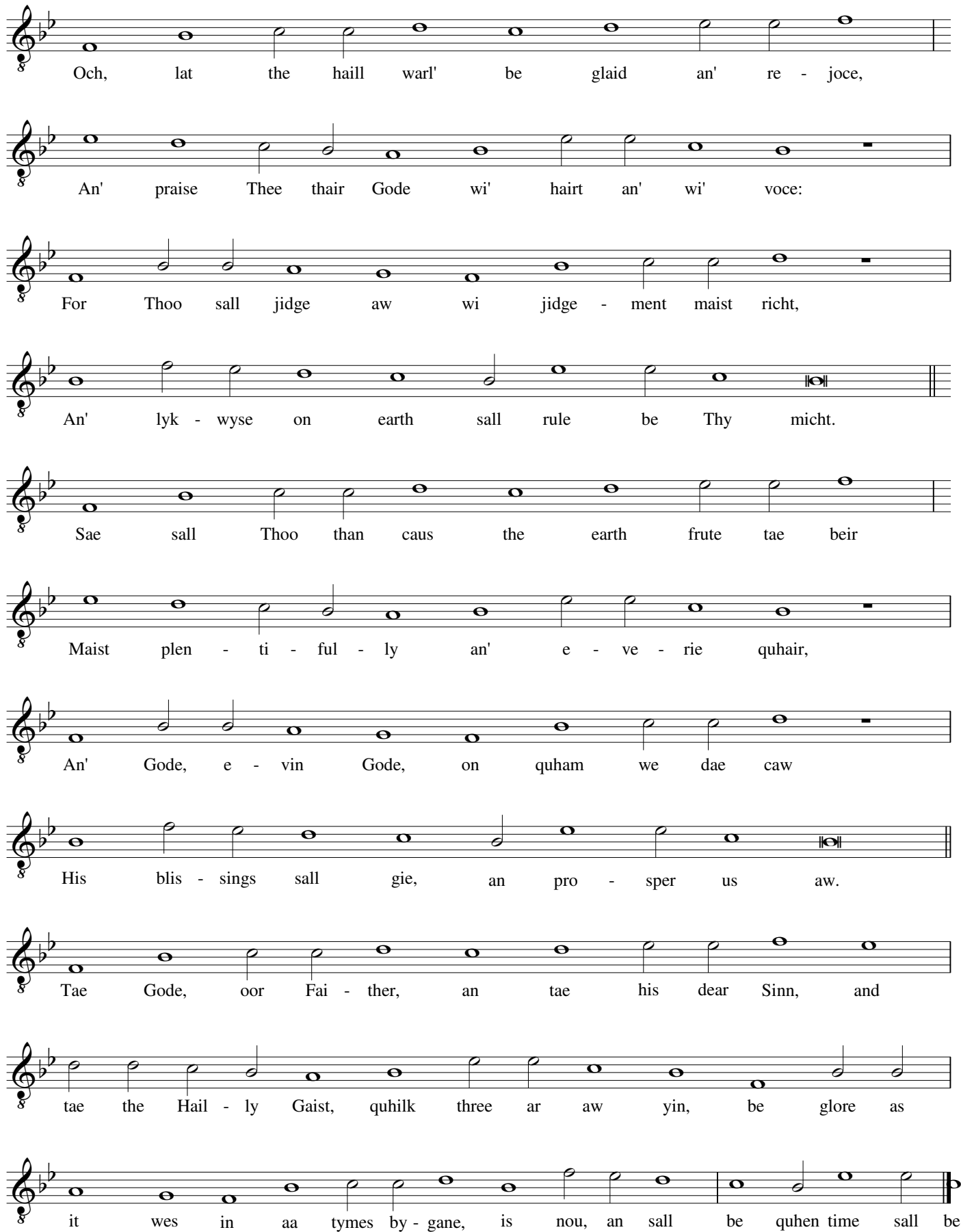
Text: William Whittingham, Scottish Psalter (Charteris 1596; Smyth 1599)

Scots performing edition: Jamie Reid Baxter

Melody: Scottish Psalter, 1564, ed. Mick Swithinbank

Original source: Anglo-Genevan Psalter, 1558





Och, lat the haill warl' be glaid an' re - joce,  
 An' praise Thee thair Gode wi' haint an' wi' voce:  
 For Thoo sall jidge aw wi jidge - ment maist richt,  
 An' lyk - wyse on earth sall rule be Thy nicht.  
 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 glorie as  
 it wes in aa tymes by - gane, is nou, an sall be quhen time sall be