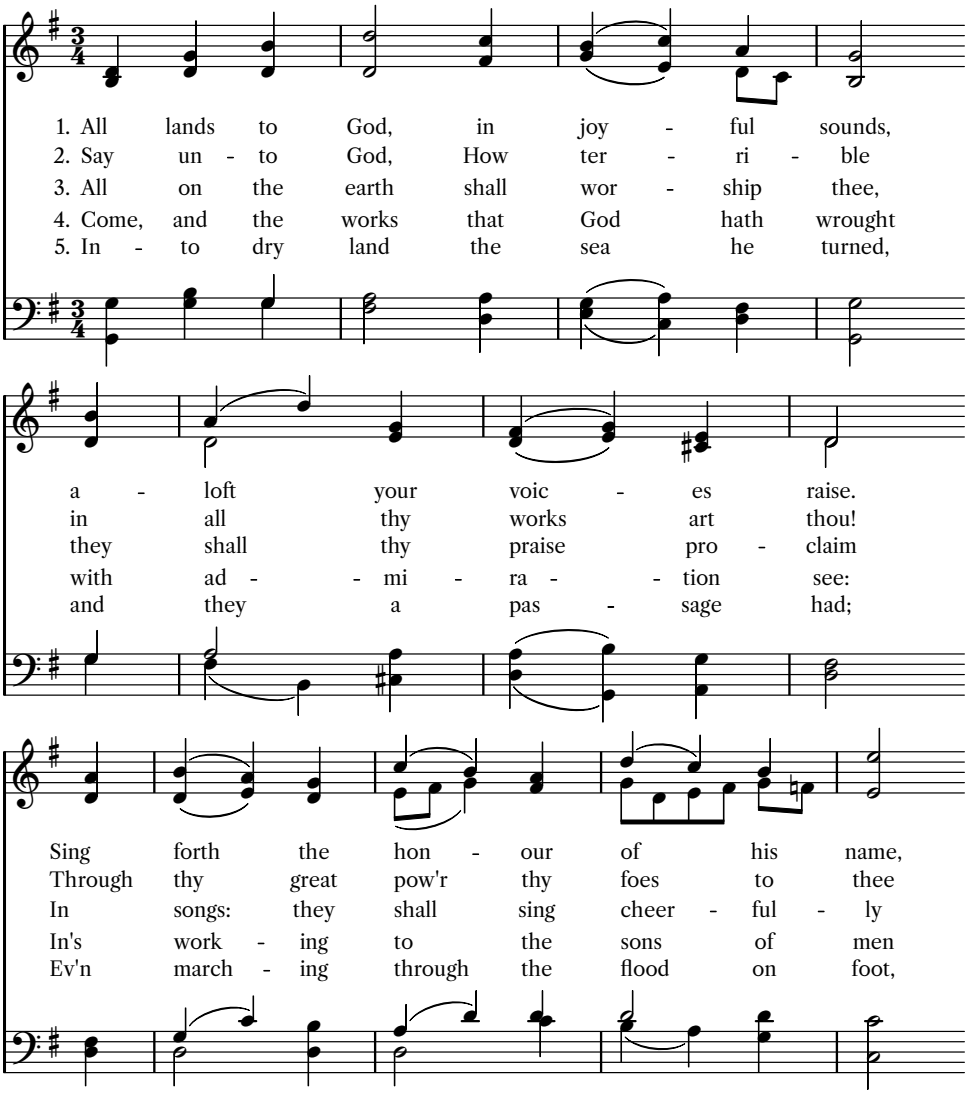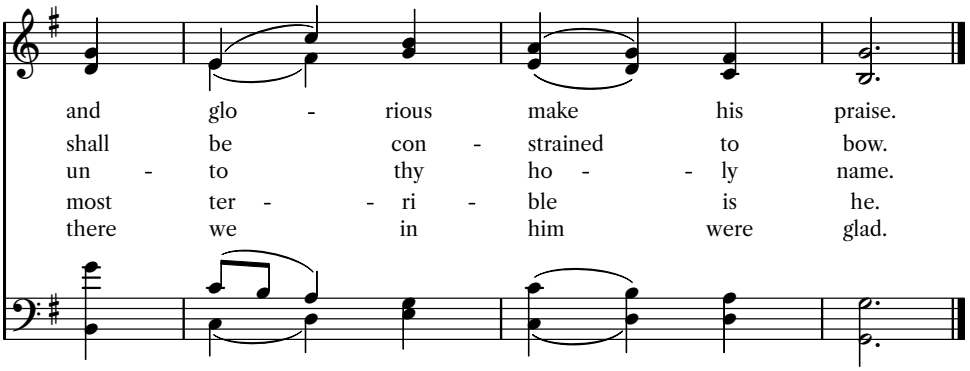
All Lands to God, in Joyful Sounds





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

RICHMOND C.M.
Thomas Haweis, 1792