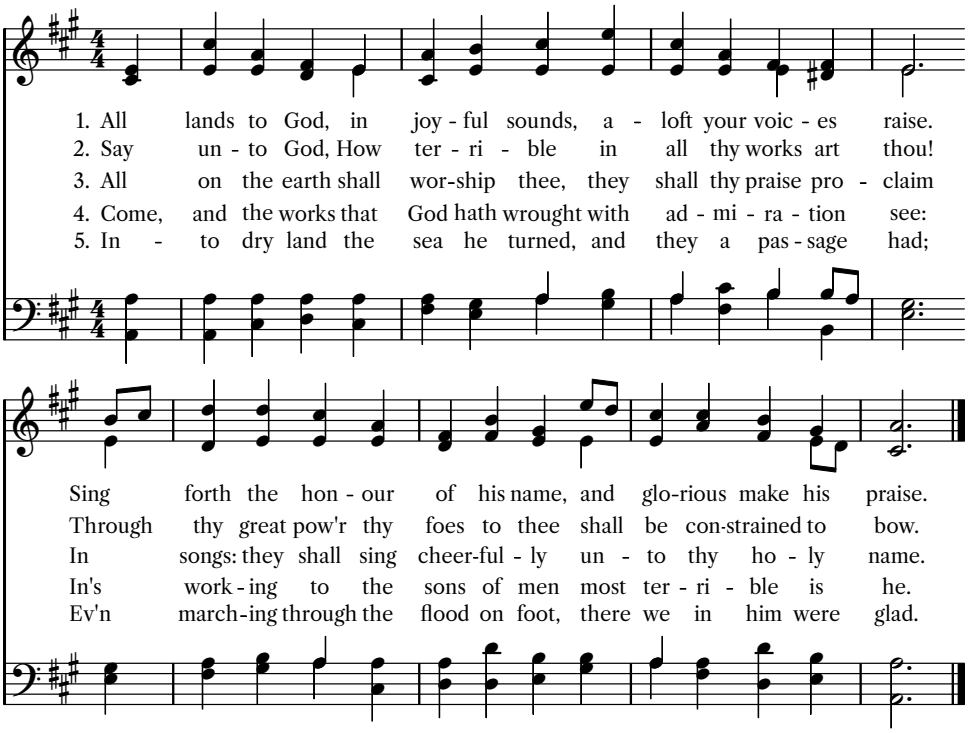
All Lands to God, in Joyful Sounds



6. He ruleth ever by his pow'r;
his eyes the nations see:
O let not the rebellious ones
lift up themselves on high.

7. Ye people, bless our God; aloud
the voice speak of his praise:
Our soul in life who safe preserves,
our foot from sliding stays.

8. For thou didst prove and try us, Lord,
as men do silver try;
Brought'st us into the net, and mad'st
bands on our loins to lie.

9. Thou hast caus'd men ride o'er our heads;
and though that we did pass
Through fire and water, yet thou brought'st
us to a wealthy place.

10. I'll bring burnt-off'rings to thy house;
to thee my vows I'll pay,
Which my lips uttered, my mouth spake,
when trouble on me lay.

11. Burnt-sacrifices of fat rams
with incense I will bring;
Of bullocks and of goats I will
present an offering.

12. All that fear God, come, hear, I'll tell
what he did for my soul.
I with my mouth unto him cried,
my tongue did him extol.

13. If in my heart I sin regard,
the Lord me will not hear:
But surely God me heard, and to
my prayer's voice gave ear.

14. O let the Lord, our gracious God,
for ever blessed be,
Who turned not my pray'r from him,
nor yet his grace from me.

Scottish Psalter, 1650

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James Lea Summers, 1908