

**THE NEW
METRICAL VERSION
OF THE
PSALMS**

**ADOPTED BY THE
JOINT COMMITTEE
September 22, 1909**

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THE
NEW METRICAL VERSION
OF THE
✓
PSALMS

ADOPTED ON SEPTEMBER
22nd, 1909, BY THE JOINT
COMMITTEE OF AMERICAN
AND CANADIAN CHURCHES
ON A UNIFORM VERSION
OF THE PSALMS IN METER
TO BE SUBMITTED TO THE
CHURCHES REPRESENTED
IN THAT COMMITTEE



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Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

PREFACE

TO THE VERSION OF 1905

THIS version of the Psalms was prepared by a Joint Committee representing the following Churches: (1), The Presbyterian Church in the United States of America; (2), The Presbyterian Church in Canada; (3), The United Presbyterian Church in North America; (4), The Reformed Presbyterian Church (Synod); (5), The Reformed Presbyterian Church (General Synod); (6), The Reformed Church in America (Dutch); (7), The Christian Reformed Church in North America; (8), The Associate Presbyterian Church; (9), The Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church (South).

The Committee took its initial form in 1895, and after being enlarged, it met for organization in Philadelphia, on April 8th, 1897; but it did not meet for actual work till April, 1900. Since then meetings have been held half-yearly. The Committee have rejoiced in unity of spirit, aim, and method; and they humbly trust that the Spirit of Christ has led to the results now offered to the Churches in His name.

The following objects have been aimed at: (1), A faithful rendering into English verse of the exact thought of each psalm, and of each part of each psalm. The text of the Revised Version has been followed, but the Hebrew text has been held in view, and it is believed that the renderings here presented are critically correct. (2), The adoption for each psalm of the meter best adapted to the sentiment therein expressed. Consequently, there will be found in this psalter twenty-three meters. This has the further advantage of making accessible for psalm-singing the rich treasury of the Church's best music, little of which is at present extensively used in connection with the psalter. (3), A careful division of each psalm into stanzas corresponding with the strophes of the original, and consequently a reproduction, in their proper place, of the refrains that give form to some of the

psalms, e. g., Pss. 67, 80, 99, 107. This, it is trusted, will be found helpful in efforts to grasp the thought and purpose of the inspired writers. (4), A careful presentation of the parallelisms abounding in the psalms, and of the poetic figures and metaphors used. Where a Hebrew simile literally translated into English would fail to convey to modern western minds the original meaning, pains were taken adequately to express the meaning intended. (5), The use of English that is idiomatic and Biblical, and at the same time current in the best poetical literature; also of verse that is rhythmical in form, poetic in spirit, and easily sung.

It is not for the Committee to say how far their aims have been realized. The Churches, before which they respectfully place their work, will pronounce upon this in due time. But if the Committee did not think this version was an advance upon former versions sufficient to merit adoption it would not be offered. To decide this matter for himself, the reader is invited to compare this metrical version of the psalms, and any former one, with that of the Revised Version, and also to sing its songs to appropriate music.

While the psalms in meter may be read in private, memorized, and meditated upon, their special place is in the service of song, whether in the sanctuary or in the home. Their acceptability and helpfulness will, therefore, depend as much upon the music to which they are set as upon any perfection of form the lines may possess. It will hence be necessary for the Churches, jointly or severally, to have the richest and best music attainable selected for each psalm. If this were done, psalm-singing would soon become immensely more popular than at present.

The Joint Committee would reverently lay this version at the feet of the Great Head of the Church, whose forgiveness they ask for all that is amiss, and whose blessing they invoke upon this sincere endeavor to promote the use of those psalms dear to His own heart in the time of His humiliation, when, in singing them, He set us an example that we should follow His steps.

Presbyterian Building, New York.

April, 1905.

PREFACE

TO THE REVISED EDITION OF 1909

In 1905 the Joint Committee of American and Canadian Churches on a uniform version of the Psalms in meter submitted the result of its labor to the judgment of the co-operating Churches. Most of the Churches expressed gratification with the progress made, but desired the Committee to continue its efforts that it might bring the new version to greater perfection. The Joint Committee, to aid it in this matter, waited for reports from the Committees of the several Churches, with the criticisms and suggestions they might bring.

The Committee of the United Presbyterian Church, under the direction of its General Assembly, set very earnestly to work to revise the Joint Committee's Psalter, and to add to it favorite versions and new ones, keeping specially in view the needs of its own denomination. It called in the assistance of the Rev. E. A. Collier, D.D., of the Reformed Church in America, and of the Rev. Charles E. Craven, D.D., of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, both of whom had already shown exceptional poetic gifts as members of the Joint Committee. So extensive and careful was the work this Committee carried on that it was April, 1909, before it was ready to submit its report to the Joint Committee.

The Committees of the other Churches did little in the meantime: they awaited with interest the work undertaken on so large a scale by the United Presbyterian Committee.

In April, 1909, the latter sent proof sheets of its work to the members of the Joint Committee, who offered further emendations and additions, many of which were finally incorporated. On September 21st, 1909, the Joint Committee met in the Allegheny Theological Seminary, at Pittsburgh, when two days were spent in reviewing the work thus

before them; and after some slight retouching they agreed almost unanimously to submit the same to the Churches as the Joint Committee's final report.

While thus adopted by the Joint Committee, the changes made from the form submitted in 1905 are almost entirely the work of the United Presbyterian Committee as above mentioned; and the Joint Committee, as well as the Churches they represent, owes a debt of gratitude to the men through whose enthusiastic diligence and eminent abilities the Joint Committee had before them a metrical Psalter with a literary finish and general excellence and adaptation for public worship and private devotion that the Church may possibly consider far in advance of any that has hitherto appeared in our language. It is with gratitude to the divine Master that the Joint Committee lays at His feet the result of nine years of joyous, loving labor.

September 23, 1909.

NEW METRICAL VERSION OF THE PSALMS

PSALM I. C. M.

That man is blest who, fearing God,
From sin restrains his feet,
Who will not stand with wicked men,
Who shuns the scorners' seat.

Yea, blest is he who makes God's law
His portion and delight,
And meditates upon that law
With gladness day and night.

That man is nourished like a tree
Set by the river's side;
Its leaf is green, its fruit is sure,
And thus his works abide.

The wicked like the driven chaff
Are swept from off the land;
They shall not gather with the just,
Nor in the judgment stand.

The Lord will guard the righteous well,
Their way to Him is known;
The way of sinners, far from God,
Shall surely be o'erthrown.

PSALM I. 8s and 7s.

Blest is he who loves God's precepts,
Who from sin restrains his feet,
He who will not stand with sinners,
He who shuns the scorners' seat.

Blest is he who makes the statutes
Of the Lord his chief delight,
In God's law, divinely perfect,
Meditating day and night.

He is like a tree well planted
By the flowing river's side,
Ever green of leaf and fruitful:
Thus shall all his works abide.

Like the driven chaff the wicked
Shall be swept from off the land;
With the just they shall not gather,
Nor shall in the judgment stand.

Well the Lord will guard the righteous,
For their way to Him is known;
But the way of evil doers
Shall by Him be overthrown.

PSALM 2. 7s.

Wherefore do the nations rage
And the people vainly dream
That in triumph they can wage
War against the King supreme?
Christ His Son a scoff they make,
And the rulers plotting say:
Their dominion let us break,
Let us cast their yoke away.

But the Lord will scorn them all,
Calm He sits enthroned on high;
Soon His wrath will on them fall,
Sore displeas'd He will reply:
Yet according to My will
I have set My King to reign,
And on Zion's holy hill
Mine Anointed I maintain.

This His word shall be made known,
This Jehovah's firm decree:
Thou art My beloved Son,
Yea, I have begotten Thee.
All the earth at Thy request
I will give Thee for Thine own:
Then Thy might shall be confessed
And Thy foes be overthrown.

Therefore, kings, be wise, give ear;
Hearken, judges of the earth;
Learn to serve the Lord with fear,
Mingle trembling with your mirth.
Kiss the Son, lest o'er your way
His consuming wrath should break;
But supremely blest are they
Who in Christ their refuge take.

PSALM 2. L. M.

O wherefore do the nations rage,
And kings and rulers strive in vain,
Against the Lord of earth and heaven
To overthrow Messiah's reign?

Their strength is weakness in the sight
Of Him Who sits enthroned above;
He speaks, and judgments fall on them
Who tempt His wrath and scorn His love.

By God's decree His Son receives
The nations for His heritage;
The conquering Christ supreme shall reign
As King of kings, from age to age.

Be wise, ye rulers of the earth,
And serve the Lord with godly fear;
With reverent joy confess the Son
While yet in mercy He is near.

Delay not, lest His anger rise,
And ye should perish in your way.
Lo, all that put their trust in Him
Are blest indeed, and blest for aye.

PSALM 3. C. M.

O Lord, how are my foes increased!
Against me many rise.
How many say, In vain for help
He on his God relies.

Thou art my shield and glory, Lord,
My Saviour, O Most High.
The Lord from out His holy hill
Gives answer when I cry.

I laid me down and slept, I waked,
Because the Lord sustains;
Though many thousands compass me,
Unmoved my soul remains.

Arise, O Lord: save me, my God;
For Thou hast owned my cause,
And oft hast beaten down my foes
Who scorn Thy righteous laws.

Salvation to the Lord belongs,
In Him His saints are blest.
O let Thy blessing evermore
Upon Thy people rest.

PSALM 4. L. M.

My righteous God, Who oft of old
Hast saved from troubles manifold,
Give answer when I call to Thee,
Be gracious now and hear my plea.

How long, O men, will ye defame,
How long my glory turn to shame,
How long will ye vain follies prize,
How long pursue deceit and lies?

But know, the Lord has set apart
The man of godly life and heart
To be His favored one for aye;
Jehovah hears me when I pray.

In reverence wait, from sin depart,
In meditation calm your heart;
Hold fast the right, be true and just,
And in Jehovah put your trust.

O who will show us any good,
Exclaims the faithless multitude;
But lift on us, O Lord, we pray,
The brightness of Thy face this day.

More joy from Thee has filled my heart
Than great abundance could impart;
I lay me down to peaceful sleep,
For Thou, O Lord, dost safely keep.

PSALM 4. 6s and 5s. Selection.

Thou Who oft hast helped me
In my deep distress,
Answer me in mercy,
God, my righteousness.

On the good and faithful
God has set His love;
When they call He sends them
Blessings from above.

Stand in awe, and sin not,
Bid your heart be still;
Through the silent watches
Think upon His will.

Lay upon God's altar
Good and loving deeds,
And in all things trust Him
To supply your needs.

Anxious and despairing,
Many walk in night;
But to those that fear Him
God will send His light.

In God's love abiding,
I have joy and peace
More than all the wicked,
Though their wealth increase.

In His care confiding,
I will sweetly sleep,
For the Lord, my Saviour,
Will in safety keep.

PSALM 5. 7s.

O Jehovah, hear my words,
To my thoughts attentive be;
Hear my cry, my King, my God,
I will make my prayer to Thee.
With the morning light, O Lord,
Thou shalt hear my voice arise,
And expectant I will bring
Prayer as morning sacrifice.

Thou, Jehovah, art a God
Who delightest not in sin;
Evil shall not dwell with Thee,
Nor the proud Thy favor win.
Evil doers Thou dost hate,
Lying tongues Thou wilt defeat;
God abhors the man who loves
Violence and base deceit.

In the fulness of Thy grace
To Thy house I will repair;
Bowing toward Thy holy place,
In Thy fear will worship there.
Lead me in Thy righteousness,
Let my foes assail in vain;
Lest my feet be turned aside,
Make Thy way before me plain.

False and faithless are my foes,
In their mouth no truth is found;
Deadly are the words they speak,
All their thoughts with sin abound.
Bring, O God, their plans to nought,
Hold them guilty in Thy sight,
For against Thee and Thy law
They have set themselves to fight.

O let all that trust Thy care
Ever glad and joyful be;
Let them joy who love Thy Name,
Safely guarded, Lord, by Thee.
For a blessing from Thy store
To the righteous Thou wilt yield;
Thou wilt compass him about
With Thy favor as a shield.

PSALM 6. 8s and 7s.

Lord, rebuke me not in anger;
Chastened sore I waste away;
Pity my distress and hear me;
Lord, how long wilt Thou delay?

Come, O Lord, my soul deliver,
In Thy loving-kindness save.
Shall the dead Thy Name remember?
Who shall praise Thee in the grave?

Pity, Lord, my sad condition;
I am weary and distressed;
Many adversaries vex me,
Weeping, I can find no rest.

Now the foes that seek to harm me,
Quickly put to shame, shall flee,
For the Lord hath heard my weeping,
And He will regard my plea.

PSALM 7. 11s.

Jehovah, my God, on Thy help I depend;
From all that pursue me O save and defend;
Lest they like a lion should rend me at will,
While no one is near me their raging to still.

When wronged without cause I have kindness returned;
But if I my neighbor maltreated and spurned,
My soul let the enemy seize for his prey,
My life and my honor in dust let him lay.

O Lord, in Thy wrath stay the rage of my foes;
Awake, and Thy judgment ordained interpose.
Let peoples surround Thee and wait at Thy feet,
While o'er them for judgment Thou takest Thy seat.

All nations of men shall be judged by the Lord;
To me, O Jehovah, just judgment accord,
As faithful and righteous in life I have been,
And ever integrity cherished within.

Establish the righteous, let evil depart,
For God Who is just tries the thoughts of the heart.
In God for defense I have placed all my trust;
The upright He saves and He judges the just.

The Lord with the wicked is wroth every day,
And if they repent not is ready to slay;
By manifold ruin for others prepared
They surely at last shall themselves be ensnared.

Because He is righteous His praise I will sing,
Thanksgiving and honor to Him I will bring,
Will sing to the Lord on Whose grace I rely,
Extolling the Name of Jehovah Most High.

PSALM 8. C. M.

O Lord, our Lord, in all the earth
How excellent Thy Name!
Thy glory Thou hast spread afar
In all the starry frame.

From lips of children, Thou, O Lord,
Hast mighty strength ordained,
That adversaries should be stilled
And vengeful foes restrained.

When I regard the wondrous heavens,
Thy handiwork on high,
The moon and stars ordained by Thee,
O what is man, I cry.

O what is man, in Thy regard
To hold so large a place,
And what the son of man, that Thou
Dost visit him in grace!

On man Thy wisdom hath bestowed
A power well nigh divine;
With honor Thou hast crowned his head
With glory like to Thine.

Thou hast subjected all to him,
And lord of all is he,
Of flocks and herds, and beasts and birds,
And all within the sea.

Thy mighty works and wondrous grace
Thy glory, Lord, proclaim.
O Lord, our Lord, in all the earth
How excellent Thy Name!

PSALM 8. 7s.

Lord, our Lord, Thy glorious Name
All Thy wondrous works proclaim;
In the heavens with radiant signs
Evermore Thy glory shines.

Infant lips Thou dost ordain
Wrath and vengeance to restrain;
Weakest means fulfil Thy will,
Mighty enemies to still.

Moon and stars in shining height
Nightly tell their Maker's might;
When Thy wondrous heavens I scan,
Then I know how weak is man.

What is man that he should be
Loved and visited by Thee,
Raised to an exalted height,
Crowned with honor in Thy sight !

With dominion crowned he stands
O'er the creatures of Thy hands ;
All to him subjection yield
In the sea and air and field.

Lord, our Lord, Thy glorious Name
All Thy wondrous works proclaim ;
Thine the Name of matchless worth,
Excellent in all the earth.

PSALM 9. 11s.

I.

Whole-hearted thanksgiving to Thee will I bring,
In praise of Thy marvelous deeds I will sing,
In Thee I will joy and exultingly cry,
Thy Name I will praise, O Jehovah Most High.

Mine enemies turn and are scattered in fear,
They stumble and perish because Thou art near ;
For Thou hast defended my right and my cause,
Thou sittest in judgment, upholding Thy laws.

Rebuked are the nations, the wicked destroyed,
Their memory perished, their dwelling-place void ;
Enthroned and eternal, Jehovah shall reign
The peoples to judge and the right to maintain.

Thou, Lord, art a refuge for all the oppressed ;
All trust Thee who know Thee, and trusting are blessed ;
For never, O Lord, did Thy mercy forsake
The soul that has sought of Thy grace to partake.

II.

Give praise to Jehovah ! The mighty deeds tell
Of Him Who has chosen in Zion to dwell,
Of Him to Whom justice and vengeance belong,
Who visits the lowly and overthrows wrong.

Behold my affliction, Thy mercy accord,
And back from death's portals restore me, O Lord,
That I in the gates of Thy Zion may raise
My song of salvation and show forth Thy praise.

The sins of the nations their ruin have wrought,
Their own evil-doing destruction has brought ;
In this the Lord's justice eternally stands,
That sinners are snared in the work of their hands.

The wicked shall perish, the nations shall fall,
Forgetting their God, Who is God over all;
But God will remember the prayer of the weak,
Most surely fulfilling the hope of the meek.

Arise in Thy justice, O Lord, and Thy might,
No longer let sinners prevail in Thy sight;
Great Judge of the nations, in judgment appear
To humble the proud and to teach them Thy fear.

PSALM 9. L. M. Selection.

O Lord Most High, with all my heart
Thy wondrous works I will proclaim,
I will be glad and give Thee thanks
And sing the praises of Thy Name.

The Lord, the everlasting King,
Is seated on His judgment-throne;
The righteous judge of all the world
Will make His perfect justice known.

Jehovah will a refuge prove,
A refuge strong for all oppressed,
A safe retreat, where weary souls
In troublous times may surely rest.

All they, O Lord, that know Thy Name
Their confidence in Thee will place,
For Thou hast ne'er forsaken them
Who earnestly have sought Thy face.

Sing praises to the Lord Most High,
To Him Who doth in Zion dwell;
Declare His mighty deeds abroad,
His deeds among the nations tell.

PSALM 10. L. M.

Why standest Thou afar, O Lord,
Why art Thou hid in trouble's hour?
The wicked persecute the poor
In haughty pride and reckless power.

Let their devices work their fall,
For in their shame is all their pride;
And while they seek unrighteous gain
The Lord of justice is defied.

The wicked thinks, in foolish pride,
There is no God Who will repay;
He has no fear of God or man
Because God's judgments long delay.

Unmoved by fear of coming doom,
On fraud and wickedness intent,
With craft he lurks and waits to catch
The helpless and the innocent.

A lion crouching for his prey,
He waits the poor to overthrow;
He thinks that God remembers not,
Or hides His face and will not know.

Arise, O Lord, lift up Thy hand,
O God, protect the poor and meek;
Why should the proud Thy justice doubt,
And words of bold defiance speak?

O Lord, Thou wilt indeed requite,
The sin and sorrow Thou dost see;
The helpless and the fatherless
Commit themselves, O Lord, to Thee.

Break Thou the power of wicked men
And let their works no longer stand;
The Lord is King forevermore,
Who drove the nations from His land.

Lord, Thou hast heard the lowly prayer,
The fainting heart Thou wilt restore,
The helpless cause Thou wilt maintain,
That mortal man may boast no more.

PSALM 10. S. M. Selection.

Why dost Thou stand afar,
O Lord, in our distress?
And why dost Thou conceal Thyself
When troublous times oppress?

Do Thou, O Lord, arise;
O God, lift up Thy hand;
Forget Thou not the suffering poor,
The humble in the land.

Their foes Thou dost behold,
Their wrongs Thou wilt repay;
The poor commit themselves to Thee,
Thou art the orphans' stay.

Thou, Lord, hast heard their prayer
When humble hearts drew nigh;
Thou also wilt revive their strength
And ever hear their cry.

Defend the fatherless
And all who are oppressed,
That they by human pride and power
May be no more distressed.

PSALM 11. 11s.

In God will I trust, though my counselors say,
O flee as a bird to your mountain away;
The wicked are strong and the righteous are weak,
Foundations are shaken, yet God will I seek.

The Lord in His temple shall ever abide;
His throne is eternal, whatever betide.
The children of men He beholds from on high,
The wicked to punish, the righteous to try.

The Lord is most righteous, the Lord loves the right,
The evil He hates and will surely requite;
The wicked His anger will drive from their place,
The upright in rapture shall gaze on His face.

PSALM 12. C. P. M.

O Lord, be Thou my helper true,
For just and godly men are few;
The faithful who can find?
From truth and wisdom men depart,
With flattering lips and double heart
They speak their evil mind.

The lips that speak, the truth to hide,
The tongues of arrogance and pride,
That boastful words employ,
False-speaking tongues that boast their might,
That own no law, that know no right,
Jehovah will destroy.

Because the poor are sore oppressed,
Because the needy are distressed,
And bitter are their cries,
The Lord will be their helper strong;
To save them from contempt and wrong
Jehovah will arise.

Jehovah's promises are sure,
His words are true, His words are pure
As silver from the flame.
Though base men walk on every side,
His saints are safe, whate'er betide,
Protected by His Name.

PSALM 13. 7s and 6s.

How long wilt Thou forget me,
O Lord, Thou God of grace?
How long shall fears beset me
While darkness hides Thy face?
How long shall griefs distress me
And turn my day to night?
How long shall foes oppress me
And triumph in their might?

O Lord my God, behold me,
And hear my earnest cries;
Lest sleep of death enfold me,
Enlighten Thou mine eyes;
Lest now my foe insulting
Should boast of his success,
And enemies exulting
Rejoice in my distress.

But I with expectation
Have on Thy grace relied;
My heart in Thy salvation
Shall still with joy confide.
And I with voice of singing
Will praise the Lord above,
Who richest bounties bringing
Has dealt with me in love.

PSALM 14. L. M.

The God Who sits enthroned on high
The foolish in their heart deny;
Not one does good; corrupt in thought,
Uprighteous works their hands have wrought.

From heaven the Lord with searching eye
Looked down the sons of men to try,
To see if any understood
And sought for God, the only good.

From righteousness they all depart,
Corrupt are all, and vile in heart;
Yea, every man has evil done;
Not one does good, not even one.

Has knowledge with the wicked failed,
That they my people have assailed,
That they delight in works of shame,
And call not on Jehovah's Name?

Thy lowly servant they despise,
Because he on the Lord relies;
But they shall tremble yet in fear,
For to the righteous God is near.

O that from Zion His abode
Salvation were on us bestowed!
When God His exiles shall restore,
They shall in song His grace adore.

PSALM 15. 8s and 7s.

Who, O Lord, with Thee sojourning,
In Thy house shall be Thy guest?
Who, his feet to Zion turning,
In Thy holy hill shall rest?

He that ever walks uprightly,
Does the right without a fear,
When he speaks, he speaks not lightly,
But with truth and love sincere.

He that slanders not his brother,
Does no evil to a friend;
To reproaches of another
He refuses to attend.

Wicked men win not his favor,
But the good who fear the Lord;
From his vow he will not waver,
Though it bring him sad reward.

Freely to the needy lending,
No excess he asks again,
And the innocent befriending
He desires not praise of men.

Doing this, and evil spurning,
He shall never more be moved:
This the man with Thee sojourning,
This the man by Thee approved.

PSALM 15. 7s.

Who, O Lord, shall dwell with Thee
In the temple of Thy grace?
Who Thy constant guest shall be
In Thy high and holy place?

He who walks in righteousness,
All his actions just and clear;
He whose words the truth express,
Spoken from a heart sincere.

He to whom does not belong
Tongue of malice or deceit;
Who will not his neighbor wrong,
Nor a slanderous tale repeat.

Who the wicked man will spurn,
Honor those that fear the Lord;
Nor will from his promise turn
Though but loss be his reward.

Who no usury will claim,
Nor with bribes pollute his hand:
He who thus his life shall frame
Shall unmoved forever stand.

PSALM 15. S. M.

Lord, who shall come to Thee,
And stand before Thy face?
Who shall abide, a welcome guest,
Within Thy holy place?

The man of upright life,
Sincere in word and deed,
Who slanders neither friend nor foe,
Nor idle tales will heed.

Who honors godly men,
But scorns the false and vile,
Who keeps his promised word to all,
Though loss be his the while.

Who loves not usury,
Nor takes a base reward;
Unmóved forever he shall be,
And stand before the Lord.

PSALM 16. C. M.

O God, preserve me, for in Thee
Alone my trust has stood;
My soul has said, Thou art my Lord,
My chief and only good.

I love Thy saints, who fear Thy Name
And walk as in Thy sight;
They are the excellent of earth,
In them is my delight.

Their sorrows shall be multiplied
Who worship aught but Thee;
I share not in their offerings,
Nor join their company.

The Lord is my inheritance,
The Lord alone remains
The fulness of my cup of bliss;
The Lord my lot maintains.

The lines are fallen unto me
In places large and fair;
A goodly heritage is mine,
Marked out with gracious care.

When in the night I meditate
On mercies multiplied,
My grateful heart inspires my tongue
To bless the Lord, my Guide.

Forever in my thought the Lord
Before my face shall stand;
Secure, unmoved, I shall remain,
With Him at my right hand.

My inmost being thrills with joy
And gladness fills my breast;
Because on Him my trust is stayed,
My flesh in hope shall rest.

I know that I shall not be left
Forgotten in the grave,
And from corruption, Thou, O Lord,
Thy holy one wilt save.

The path of life Thou showest me;
Of joy a boundless store
Is ever found at Thy right hand,
And pleasures evermore.

PSALM 16. S. M. Selection.

To Thee, O Lord, I fly
And on Thy help depend;
Thou art my Lord and King Most High;
Do Thou my soul defend.

A heritage for me
Jehovah will remain;
My portion rich and full is He,
My right He will maintain.

The lot to me that fell
Is beautiful and fair;
The heritage in which I dwell
Is good beyond compare.

I praise the Lord above
Whose counsel guides aright;
My heart instructs me in His love
In seasons of the night.

I keep before me still
The Lord Whom I have proved;
At my right hand He guards from ill,
And I shall not be moved.

My heart is glad and blest,
My soul its joy shall tell;
And, lo, my flesh in hope shall rest,
And still in safety dwell.

My soul in death's dark pit
Shall not be left by Thee;
Corruption Thou wilt not permit
Thy holy one to see.

Life's pathway Thou wilt show,
To Thy right hand wilt guide,
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And boundless joys abide.

PSALM 17. C. H. M.

Lord, hear the right, regard my cry,
My prayer from lips sincere;
Send Thine approval from on high,
My righteousness make clear.
Thou in the night my heart hast tried,
Nor found it turned from Thee aside.

With steadfast courage I design
No wrong to speak or do;
Thy path of life I choose for mine
And walk with purpose true.
For help, O God, I cry to Thee,
Assured that Thou wilt answer me.

O Thou that ever savest those
Whose trust on Thee is stayed,
Preserving them from all their foes
By Thine almighty aid,
Let me Thy loving-kindness see,
Thy wondrous mercy, full and free.

O guard me well as one doth guard
The apple of the eye;
While deadly foes are pressing hard,
To Thee, to Thee I cry.
Do Thou my rest and refuge be,
O let Thy wings o'ershadow me.

My enemy, grown strong in pride,
Would take my life away,
A lion lurking by my side,
Most greedy for his prey.
Confront and cast him down, O Lord,
From evil save me by Thy sword.

Defend me from the men of pride,
Whose portion is below,
Who, with life's treasures satisfied,
No better portion know;
They, with earth's joys and wealth content,
Must leave them all when life is spent.

But I in righteousness at last
Thy glorious face shall see;
When all the weary night is past,
And I awake with Thee
To view the glories that abide,
Then, then I shall be satisfied.

PSALM 17. C. M. Selection.

Lord, hear the right, attend my cry,
And to my prayer give ear,
My prayer that riseth unto Thee
From heart and lips sincere.

I shunned the ways of wicked men,
For I Thy word obey;
Upon Thy paths my steps held fast,
My feet slipped not away.

On Thee, O God, again I call,
For Thou wilt answer me;
Incline Thine ear and hear the prayer
That I direct to Thee.

Thy wondrous loving-kindness show,
Thou Who by Thy right hand
Defendest those who trust in Thee
From all who them withstand.

Soon I in glorious righteousness
Shall see Thee as Thou art;
Thy likeness, Lord, when I awake
Shall satisfy my heart.

PSALM 18. L. M.

I.

I love the Lord, His strength is mine;
He is my God, I trust His grace;
My fortress high, my shield divine,
My Saviour and my hiding-place.

My prayer to God shall still be raised
When troubles thick around me close;
The Lord, most worthy to be praised,
Will rescue me from all my foes.

When, floods of evil raging near,
Down nigh to death my soul was brought,
I cried to God in all my fear;
He heard and great deliverance wrought.

He came: the earth's foundations quake,
The hills are shaken from their place,
Thick smoke and fire devouring break
In anger dread before His face.

Descending through the bending skies,
With gloom and darkness under Him,
Forth through the storm Jehovah flies
As on the wings of cherubim.

Thick darkness hides Him from the view,
And swelling clouds His presence veil,
Until His glorious light breaks through
In lightning flash and glistening hail.

Jehovah's thunders fill the heaven,
The dreadful voice of God Most High;
With shafts of light the clouds are riven,
His foes, dismayed, in terror fly.

The raging torrents overflow,
And sweep the world's foundations bare,
Because Thy blasts of anger blow,
O Lord of earth and sea and air.

He took me from the whelming waves
Of bitter hate and sore distress;
The Lord, my stay and helper, saves,
Though mighty foes around me press.

From direful straits He set me free,
He saved the man of His delight;
For good the Lord rewarded me,
Because I kept His ways aright.

Since with my God with perfect heart
I walk and make His word my guide,
And from iniquity depart,
The Lord His blessing will provide.

The merciful shall know Thy grace,
The perfect Thy perfection see,
The pure shall see Thine own pure face,
The froward find a foe in Thee.

To smite the proud and bring them low,
To save the poor is Thy delight.
The Lord will cause my lamp to glow,
My God will make my darkness light.

II.

From God the victory I receive;
Most perfect is His holy way;
His word is tried, they who believe
Will find the Lord their shield and stay.

For who is God, and strong to save,
Beside the Lord, our God of might?
'Tis He that makes me strong and brave,
The Lord Who guides my steps aright.

Thy free salvation is my shield,
My sure defense in every strait;
Thy hand upholds me, lest I yield;
Thy gentleness has made me great.

As Thou, O Lord, hast made me strong
To overcome my mighty foe,
So now to fight against the wrong
And conquer in Thy Name I go.

From strife Thou wilt deliver me,
And make the nations own my sway;
Strange peoples, when my power they see,
Shall come with trembling and obey.

Jehovah lives, and blest is He,
My rock, my refuge and defense,
My Saviour Who delivers me,
And will the wicked recompense.

For grace and mercy ever near,
For foes subdued and victories won,
All nations of the earth shall hear
My praise for what the Lord has done.

To David, His anointed king,
And to his sons upon his throne,
The Lord will great salvation bring
And ever make His mercy known.

PSALM 19. H. M.

I.

The spacious heavens declare
The glory of our God,
The firmament displays
His handiwork abroad;
Day unto day proclaims His might,
And night His wisdom tells to night.

Aloud they do not speak,
They utter forth no word,
Nor into language break,
Their voice is never heard;
Yet through the world the truth they bear
And their Creator's power declare.

The clouds of heaven are spread,
A tent to hold the sun,
And like a bridegroom fair
Comes forth the mighty one,
Rejoicing in his strength and grace
To run his wondrous daily race.

His daily going forth
Is from the end of heaven;
The firmament to him
Is for his circuit given;
His journey reaches to its ends,
And everywhere his heat extends.

II.

Jehovah's perfect law
 Restores the soul again;
 His testimony sure
 Gives wisdom unto men;
 The precepts of the Lord are right,
 And fill the heart with great delight.

The Lord's commands are pure,
 They light and joy restore;
 Jehovah's fear is clean,
 Enduring evermore.
 His statutes, let the world confess,
 Are wholly truth and righteousness.

They are to be desired
 Above the finest gold;
 Than honey from the comb
 More sweetness far they hold;
 With warnings they Thy servant guard,
 In keeping them is great reward.

His errors who can know?
 Cleanse me from hidden stain;
 Keep me from wilful sins,
 Nor let them o'er me reign;
 And then I upright shall appear
 And be from great transgressions clear.

When Thou dost search my life,
 May all my thoughts within
 And all the words I speak
 Thy full approval win.
 O Lord, Thou art a rock to me,
 And my Redeemer Thou shalt be.

PSALM 19. 8s.

The heavens in their splendor declare
 The might and the glory of God,
 For day unto day speaks His praise
 And night tells His wisdom abroad.
 They speak not with audible word,
 Yet clear is the message they send;
 Their witness goes out through the earth,
 Their word to the world's farthest end.

Forsaking his tent in the sky,
 Arrayed as a bridegroom, the sun
 Comes forth in his glorious strength,
 Rejoicing his circuit to run.
 He tells through the length of the heavens
 His Maker's great wisdom and might,
 And nothing in all of the earth
 Is hid from his heat and his light.

The law that the Lord has ordained
Is perfect, the soul to restore;
His truth makes the simple most wise,
The truth that is sure evermore.
His precepts are righteous and just,
Rejoicing the heart and the mind;
And all His commandments are pure,
Enlightening the eyes of the blind.

The fear of the Lord is most clean,
Forever unmoved it has stood;
His judgments are perfectly true,
In all things most righteous and good.
Such treasure no gold can supply,
Such sweetness no honey afford;
Their warnings none heed and obey
But find most abundant reward.

O who can his errors discern?
From hidden faults, Lord, keep me free;
Let pride never reign in my heart,
And clear of great sin I shall be.
I pray that my words and my thoughts
May all with Thy precepts accord,
And ever be pleasing to Thee,
My Rock, my Redeemer, my Lord.

PSALM 19. C. M. Selection.

Most perfect is the law of God,
Restoring those that stray;
His testimony is most sure,
Proclaiming wisdom's way.
The precepts of the Lord are right;
With joy they fill the heart;
The Lord's commandments all are pure,
And clearest light impart.

The fear of God is undefiled
And ever shall endure;
The statutes of the Lord are truth
And righteousness most pure.

They warn from ways of wickedness
Displeasing to the Lord,
And in the keeping of His word
There is a great reward.

What man can know his evil heart,
Discerning all his sin?
O cleanse me, Lord, from hidden faults,
And make me pure within.

From wilful sins Thy servant keep,
No vantage let them gain;
From great transgression thus made free,
I upright shall remain.

The words which from my mouth proceed,
The thoughts within my heart,
Accept, O Lord, for Thou my Rock
And my Redeemer art.

PSALM 20. L. M.

Jehovah hear thee in thy grief,
Our fathers' God defend thee still,
Send from His holy place relief,
And strengthen thee from Zion's hill.

Thy sacrifice may He regard,
And all thine offerings bear in mind;
Thy heart's desire to thee accord,
Fulfilling all thou hast designed.

In thy salvation we rejoice,
And in God's Name our banners raise;
Jehovah hearken to thy voice,
Fulfil thy prayers through all thy days.

Salvation will the Lord command,
And His anointed will defend;
Yea, with the strength of His right hand
From heaven He will an answer send.

How vain their every confidence
Who on mere human help rely;
But we remember for defense
The Name of God, the Lord Most High.

Now we arise and upright stand,
While they, subdued and helpless, fall;
Jehovah, save us by Thy hand,
The King give answer when we call.

PSALM 20. C. M. Selection.

Jehovah hear thee in the day
When trouble He doth send;
And let our covenant-keeping God
From every ill defend.

O let Him send His help to thee
Forth from His holy place;
Let Him from Zion, His own hill,
Sustain thee by His grace.

May He remember all thy gifts,
Accept thy sacrifice,
And, granting thee thy heart's desire,
Fulfil thy counsels wise.

In thy salvation we will joy;
When thou to God dost pray,
May He give answer, in Whose Name
Our banners we display.

PSALM 21. 12s and 9s.

Now the King in Thy strength shall be joyful, O Lord,
Thy salvation shall make Him rejoice;
For the wish of His heart Thou didst freely accord,
The request of His suppliant voice.

All the blessings of goodness Thou freely didst give;
With the purest of gold He is crowned;
When He asked of Thee life Thou hast made Him to live
While the ages shall circle around.

Through salvation from Thee hath His fame spread abroad,
Thou didst glory and honor impart;
Thou hast made Him most blessed forever, O God,
And Thy presence hath gladdened His heart.

For the King in the strength of Jehovah Most High
Did unwavering confidence place;
On the Name of Jehovah He still will rely,
And shall stand evermore in His grace.

By the hand of Thy might and Thine anger destroyed,
All Thy foes and their offspring shall fail;
By the evil they planned and the craft they employed
They shall never against Thee prevail.

Thou wilt speedily make them turn backward in flight,
When Thine arrows are aimed to destroy.
O Jehovah, be Thou far exalted in might,
And Thy power shall our praises employ.

PSALM 21. L. M. Selection.

The King rejoiceth in Thy strength,
In Thy salvation, Lord Most High,
For Thou hast filled His heart's desire,
His prayer Thy love doth not deny.

A kingly crown Thou givest Him,
Thy blessings meet Him on His ways;
He asked for life, and unto Him
Thou gavest endless length of days.

With majesty and honor crowned,
How great His glory in Thy grace!
Forever blest, Thou makest Him
With joy to live before Thy face.

The King doth in Jehovah trust,
His loving-kindness He hath proved;
Confiding in the Lord Most High
He standeth evermore unmoved.

PSALM 22. L. M.

My God, My God, I cry to Thee;
O why hast Thou forsaken Me?
Afar from Me, Thou dost not heed,
Though day and night for help I plead.

But Thou art holy in Thy ways,
Enthroned upon Thy people's praise;
Our fathers put their trust in Thee,
Believed, and Thou didst set them free.

They cried, and, trusting in Thy Name,
Were saved, and were not put to shame;
But in the dust My honor lies,
While all reproach and all despise.

My words a cause for scorn they make,
The lip they curl, the head they shake,
And, mocking, bid Me trust the Lord
Till He salvation shall afford.

My trust on Thee I learned to rest
When I was on My mother's breast;
From birth My life has ever known
Thy care: Thou art My God alone.

O let Thy strength and presence cheer,
For trouble and distress are near;
Be Thou not far away from Me,
For I have none to help but Thee.

Unnumbered foes would do Me wrong;
They press about Me, fierce and strong;
Like beasts of prey their rage they vent;
My courage fails, My strength is spent.

Down unto death Thou leadest Me,
Consumed by thirst and agony;
With cruel hate and anger fierce
My helpless hands and feet they pierce.

While on My wasted form they stare,
The garments torn from Me they share,
My shame and sorrow heeding not,
And for My robe they cast the lot.

O Lord, afar no longer stay;
O Thou My helper, haste, I pray;
From death and evil set Me free.
I live! for Thou didst answer Me.

I live and will declare Thy fame
Where brethren gather in Thy Name;
Where all Thy faithful people meet,
I will Thy worthy praise repeat.

All ye that fear Jehovah's Name,
His glory tell, His praise proclaim;
Ye children of His chosen race,
Stand ye in awe before His face.

The suffering one He has not spurned
Who unto Him for succor turned;
From him He has not hid His face,
But answered his request in grace.

O Lord, Thy goodness makes Me raise
Amid Thy people songs of praise;
Before all them that fear Thee, now
I worship Thee and pay My vow.

For all the meek Thou wilt provide,
They shall be fed and satisfied;
All they that seek the Lord shall live
And never-ending praises give.

The ends of all the earth shall hear
And turn unto the Lord in fear;
All kindreds of the earth shall own
And worship Him as God alone.

For His the kingdom, His of right;
He rules the nations by His night;
All earth to Him her homage brings,
The Lord of lords, the King of kings.

Both rich and poor, both bond and free,
Shall worship Him with bended knee,
And children's children shall proclaim
The glorious honor of His Name.

The Lord's unfailing righteousness
All generations shall confess;
From age to age shall men be taught
What wondrous works the Lord has wrought.

PSALM 22. 7s and 6s. Selection.

Come, ye that fear Jehovah,
Ye saints, your voices raise;
Come, stand in awe before Him,
And sing His glorious praise.
Ye lowly and afflicted
Who on His word rely,
Your heart shall live forever,
The Lord will satisfy.

All kindreds of the nations
To Christ the Lord shall turn;
Through earth's remotest regions
His altar-fires shall burn.
All kingdom, power, and glory
Belong to Him alone;
He ruleth o'er the nations,
Kings bow before His throne.

Both high and low shall worship,
Both strong and weak shall bend,
A faithful Church shall serve Him
Till generations end.
His praise shall be recounted
To nations yet to be;
The triumphs of His justice
A new-born world shall see.

PSALM 22. C. M. Selection.

Amid the thronging worshipers
Jehovah will I bless;
Before my brethren, gathered there,
His Name will I confess.
Come, praise Him, ye that fear the Lord,
Ye children of His grace;
With reverence sound His glories forth
And bow before His face.
The burden of the sorrowful
The Lord will not despise;
He has not turned from those that mourn,
He hearkens to their cries.
His goodness makes me join the throng
Where saints His praise proclaim,
And there will I fulfil my vows
'Mid those who fear His Name.

He feeds with good the humble soul
And satisfies the meek,
And they shall live and praise the Lord
Who for His mercy seek.
The ends of all the earth take thought,
The nations seek the Lord;
They worship Him, the King of kings,
In earth and heaven adored.

PSALM 23. C. M.

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want;
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.
My soul He doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Even for His own Name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill,
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.
A table Thou hast furnished me
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me,
And in God's house forevermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

PSALM 23. C. M.

My faithful Shepherd is the Lord,
Supplying all my needs;
In pastures green He makes me rest,
By quiet waters leads.

He tenderly restores my soul
When I am in distress,
And for His Name's sake guides my feet
In paths of righteousness.

Through death's dark valley though I walk,
No evil will I fear;
Thy rod and staff will comfort me,
For Thou art ever near.

A table Thou dost spread for me
In presence of my foes;
Thou hast anointed me with oil,
My cup of joy o'erflows.

Through life Thy goodness and Thy grace
Shall daily follow me;
And I, within Thy house, O Lord,
Shall ever dwell with Thee.

PSALM 23. 8s, 7s, and 4s.

Thou, Jehovah, art my Shepherd,
Therefore I no want shall know;
In green pastures Thou dost rest me,
Leadest where still waters flow,
And, when fainting,
Sweet refreshment dost bestow.

For Thy Name's sake Thou dost guide me
In the paths of righteousness;
Though I walk the vale of shadows,
Fears no more my soul oppress;
Thou art with me,
With Thy rod and staff to bless.

Thou preparest me a table
In the presence of the foe;
Thou my head with oil anointest,
Yea, my cup doth overflow.
O my Saviour,
Having Thee, no want I know.

Surely grace and loving-kindness
Shall forever follow me,
Till, my days of life all ended,
Evermore my home shall be,
O Jehovah,
In Thy holy house with Thee.

PSALM 23. 7s and 6s.

The Lord my Shepherd holds me
Within His tender care,
And with His flock He folds me,
No want shall find me there.
In pastures green He feeds me,
With plenty I am blest ;
By quiet streams He leads me
And makes me safely rest.

Whatever ill betides me,
He will restore and bless ;
For His Name's sake He guides me
In paths of righteousness.
Thy rod and staff shall cheer me
In death's dark vale and shade,
For Thou wilt then be near me :
I shall not be afraid.

My food Thou dost appoint me,
Supplied before my foes ;
With oil Thou dost anoint me,
My cup of bliss o'erflows.
Thy goodness, Lord, shall guide me,
Thy mercy cheer my way ;
A home Thou wilt provide me
Within Thy house for aye.

PSALM 23. 10s and 4s.

My Shepherd is the Lord Who knows my needs,
And I am blest ;
By quiet streams, in pastures green, He leads
And makes me rest.
My soul He saves and for His own Name's sake
He guides my feet the paths of right to take.
Though in death's vale and shadow be my way
I fear no ill,
For Thou art near, Thy rod and staff my stay
And comfort still.
My table Thou dost spread before my foes,
My head Thou dost anoint, my cup o'erflows.
The goodness and the mercy that have aye
Upon me shone
Shall surely follow me through all the way
Till life is done ;
And evermore Jehovah's house shall be
My dwelling-place through all eternity.

PSALM 24. 115.

The earth and the fulness with which it is stored,
The world and its dwellers belong to the Lord;
For He on the seas its foundations has laid,
And firm on the waters its pillars has stayed.

What man shall the hill of Jehovah ascend,
And who in the place of His presence attend?
The man of pure heart, and of hands without stain,
Who swears not to falsehood nor loves what is vain.

That man ever blest of Jehovah shall live,
The God of salvation shall righteousness give;
For this is the people, yea, this is the race,
The Israel true that are seeking His face.

Ye gates, lift your heads, the glad summons obey,
Ye doors everlasting, wide open the way;
The King of all glory high honors await,
The King of all glory shall enter in state.

What King of all glory is this that ye sing?
The Lord, strong and mighty, the conquering King.
Ye gates, lift your heads, and His summons obey,
Ye doors everlasting, wide open the way.

The King of all glory high honors await,
The King of all glory shall enter in state.
What King of all glory is this that ye sing?
Jehovah of Hosts, He of glory is King.

PSALM 24. C. M.

The earth, with all that dwell therein,
With all its wealth untold,
Belongs to God Who founded it
Upon the seas of old.

What man shall stand before the Lord
On Zion's holy hill?
The clean of hand, the pure of heart,
The just who do His will.

Lo, such are they that seek for God,
And blest by Him they live;
To them His perfect righteousness
The God of grace will give.

Ye everlasting doors, give way,
Lift up your heads, ye gates!
For now, behold, to enter in
The King of glory waits.

Who is this glorious King that comes
To claim His sovereign right?
It is the Lord omnipotent,
All-conquering in His might.

Ye everlasting doors, give way,
Lift up your heads, ye gates!
For now, behold, to enter in
The King of glory waits.

Who is this glorious King that comes
To claim His rightful throne?
The Lord of Hosts, He is the King
Of glory, God alone.

PSALM 25. S. M.

I.

To Thee I lift my soul,
In Thee my trust repose;
My God, O put me not to shame
Before triumphant foes.

None shall be put to shame
That humbly wait for Thee;
But those that wilfully transgress,
On them the shame shall be.

Show me Thy paths, O Lord,
Teach me Thy perfect way;
O guide me in Thy truth divine,
And lead me day by day.

For Thou art God that dost
To me salvation send,
And patiently through all the day
Upon Thee I attend.

Recall Thy mercies, Lord,
Their tenderness untold,
And all Thy loving-kindnesses,
For they have been of old.

My sins and faults of youth,
Let them forgotten be,
And for Thy tender mercies' sake,
O Lord, remember me.

The Lord is just and good,
Instructing those that stray;
The meek He will in judgment guide
And make them know His way.

The pathways of the Lord
Are truth and mercy sure
To such as keep His covenant
And testimonies pure.

For Thy Name's sake, O Lord,
With Thee I humbly plead
To pardon my iniquity,
For it is great indeed.

II.

The man that fears the Lord
God's way shall understand;
His soul shall ever dwell at ease,
His children rule the land.

The friendship of the Lord
Is ever with His own,
And unto those that fear His Name
His faithfulness is shown.

Mine eyes are evermore
Toward Thee, O Lord, Whose care
Shall surely save my heedless feet
From every hidden snare.

O turn to me Thy face,
To me Thy mercy show;
For I am very desolate
And brought exceeding low.

My griefs of heart abound,
Relieve my sore distress,
See my affliction and my pain,
Forgive my sinfulness.

Consider Thou my foes,
So many and so bold;
For cruel is the hatred, Lord,
Which they against me hold.

Defend and keep my soul,
From foes deliver me,
And let me not be brought to shame:
I put my trust in Thee.

Be truth and right my shield,
Because I wait for Thee;
Thy Church, O God, do Thou redeem
From all adversity.

PSALM 25. 7s.

I.

Lord, I lift my soul to Thee,
O my God, I trust Thy might;
Let not foes exult o'er me,
Shame me not before their sight.

Yea, may none be put to shame,
None who wait for Thee to bless;
But dishonored be their name
Who without a cause transgress.

Lord, to me Thy ways make known,
Guide in truth and teach Thou me;
Thou my Saviour art alone,
All the day I wait for Thee.

Lord, remember in Thy love
All Thy mercies manifold,
Tender mercies from above,
Changeless from the days of old.

Sins of youth remember not,
Nor my trespasses record;
Let not mercy be forgot,
For Thy goodness' sake, O Lord.

II.

Just and good the Lord abides,
He His way will sinners show,
He the meek in justice guides,
Making them His way to know.

Grace and truth shall mark the way
Where the Lord His own will lead,
If His word they still obey
And His testimonies heed.

For Thy Name's sake hear Thou me,
For Thy mercy, Lord, I wait;
Pardon my iniquity,
For my sin is very great.

He who walks in godly fear
In the path of truth shall go;
Peace shall be his portion here,
And his sons all good shall know.

III.

They that fear and love the Lord
Shall Jehovah's friendship know;
He will grace to them accord,
And His faithful covenant show.

Ever are my longing eyes
Toward the Lord, Whose watchful care,
When my foes their plots devise,
Keeps my feet from every snare.

Turn to me, Thy grace impart;
I am desolate indeed;
Great the troubles of my heart;
Save Thou me, O Lord, I plead.

Look on my afflicted state,
Freely all my sins forgive;
Mark my foes, their cruel hate;
Keep my soul and let me live.

Shame me not, I hide in Thee ;
Truth and right preserve me still ;
Let, O God, Thy people be
Now redeemed from every ill.

PSALM 26. C. M.

Be Thou my judge, O righteous Lord,
Try Thou my inmost heart ;
I walk with steadfast trust in Thee,
Nor from Thy ways depart.

O search me, Lord, and prove me now ;
Thy mercy I adore ;
I choose Thy truth to be my guide,
And sinful ways abhor.

My hands I wash in innocence
And seek Thine altar, Lord,
That there I may with thankful voice
Thy wondrous works record.

The habitation of Thy house
Is ever my delight ;
The place where dwells Thy glory, Lord,
Is lovely in my sight.

Let not the judgment fall on me
For evil men decreed,
For cruel men and violent,
Inspired by bribes and greed.

But I in my integrity
Will humbly walk with Thee ;
O my Redeemer and my Lord,
Be merciful to me.

Redeemed by Thee, I stand secure
In peace and happiness ;
And in the Church, among Thy saints,
Jehovah I will bless.

PSALM 26. S. M.

Judge my integrity,
The righteous judge Thou art ;
Prove me, O Lord, examine me,
And try my inmost heart.

Thy mercy and Thy grace
I love to contemplate ;
Thy paths of truth my footsteps trace,
And wicked men I hate.

Clean hands, O Lord, I raise
As I Thy altars seek,
Where I may sing in grateful praise,
And of Thy wonders speak.

O Lord, Thy house I love,
Where glory dwells within;
O keep my heart secure above
All fellowship with sin.

Redeeming love and grace
Bestow, O Lord, on me;
Among Thy saints how blest my place,
Forever praising Thee.

PSALM 27. H. M.

Jehovah is my light,
And my salvation near;
Who shall my soul affright,
Or cause my heart to fear?
While God my strength, my life sustains,
Secure from fear my soul remains.

When evil-doers came
To make my life their prey,
They stumbled in their shame
And fell in sore dismay;
Though hosts make war on every side,
Still fearless I in God confide.

My one request has been,
And still this prayer I raise,
That I may dwell within
God's house through all my days,
Jehovah's beauty to admire,
And in His temple to inquire.

When troubles round me swell,
When fears and dangers throng,
Securely I will dwell
In His pavilion strong;
Within the covert of His tent
He hides me till the storm is spent.

Uplifted on a rock
Above my foes around,
Amid the battle shock
My song shall still resound;
Then joyful offerings I will bring,
Jehovah's praise my heart shall sing.

Lord, hear me when I pray,
And answer me in grace;
Oft as I hear Thee say,
Come ye and seek My face,
My heart and lips their answer speak,
Thy face, Jehovah, will I seek.

Hide not Thy face from me,
In wrath turn not away;
My help and Saviour be,
Forsake me not, I pray.
Should father, mother, both forsake,
The Lord on me will pity take.

Teach me, O Lord, Thy way,
Make plain to me my path;
Because of foes, I pray,
Protect me from their wrath;
To false accusers, cruel foes,
O Lord, do not my soul expose.

Faint-hearted would I be,
Didst Thou not promise, Lord,
I shall Thy goodness see
While Thou dost life accord.
Wait on the Lord, nor faint, nor fear;
Yea, trust and wait, the Lord is near.

PSALM 27. 8,8,8, 6. Selection.

The Lord Almighty is my light,
He is my Saviour ever near,
And, since my strength is in His might,
Who can distress me or affright?
What evil shall I fear?

O Lord, regard me when I cry,
In mercy hear me when I speak;
Thou bidst me seek Thy face, and I,
O Lord, with willing heart reply,
Thy face, Lord, will I seek.

Hide not Thy face afar from me,
For Thou alone canst help afford;
O cast me not away from Thee
Nor let my soul forsaken be,
My Saviour and my Lord.

Though earthly friends no pity take,
Yet Thy compassion knows no end;
E'en though my father shall forsake,
E'en though my mother's love shall break,
The Lord will be my friend.

My heart had failed in fear and woe
Unless in God I had believed,
Assured that He would mercy show
And that my life His grace should know;
Nor was my hope deceived.

Fear not, though succor be delayed,
Still wait for God, and He will hear;
Be strong, nor be thy heart dismayed,
Wait and the Lord shall bring thee aid;
Yea, trust and never fear.

PSALM 27. C. M. Selection.

O Lord, give ear when with my voice
I cry aloud to Thee;
Have mercy also, I entreat,
Give answer unto me.

When Thou didst say, Seek ye My face,
My answering heart replied,
Thy face, Jehovah, will I seek
Above all else beside.

Hide not Thy face, nor in Thy wrath
Thy servant put away;
Thou hast a helper been to me
In every troublous day.

O God, my Saviour, leave me not;
Though parents should forsake,
The Lord, within His arms of love,
His child will surely take.

PSALM 28. S. M.

O Lord, to Thee I cry;
Thou art my rock and trust;
O be not silent, lest I die
And slumber in the dust.

O hear me when in prayer
Thy favor I entreat;
Hear, while I lift imploring hands
Before Thy mercy-seat.

O let me have no part
With those that hate the right;
For as their works, so their reward:
Jehovah will requite.

But blessed be the Lord
Who hearkens when I cry;
The Lord, my strength, my help, my shield—
On Him will I rely.

His help makes glad my heart,
And songs of praise I sing;
Jehovah is His people's strength,
The stronghold of their king.

Bless Thine inheritance,
Our Saviour be, I pray;
Supply Thou all Thy people's need,
And be their constant stay.

PSALM 29. 12s and 11s.

Now unto Jehovah, ye sons of the mighty,
All glory and strength and dominion accord;
Ascribe to Him glory, and render Him honor,
In beauty of holiness worship the Lord.

The voice of Jehovah, the God of all glory,
Rolls over the waters; the thunders awake;
The voice of Jehovah, majestic and mighty,
Is heard, and the cedars of Lebanon break.

His voice makes the mountains and deserts to tremble;
Wild beasts are affrighted, the forests laid bare;
And through all creation, His wonderful temple,
All things He has fashioned His glory declare.

The Lord ruled in might at the flood of great waters,
A King Whose dominion is never to cease;
The Lord will give blessing and strength to His people;
The Lord all His people will comfort with peace.

PSALM 30. 7s and 6s.

O Lord, by Thee delivered,
I Thee with songs extol;
My foes Thou hast not suffered
To glory o'er my fall.
O Lord, my God, I sought Thee,
And Thou didst heal and save;
Thou, Lord, from death didst ransom,
And keep me from the grave.

His holy Name remember;
Ye saints, Jehovah praise;
His anger lasts a moment,
His favor all our days.
For sorrow, like a pilgrim,
May tarry for a night;
But joy the heart will gladden
When dawns the morning light.

In prosperous days I boasted,
Unmoved I shall remain;
For, Lord, by Thy good favor
My cause Thou didst maintain.
I soon was sorely troubled,
For Thou didst hide Thy face;
I cried to Thee, Jehovah,
I sought Jehovah's grace.

What profit if I perish,
If life Thou dost not spare?
Shall I repeat Thy praises,
Shall I Thy truth declare?
O Lord, on me have mercy,
And my petition hear;
That Thou mayst be my helper,
In mercy, Lord, appear.

My grief is turned to gladness;
To Thee my thanks I raise,
Who hast removed my sorrow
And girded me with praise.
And now, no longer silent,
My heart Thy praise will sing;
O Lord, my God, forever
My thanks to Thee I bring.

PSALM 30. H. M.

Lord, I will praise Thy Name,
For Thou hast set me free,
Nor suffered foes to claim
A triumph over me.
O Lord, my God, to Thee I cried,
And Thou hast health and strength supplied.

Thou hast my soul restored
When I was near the grave,
And from the depths, O Lord,
Thou graciously didst save.
O ye His saints, sing to the Lord,
With thanks His holiness record.

His wrath is quickly past,
His favor lives for aye;
Though grief a night may last,
Joy comes at break of day.
In my prosperity secure
I said, My peace shall still endure.

My God, it was Thy grace
That did my strength supply;
When Thou didst hide Thy face,
Sore troubled then was I.
To Thee I cried, O Lord; to Thee
I made my supplicating plea.

What profit can it bring
If life Thou dost not spare?
Shall dust Thy praises sing,
Shall it Thy truth declare?
Jehovah hear; in mercy hear;
My Helper, Saviour, now appear.

With grief to gladness turned,
With sorrow changed to joy,
Thy praises I have learned,
And songs my lips employ;
So shall my tongue through life adore,
And praise Thy Name forevermore.

PSALM 31.

PART I. C. M.

In Thee, O Lord, I put my trust,
I call upon Thy Name;
O save me in Thy righteousness,
Nor let me suffer shame.

Bow down Thine ear to my request,
And swift deliverance send;
Be Thou to me a rock of strength,
A fortress to defend.

Since Thou my rock and fortress art,
My leader be, and guide;
From all temptation rescue me;
Thou dost my strength abide.

To Thee my spirit I commend;
Redemption is with Thee,
O Thou Jehovah, God of truth,
Who hast delivered me.

I hate all those that love the false;
My trust is in the Lord.
I will be glad, and joyfully
Thy mercy will record.

For my affliction Thou hast seen,
And known my many woes;
Thou hast not let me be enslaved,
But freed me from my foes.

Show mercy, Lord, to me distressed,
And send my soul relief;
My life is spent with bitterness,
My strength consumed with grief.

I mourn and fail because of sin;
Friends turn in dread away;
Reproached am I and terrified,
While foes conspire to slay.

But, Lord, in Thee is all my trust,
Thou art my God, I cried;
My life, my times are in Thy hand;
I in Thy strength confide.

From all that persecute my soul
Thy gracious help I crave;
O smile upon Thy servant, Lord,
And in Thy mercy save.

Let me not be ashamed, O Lord,
I plead with Thee to save;
But let the wicked be ashamed,
And silent in the grave.

Yea, let their lips henceforth be mute
Who words of falsehood seek,
The lips which with contempt and pride
Against the righteous speak.

PART II. C. P. M.

How great the goodness kept in store
For those who fear Thee and adore
In meek humility.
How great the deeds with mercy fraught
Which openly Thy hand hath wrought
For those who trust in Thee.

Secured by Thine unfailing grace,
In Thee they find a hiding-place
When foes their plots devise;
A sure retreat Thou wilt prepare,
And keep them safely sheltered there,
When strife of tongues shall rise.

Blest be the Lord, for He hath showed,
While giving me a safe abode,
His love beyond compare.
Although His face He seemed to hide,
He ever heard me when I cried,
And made my wants His care.

Ye saints, Jehovah love and serve,
For He the faithful will preserve,
And shield from men of pride.
Be strong and let your hearts be brave,
Al! ye that wait for Him to save;
In God the Lord confide.

PSALM 31. S. M. Selection.

Defend me, Lord, from shame,
For still I trust in Thee;
Since just and righteous is Thy Name,
From trouble set me free.

O Lord, in mercy hear,
Deliver me with speed;
Be my defense and refuge near,
My help in time of need.

Thee for my rock I take,
My fortress and my stay;
O lead me for Thine own Name's sake,
And guide me in Thy way.

Lord, Thou dost strength impart;
Then free me from the snare
Which foes for me, with wicked art,
Did secretly prepare.

My spirit unto Thee
I trustfully commend;
Jehovah, God of truth, to me
Thou didst redemption send.

I hate the false and vain,
My trust is in the Lord;
And still my heart in joyous strain
Thy mercy will record.

PSALM 32. 7s and 6s.

I.

How blest is he whose trespass
Hath freely been forgiven,
Whose sin is wholly covered
Before the sight of heaven.
Blest he to whom Jehovah
Imputeth not his sin,
Who hath a guileless spirit,
Whose heart is true within.

While I kept guilty silence,
My strength was spent with grief;
Thy hand was heavy on me,
My soul found no relief.
But when I owned my trespass,
My sin hid not from Thee,
When I confessed transgression,
Then Thou forgavest me.

So let the godly seek Thee
In times when Thou art near;
No whelming floods shall reach them,
Nor cause their hearts to fear.
In Thee, O Lord, I hide me,
Thou savest me from ill;
And songs of Thy salvation
My heart with rapture thrill.

II.

I graciously will teach thee
The way that thou shalt go,
And with Mine eye upon thee
My counsel make thee know.
But be ye not unruly,
Or slow to understand;
Be not perverse, but willing
To heed My wise command.

The sorrows of the wicked
In number shall abound;
But those that trust Jehovah,
His mercy shall surround.
Then in the Lord be joyful,
In song lift up your voice;
Be glad in God, ye righteous;
Rejoice, ye saints, rejoice.

PSALM 33. C. P. M.

I.

Ye righteous, in the Lord rejoice;
'Tis comely that with joyful voice
God's saints His Name should praise.
With harp and hymn of gladness sing,
Your gift of sweetest music bring,
To Him a new song raise.

For upright is Jehovah's word,
And all the doings of the Lord
In justice have their birth.
In judgment and in deeds of right
The Lord forever takes delight;
His goodness fills the earth.

Jehovah speaks, the heavens appear;
He breathes, and, lo, each shining sphere
In splendor stands arrayed.
He rolls the waters heap on heap,
He stores away the mighty deep
In garner for it made.

Let all the earth Jehovah fear,
Let all that dwell both far and near
In awe before Him stand;
For lo, He spake and it was done,
And all with sovereign power begun
Stood fast at His command.

He makes the nations' counsels vain,
The plans the peoples would maintain
Are thwarted by His hand.
Jehovah's counsel stands secure,
His purposes of heart endure,
For evermore they stand.

II.

O truly is the nation blest
Whose God before the world confessed
Jehovah is alone;
And blest the people is whom He
Has made His heritage to be,
And chosen for His own.

Jehovah from His throne on high
Looks down with clear and searching eye
On all that dwell below;
And He that fashioned heart and mind
Looks ever down on all mankind,
The works of men to know.

Not human strength or mighty hosts,
Not charging steeds or warlike boasts
Can save from overthrow;
But God will save from death and shame
All those who fear and trust His Name,
And they no want shall know.

Our hope is on Jehovah stayed,
In Him our hearts are joyful made,
Our help and shield is He.
Our trust is in His holy Name;
Thy mercy, Lord, in faith we claim,
As we have hoped in Thee.

PSALM 34. C. M.

The Lord I will at all times bless,
In praise my mouth employ;
My soul shall in Jehovah boast;
The meek shall hear with joy.

O magnify the Lord with me,
Let us exalt His Name;
When in distress on Him I called,
He to my rescue came.

We looked to Him and light received,
Ashamed we shall not be;
Our humble cry Jehovah heard,
From trouble set us free.

The angel of the Lord encamps
Around about His own,
Delivers them from all their foes,
Lest they be overthrown.

O taste and see that God is good
To all that seek His face;
Yea, blest the man that trusts in Him,
Confiding in His grace.

O fear the Lord, all ye His saints;
No want shall bring distress;
The lions young may pine for food;
The saints all good possess.

Ye children come, give ear to me
And learn Jehovah's fear;
He who would long and happy live,
Let him my counsel hear.

Restrain thy lips from speaking guile,
From wicked speech depart,
From evil turn and do the good,
Seek peace with all thy heart.

Jehovah's eyes are on the just,
He hearkens to their cry;
Against the wicked sets His face;
Their very name shall die.

The Lord may suffer many griefs
Upon the just to fall,
But He will bring them safely through,
Delivering them from all.

By evil are the evil slain,
And they that hate the just;
But all His servants God redeems,
And safe in Him they trust.

PSALM 34. L. M.

The Lord I will at all times bless,
My mouth His praises shall express;
In Him shall all my boasting be,
While all the meek rejoice with me.

O magnify the Lord with me,
Let us to praise His Name agree;
I sought the Lord: He answered me,
And from my fears He set me free.

Who look to Him shall walk in light,
With joy their faces shall be bright.
Distressed, they cried; the Lord arose
And saved them out of all their woes.

Around His saints as watch and ward
Encamps the angel of the Lord.
That God is good, O taste and see;
Who trusts in Him shall blessed be.

Fear Him, ye saints, and do His will,
And all your needs He will fulfil;
Though beasts of forest lack their food,
Those seeking God shall want no good.

Ye children, come and hear my voice,
And learn to make God's fear your choice;
Who seek long life and happy days
Must learn to walk in wisdom's ways.

Who fears the Lord must keep his tongue
From evil and his lips from wrong,
Must do the good, from evil cease,
And ever seek and follow peace.

God guards the good with watchful eye,
His ear attentive to their cry;
Against the wicked sets His face,
From earth their memory to erase.

The righteous cry, Jehovah hears,
And rescues them from all their fears;
The Lord draws nigh to broken hearts,
To contrite spirits help imparts.

Afflictions on the good must fall,
But God will bring them safe through all;
From harmful stroke He will defend,
And sure and full deliverance send.

By evil are the evil slain,
The hope of sinful men is vain;
The wicked, who the righteous hate—
Their condemnation shall be great.

The Lord redemption will provide
For all who in His grace confide;
From condemnation they are clear
Who trust in Him with holy fear.

PSALM 35. L. M.

Be Thou my helper in the strife,
O Lord, my strong defender be;
Thy mighty shield protect my life,
Thy spear confront the enemy.

Amid the conflict, O my Lord,
Thy precious promise let me hear,
The faithful, reassuring word:
I am thy Saviour, do not fear.

Ashamed, confounded let them be
Who seek my ruin and disgrace;
O let Thine angel fight for me,
And drive my foes before his face.

Without a cause my life they sought,
Without a cause their plots they laid;
Themselves within their snares be caught,
And be my crafty foes dismayed.

My soul is joyful in the Lord,
In His salvation I rejoice;
To Him my heart will praise accord
And bless His Name with thankful voice.

For who, O Lord, is like to Thee,
Defender of the poor and meek?
The needy Thy salvation see
When mighty foes their ruin seek.

Unrighteous witnesses have stood
And told of crimes beyond belief;
Returning evil for my good,
They overwhelm my soul with grief.

When in affliction they were sad,
I wept and made their grief my own;
But in my trouble they are glad
And strive that I may be o'erthrown.

O Lord, how long wilt Thou delay?
My soul for Thy salvation waits;
My thankfulness I will display
Amid the crowds that throng Thy gates.

Let not my enemies rejoice
And wrongfully exult o'er me;
They speak not peace, but lift their voice
To trouble those that peaceful be.

My foes with joy my woes survey,
But Thou, O Lord, hast seen it all;
O be no longer far away,
Nor silent when on Thee I call.

O haste to my deliverance now,
O Lord, my righteous cause maintain;
My Lord and God alone art Thou;
Awake, and make Thy justice plain.

O Lord my God, I look to Thee;
Be Thou my righteous Judge, I pray;
Let not my foes exult o'er me
And laugh with joy at my dismay.

With shame and trouble those requite
Who would my righteous cause destroy;
But those who in the good delight,
Let them be glad and shout for joy.

Yea, let the Lord be magnified,
Because Thy servants Thou dost bless;
And I, from morn till eventide,
Will daily praise Thy righteousness.

PSALM 36. C. M.

I.

The trespass of the wicked man
Most plainly testifies
That fear of God's most holy Name
Is not before his eyes.

He cherishes the empty hope,
Although his sin be great,
It never shall be brought to light
And viewed with righteous hate.

The words he utters with his mouth
Are wickedness and lies;
He keeps himself from doing good,
And ceases to be wise.

While on his bed his thought he gives
To planning wickedness;
He sets himself in evil ways,
He shuns not to transgress.

II.

Thy mercy and Thy truth, O Lord,
Transcend the lofty sky;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep,
And as the mountains high.

Lord, Thou preservest man and beast;
Since Thou art ever kind,
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings
We may a refuge find.

With the abundance of Thy house
We shall be satisfied;
And from the streams of Thy delight
Our thirst shall be supplied.

The fountain of eternal life
Is found alone with Thee,
And in the brightness of Thy light
We clearly light shall see.

From those that know Thee may Thy love
And mercy ne'er depart,
And may Thy justice still protect
And bless the upright heart.

The workers of iniquity
Are fallen utterly;
They shall not triumph in their pride,
Or drive my soul from Thee.

PSALM 37. C. P. M.

I.

Fret not thyself, nor envious be,
When wicked workers thou shalt see,
Who prosper in their way;
For like the grass they perish soon,
And, like the herb cut down at noon,
They wither in a day.

Trust in the Lord and still do well,
Within the land securely dwell,
Feed on His faithfulness;
Delight thee also in the Lord,
And to thy heart He will accord
The good it would possess.

Yea, to the Lord thy way is known;
Confide in Him Who on the throne
Abides in power divine;
Thy righteousness He shall display;
Resplendent as the light of day,
It shall unclouded shine.

II.

Rest in the Lord and be thou still,
With patience wait His holy will,
Enduring to the end.
Fret not though sinners' gains increase;
Forsake thy wrath, from anger cease;
It will to evil tend.

The evil-doer soon shall die,
But those that on the Lord rely
Shall all the land obtain.
A little while and thou shalt see
That wicked men cut off shall be;
They shall be sought in vain.

Yea, thou shalt soon consider well
The place where they were wont to dwell,
And it shall not be found;
But saints shall all the land possess,
And find delight and happiness
Where fruits of peace abound.

The vile may plot against the just
Who in the Lord Jehovah trust,
But God will scorn them all;
The Lord their coming day shall see,
When broken all their power shall be,
And ruin on them fall.

A little that the righteous hold
Is better far than wealth untold
Of many wicked men;
Destroyed shall be their arm of pride,
But they who in the Lord confide
Shall be upholden then.

He knows the days the perfect live,
To them a heritage will give
Which ever shall abide.
In evil times no shame they know,
And in the days of famine's woe
They shall be satisfied.

Although the wicked prospered seem,
At last they vanish like a dream
And perish in a day.
Jehovah's foes shall soon appear
Like fields once fair, now brown and sere;
Like smoke they fade away.

They borrow oft and pay not back;
But righteous men do nothing lack,
And give with gracious hand.
Those cursed by Him shall be destroyed.
But such as have His grace enjoyed,
They shall possess the land.

III.

The good man's steps are led aright,
His way is pleasing in God's sight;
Established it shall stand.
He shall not perish though he fall;
The mighty Lord Who rules o'er all
Upholds him with His hand.

Though I am old who young have been,
No saint have I forsaken seen,
Nor yet his home in need.
He ever lends in gracious ways,
His life true charity displays,
His sons are blest indeed.

Depart from evil, do thou well,
And evermore securely dwell;
Jehovah loves the right.
His faithfulness His saints have proved,
Forever they shall stand unmoved,
But sinners God will smite.

The righteous, through His favoring hand
Shall yet inherit all the land
And dwell therein for aye;
He talks of wisdom and of right,
In God's pure law is his delight,
His steps go not astray.

IV.

The wicked, watching for their prey,
Desire the righteous man to slay,
But God is on his side;
He will not leave him in their hands,
Nor count him guilty when he stands
In judgment to be tried.

Wait on the Lord and keep His way;
He will exalt thee, nor delay
To give the land to thee;
And when the wicked are cut off,
The wicked who against thee scoff,
Their judgment thou shalt see.

The wicked in great power are seen,
Like spreading tree with foliage green
That grows in native ground.
I looked again, they were no more;
I sought the men so proud before,
But they could not be found.

Mark thou the upright day by day,
Behold the perfect in his way:
His journey ends in peace.
Destroyed at once shall rebels be;
Cut off from all posterity,
Their very name shall cease.

Salvation is from God alone,
Whom as their covert saints have known
When by sore troubles tried;
The Lord Who helped in troubles past
Will save them to the very last,
For they in Him confide.

PSALM 37. C. M. Selection.

Forever trusting in the Lord,
Take heed to do His will;
So shalt thou dwell within the land
And He thy needs shall fill.

Delight thee in the Lord, and He
Will grant thy heart's request;
To Him commit thy way in faith,
And thus thou shalt be blessed.

And He shall make thy righteousness
Shine brightly as the light,
And as the burning noon-day sun
Thy judgment shall be bright.

Rest in the Lord with quiet trust,
Wait patiently for Him;
Though wickedness triumphant seem,
Let not thy faith grow dim.

The steps of those whom He approves
Are ordered by the Lord;
And though they fall, held by His hand,
They yet shall be restored.

I have not seen, though since my youth
Full many years have fled,
The saint forsaken, nor beheld
His children begging bread.

The children of the merciful
Find blessings kept in store.
Depart from evil and do good,
And live forevermore.

Wait on the Lord and keep His way,
And then, by Him approved,
Thy heritage shall still remain
When sinners are removed.

Mark well the perfect, upright man,
As still his years increase;
Behold his life, and thou shalt see
His journey end in peace.

PSALM 38. 8s and 7s.

In Thy wrath and hot displeasure
Chasten not Thy servant, Lord;
Let Thy mercy, without measure,
Help and peace to me afford.

Heavy is my tribulation,
Sore my punishment has been;
Broken by Thine indignation,
I am troubled by my sin.

With my burden of transgression
Heavy laden, overborne,
Humbled low I make confession,
For my folly now I mourn.

Weak and wounded, I implore Thee;
Lord, to me Thy mercy show;
All my prayer is now before Thee,
All my trouble Thou dost know.

Darkness gathers, foes assail me,
But I answer not a word;
All my friends desert and fail me;
Only Thou my cry hast heard.

Lord, in Thee am I confiding;
Thou wilt answer when I call,
Lest my foes, the good deriding,
Triumph in Thy servant's fall.

I am prone to halt and stumble;
Grief and sorrow dwell within;
Shame and guilt my spirit humble;
I am sorry for my sin.

Foes about my soul are closing,
Full of hatred, false and strong;
Choosing good, I find opposing
All who love and do the wrong.

Lord, my God, do not forsake me;
Let me know that Thou art near;
Under Thy protection take me;
As my Saviour now appear.

PSALM 39. L. M.

With firm resolve I held my peace
And spake not either bad or good,
Lest I should utter sinful thoughts
While wicked men before me stood.

While I was dumb my grief was stirred,
My heart grew hot with thought suppressed;
The while I mused the fire increased;
Then to the Lord I made request.

Make me, O Lord, to know my end,
Teach me the measure of my days,
That I may know how frail I am
And turn from pride and sinful ways.

My time is nothing in Thy sight;
Behold, my days are but a span;
Yea, truly at his best estate,
A breath, a fleeting breath, is man.

Man's life is passed in vain desire
If troubled years be spent for gain;
He knows not whose his wealth shall be,
And all his toil is but in vain.

And now, O Lord, what wait I for?
I have no hope except in Thee.
Let not ungodly men reproach,
From all transgression set me free.

Because Thou didst it I was dumb,
I spoke no word of rash complaint;
Remove Thy stroke away from me,
Beneath Thy chastisement I faint.

When Thou for his iniquity
Rebukest and correctest man,
His beauty is consumed away;
How weak his strength, how vain his plan.

Lord, hear my prayer, regard my cry;
I weep, be Thou my comforter;
I am a stranger here below,
A pilgrim as my fathers were.

O spare me, Lord, avert Thy wrath,
Deal gently with me, I implore;
That I may yet recover strength
E'er I go hence and be no more.

PSALM 39. S. M.

I constant care will take,
Lest sinful words they hear;
My lips their silence shall not break
While wicked men are near.

I dumb and silent stood,
No words of mine were heard;
I even refrained from speaking good,
Till sorrow's deeps were stirred.

My heart was all on fire,
With burning thoughts suppressed;
My tongue was loosed, my soul's desire
I then to God addressed.

My end, Lord, make me know;
My days, how soon they fail;
And to my thoughtful spirit show
How weak I am and frail.

To Thine eternal thought
My days are but a span;
To Thee my years appear as nought;
A breath at best is man.

Man lives in empty show,
His anxious care is vain,
He hoards his wealth, and does not know
Who shall possess his gain.

What wait I for but Thee?
My hope is in Thy Name;
From all my sins deliver me,
Nor put my soul to shame.

I suffered silently,
Because Thy will is best;
Remove Thy heavy stroke from me,
For I am sore distressed.

When sin Thou dost repay
And chasten and restrain,
Man's beauty quickly fades away;
Yea, human life is vain.

O Lord, regard my fears,
And answer my request;
Turn not in silence from my tears,
But give the mourner rest.

I am a stranger here,
Dependent on Thy grace,
A pilgrim, as my fathers were,
With no abiding place.

O spare me and restore
My failing strength, I pray;
E'er I go hence and be no more,
The hand of judgment stay.

PSALM 40. C. M.

I.

I waited for the Lord my God,
Yea, patiently drew near,
And He at length inclined to me,
My pleading cry to hear.

He took me from destruction's pit,
From out the miry clay;
He set my feet upon a rock,
And steadfast made my way.

A new and joyful song of praise
My thankful heart He taught,
A song of glory to our God
For all that He has wrought.

And many who behold how good
The Lord has been to me
Shall learn to fear, and in His Name
Their trust henceforth shall be.

O truly blessed is the man
That on the Lord relies,
Respecting not the proud, nor such
As turn aside to lies.

O Lord my God, how manifold
The works which Thou hast wrought;
Ofttimes Thou hast bestowed on us
Thy care and gracious thought.

Thy works and thoughts most wonderful,
If I of them would speak,
Cannot be numbered, and in vain
To set them forth I seek.

II.

The offering on the altar burned
Gives no delight to Thee;
The hearing ear, the willing heart,
Thou givest unto me.

Then, O my God, I come, I come,
Thy purpose to fulfil;
Thy law is written in my heart,
'Tis joy to do Thy will.

Before Thy people I will now
Thy righteousness proclaim;
Thou knowest, Lord, I will not cease
To praise Thy holy Name.

I never have within my heart
Thy faithfulness concealed,
But Thy salvation and Thy truth
To men I have revealed.

III.

Thy tender mercies, O my Lord,
Withhold not, I implore;
But let Thy kindness and Thy truth
Preserve me evermore.

For countless ills have compassed me;
My sinful deeds arise;
Yea, they have overtaken me;
I dare not raise my eyes.

My sins are more than I can count;
My heart has failed for grief.
Be pleased, O Lord, to rescue me;
O haste to my relief.

Be those who seek to hurt my soul
Dismayed and put to flight,
And they themselves be put to shame
Who in my woe delight.

Let all who seek Thee now rejoice,
Yea, glad in Thee abide,
And, loving Thy salvation, say,
The Lord be magnified.

My lowly state and bitter need
The Lord has not forgot.
Thou art my Saviour and my help;
Come, Lord, and tarry not.

PSALM 40. L. H. M. Selection.

I waited for the Lord Most High,
And He inclined to hear my cry;
He took me from destruction's pit
And from the miry clay;
Upon a rock He set my feet,
And steadfast made my way.

A new and joyful song of praise
He taught my thankful heart to raise;
And many, seeing me restored,
Shall fear the Lord and trust;
And blest are they that trust the Lord,
The humble and the just.

O Lord my God, how manifold
Thy wondrous works which I behold,
And all Thy loving, gracious thought
Thou hast bestowed on man.
To count Thy mercies I have sought,
But boundless is their span.

Withhold not Thou Thy grace from me,
O Lord, Thy mercy let me see;
To me Thy loving-kindness show,
Thy truth be still my stay;
Let them preserve me where I go,
And keep me every day.

Let all who seek to see Thy face
Be glad and joyful in Thy grace;
Let those who Thy salvation love
For evermore proclaim,
O praise the Lord Who dwells above,
And magnify His Name.

Although I poor and needy be,
The Lord in love takes thought for me;
Thou art my help in time of need,
My Saviour, Lord, art Thou;
Then, O my God, I pray, I plead,
Stay not, but save me now.

PSALM 41. C. M.

How blest the man who thoughtfully
The poor and weak befriends;
Deliverance in the evil day
To him Jehovah sends.

The Lord will keep him, guard his life;
On earth he shall be blest;
The Lord will not surrender him
By foes to be distressed.

Upon the bed of suffering
Jehovah will sustain,
And in his sickness God will soothe
The weariness and pain.

O Lord, to Thee my cry ascends,
Let me Thy mercy see;
Heal Thou my soul, for I have sinned,
I have offended Thee.

My enemies against me speak,
And they my life have scorned;
They wish my name to pass away,
Unhonored and unmournd.

My foe, deceitful, visits me,
By seeming kindness led,
His heart intent on gathering
Some hurtful news to spread.

My foes, together whispering,
Their evil plans devise;
Disease, they say, cleaves fast to him;
Laid low, he shall not rise.

Yea, he who was my chosen friend,
In whom I put my trust,
Who ate my bread, now turns in wrath
To crush me in the dust.

Do Thou, Jehovah, show me grace,
And raise me up again.
That I with justice may requite
These base and wicked men.

By this I know assuredly
That I am loved by Thee,
Because my foe does not exult
In triumph over me.

And as for me, in uprightness
Thou dost uphold me well,
And settest me before Thy face
For evermore to dwell.

Blest be Jehovah, Israel's God
For evermore. Amen.
Let age to age eternally
Repeat His praise. Amen.

PSALM 42. L. M.

As thirsts the hart for water brooks,
So thirsts my soul, O God, for Thee;
It seeks for God, and ever looks
And longs the living God to see.

Far from the courts of God, my tears
Have been my food by night and day,
While constantly with bitter sneers,
Where is thy God, the scoffers say.

With grief I think of days gone by,
When oft I trod the hallowed way
To Zion, praising God on high
With throngs who kept the holy day.

O why art thou cast down, my soul,
And why so troubled shouldst thou be?
Hope thou in God, and Him extol,
Who gives His saving help to me.

Since, O my God, my soul is bowed,
In exile far, with bitter grief,
I turn my thoughts to Thine abode
For consolation and relief.

With mighty voice deep calls to deep,
While raging storms Thy judgments tell;
The angry billows o'er me leap,
The waves of sorrow near me swell.

Though troubles surge, yet through the day
The Lord His gracious help will give,
And in the night my heart shall pray
And sing to Him in Whom I live.

To God my Rock I cry and say,
O why hast Thou forgotten me?
Why go I mourning on my way,
Oppressed by foes that know not Thee?

With anguish as from piercing sword
Reproach of bitter foes I hear,
While day by day, with taunting word,
Where is thy God, the scoffers sneer.

O why art thou cast down, my soul,
And why so troubled shouldst thou be?
Hope thou in God, and Him extol,
Who gives His saving help to me.

PSALM 42. 11s and 10s. Selection.

As pants the hart for streams of living water,
So longs my soul, O living God, for Thee;
I thirst for Thee, for Thee my heart is yearning:
When shall I come Thy gracious face to see?

O Lord my God, o'erwhelmed in deep affliction,
Far from Thy rest, to Thee I lift my soul;
Deep calls to deep and storms of trouble thunder,
While o'er my head the waves and billows roll.

Thou wilt command Thy servant's consolation,
Thy loving-kindness yet shall cheer my day,
And in the night Thy song shall be my comfort;
God of my life, to Thee I still will pray.

Why, O my soul, art thou cast down within me,
Why art thou troubled and oppressed with grief?
Hope thou in God, the God of thy salvation,
Hope, and thy God will surely send relief.

PSALM 42. C. M. Selection.

As pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee
And Thy refreshing grace.

For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty Divine?

Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God, Who will employ
His aid for Thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him Who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

PSALM 42. 8s and 4s. Selection.

As thirsts the hart for cooling flood,
So longs my soul, O living God,
To taste Thy grace.
When unto Thee shall I draw near,
O when within Thy courts appear,
And see Thy face?

How oft I led the happy throngs
That sought the house of God with songs
Of joy and praise.
I ever joined with true delight
The multitude that kept aright
The holy days.

O why, my soul, thy hopelessness?
Why such disquiet and distress?
On God rely;
For I shall yet behold His face,
Who is my God; and I His grace
Will magnify.

PSALM 43. C. M.

Judge me, O God, and plead my cause
Against a godless race;
From men deceitful and unjust
Deliver in Thy grace.

O Thou the God of all my strength,
Why hast Thou cast me off?
Why go I mourning all the day,
While foes oppress and scoff.

O send Thou forth Thy light and truth;
Let them be guides to me,
And bring me to Thy holy hill,
Thy dwelling-place to see.

Then will I to God's altar go,
To God, my boundless joy;
Yea, God, my God, Thy Name to praise
My harp I will employ.

Why art thou then cast down, my soul?
What should discourage thee?
And why with vexing thoughts art thou
Disquieted in me?

Hope thou in God; His praise shall yet
My thankful lips employ.
He is the spring of all my health,
My God, my boundless joy.

PSALM 43. 8s and 7s.

Judge me, God of my salvation,
Plead my cause, for Thee I trust;
Hear my earnest supplication,
Save me from my foes unjust.

On Thy strength alone relying,
Why am I cast off by Thee,
In my helpless sorrow sighing,
While the foe oppresses me?

Light and truth, my way attending,
Send Thou forth to be my guide,
Till Thy holy mount ascending,
I within Thy house abide.

At Thy sacred altar bending,
God, my God, my boundless joy,
Harp and voice, in worship blending,
For Thy praise will I employ.

O my soul, why art thou grieving?
What disquiets and dismays?
Hope in God; His help receiving,
I shall yet my Saviour praise.

PSALM 44. 11s.

O God, we have heard and our fathers have told
What wonders Thou didst in the great days of old:
The nations were crushed and expelled by Thy hand,
Cast out that Thy people might dwell in their land.

They gained not the land by the edge of the sword,
Their own arm to them could no safety afford;
But Thy right hand saved, and the light of Thy face,
Because of Thy favor and wonderful grace.

Command, and Thy word shall deliverance bring,
O God, to Thy chosen, for Thou art our King;
Through Thee we will surely defeat all our foes,
Through Thy Name will triumph o'er those that oppose.

No trust will I place in my strength to defend,
Nor yet on my sword as a safeguard depend;
In Thee, Who hast saved us and put them to shame,
We boast all the day, ever praising Thy Name.

But Thou hast forsaken, to shame brought our boasts;
No more to the field dost Thou go with our hosts;
Thou turnest us back from the foe in dismay,
And spoilers who hate us have made us their prey.

Like sheep to the slaughter, Thy people are given;
Dispersed through the nations afar we are driven;
Thou sellest Thy people to strangers for naught,
Their price to Thy treasure no increase has brought.

Thou makest our neighbors reproach us in pride,
And those that are near us to scoff and deride;
A by-word the nations have made of our name,
With scorn and derision they put us to shame.

Yea, all the day long I behold my disgrace,
And covered am I with confusion of face;
The voice of blasphemers and scoffers I hear,
The foe and avenger against me appear.

All this have we suffered, and never forgot
To serve Thee, Jehovah, nor falsely have wrought;
Our heart is not turned and our steps have not strayed,
Though crushed amid ruins and under death's shade.

If we have forgotten the Name of our God,
Or unto an idol our hands spread abroad,
Shall not the Almighty uncover this sin?
He knows all our hearts and the secrets within.

We all the day long for Thy sake are consumed;
Defeated and helpless, to death we are doomed;
Then why dost Thou tarry? Jehovah, awake,
Nor spurn us forever; arise for our sake.

O why art Thou hiding the light of Thy face,
Forgetting our burden of grief and disgrace?
Our soul is bowed down, yea, we cleave to the dust;
Rise, help, and redeem us; Thy mercy we trust.

PSALM 45. S. M.

I.

My heart doth overflow;
A goodly theme is mine;
My eager tongue with joyful song
Doth praise the King divine.

Supremely fair Thou art;
Thy lips with grace o'erflow;
His richest blessings evermore
Doth God on Thee bestow.

Now gird Thee with Thy sword,
O strong and mighty One,
In splendid majesty arrayed,
More glorious than the sun.

Triumphantly ride forth
For meekness, truth, and right;
Thine arm shall gain the victory
In wondrous deeds of might.

Thy strength shall overcome
All those that hate the King,
And under Thy dominion strong
The nations Thou shalt bring.

Thy royal throne, O God,
Forevermore shall stand;
Eternal truth and justice wield
The sceptre in Thy hand.

Since Thou art sinless found,
The Lord, Thy God confessed,
Anointeth Thee with perfect joy;
Thou art supremely blest.

Thy garments breathe of myrrh
And spices sweet and rare;
Glad strains of heavenly music ring
Throughout Thy palace fair.

Amid Thy glorious train
Kings' daughters waiting stand;
And fairest gems bedeck Thy bride,
The queen at Thy right hand.

II.

O Royal Bride, give heed,
And to my words attend;
For Christ the King forsake the world
And every former friend.

Thy beauty and thy grace
Shall then delight the King;
He only is thy rightful Lord,
To Him thy worship bring.

To thee, since thou art His,
Great honor shall be shown:
The rich shall bring their gifts to thee,
Thy glory they shall own.

Enthroned in royal state,
All glorious thou shalt dwell,
With garments fair, inwrought with gold,—
The Church He loveth well.

And they that honor thee
Shall in thy train attend,
And to the palace of the King,
Shall joyfully ascend.

O King of royal race,
Thy sons of heavenly birth
Thou wilt endow with kingly gifts
As princes in the earth.

Thy Name shall be proclaimed
Through all succeeding days,
And all the nations of the earth
Shall give Thee endless praise.

PSALM 46. C. M.

God is our refuge and our strength,
Our ever present aid;
And, therefore, though the earth remove,
We will not be afraid;
Though hills amidst the seas be cast,
Though foaming waters roar,
Yea, though the mighty billows shake
The mountains on the shore.

A river flows whose streams make glad
The city of our God,
The holy place wherein the Lord
Most High has His abode.
Since God is in the midst of her,
Unmoved her walls shall stand;
For God will be her early help,
When trouble is at hand.

The nations raged, the kingdoms moved;
But when His voice was heard
The troubled earth was stilled to peace
Before His mighty word.
The Lord of Hosts is on our side,
Our safety to secure;
The God of Jacob is for us
A refuge strong and sure.

O come, behold what wondrous works
Jehovah's hand has wrought;
Come, see what desolation great
He on the earth has brought.
To utmost ends of all the earth
He causes war to cease;
The weapons of the strong destroyed,
He makes abiding peace.

Be still and know that I am God,
O'er all exalted high;
The subject nations of the earth
My Name shall magnify.
The Lord of Hosts is on our side,
Our safety to secure;
The God of Jacob is for us
A refuge strong and sure.

PSALM 46. L. M.

God will our strength and refuge prove,
In all distress a present aid;
And, though the trembling earth remove,
We will not fear nor be dismayed.

Our trust in God shall still abide
Though hills be shaken from their seat,
And though the ocean's swelling tide
Against the trembling mountains beat.

A river flows, whose living streams
Make glad the city of our God,
The holy place where glory beams,
Where God Most High has His abode.

God has in her His dwelling made,
And she shall never more be moved;
Her God shall early give her aid,
Her constant helper He has proved.

The kings and nations raged in pride;
He spake, the earth did melt away;
The Lord of Hosts is on our side,
Our fathers' God, our strength and stay.

Come, see the works of God displayed,
The wonders of His mighty hand,
What desolations He has made,
What ruin spread through all the land.

Through all the peopled earth He makes
The dreadful scourge of war to cease,
The implements of battle breaks,
And makes the nations dwell in peace.

Be still, ye nations; bow in fear,
And know that I alone am God.
To us the Lord of Hosts is near,
Our fathers' God is our abode.

PSALM 46. 8s, 7s and 6s.

God is our refuge and our strength,
A helper ever near us;
We will not fear though earth be moved,
For God is nigh to cheer us.
Although the mountains quake
And earth's foundations shake,
Though angry billows roar
And break against the shore,
Our mighty God will hear us.

God's city is forever blest
With living waters welling;
Since God is there she stands unmoved
'Mid tumults round her swelling.
God speaks and all is peace,
From war the nations cease.
The Lord of Hosts is nigh,
Our fathers' God Most High
Is our eternal dwelling.

Behold what God has done on earth:
His wrath brings desolation,
His grace, commanding wars to cease,
Brings peace to every nation.
Be still, for He is Lord,
By all the earth adored.
The Lord of Hosts is nigh,
Our fathers' God Most High
Is our strong habitation.

PSALM 47. L. M.

Rejoice, ye people, homage give;
To God with voice of triumph sing;
He ruleth in dread majesty,
The great, the universal King.

He putteth nations under us
And maketh us triumphant stand;
He giveth for our heritage
His promised rest, a goodly land.

God hath ascended with a shout,
Jehovah with the trumpet's sound;
Sing praise to God our King, sing praise,
Yea, let His glorious praise abound.

Our God is King of all the earth;
With thoughtful heart His praise make known.
O'er all the nations God doth reign,
Exalted on His holy throne.

To praise and serve our covenant God
The princes of the earth draw nigh;
All kingly powers belong to Him;
He is exalted, God Most High.

PSALM 47. S. M.

All nations clap your hands,
Let shouts of triumph ring,
For mighty over all the lands
The Lord Most High is King.

Above our mighty foes
He gave us power to stand,
And as our heritage He chose
The goodly promised land.

With shouts ascends our King,
With trumpet's stirring call;
Praise God, praise God, His praises sing,
For God is Lord of all.

O sing in joyful strains,
And make His glory known;
God over all the nations reigns,
And holy is His throne.

Our fathers' God to own
The kings of earth draw nigh,
For none can save but God alone;
He is the Lord Most High.

PSALM 48. L. M.

I.

The Lord is great; with worthy praise
Proclaim His power, His Name confess,
Within the city of our God,
Upon His mount of holiness.

Mount Zion, glorious and fair,
Gives joy to people in all lands;
The city of the mighty King
In majesty securely stands.

Within her dwellings for defense
Our God has made His presence known,
And hostile kings, in sudden fear,
Have fled as ships by tempests blown.

With our own eyes we have beheld
What oft our fathers told before,
That God Who in His Zion dwells
Will keep her safely evermore.

II.

Within Thy temple's sacred courts,
With loving and adoring thought,
We contemplate Thy grace, O God,
And all Thy deeds with mercy fraught.

Where'er Thy Name, O God, is known,
Where'er Thy glorious fame extends,
There also is Thy praise proclaimed,
Far as the earth's remotest ends.

Thy hand is full of righteousness:
Let Zion's gladness then be great,
And let her daughters sing for joy
And all Thy judgments celebrate.

Encompass Zion, count her towers,
And mark her strong defenses well;
Consider all her palaces,
And to your sons her glory tell.

This mighty God forever lives
Our God and Saviour to abide;
And till our pilgrim days shall end
Will ever be our faithful guide.

PSALM 48. H. M. Selection.

Within Thy temple, Lord,
We think on mercies past;
Let earth all praise accord,
Long as Thy Name shall last;
The righteous judgments of her King
Let Zion and her daughters sing.

About Mount Zion go,
Her towers and ramparts tell;
That ye her strength may know,
Mark her defenses well;
Her royal palaces behold
That ye her glories may unfold.

To all the coming race
Repeat the message o'er:
This mighty God of grace
Is ours forevermore;
Yea, He our Saviour will abide
And unto death will be our guide.

PSALM 48. S. M. Selection.

Within Thy temple, Lord,
In that most holy place,
We on Thy loving-kindness dwell,
The wonders of Thy grace.

Men sing Thy praise, O God,
Where'er Thy Name is known;
By every deed Thy hand hath wrought
Thy righteousness is shown.

Let Zion now rejoice,
And all her children sing;
Let them with thankfulness proclaim
The judgments of their King.

Mount Zion's walls behold,
About her ramparts go;
And number ye the lofty towers
That guard her from the foe.

Observe her palaces,
Mark her defenses well,
That to the sons that follow you
Her glories you may tell.

For God as our own God
Forever will abide,
And till life's journey close in death
Will be our faithful guide.

PSALM 49. 7s.

Hear this, all ye people, hear;
Earth's inhabitants, give ear;
All of high and low degree,
Rich and poor, give heed to me.

Truth with all my heart I seek,
And my mouth shall wisdom speak;
Hearken while in lyric strain
I make hidden wisdom plain.

Why should I to fear give way
When I see the evil day,
When with wickedness my foes
Shall surround me and oppose?

They that trust in treasured gold,
Though they boast of wealth untold,
None can bid his brother live,
None to God a ransom give.

If from death one would be free,
And corruption never see,
Costly is life's ransom price,
Far beyond all sacrifice.

Dust to dust, the mortal dies,
Both the foolish and the wise;
None forever can remain;
Each must leave his hoarded gain.

Yet within their heart they say
That their houses are for aye,
That their dwelling-places grand
Shall for generations stand.

To their lands they give their name
In the hope of lasting fame;
But man's honor quickly flies,
Like the lowly beast he dies.

Though such folly mark their way,
Men approve of what they say;
Death their shepherd, they the sheep
He within his fold will keep.

O'er them soon shall rule the just,
All their beauty turn to dust;
God my waiting soul shall save,
He will raise me from the grave.

Let no fear disturb your peace
Though one's house and wealth increase;
Death shall end his fleeting day,
He shall carry naught away.

Though in life he wealth attained,
Though the praise of men he gained,
He shall join those gone before,
Where the light shall shine no more.

Crowned with honor though he be,
Highly gifted, strong and free,
If he be not truly wise,
Man is like the beast that dies.

PSALM 50. L. M.

I.

The mighty God, Jehovah, speaks
And calls the earth from sea to sea;
From beautiful Zion God shines forth,
He comes and will not silent be;
Devouring flame before Him goes,
And dark the tempest round Him grows.

He calls aloud to heaven and earth
That He may justly judge His own;
My chosen saints together bring
Who sacrifice to Me alone.
The heavens His righteousness declare,
For God Himself as judge is there.

Hear, O my people, I will speak;
Against thee I will testify;
Give ear to Me, O Israel,
For God, thy covenant God, am I.
I do not spurn thy sacrifice;
Thine offerings are before Mine eyes.

I will receive from out thy fold
No offering for My holy shrine;
The cattle on a thousand hills
And all the forest beasts are Mine;
Each mountain bird to Me is known,
Whatever roams the field I own.

Behold, if I should hungry grow,
I would not tell My need to thee,
For all the world itself is Mine,
And all its wealth belongs to Me.
Why should I aught of thee receive,
My thirst or hunger to relieve?

Bring thou to God the gift of thanks,
And pay thy vows to God Most High;
Call ye upon My holy Name
In days when sore distress is nigh;
Deliverance I will send to thee,
And praises thou shalt give to Me.

II.

Thus speaks the Lord to wicked men:
My statutes why do ye declare?
Why take My covenant in your mouth,
Since ye for wisdom do not care?
For ye My holy words profane
And cast them from you in disdain.

Ye have consented with the thief,
Ye have partaken with the vile,
Your mouths to evil words ye give,
Your tongues proclaim deceit and guile,
Ye glory in your brother's shame,
Your mother's son do ye defame.

Thus have ye done; I silence kept,
And this has been your secret thought,
That I was wholly as yourselves,
To take your evil deeds as nought;
I will reprove you and array
Your deeds before your eyes this day.

Consider this, who God forget,
Lest I destroy with none to free.
Who offers sacrifice of thanks,
He glorifies and honors Me,
To him who orders well his way
Salvation free I will display.

PSALM 50. S. M. Selection.

The mighty God, the Lord,
Has spoken unto all;
From rising to the setting sun
The nations hear His call.

From Zion His abode,
Where perfect beauty dwells,
The Lord His glory has displayed
In brightness that excels.

Our God shall surely come,
Nor silence shall He keep;
Devouring fire shall herald Him,
About Him storms shall sweep.

Then to the heavens above
He from His throne shall call,
The earth His kingly voice shall hear;
He is the Judge of all.

Let all My chosen saints
Before Me gathered be,
Those that by sacrifice have sealed
Their promise unto Me.

Then shall the heavens declare
His righteousness abroad,
Because the Lord Himself is Judge,
Yea, none is Judge but God.

PSALM 51. 7s.

God be merciful to me,
On Thy grace I rest my plea;
Plenteous in compassion Thou,
Blot out my transgressions now;
Wash me, make me pure within;
Cleanse, O cleanse me from my sin.

My transgressions I confess,
Grief and guilt my soul oppress;
I have sinned against Thy grace
And provoked Thee to Thy face;
I confess Thy judgment just;
Speechless, I Thy mercy trust.

I am evil, born in sin;
Thou desirest truth within.
Thou alone my Saviour art;
Teach Thy wisdom to my heart.
Make me pure, Thy grace bestow,
Wash me whiter than the snow.

Broken, humbled to the dust
By Thy wrath and judgment just,
Let my contrite heart rejoice
And in gladness hear Thy voice.
From my sins O hide Thy face;
Blot them out in boundless grace.

Gracious God, my heart renew,
Make my spirit right and true;
Cast me not away from Thee,
Let Thy Spirit dwell in me;
Thy salvation's joy impart,
Steadfast make my willing heart.

Sinners then shall learn from me
And return, O God, to Thee.
Saviour, all my guilt remove,
And my tongue shall sing Thy love;
Touch my silent lips, O Lord,
And my mouth shall praise accord.

Not the formal sacrifice
Hath acceptance in Thine eyes;
Broken hearts are in Thy sight
More than sacrificial rite;
Contrite spirit, pleading cries,
Thou, O God, wilt not despise.

Prosper Zion in Thy grace
And her broken walls replace;
Then our righteous sacrifice
Shall delight Thy holy eyes;
Free-will offerings, gladly made,
On Thine altar shall be laid.

PSALM 51. C. M.

I.

O God, according to Thy grace
Be merciful to me;
In Thine abounding love blot out
All my iniquity;
O wash me wholly from my guilt
And make me clean within;
For my transgressions I confess,
I ever see my sin.

Against Thee only have I sinned,
Done evil in Thy sight;
Lord, in Thy judgment Thou art just,
And in Thy sentence right.
Behold, in evil I was formed,
And I was born in sin;
But Thou wilt make me wise in heart,
Thou seekest truth within.

From all pollution make me clean,
Yea, whiter than the snow;
O let my broken heart rejoice
And gladness make me know;
Blot out all my iniquities,
And hide my sins from view;
Create in me a spirit right,
O God, my heart renew.

From out Thy presence cast me not,
Thy face no more to see;
Thy Holy Spirit and His grace
Take not away from me.
Restore me Thy salvation's joy;
My willing heart uphold;
Then sinners shall be turned to Thee
When I Thy ways unfold.

II.

O God, the God that saveth me,
Remove my guilty stains,
And I will sing Thy righteousness
In grateful, joyous strains.
O Lord, now open Thou my lips,
Long closed by sin and shame;
My mouth shall show before the world
The glory of Thy Name.

No sacrifice dost Thou desire,
Else would I give it Thee;
Nor with appointed offerings
Wilt Thou delighted be.
A broken spirit is to God
A pleasing sacrifice;
A broken and a contrite heart
Thou, Lord, will not despise.

Do good to Zion in Thy grace,
Her ruined walls restore;
Then sacrifice of righteousness
Shall please Thee as of yore.
Thy people then with willing hands
And hearts that Thou hast blessed
Shall bring in thankful sacrifice
Their choicest gifts and best.

PSALM 52. L. M.

O mighty man, why wilt thou boast
Thyself in hateful cruelty,
When God Almighty is most kind,
And ever merciful is He?

Thy tongue deviseth wickedness,
A weapon treacherous and keen;
Thou lovest evil more than good,
And falsehood in thy sight is clean.

Since, O thou false, deceitful tongue,
In deadly words thou findest joy,
The Lord shall pluck thee from thy place
And all thy wickedness destroy.

The good, confirmed in godly fear,
The pride and folly shall confess
Of those who make not God their strength,
But trust in wealth and wickedness.

I put my trust in God alone,
Forevermore I trust His grace,
And like the trees within His courts
I flourish in a favored place.

With endless thanks, O Lord, to Thee,
Thy wondrous works will I proclaim,
And in the presence of Thy saints
Will ever hope in Thy good Name.

PSALM 53. S. M.

Fools in their heart have said,
There is no God of might;
Corrupt are they and base their deeds,
In evil they delight.

God looked from heaven above
On all the human race,
To see if any understood,
If any sought His face.

They all are gone aside,
Corruption doth abound;
There is not one that doeth good,
Not even one is found.

These men of evil deeds,
Will they no knowledge gain,
Who feed upon my people's woes,
And prayer to God disdain?

The day is drawing nigh
When they shall fear and quail;
For God shall scatter and destroy
Those who His saints assail.

Yea, God will put to shame
And make them flee away;
For He will cast them off in wrath
And fill them with dismay.

O would that Israel's help
Were out of Zion come!
O would that God might early bring
His captive people home!

When God from distant lands
His exiled ones shall bring,
His people shall exultant be,
And gladly they shall sing.

PSALM 54. S. M.

O save me by Thy Name
And judge me in Thy might;
O God, now grant my urgent claim,
Acceptance in Thy sight.

Strong foes against me rise,
Oppressors seek my soul,
Who set not God before their eyes,
Nor own His just control.

Lo, God my helper is,
The Lord, my mighty friend;
He shall requite my enemies,
Their just destruction send.

My sacrifice of praise
To Thee I freely bring;
My thanks, O Lord, to Thee I raise
And of Thy goodness sing.

From troubles and from woes
Thou hast delivered me,
The overthrow of all my foes
Hast given me to see.

PSALM 55. C. M.

I.

Jehovah, to my prayer give ear,
Nor hide Thee from my cry;
Attend my sad complaint, and hear
My restless moan and sigh.

My enemies lift up their voice,
The violent oppress;
To do me wrong my foes rejoice,
And love my soul's distress.

Sore pained in heart I find no ease,
Death's terrors fill my soul;
Great fear and trembling on me seize,
And horrors o'er me roll.

O had I wings, I sigh and say,
Like some swift dove to roam,
Then would I hasten far away
And find a peaceful home.

Lo, wandering far my rest should be
In some lone desert waste;
I from the stormy wind would flee,
And to a shelter haste.

O Lord, their malice recompense,
Their wicked tongues confound,
For in the city violence
And bitter strife abound.

They walk her walls both night and day,
Within all vices meet;
Oppression, fraud, and crime hold sway,
Nor leave the crowded street.

No foreign foe provokes alarm,
But enemies within;
May God destroy their power to harm
And recompense their sin.

II.

On God alone my soul relies,
And He will soon relieve;
The Lord will hear my plaintive cries
At morning, noon, and eve.

He has redeemed my soul in peace,
From conflict set me free;
My many foes are made to cease,
And strive no more with me.

The living God in righteousness
Will recompense with shame
The men who, hardened by success,
Forget to fear His Name.

All treacherous friends who overreach
And break their plighted troth,
Who hide their hate with honeyed speech,
With such the Lord is wroth.

Upon the Lord thy burden cast,
To Him bring all thy care;
He will sustain and hold thee fast,
And give thee strength to bear.

God will not let His saints be moved;
Protected, they shall see
Their foes cut off and sin reprov'd;
O God, I trust in Thee.

PSALM 55. 8s. Selection.

O God, give Thou ear to my plea,
And hide not Thyself from my cry;
O hearken and answer Thou me,
As restless and weary I sigh.

O that I had wings like a dove,
For then I would fly far away
And seek for the rest that I love,
Where trouble no more could dismay.

Nay, soul; call on God all the day;
The Lord for thy help will appear.
At eve, morn, and noon humbly pray,
And He thy petition will hear.

Thy burden now cast on the Lord,
And He shall thy weakness sustain;
The righteous who trust in His word
Unmoved shall forever remain.

PSALM 56. 6s.

O God, be merciful,
Be merciful to me,
For man, with constant hate,
Would fain my ruin see.
My many enemies
Against me proudly fight;
To overwhelm my soul
They watch from morn to night.

What time I am afraid
I put my trust in Thee;
In God I rest, and praise
His word, so rich and free.
In God I put my trust,
I neither doubt nor fear,
For man can never harm
With God my helper near.

All day they wrest my words,
Their thoughts are full of hate;
They meet, they lurk, they watch,
As for my soul they wait.
Shall they by wickedness
Escape Thy judgment right?
O God of righteousness,
Destroy them in Thy might.

Thou knowest all my woes;
O treasure Thou my tears;
Are they not in Thy book,
Where all my life appears?
My foes shall backward turn
When I appeal to Thee,
For this I surely know,
That God is still for me.

In God, the Lord, I rest.
His word of grace I praise.
His promise stands secure,
Nor fear nor foe dismays.
In God I put my trust,
I neither doubt nor fear,
For man can never harm
With God my helper near.

Upon me are Thy vows,
O God, in Whom I live;
The sacrifice of praise
To Thee I now will give.
For Thou hast saved from death,
From falling kept me free,
That in the light of life
My walk may be with Thee.

PSALM 56. C. M. Selection.

O God, be merciful to me,
For men no mercy show;
With constant warfare pressing me
They seek my overthrow.

When foes invade, I safely rest,
Confiding in Thy word;
I will not dread what man can do,
My trust is in the Lord.

I take Thy vows upon me now,
O God, Who savest me;
The sacrifice of praise I bring
In gratitude to Thee.

My feet from falling and my soul
From death Thou hast restored,
And ever in the light of life
I walk before the Lord.

PSALM 57. L. M.

I.

O God, be merciful to me;
My soul for refuge comes to Thee;
Beneath Thy wings I safe will stay
Until these troubles pass away.

To God Most High shall rise my prayer,
To God Who makes my wants His care;
From heaven He will salvation send,
And me from every foe defend.

Great foes and fierce my soul alarm,
Inflamed with rage and strong to harm,
But God, from heaven His dwelling-place,
Will rescue me with truth and grace.

Be Thou, O God, exalted high,
Yea, far above the starry sky;
And let Thy glory be displayed
O'er all the earth Thy hands have made.

II.

My soul is grieved because my foes
With treacherous plans my way inclose;
But from the snares that they devise
Their own undoing shall arise.

My heart is steadfast, O my King,
My heart is tuned Thy praise to sing.
Awake, my soul, and swell the song;
Let vibrant harp the notes prolong.

Yea, I will early wake and sing,
A thankful hymn to Thee will bring;
For unto heaven Thy mercies rise,
Thy truth is lofty as the skies.

Be Thou, O God, exalted high,
Yea, far above the starry sky;
And let Thy glory be displayed
O'er all the earth Thy hands have made.

PSALM 58. C. M.

Do ye, O men, speak righteousness
And upright judgment mete?
Nay, in your hearts is wickedness,
And in your hands deceit.

The wicked, from their earliest days,
In sin are gone astray,
With forward heart, in foolish pride,
From wisdom turned away.

The God of vengeance will destroy
The wicked from His sight;
The Lord will bring to nought their power
And scatter all their might.

The good shall triumph and rejoice,
And this shall be confessed:
On earth the God of justice reigns,
And righteousness is blessed.

PSALM 59. C. M.

Protect and save me, O my God,
From foes that seek my life,
And set me high, secure above
The rising tide of strife.

The workers of iniquity
Against me lie in wait;
Though I am innocent, O Lord,
They gather in their hate.

Behold their wickedness, O Lord;
To help me, O awake;
Lord God of Hosts, Thou, Israel's God,
Arise, and vengeance take.

My enemies with deadly rage
Renew their fierce attack;
They think the Lord will not regard,
But Thou wilt turn them back.

O God, my strength, on Thee I wait,
To Thee for refuge flee;
My God with mercy will defend,
Triumphant I shall be.

O God, our shield, let wickedness
And pride be put to shame,
Till all shall know that Thou dost rule
And all shall fear Thy Name.

Let wickedness that raged in power
Now rage in impotence;
But I will glory in Thy strength,
My refuge and defense.

When all the night of woe is past
And morning dawns at length,
Then I shall praise Thy grace, O God,
My refuge and my strength.

To Thee, O God most merciful,
My thankful song I raise;
My might, my strong, secure abode,
I will proclaim Thy praise.

PSALM 60. C. M.

O God, Thou hast rejected us,
And hast afflicted sore;
Thou hast been angry, but in grace
O once again restore.

Lo, Thou hast torn and rent our land,
Thy judgments dread appall;
O heal her shattered strength before
She totter to her fall.

Through ways of trial and distress
Thy people Thou hast led;
A bitter cup Thou givest us
Of misery and dread.

A glorious banner Thou hast given
To those who fear Thy Name,
A banner to display abroad,
And thus the truth proclaim.

That Thy beloved may be saved
And from their foes set free,
Help with the might of Thy right hand;
In mercy answer me.

God in His holiness hath said:
I will triumphant be;
All heathen lands I claim as Mine,
And they shall bow to Me.

Now, therefore, who will lead us on
Sin's strongholds to possess?
No longer cast us off, O God,
But give our hosts success.

Give Thou Thy help against the foe,
For help of man is vain;
Through God we shall do valiantly,
The victory He shall gain.

PSALM 61. C. P. M.

O God, regard my humble plea;
I cannot be so far from Thee
But Thou wilt hear my cry.
When I by trouble am distressed,
Then lead me on the Rock to rest
That higher is than I.

In Thee my soul hath shelter found,
And Thou hast been from foes around
The tower to which I flee.
Within Thy house will I abide;
My refuge sure, whate'er betide,
Thy sheltering wings shall be.

For Thou, O God, my vows hast heard,
On me the heritage conferred
Of those that fear Thy Name.
A blest anointing Thou dost give,
And Thou wilt make me ever live
Thy praises to proclaim.

Before Thy face shall I abide;
O God, Thy truth and grace provide
To guard me in the way;
So I will make Thy praises known,
And, humbly bending at Thy throne,
My vows will daily pay.

PSALM 61. C. M. Selection.

O God, give ear unto my cry,
And to my voice attend;
Though far from home and from Thy house,
To Thee my prayers ascend.

When troubles overwhelm my heart,
Then Thou wilt hear my cry;
For safety lead me to the Rock
That higher is than I.

A refuge Thou hast been for me
When storms of trouble lower;
When foes assail, then Thou hast been
My strong defense and tower.

Within Thy holy temple, Lord,
I ever will abide;
Beneath the covert of Thy wings
In confidence I hide.

PSALM 62. C. M.

My soul in silence waits for God,
My Saviour He has proved;
He only is my rock and tower;
I never shall be moved.

My enemies my ruin seek,
They plot with fraud and guile;
Deceitful, they pretend to bless,
But inwardly revile.

My soul, in silence wait for God;
He is my help approved;
He only is my rock and tower,
And I shall not be moved.

My honor is secure with God,
My Saviour He is known;
My refuge and my rock of strength
Are found in God alone.

On Him, ye people, evermore
Rely with confidence;
Before Him pour ye out your heart,
For God is our defense.

For surely men are helpers vain,
The high and the abased;
Yea, lighter than a breath are they
When in the balance placed.

Trust not in harsh oppression's power
Nor in unrighteous gain;
If wealth increase, yet on your gold
Ye set your hearts in vain.

For God has spoken o'er and o'er,
And unto me has shown,
That saving power and lasting strength
Belong to Him alone.

Yea, loving-kindness evermore
Belongs to Thee, O Lord;
And Thou according to his work
Dost every man reward.

PSALM 63. C. M.

O Lord, my God, most earnestly
My heart would seek Thy face,
Within Thy holy house once more
To see Thy glorious grace.
Apart from Thee I long and thirst,
And nought can satisfy;
I wander in a desert land
Where all the streams are dry.

The loving-kindness of my God
Is more than life to me;
So I will bless Thee while I live
And lift my prayer to Thee.
In Thee my soul is satisfied,
My darkness turns to light,
And joyful meditations fill
The watches of the night.

My Saviour, 'neath Thy sheltering wings
My soul delights to dwell;
Still closer to Thy side I press,
For near Thee all is well.
My soul shall conquer every foe,
Upholden by Thy hand;
Thy people shall rejoice in God,
Thy saints in glory stand.

PSALM 63. C. P. M. Selection.

Thou art my God, O God of grace,
And earnestly I seek Thy face,
My heart cries out for Thee;
My spirit thirsts Thy grace to taste,
An exile in this desert waste
In which no waters be.

I long as in the times of old
Thy power and glory to behold
Within Thy holy place;
Because Thy tender love I see
More precious far than life to me,
My lips shall praise Thy grace.

Thus will I bless Thee while I live,
And with uplifted hands will give
Praise to Thy holy Name.
When by Thy bounty well supplied,
Then shall my soul be satisfied,
My mouth shall praise proclaim.

My lips shall in Thy praise delight
When on my bed I rest at night,
And meditate on Thee.
Because Thy hand assistance brings,
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings
My heart shall joyful be.

PSALM 64. C. M.

Hear, Lord, the voice of my complaint,
Preserve my life from fear,
Hide me from plotting enemies
And evil crowding near.
The workers of iniquity
Their deadly shafts prepare;
They aim at me their treacherous words;
O, save me from their snare.

The wicked in their base designs
Grow arrogant and bold;
Conspiring secretly they think
That God will not behold;
They search out more iniquity,
Their thoughts and plans are deep,
But God will smite, for He is near
His saints to guard and keep.

The wicked, by their sins o'ercome,
Shall soon be brought to shame;
The hand of God shall yet appear,
And all shall fear His Name.
The just shall triumph in the Lord,
Their trust shall be secure.
And endless glory then shall crown
The upright and the pure.

PSALM 65. L. M.

Praise waits in Zion, Lord, for Thee,
And unto Thee shall vows be paid;
O Thou that hearest those who cry,
To Thee by all shall prayer be made.

Against us sin has battled hard;
For help we look to Thee and pray;
Thou our transgressions wilt forgive,
Yea, Thou wilt take them all away.

How blest are they whom Thou dost choose
To come and in Thy courts abide;
Communing in Thy holy house,
With good we shall be satisfied.

By mighty deeds in righteousness
Prayer's answer surely comes from Thee,
O God our Saviour, God the trust
Of all Thy saints on land or sea.

Thy power has set the mountains firm,
O God Almighty, girt with strength;
At Thy command the waves are still,
The nations cease from war at length.

The tokens of Thy mighty power
Lead men in every clime to fear;
From east to west through all the earth
Thou sendest gladness far and near.

Thou visitest the earth with showers,
Thy boundless store supplies its need;
For fields enriched and well prepared
Thou dost provide the sower's seed.

The furrows where the seed is sown
Are softened by Thy gentle rain;
Thy gracious care and providence
Supply and bless the springing grain.

The year with goodness Thou dost crown,
Thy ways o'erflow with blessedness;
The hills and valleys, clothed with green,
Are joyful in their fruitfulness.

The pastures teem with flocks and herds,
The golden grain waves o'er the fields;
All nature, singing joyfully,
Her tribute of thanksgiving yields.

PSALM 65. C. P. M.

Before Thee, Lord, a people waits
To praise Thy Name in Zion's gates,
To Thee shall vows be paid;
Thou hearer of the suppliant's prayer,
To Thee in need shall all repair
To seek Thy gracious aid.

How great my trespasses appear!
But Thou from guilt my soul wilt clear,
And my transgressions hide.
How blest Thy chosen, who by grace
Are brought within Thy dwelling-place
That they may there abide.

The goodness of Thy house, O Lord,
The joys Thy holy courts afford,
Our souls shall satisfy.
By deeds of might, in justice wrought,
The Lord will grant us what we sought,
Our Saviour, God Most High.

On Thy sustaining arm depend,
To earth's and sea's remotest end,
All men in every age.
Thy strength establishes the hills,
Thy word the roaring billows stills,
And calms the peoples' rage.

The tribes of earth's remotest lands
Behold the tokens of Thy hands
And bow in godly fear;
The east, where beams the morning light,
The west, in evening glories bright,
Rejoice, for Thou art near.

Thou visitest the earth in love
And sendest showers from above,
Enriching all the land;
Thy streams exhaustless bless the field,
Preparing it the grain to yield
Provided by Thy hand.

The furrows, sown with living grain,
Are softened by Thy gentle rain
The springing corn to bless;
The year with goodness Thou dost crown,
Rich gifts in mercy sending down
To cheer the wilderness.

The hills and vales, with verdure clad,
Are girt with joy, the earth is glad;
New life is all abroad;
With feeding flocks the pastures teem,
With golden grain the valleys gleam;
All nature praises God.

PSALM 65. 7s and 6s.

Praise waits for Thee in Zion;
All men shall worship there
And pay their vows before Thee,
O God Who hearest prayer.
Our sins rise up against us,
Prevailing day by day,
But Thou wilt show us mercy
And take their guilt away.

How blest the man Thou callest
And bringest near to Thee,
That in Thy courts forever
His dwelling-place may be.
He shall within Thy temple
Be satisfied with grace,
And filled with all the goodness
Of Thy most holy place.

O God of our salvation,
Since Thou dost love the right,
Thou wilt an answer send us
In wondrous deeds of might.
In all earth's habitations,
On all the boundless sea,
Man finds no sure reliance,
No peace, apart from Thee.

Thy might sets fast the mountains;
Strength girds Thee evermore
To calm the raging peoples
And still the ocean's roar.
Thy majesty and greatness
Are through all lands confessed,
And joy on earth Thou sendest
Afar, from east to west.

To bless the earth Thou sendest
From Thy abundant store
The waters of the spring-time,
Enriching it once more.
The seed by Thee provided
Is sown o'er hill and plain,
And Thou with gentle showers
Dost bless the springing grain.

The year with good Thou crownest,
The earth Thy mercy fills,
The wilderness is fruitful,
And joyful are the hills.
With corn the vales are covered,
The flocks in pastures graze;
All nature joins in singing
A joyful song of praise.

PSALM 65. C. M. Selection.

Praise waits in Zion, Lord, for Thee;
There we will pay our vow;
O Thou, the God that hearest prayer,
Before Thee all shall bow.

Against me my besetting sins
Prevail from day to day;
But Thou in Thy forgiving grace
Wilt take them all away.

O blest the man whom Thou dost choose,
And draw in love to Thee,
That in Thy sacred courts. O Lord,
He may a dweller be.

We surely shall be satisfied
With Thine abundant grace,
Yea, with the goodness of Thy house,
Of Thy most holy place.

PSALM 66. C. M.

I.

All lands, to God in joyful sounds
Aloft your voices raise;
Sing forth the honor of His Name,
And glorious make His praise.

Say ye to God, How terrible
In all Thy works art Thou!
To Thee Thy foes by Thy great power
Shall be constrained to bow.

Yea, all the earth shall worship Thee,
And unto Thee shall sing;
To Thy great Name shall songs of joy
With loud hosannas ring.

O come, behold the works of God,
His mighty doings see;
In dealing with the sons of men
Most wonderful is He.

He led in safety through the flood
The people of His choice;
He turned the sea to solid ground;
In Him let us rejoice.

He rules forever by His might,
His eyes the nations try;
Let not the proud rebellious ones
Exalt themselves on high.

II.

O all ye peoples, bless our God,
Aloud proclaim His praise,
Who safely holds our soul in life,
And steadfast makes our ways.

Thou, Lord, hast proved and tested us
As silver tried by fire;
Thy hand has made our burden great
And thwarted our desire.

Through pain and trouble Thou hast led,
And humbled all our pride;
But, in the end, to liberty
And wealth Thy hand did guide.

Here in Thy house I give to Thee
The life that Thou dost bless,
And pay the solemn vows I made
When I was in distress.

Come, ye that fear the Lord, and hear
What He has done for me;
My cry for help is turned to praise,
For He has set me free.

If in my heart I sin regard,
My prayer He will not hear;
But truly God has heard my voice,
My prayer has reached His ear.

O let the Lord, our gracious God,
Forever blessed be,
Who has not turned my prayer from Him,
Nor yet His grace from me.

PSALM 66. C. P. M. Selection.

Come all ye people, bless our God
And tell His glorious praise abroad,
Who holds our soul in life,
Who never lets our feet be moved
And, though our faith He oft has proved,
Upholds us in the strife.

We come with offerings to His house,
And here we pay the solemn vows
We uttered in distress;
To Him our all we dedicate;
To Him we wholly consecrate
The lives His mercies bless.

Come, hear, all ye that fear the Lord,
While I with grateful heart record
What God has done for me;
I cried to Him in deep distress,
And now His wondrous grace I bless,
For He has set me free.

The Lord, Who turns away the plea
Of those who love iniquity,
Has answered my request;
He has not turned away my prayer,
His grace and love He makes me share;
His Name be ever blest.

PSALM 67. 7s and 6s.

O God, to us show mercy
And bless us in Thy grace;
Cause Thou to shine upon us
The brightness of Thy face;
That so Thy way most holy
On earth may soon be known,
And unto every people
Thy saving grace be shown.

O God, let all men praise Thee,
Let all the nations sing,
In every land let praises
And songs of gladness ring;
For Thou shalt judge the people
In truth and righteousness,
And through the earth the nations
Shall Thy just rule confess.

O God, let people praise Thee,
Let all the nations sing,
For earth in rich abundance
To us her fruit shall bring.
The Lord our God shall bless us,
Our God shall blessing send;
And all the earth shall fear Him
To its remotest end.

PSALM 67. S. M.

Lord, bless and pity us,
Shine on us with Thy face,
That all the earth Thy way may know
And men may see Thy grace.

Thy praise, O gracious God,
Let all the nations sing;
Let all men worship Thee with joy
And songs of gladness bring.

The nations Thou wilt judge
And lead them in Thy ways;
Let all men praise Thy Name, O God,
Let all the people praise.

The earth her fruit shall yield,
For God, our God, will bless:
We shall be blest, and all the world
His glory shall confess.

PSALM 67. L. M.

O God, be merciful and bless,
And let us see Thy shining face,
That all the earth may know Thy way,
And all men taste Thy saving grace.
O let the nations praise Thee, Lord,
Let all give thanks with glad accord.

O let the nations all be glad
And sing to God with joy and mirth,
For Thou shalt judge with equity
And lead the nations of the earth.
O let the nations praise Thee, Lord,
Let all give thanks with glad accord.

The earth has yielded her increase,
And God, yea, our own God, shall bless;
We shall be blest, and all the earth
Shall reverently His Name confess.
O let the nations praise Thee, Lord,
Let all give thanks with glad accord.

PSALM 68. L. M.

I.

Let God arise, and by His might
Let all His foes be put to flight;
But, O ye righteous, gladly sing,
Exult before your God and King.

Jehovah's praises sound abroad,
Rejoice before the living God;
Prepare the way that He may come
And make the desert places bloom.

A father of the fatherless,
A judge of widows in distress,
Is God, the God of boundless grace,
Who dwells within His holy place.

God frees the captive and He sends
The blessedness of home and friends.
And only those in darkness stay
Who will not trust Him and obey.

II.

God saved His people from distress
And led them through the wilderness;
Then mountains trembled in their place,
The heavens were bowed before His face.

With copious showers Thou didst assuage
The thirsting of Thy heritage;
Thy congregation dwelt secure;
Thou, God, art gracious to the poor.

The Lord sent forth His mighty word,
And shouts of victory were heard;
The women came, a mighty throng,
To join the glad triumphant song.

When God His chosen people led,
The kings and armies turned and fled;
The hosts of God victorious fought,
And home their spoils and trophies brought.

God's people rested, free from care,
In glorious peace and beauty fair;
Their mighty King did overthrow
The hostile kings like driven snow.

All mountains unto God belong,
But Zion's holy mountains strong
Above them all the Lord loves well,
And there He will forever dwell.

Great hosts to holy wars have trod,
The armies of the living God;
Among them He reveals His face,
The God of justice and of grace.

Thou hast ascended up on high
And captive led captivity;
They come with gifts, who did rebel,
That with them God the Lord might dwell.

III.

Blest be the Lord! For us He cares
And daily all our burden bears;
Our God is mighty, strong to save;
Jehovah frees us from the grave.

God's unrelenting enemies
No peace shall find in earth or seas;
His people shall triumphant go
Victorious over every foe.

With glorious pomp our King and God
Has entered into His abode
With sacred minstrelsy and song,
While maidens with their timbrels throng.

Assemble ye before His face,
All ye that spring from Israel's race;
Ye chosen tribes, with one accord
Come ye, and bless your God, the Lord.

IV.

O Zion, 'tis thy God's command
That thou in strength securely stand;
O God, confirm and strengthen still,
Thy purposes in us fulfil.

O Thou, Whose glorious temple stands
In Zion, famed through heathen lands,—
Kings shall Thy power and glory see,
And bring their presents unto Thee.

Thou wilt rebuke the fierce and strong
Who hate the right and choose the wrong,
And scatter those who peace abhor,
The nations that delight in war.

The heathen princes yet shall flee
From idols and return to Thee;
Earth's sinful and benighted lands
To God shall soon stretch out their hands.

Praise God and sing His matchless worth,
Ye kings and kingdoms of the earth;
He dwells within the heavenly height,
And utters forth His voice of might.

Ascribe ye strength to God on high;
His might transcendent fills the sky;
His glory and omnipotence
Remain His people's sure defense.

Forth from Thy dwelling-place, O God,
Thine awful glory shines abroad;
Thy people's strength is all from Thee;
Blest be Thy Name eternally.

PSALM 68. 7s and 6s. Selection.

O Lord, Thou hast ascended
On high in might to reign;
Captivity Thou leadest
A captive in Thy train.

Rich gifts to Thee are offered
By men who did rebel,
Who pray that now Jehovah
Their God with them may dwell.

Blest be the Lord Who daily
Our heavy burden bears,
The God of our salvation
Who for His people cares.

Our God is near to help us,
Our God is strong to save;
The Lord alone is able
To ransom from the grave.

Sing unto God, ye nations,
Ye kingdoms of the earth;
Sing unto God, all people,
And praise His matchless worth.

He rides in royal triumph
Upon the heavens abroad;
He speaks, the mountains tremble
Before the voice of God.

All glory, might, and honor
Ascribe to God on high;
His arm protects His people
Who on His power rely.

Forth from Thy holy dwelling
Thine awful glories shine;
Thou strengthenest Thy people;
Unending praise be Thine.

PSALM 69. C. M.

I.

Save me, O God, because the floods
Come in upon my soul;
I sink in depths where none can stand,
Deep waters o'er me roll.

My constant calling wearies me,
My throat is parched and dried;
Mine eyes grow dim while for my God
Still waiting I abide.

The foes who hate me unprovoked
Are strong and still increase,
Though to disarm their enmity
My right I yield for peace.

O God, my folly and my sin
Thy holy eye can see;
Yet save from shame, Lord God of Hosts,
Thy saints that wait on Thee.

Forbid, O God, our covenant God,
That those who seek Thy face
Should see Thy servant put to shame
And share in my disgrace.

It is for Thee I am reproached,
For Thee I suffer shame,
Until my brethren know me not,
And hated is my name.

It is my zeal for Thine abode
That has consumed my life;
Reproached by those reproaching Thee,
I suffer in the strife.

I wept, with fasting bowed my soul,
Yet that was made my shame;
When I in sackcloth clothed myself,
Their byword I became.

The men who sit within the gate
With slander do me wrong;
And they who linger at their cups
Make me their jest and song.

II.

In full assurance of Thy grace
To Thee my prayers ascend;
In Thine abounding love and truth,
O God, salvation send.

Preserve my sinking soul, I pray,
From tides of hatred save;
Let not the waters overflow;
Redeem me from the grave.

Because Thy mercy, Lord, is good,
O answer me in grace;
And in the riches of Thy love
O turn to me Thy face.

Hide not Thy face from my distress,
A speedy answer send;
Draw near to me, my soul redeem,
From all my foes defend.

Well known to Thee is my reproach,
My shame and my disgrace;
The adversaries of my soul
Are all before Thy face.

My heart is broken by reproach,
My soul is full of grief;
I looked in vain for comforters,
For pity and relief.

They gave me bitter gall for food,
And taunting words they spake;
They gave me vinegar to drink,
My burning thirst to slake.

Their peace and plenty be their snare;
In blindness let them grope;
Thine indignation on them pour,
And desolate their hope.

Because they proudly persecute
Those whom Thou, Lord, dost smite,
Let them be blotted from Thy book
And banished from Thy sight.

III.

Though I am poor and sorrowful,
Hear Thou, O God, my cry;
Let Thy salvation come to me
And lift me up on high.

Then will I praise my God with song,
To Him my thanks shall rise,
And this shall please Jehovah more
Than offered sacrifice.

The meek shall see it and rejoice;
Ye saints, no more be sad;
For lo, Jehovah hears the poor
And makes His prisoners glad.

Let heaven and earth and seas rejoice,
Let all therein give praise;
For Zion God will surely save,
Her broken walls will raise.

In Zion they that love His Name
Shall dwell from age to age;
Yea, there shall be their lasting rest,
Their children's heritage.

PSALM 69. 105. Selection.

Thy loving-kindness, Lord, is good and free,
In tender mercy turn Thou unto me;
Hide not Thy face from me in my distress,
In mercy hear my prayer, Thy servant bless.

Needy and sorrowful, to Thee I cry;
Let Thy salvation set my soul on high;
Then I will sing and praise Thy holy Name,
My thankful song Thy mercy shall proclaim.

With joy the meek shall see my soul restored,—
Your heart shall live, ye saints that seek the Lord,—
He helps the needy and regards their cries,
Those in distress the Lord will not despise.

Let heaven above His grace and glory tell,
Let earth and sea and all that in them dwell;
Salvation to His people God will give,
And they that love His Name with Him shall live.

PSALM 70. S. M.

Make haste, O God, to save ;
To help me, Lord, make haste ;
Ashamed, confounded, they shall be
Who would my life lay waste.

They shall be put to shame
That in my hurt delight,
And backward in dishonor turned,
Their mocking to requite.

All they that seek Thy face
With joy in Thee abide,
And, loving Thy salvation, say,
Let God be magnified.

In need am I, and poor ;
O God, make haste, I pray ;
Thou art my Saviour and my help ;
O Lord, make no delay.

PSALM 70. 11s and 8s.

Make haste, O my God, to deliver, I pray ;
O Lord, to my rescue make haste ;
Let those who would harm me be filled with dismay,
And in their own folly disgraced.

Let them be turned back in confusion, O Lord,
Who in my destruction would joy ;
Let shame and defeat be their only reward,
Who sneers and derision employ.

May all those who seek Thee, and make Thee their choice,
Great gladness and blessedness see ;
May all those who love Thy salvation rejoice
And constantly magnify Thee.

I cry in deep need and Thy help I implore ;
Make haste to the rescue, I pray ;
My Saviour Thou art, and my strength evermore ;
No longer Thy coming delay.

PSALM 71. C. M.

I.

In Thee, O Lord, I put my trust ;
Shamed never let me be ;
O save me in Thy righteousness,
Give ear, and rescue me.

Be Thou my rock, my dwelling-place,
Forever mine, as now ;
Salvation Thou hast willed for me ;
My rock and fortress, Thou.

Deliver me from wicked hands,
Save me from men unjust;
For Thou, Jehovah, art my hope,
From youth Thou art my trust.

Thou hast upheld me in Thy grace
From childhood's early days;
To Thee from Whom I life received
Will I give constant praise.

II.

Though troubles great o'ershadow me,
Thou art my refuge strong;
My mouth shall praise Thee all the day,
Thine honor be my song.

Cast me not off when hoary age
Becomes my weary lot,
And in the days of failing strength
Do Thou forsake me not.

My foes are strong and confident,
For I to them appear
As one forsaken by his God,
With none to help me near.

My God, be Thou not far from me,
Make haste to hear my call;
Ashamed, consumed be all my foes,
Dishonored let them fall.

But I will ever hope in Thee,
My ceaseless praise is Thine;
I will declare Thy countless deeds
Of truth and grace divine.

Yea, I will tell the mighty acts
Performed by God the Lord;
Thy righteousness, and Thine alone,
With praise I will record.

For from my early youth, O God,
By Thee have I been taught,
And faithfully have I declared
The wonders Thou hast wrought.

III.

O gracious God, forsake me not
When I am old and gray,
That unto those that follow me
I may Thy might display.

Thy perfect righteousness, O God,
The height of heaven exceeds;
O who is like to Thee, Who hast
Performed such mighty deeds?

Thou Who hast sent me many griefs
Wilt yet my soul restore,
And out of sorrow's lowest depths
Wilt bring me forth once more.

O turn again and comfort me,
My waning strength increase,
And for Thy faithfulness, O God,
My praise shall never cease.

Thou Holy One of Israel,
To Thee sweet songs I raise;
The soul Thou hast redeemed from death
Shall give Thee joyful praise.

My enemies that seek my hurt
Thy help has put to shame:
My thankful tongue will ceaselessly
Thy righteousness proclaim.

PSALM 72. C. M.

O God, to Thine Anointed King
Give truth and righteousness;
Thy people He will justly judge
And give the poor redress.

Then every fruitful mountainside
Shall yield its rich increase,
And righteousness in all the land
Shall bear the fruit of peace.

The poor man's cause He will maintain,
The needy He will bless,
And He will break the strength of those
Who would the poor oppress.

So men shall fear Thee while the sun
In daily splendor glows,
And through all ages, while the moon
On earth its light bestows.

Like rain upon the new-mown grass,
That falls refreshingly,
Like gentle showers that cheer the earth,
So shall His coming be.

The righteous in His glorious day
Shall flourish and increase;
The earth, until the moon shall fade,
Shall have abundant peace.

His wide dominion shall extend
From sea to utmost sea,
And unto earth's remotest bounds
His peaceful rule shall be.

The tribes that in the desert dwell
Shall bow before His throne;
His enemies shall be subdued,
And He shall rule alone.

The kings shall come from distant lands
And islands of the sea;
Oblations they shall bring to Him
And wait on bended knee.

Yea, all the kings shall bow to Him,
His rule all nations hail;
He will regard the poor man's cry
When other helpers fail.

The poor and needy He shall spare,
And save their souls from fear;
He shall redeem them from all wrong;
Their life to Him is dear.

So they shall live, and bring to Him
Their gifts of finest gold;
For Him shall constant prayer be made,
His praise each day be told.

Abundant fields of grain shall wave
All white for harvesting,
And boundless joy and gladness fill
The city of the King.

His Name, enduring like the sun,
Shall ever be confessed;
All nations shall be blest in Him,
All men shall call Him blessed.

Blest be the Lord, our fathers' God,
Eternal King of kings,
Who only is omnipotent,
Performing wondrous things.

Blest be His great and glorious Name
Forevermore, Amen,
And let His glory fill the earth
From shore to shore. Amen.

PSALM 72. C. M. Doxology.

Blest be the Lord, our fathers' God,
Eternal King of kings,
Who only is omnipotent,
Performing wondrous things.

Blest be His great and glorious Name
Forevermore, Amen,
And let His glory fill the earth
From shore to shore. Amen.

PSALM 72. C. M. Doxology.

Now blessed be Jehovah, God,
The God of Israel,
Who only doeth wondrous works,
In glory that excel.

And blessed be His glorious Name
To all eternity;
The whole earth let His glory fill.
Amen. So let it be.

PSALM 72. L. M.

O God, be Thine Anointed Son
With truth and righteousness endowed,
That justice may on earth be done,
The meek protected from the proud.

Then over mountainside and plain
Shall peace spring forth from righteousness;
The poor man's cause will He maintain,
And save the weak, that none oppress.

Then shall Thy fear on earth be known
Long as the sun and moon shall shine;
While endless generations run
Kingdom and glory shall be Thine.

Like copious rain in time of dearth,
So shall His gracious coming be;
As gentle showers that cheer the earth,
So He shall bring prosperity.

The just shall flourish in His day,
And evermore shall peace extend;
From sea to sea shall be His sway,
And to the earth's remotest end.

The desert lands to Him shall bow,
And all the islands of the sea;
And kings with gifts shall pay their vow,
His enemies shall bend the knee.

In great compassion for the weak
He ever will maintain their right,
Will help the poor and save the meek;
Their lives are precious in His sight.

His saints shall live, and to the King
Rich gifts in tribute shall be paid;
His praises men shall ever sing,
For Him shall endless prayer be made.

Abundant fields for harvest white
Already wave in every land,
And Zion's citizens delight
And prosper in their King's command.

His Name shall evermore abide,
In Him shall all the world be blest;
By all the nations far and wide
His praise shall ever be confessed.

Now blessed be the Mighty One,
Jehovah, God of Israel,
For He alone has wonders done,
And deeds in glory that excel.

And blessed be His glorious Name,
Long as the ages shall endure;
O'er all the earth extend His fame.
Amen, Amen, forevermore.

PSALM 72. 6s and 5s. Selection.

Christ shall have dominion
Over land and sea;
Earth's remotest regions
Shall His empire be;
They that wilds inhabit
Shall their worship bring;
Kings shall render tribute,
Nations serve our King.

When the needy seek Him,
He will mercy show;
Yea, the weak and helpless
Shall His pity know;
He will surely save them
From oppression's might,
For their lives are precious
In His holy sight.

Ever and forever
Shall His Name endure;
Long as suns continue
It shall stand secure;
And in Him forever
All men shall be blest,
And all nations hail Him
King of kings confessed.

Unto God Almighty
Joyful Zion sings;
He alone is glorious,
Doing wondrous things.
Evermore, ye people,
Bless His glorious Name,
His eternal glory
Through the earth proclaim.

PSALM 73. 11s.

God loveth the righteous, His goodness is sure,
He never forsaketh the good and the pure;
Yet once my faith faltered, I envied the proud
At ease, while in anguish my spirit was bowed.

The wicked are prospered and firm in their strength,
No pangs do they suffer, though death come at length;
They are not in trouble as other men are,
The plagues of their fellows they view from afar.

In garments of boasting and violence decked,
With wealth more abundant than heart could expect,
They scoff, and the helpless they proudly oppress;
The heavens and the earth they assume to possess.

Despising God's people, they cause them to drain
The cup of oppression, injustice, and pain;
They question God's knowledge and boldly defy
The might and the justice of God the Most High.

The wicked, grown wealthy, have comfort and peace,
While I, daily chastened, see troubles increase,
And, wronging God's children, I cried in my pain,
That clean hands are worthless, and pure hearts are vain.

I went to God's temple: my doubts were dispelled;
The end of life's journey I clearly beheld.
I saw in what peril ungodly men stand
With sudden destruction and ruin at hand.

As when one awaking forgetteth his dream,
So God will despise them, though great they may seem;
My envy was senseless, my grief was for nought,
Because I was faithless, and foolish my thought.

Lo, I, though afflicted, am ever with Thee;
My hand is in Thy hand, Thou carest for me;
My soul with Thy counsel through life Thou wilt guide,
And afterward make me in glory abide.

In glory Thou only my portion shalt be,
On earth for none other I long but for Thee;
My flesh and heart falter, but God is my stay,
The strength of my spirit, my portion for aye.

All they that forsake Thee must perish and die,
But near to my Saviour most blessed am I.
I make Thee my refuge, my Lord and my God;
Thy grace and Thy glory I publish abroad.

PSALM 73. C. M. Selection.

In sweet communion, Lord, with Thee
I constantly abide;
My hand Thou holdest in Thine own
To keep me near Thy side.

Thy counsel through my earthly way
Shall guide me and control,
And then to glory afterward
Thou wilt receive my soul.

Whom have I, Lord, in heaven but Thee,
To Whom my thoughts aspire?
And, having Thee, on earth is nought
That I can yet desire.

Though flesh and heart should faint and fail,
The Lord will ever be
The strength and portion of my heart,
My God eternally.

To live apart from God is death;
'Tis good His face to seek;
My refuge is the living God;
His praise I long to speak.

PSALM 73. 6s and 4s. Selection.

O God, how good Thou art
To all the pure of heart,
Though life seems vain;
Burdened with anxious care,
I groped in dark despair,
Till in Thy house of prayer
All was made plain.

Ever, O Lord, with Thee,
All shall be well with me,
Held by Thy hand;
And Thou wilt guide my feet
By Thine own counsel sweet,
Till I, for glory meet,
In glory stand.

In earth or heaven above
Who is there that I love
Compared with Thee?
My heart may faint with fears,
But God my strength appears,
And will to endless years
My portion be.

O it is good that I
May still to God draw nigh,
As oft before.
The Lord Jehovah blest,
My refuge and my rest,
Shall be in praise confessed
Forevermore.

PSALM 74. C. M.

O wherefore hast Thou cast us off,
O God, our God of old?
Why art Thou angry with Thy sheep,
The sheep of Thine own fold?

Remember Thine inheritance,
Thy Church, redeemed by grace;
Remember Zion's mount profaned,
Thine ancient dwelling-place.

In ruin long Thy temple lies;
Arise, O God of grace.
And see the ruin foes have wrought
Within Thy holy place.

Amid Thy courts are lifted high
The standards of the foe,
And impious hands with axe and fire
Have laid Thy temple low.

They have profaned the holy place
Where Thou hast set Thy Name;
The sanctuaries of our God
Are given to the flame.

We see no signs of power divine,
No prophet speaks for Thee,
And none can tell, and none can know,
How long these woes shall be.

How long, O God, shall blasphemy
And shame reproach our land?
Why dost Thou not destroy Thy foes
With Thine almighty hand?

O God, Thou art our King of old,
Salvation Thou hast wrought;
In safety through the mighty sea
Our fathers Thou hast brought.

With mighty arm Thou didst destroy
The pride of boastful man,
And for Thy people made a path
Where mighty waters ran.

The day is Thine, and Thine the night,
And Thine the shining sun;
At Thy command earth's bounds are set
And changing seasons run.

Mark how Thine enemies, O Lord,
Against Thee proudly speak;
Preserve Thy saints from wicked men,
Be mindful of the meek.

Fulfil, O Lord, Thy covenant,
Our strong protector be,
For in the earth are dark abodes
Of crime and cruelty.

Let not Thy saints be put to shame;
No longer in Thy sight
Permit Thy foes to vaunt themselves;
Lord, vindicate the right.

PSALM 75. C. M.

To Thee, O God, we render thanks,
To Thee give thanks sincere,
Because Thy wondrous works declare
That Thou art ever near.

Thy righteous judgment, Thou hast said,
Shall in due time appear,
And Thou Who didst establish it
Wilt fill the earth with fear.

Thou teachest meekness to the proud,
And makest sinners know
That none is judge but God alone,
To honor or bring low.

Jehovah holds a foaming cup,
And holds it not in vain,
For all the wicked of the earth
Its bitter dregs shall drain.

The God of Israel I will praise
And all His glory show;
The righteous He will high exalt
And bring the wicked low.

PSALM 76. 8s and 7s.

God is known among His people,
Every mouth His praises fill;
From of old He hath established
His abode on Zion's hill;
There He brake the sword and arrow,
Bade the noise of war be still.

Excellent and glorious art Thou,
With Thy trophies from the fray;
Thou hast slain the valiant-hearted,
Wrapt in sleep of death are they.
When Thine anger once is risen,
Who can stand in that dread day?

When from heaven Thy sentence sounded,
All the earth in fear was still,
While to save the meek and lowly
God in judgment wrought His will;
Even the wrath of man shall praise Thee,
Thy designs it shall fulfil.

Vow and pay ye to Jehovah,
Him your God forever own;
All men, bring your gifts before Him,
Worship Him, and Him alone.
Mighty kings obey and fear Him,
Princes bow before His throne.

PSALM 76. L. M. Selection.

Among His people God is known
Most glorious in His might and grace;
He makes Jerusalem His throne,
Her peaceful hills His dwelling-place.

When God the righteous judge appeared
To save the meek from wrong and shame,
The earth stood still and greatly feared;
Then forth from heaven His sentence came.

The wrath of man shall praise the Lord,
Restrained by His almighty will;
Your vows to God the King record,
Your covenant made with Him fulfil.

Let all to Him their presents bring,
To Him Whom all the world should fear;
Ye kings and princes, own your King,
With reverence and with awe draw near.

PSALM 77. L. M.

To God for help will I repair,
To God will I direct my prayer,
And surely He will answer me,
His great salvation I shall see.

In long-continued grief I stand
And seek the Lord with out-stretched hand;
I find no comfort for my soul.
The clouds of darkness o'er me roll,

I think of God and call to mind
His goodness, yet no peace I find;
I still pour out my sad complaints,
My burdened spirit almost faints.

With sleepless eyes and speechless grief
I search the past to find relief,
The former years when days were bright,
And songs of gladness cheered my night.

My constant meditations bring
My heart to anxious questioning :
Has God cast off, and will He be
No longer merciful to me ?

Has God forgotten to be kind ?
Shall I His promise faithless find ?
For me shall wrath henceforth replace
His tender mercies and His grace ?

In weakness I was pressed with fear,
But better hopes my spirit cheer ;
Past mercies lead me to rely
Upon the help of God Most High.

Thy deeds, O Lord, will I relate
And on Thy wonders meditate ;
Thy way, O God, is just and right,
And none is like to Thee in might.

Among the nations Thou hast shown
Thy wondrous power and made it known ;
Thou art the God that mightily
Redeemed and set Thy people free.

At sight of Thee the waters fled,
The quaking clouds their torrents shed,
The lightnings flashed, the thunder pealed,
The trembling earth her fear revealed.

Thy way, O God, was in the sea,
But, though Thy paths mysterious be,
Thy people Thou didst safely keep
As shepherds lead their helpless sheep.

PSALM 77. L. M.

To God will I direct my prayer,
And He will make my needs His care ;
I trust Him still, though in my grief
No answer yet has brought relief ;
With hands stretched out through all the night,
Uncomforted I sought for light.

The thought of God brought me no peace,
But rather made my fears increase ;
With sleepless eyes and speechless pain
My fainting spirit grieved in vain ;
The blessedness of long ago
Made deeper still my present woe.

Recalling days when faith was bright,
When songs of gladness filled my night,
I pondered o'er my grievous woes
And searching questioning arose :
Will God cast off, and nevermore
His favor to my soul restore ?

I asked in fear and bitterness,
Will God forsake me in distress?
Shall I His promise faithless find?
Has God forgotten to be kind?
Has He in anger hopelessly
Removed His love and grace from me?

These doubts and fears that troubled me
Were born of my infirmity;
Though I am weak, God is most high,
And on His goodness I rely;
Of all His wonders I will tell,
And on His deeds my thoughts shall dwell.

O God, most holy are Thy ways,
And who like Thee deserves my praise?
Thou only doest wondrous things;
The whole wide world Thy glory sings;
Thine outstretched arm Thy people saved,
Though sore distressed and long enslaved.

O God, from Thee the waters fled,
The depths were moved with mighty dread,
The swelling clouds their torrents poured,
And o'er the earth the tempest roared;
'Mid lightning's flash and thunder's sound
Great trembling shook the solid ground.

Thy way was in the sea, O God,
Through mighty waters, deep and broad;
None understood but God alone,
To man Thy footsteps were unknown;
But safe Thy people Thou didst keep,
Almighty Shepherd of Thy sheep.

PSALM 77. C. M. Selection.

I thought upon the days of old,
The years departed long;
I held communion with my heart,
By night recalled my song.

My heart inquired with anxious care,
Will God forever spurn?
Shall we no more His favor see?
Will mercy ne'er return?

Forever shall His promise fail?
Has God forgotten grace?
Has He withdrawn His tender love,
In anger hid His face?

These doubts are my infirmity,
My thoughts at once reply;
I call back years of God's right hand,
The years of God Most High.

I will commemorate, O Lord,
Thy wondrous deeds of old,
And meditate upon Thy works
Of power and grace untold.

O God, most holy is Thy way,
Most perfect, good, and right;
Thou art the only living God,
The God of wondrous might.

PSALM 78. 10S and 11S.

My people give ear, attend to my word;
In parables new deep truths shall be heard:
The wonderful story our fathers made known
To children succeeding by us must be shown.

Instructing our sons we gladly record
The praises, the works, the might of the Lord,
For He hath commanded that what He hath done
Be passed in tradition from father to son.

Let children thus learn from history's light
To hope in our God and walk in His sight,
The God of their fathers to fear and obey,
And ne'er like their fathers to turn from His way.

The story be told, to warn and restrain,
Of hearts that were hard, rebellious, and vain,
Of soldiers who faltered when battle was near,
Who kept not God's covenant nor walked in His fear.

God's wonderful works to them He had shown,
His marvelous deeds their fathers had known;
He made for their pathway the waters divide,
His glorious pillar of cloud was their guide.

He gave them to drink, relieving their thirst,
And forth from the rock caused water to burst;
Yet faithless they tempted their God, and they said,
Can He Who gave water supply us with bread?

Jehovah was wroth because they forgot
To hope in their God, and trusted Him not;
Yet gracious, He opened the doors of the sky
And rained down the manna in richest supply.

With bread from on high their need He supplied,
And more did He do when thankless they sighed;
The strong winds commanding from south and from east,
He sent them abundance of quail for their feast.

Though well they were filled, their folly they chose,
Till God in His wrath o'erwhelmed them with woes;
He slew of their strongest and smote their young men,
But still unbelieving they sinned even then.

Because of their sin He smote with His rod,
And then they returned and sought for their God;
Their Rock and Redeemer was God the Most High,
Yet false were their praises, their promise a lie.

Not right with their God in heart and in will,
They faithlessly broke His covenant still;
But He, in compassion, reluctant to slay,
Forgave them and oft turned His anger away.

His pity was great, though often they sinned,
For they were but flesh, a swift passing wind;
Yet though His compassion and grace they beheld,
They tempted and grieved Him and often rebelled.

They limited God, the Most Holy One,
And hindered the work His grace had begun;
The hand that was mighty to save they forgot,
The day of redemption remembering not.

Ungrateful and blind, no longer they thought
Of wonders and signs and mighty deeds wrought,
Of how all the rivers of Egypt ran red,
And plagues in God's anger were heaped on their head.

They thought not of how, their freedom to gain,
In Egypt's abodes the first-born were slain,
And how all God's people were led forth like sheep,
The flock He delighted in safety to keep.

Unharm'd through the sea, where perished their foe,
He caused them with ease and safety to go;
His holy land gaining, in peace they were brought
To dwell in the mountain the Lord's hand had bought.

He gave them the land, a heritage fair;
The nations that dwelt in wickedness there
He drove out before them with great overthrow,
And gave to His people the tents of the foe.

Again they rebelled and tempted the Lord,
Unfaithful they turned to idols abhorred;
And God in His anger withdrew from them then,
No longer delighting to dwell among men.

He gave them to death in battle, although
His glory and strength were scorned by the foe;
Their young men were fallen, their maidens unwed,
Their priests slain in battle, none wept for the dead.

Then mercy awoke, the Lord in His might
Returned, and the foes were scattered in flight;
Again to His people His favor He showed,
And chose in Mount Zion to fix His abode.

His servant He called, a shepherd of sheep,
From tending his flock, the people to keep;
So David, their shepherd, with wisdom and might
Protected and fed them and led them aright.

PSALM 78. C. M. Selection.

O come, my people, to my law
Attentively give ear;
With willing heart and teachable
The words of wisdom hear.

My mouth shall speak in parables
Of hidden truths of old,
Which, handed down from age to age,
To us our fathers told.

We will not from their children hide
Jehovah's worthy praise,
But tell the greatness of His strength,
His wondrous works and ways.

A testimony and a law
The Lord our God decreed,
And bade our fathers teach their sons,
That they His ways might heed.

He willed that each succeeding race
His deeds might learn and know,
That children's children to their sons
Might all these wonders show.

Let children learn God's righteous ways
And on Him stay their heart,
That they may not forget His works
Nor from His ways depart.

PSALM 79. 8s and 7s.

In Thy heritage the heathen
Now, O God, triumphant stand;
They defile Thy holy temple,
They destroy Thy chosen land.
Ruthless, they have slain Thy servants,
They have caused Thy saints to mourn;
In the sight of all about us
We endure reproach and scorn.

O how long against Thy people
Shall Thine anger burn, O Lord?
On Thine enemies, the heathen,
Be Thine indignation poured.
Smite the kingdoms that defy Thee,
Calling not upon Thy Name;
They have long devoured Thy people
And have swept Thy land with flame.

O remember not against us
Evil by our fathers wrought;
Haste to help us in Thy mercy;
Near to ruin we are brought.
Help us, God of our salvation,
For the glory of Thy Name;
For Thy Name's sake come and save us,
Take away our sin and shame.

Let Thy foes no longer scorn Thee ;
Now avenge Thy servants slain ;
Loose the prisoner, save the dying,
All Thine enemies restrain.
Then Thy flock, Thy chosen people,
Unto Thee their thanks shall raise,
And to every generation
We will sing Thy glorious praise.

PSALM 79. S. M. Selection.

Remember not, O God,
The sins of long ago ;
In tender mercy visit us,
Distressed and humbled low.

O Lord, our Saviour, help,
And glorify Thy Name ;
Deliver us from all our sins
And take away our shame.

In Thy compassion hear
Thy prisoners' plaintive sigh,
And in the greatness of Thy power
Save those about to die.

Then, safe within Thy fold,
We will exalt Thy Name ;
Our thankful hearts with songs of joy
Thy goodness will proclaim.

PSALM 80. 10s.

O Thou great Shepherd of Thy chosen race,
Who ledest like a flock Thine Israel dear,
From out the cherubim reveal Thy face,
Before our host now let Thy might appear.
Come Thou, O God, to save us and restore ;
We shall be saved when shines Thy face once more.

How long, O Lord, wilt Thou disdain our prayer ?
For Thou hast fed us with the bread of tears,
And bitter sorrow Thou hast made us share ;
The nations round us mock with scornful jeers.
O God of Hosts, Thy people now restore ;
We shall be saved when shines Thy face once more.

A vine Thou broughtest forth from Egypt's land ;
The nations were thrust out to give it room.
It took deep root ; it spread on every hand ;
The hills were covered with its shade and bloom.
Its boughs were like great cedars spreading wide ;
They reached the sea, its roots the river side.

Why hast Thou broken down its circling wall
That they may pluck who pass along the way?
Wild beasts from out the wood destroy it all
And feed upon Thy vine by night and day.
O God of Hosts, we pray Thee now restore;
We shall be saved when shines Thy face once more.

Look down, behold and visit this Thy vine
Which Thou hast planted with Thine own right hand,
The branch Thou madest strong and owned it Thine,
For it is burned with fire, no more to stand.
Thy people perish in Thine anger sore
Because Thy face now shines on them no more.

O let Thy hand Thy chosen one sustain,
The son of man Thou madest strong to be;
So we shall faithful to Thy cause remain.
Revive Thou us, and we will call on Thee.
Jehovah, God of Hosts, again restore;
We shall be saved when shines Thy face once more.

PSALM 80. 115.

Great Shepherd Who ledest Thy people in love,
'Mid cherubim dwelling, shine Thou from above;
In might come and save us, Thy people restore,
And we shall be saved when Thy face shines once more.

O haste, Lord, to hear us and pity our woes,
Affliction our portion, despised by our foes;
O Lord God Almighty, in mercy restore,
And we shall be saved when Thy face shines once more.

A place for Thy people Thou, Lord, didst prepare;
Thy vine deeply rooted rewarded Thy care;
Its branches like cedars, majestic and free,
Spread over the mountains from river to sea.

Thy vineyard no longer Thy tender care knows,
Defenseless, the victim and spoil of her foes.
O turn, we beseech Thee, all glory is Thine,
Look down in Thy mercy and visit Thy vine

The branch of Thy planting is burned and cut down,
Brought nigh to destruction because of Thy frown;
The man of Thy right hand with wisdom endue,
The son of man strengthen Thy pleasure to do.

When Thou shalt revive us Thy Name we will praise,
And nevermore, turning, depart from Thy ways;
O Lord God Almighty, in mercy restore,
And we shall be saved when Thy face shines once more.

PSALM 81. 8s and 7s.

Now to God, our Strength and Saviour,
Render praise and loudly sing;
In our fathers' God rejoicing,
All your noblest music bring.

Let the trumpet, far resounding,
This our festal day proclaim,
By our fathers' God appointed,
When from bondage Israel came.

I, Thy God, removed thy burdens,
When thou calledst, set thee free,
Proved thee in the thirsty desert,
In the thunder answered thee.

O My people, hear My pleadings;
O that thou wouldst hearken now;
No strange worship shalt thou offer,
Nor to idols shalt thou bow.

I am God the Lord Who saved thee,
And from cruel bondage freed;
Open wide thy mouth of longing;
I will satisfy thy need.

But My people would not hearken,
Yea, they would not yield to Me;
So I left them in their blindness,
Their own counselors to be.

If My people would obey Me,
Gladly walking in My ways,
Soon would I, their foes subduing,
Fill their lips with songs of praise.

All the haters of Jelovah
Shall His clemency implore,
And the days of those that love Him
Shall endure forevermore.

Yea, with wheat the very finest
I their hunger will supply,
Bid the very rocks yield honey
That shall fully satisfy.

PSALM 82. 7s and 6s.

Where'er His creatures gather
The unseen God is near.
Let rulers fear their Ruler,
Their Judge let judges fear.

How long, ye earthly judges,
Will ye pervert the right?
How long shall wicked persons
Have favor in your sight?

Do justice for the helpless,
The orphan's cause maintain,
Defend the poor and needy,
Oppressed and wronged for gain.

When rulers walk in darkness,
When judges truth forsake,
The corner-stones are crumbled,
The firm foundations shake.

The Most High God has called you
And set you up on high,
But ye to Him must answer,
For ye like men must die.

Arise, O God Eternal,
Thou Judge of all the earth;
Through all Thy ransomed nations,
Come, send Thy justice forth.

PSALM 83. C. M.

O God, no longer hold Thy peace,
No longer silent be;
Thine enemies lift up their head
To fight Thy saints and Thee.

Against Thine own, whom Thou dost love,
Their craft Thy foes employ;
They think to cut Thy people off,
Thy Church they would destroy.

Thine ancient foes, conspiring still,
With one consent agree;
And they who with Thy people strive
Make war, O God, with Thee.

O God, Who in our fathers' time
Didst smite our foes and Thine,
So smite Thine enemies to-day
Who in their pride combine.

Make them like dust and stubble blown
Before the whirlwind dire;
In terror driven before the storm
Of Thy consuming fire.

Confound them in their sin till they
To Thee for pardon fly,
Till in dismay they trembling own
That Thou art God Most High.

PSALM 84. C. M.

How dear to me, O Lord of Hosts,
The place where Thou dost dwell;
The tabernacles of Thy grace
In pleasantness excel.
My spirit longs, yea, even faints,
Thy sacred courts to see;
My thirsting heart and flesh cry out,
O living God, for Thee.

Beneath Thy care the sparrow finds
A place of peaceful rest;
Where she may safely lay her young
The swallow finds a nest;
Then, Lord of Hosts, my King, my God,
Thy love will shelter me:
Beneath Thine altar's peaceful shade
My dwelling-place shall be.

Blest they who dwell within Thy house;
Their perfect strength Thou art;
Their joyful praise shall never cease;
Thy ways are in their heart.
Their tears of grief, like early rain,
Sweet springs of joy shall fill;
With strength renewed they journey safe
To Zion's holy hill.

O Lord of Hosts, to Thee I cry,
Our fathers' God, to Thee;
Let my petition reach Thine ear,
My prayer accepted be.
O God our Shield, look Thou on us,
Reveal Thyself in grace,
And let Thine own anointed one
Behold Thee face to face.

A single day within Thy courts,
Where I Thy beauty see,
Is better than a thousand days,
My God, apart from Thee.
A lowly station in Thy house
Were dearer to my heart
Than in the tents of wickedness
To claim the chiefest part.

A sun and shield is God, the Lord,
To lighten and defend;
The Lord to such as look to Him
Will grace and glory send.
To those that walk in righteousness
No good will He deny;
O Lord of Hosts, how blest are they
Who on Thy grace rely.

PSALM 84. 7s and 6s.

O Lord of Hosts, how lovely
Thy tabernacles are;
For them my heart is yearning
In banishment afar,
My soul is longing, fainting,
Thy sacred courts to see;
My heart and flesh are crying,
O living God, for Thee.

Beneath Thy care the sparrow
Finds place for peaceful rest;
To keep her young in safety
The swallow finds a nest;
Then, Lord, my King Almighty,
Thy love will shelter me;
Beside Thy holy altar
My dwelling-place shall be.

Blest they who dwell in Zion,
Whose joy and strength Thou art;
Forever they will praise Thee;
Thy ways are in their heart.
Though tried, their tears like showers
Shall fill the springs of peace,
And all the way to Zion
Their strength shall still increase.

Lord God of Hosts, in mercy
My supplication hear;
Almighty and all faithful,
Our fathers' God, give ear.
Our shield and great defender,
No longer hide Thy face,
But look upon Thy servant,
Anointed by Thy grace.

In Thy blest courts to worship,
My God, a single day
Is better than a thousand
While far from Thee I stray.
Though in a lowly station,
The service of my Lord
I choose above all pleasures
That sinful ways afford.

A sun and shield forever
Is God, the Lord Most High;
To those who walk uprightly
No good will He deny;
His saints, His grace receiving,
Shall soon His glory see.
O Lord of Hosts, most blessed
Are they that trust in Thee.

PSALM 84. L. M.

How lovely, Lord of Hosts, to me
The tabernacles of Thy grace;
O how I long, yea, faint to see
Thy hallowed courts, Thy dwelling-place;
For Thee my flesh and spirit sigh,
For Thee, O living God, I cry.

The sparrow has her place of rest;
The swallow, through Thy kindly care,
Has found where she may build her nest
And brood her young in safety there.
Thine altars as my rest I sing,
O Lord of Hosts, my God, my King.

Blest they who in Thy house abide;
They still to Thee shall render praise;
Blest they who in Thy strength confide,
And in whose hearts are Zion's ways;
Though passing through the vale of tears,
Like springs of joy Thy grace appears.

Advancing still from strength to strength,
They onward go where saints have trod,
Till every one appears at length
In Zion's courts before his God.
Jehovah, God of Hosts, give ear;
Our fathers' God, in mercy hear.

Upon us look, O God, our shield;
The face of Thine anointed see;
A thousand other days can yield
No gladness like one day with Thee;
Though only at Thy door I wait,
No tents of sin give joy so great.

Jehovah, God our Shield and Sun,
Will grace and glory surely give;
No good will He withhold from one
Who in His sight shall rightly live.
O Lord of Hosts, most blest is he
Who puts his steadfast trust in Thee.

PSALM 85. L. M.

Lord, Thou hast greatly blessed our land,
Thou hast brought back our captive band,
Thy pardoning grace has made us free
And covered our iniquity.

O Thou, Who in a former day
Didst turn Thy dreadful wrath away,
In grace Thy people, Lord, return,
And let Thy wrath no longer burn.

O will Thine anger never cease,
Forever shall Thy wrath increase?
Revive and quicken us once more,
And Thy salvation's joy restore.

To us Thy mercy now afford
And show us Thy salvation, Lord;
Yea, Thou wilt answer us in peace,
If from our folly we will cease.

The Lord's salvation will appear
To men of faith and godly fear;
And glory in our land shall dwell
When we shall heed God's precepts well.

Now truth agrees with mercy mild,
Now law and peace are reconciled;
Behold the truth from earth arise,
With justice shining from the skies.

The Lord will send His blessing down,
And harvests all our land shall crown;
Before Him righteousness abides,
And in His steps our feet He guides.

PSALM 85. L. P. M.

Lord, Thou hast favor shown Thy land,
Restored again Thy captive band;
Thy people's sins Thou pardoned hast,
And all their guilt hast covered o'er,
Removed from them Thine anger sore,
All Thy fierce wrath behind Thee cast.

In grace Thy people, Lord, return,
Nor longer let Thine anger burn.
Wilt Thou forever angry be?
Through ages shall Thy wrath survive?
Wilt Thou not us again revive,
That so we may rejoice in Thee?

O Lord, to us Thy mercy show,
And Thy salvation now bestow;
We wait to hear what God will say.
Peace to His people He will speak,
And to His saints, but let them seek
No more in folly's path to stray.

His saving help is surely near
To those His holy Name that fear;
Thus glory dwells in all our land.
Now heavenly truth unites with grace,
And righteousness and peace embrace;
In full accord they ever stand.

Truth springing forth the earth shall crown,
And righteousness from heaven look down,
And God on us His goodness shed.
Our land shall then with plenty flow ;
Before Him righteousness shall go,
And cause us in His steps to tread.

PSALM 86. L. M.

I.

Bow down Thine ear, O Lord, and hear,
For I am poor and great my need ;
Preserve my soul, for Thee I fear ;
O God, Thy trusting servant heed.

O Lord, be merciful to me,
For all the day to Thee I cry ;
Rejoice Thy servant, for to Thee
I lift my soul, O Lord Most High.

For Thou, O Lord, art good and kind,
And ready to forgive Thou art ;
Abundant mercy they shall find
Who call on Thee with all their heart.

O Lord, incline Thine ear to me
My voice of supplication heed ;
In trouble I will cry to Thee,
For Thou wilt answer when I plead.

There is no God but Thee alone,
Nor works like Thine, O Lord Most High ;
All nations shall surround Thy throne
And their Creator glorify.

In all Thy deeds how great Thou art !
Thou one true God, Thy way make clear ;
Teach me with undivided heart
To trust Thy truth, Thy Name to fear.

II.

O Lord my God, my joyful heart
Will give Thee praise for evermore ;
For rich in grace to me Thou art,
My soul from death Thou didst restore.

O God, the proud against me rise,
The wicked who delight in strife ;
They set not Thee before their eyes,
They seek to take away my life.

In Thee, O Lord, all grace is found,
Thy people shall Thy mercy know;
Thy truth and goodness still abound,
To wrath and anger Thou art slow.

In mercy turn and look on me,
Thy servant true, Thy chosen one;
Let me Thy great salvation see,
And strengthen me my course to run.

Some token of Thy love bestow,
Which they who hate me now may see;
Let all, O Lord, be brought to know
That Thou dost help and comfort me.

PSALM 86. 6s and 4s.

Lord, my petition heed,
Now help me in my need,
My Saviour be.
I am Thy servant, Lord,
My trust is in Thy word,
Mercy to me afford,
I cry to Thee.

Comfort Thy servant now,
While at Thy throne I bow,
For Thou art love.
Thy pardoning grace is free;
Sinners who call on Thee
Thy tender mercy see,
O God above.

Lord, hear me while I pray,
While now in trouble's day
I seek Thy face.
To answer, Lord, is Thine;
Thou only art divine,
Most bright Thy glories shine,
O God of grace.

By all whom Thou hast made
Be praise and worship paid
Through earth abroad.
Thy Name be glorified;
There is none great beside;
Matchless Thy works abide,
For Thou art God,

Help me Thy will to do,
Thy truth I will pursue,
Teach me to fear.
Give me the single eye
Thy Name to glorify,
O Lord, my God Most High,
With heart sincere.

How great Thy love appears
That bade death's gloomy fears
No more dismay.
O God, to anger slow,
Save me from every foe,
Thy loving-kindness show,
Thy truth display.

Show me Thy mercy true,
Thy servant's strength renew,
Deliverance send.
To me Thy goodness show,
Thy comfort, Lord, bestow;
Let those that hate me know
Thou art my friend.

PSALM 87. 8s, 7s and 4s.

Zion, founded on the mountains,
God, thy Maker, loves thee well;
He has chosen thee, most precious,
He delights in thee to dwell;
God's own city,
Who can all thy glory tell!

Heathen lands and hostile peoples
Soon shall come the Lord to know;
Nations born again in Zion
Shall the Lord's salvation show;
God Almighty
Shall on Zion strength bestow.

When the Lord shall count the nations,
Sons and daughters He shall see,
Born to endless life in Zion,
And their joyful song shall be,
"Blessed Zion,
All our fountains are in thee."

PSALM 87. 7s.

Zion, on the holy hills,
God, thy Maker, loves thee well;
All thy courts His presence fills,
He delights in thee to dwell.

Wondrous shall Thy glory be,
City blest of God, the Lord;
Nations shall be born in thee,
Unto life from death restored.

When the Lord the names shall write
Of thy sons, a countless throng,
God Most High will thee requite,
He Himself will make thee strong.

Then in song and joyful mirth
Shall thy ransomed sons agree,
Singing forth throughout the earth,
"All my fountains are in thee."

PSALM 88. 8s and 7s.

Lord, the God of my salvation,
Day and night I cry to Thee;
Let my prayer now find acceptance,
In Thy mercy answer me.

Full of troubles and affliction,
Nigh to death my soul is brought,
Helpless, like one cast forever
From Thy care and from Thy thought.

Thou hast brought me down to darkness,
'Neath Thy wrath I am oppressed;
All the billows of affliction
Overwhelm my soul distressed.

Thou hast made my friends despise me,
And companionless I go,
Bound, and helpless in my bondage,
Pining in my bitter woe.

Unto Thee with hands uplifted
Daily I direct my cry;
Hear, O Lord, my supplication,
Hear and save me e'er I die.

Wilt Thou wait to show Thy wonders
And Thy mercy to the dead?
Let me live to tell Thy praises,
By Thy loving-kindness led.

Still, O Lord, renewed each morning
Unto Thee my prayer shall be;
Cast me not away forever,
Let me now Thy favor see.

All my life is spent in sorrow,
Grief and terror always nigh;
Waves of wrath have surged about me;
Show Thy mercy e'er I die.

Friend and lover are departed,
Dark and lonely is my way;
Lord, be Thou my friend and helper,
Still to Thee, O Lord, I pray.

PSALM 89. L. M.

My song forever shall record
The tender mercies of the Lord;
Thy faithfulness will I proclaim,
And every age shall know Thy Name.

I sing of mercies that endure,
Forever builded firm and sure,
Of faithfulness that never dies,
Established changeless in the skies.

Behold God's truth and grace displayed,
For He has faithful covenant made,
And He has sworn that David's son
Shall ever sit upon his throne.

The heavens shall join in glad accord
To praise Thy wondrous works, O Lord;
Thy faithfulness shall praise command
Where holy ones assembled stand.

Who in the heavenly dwellings fair
Can with the Lord Himself compare?
Or who among the mighty shares
The likeness that Jehovah bears?

With fear and reverence at His feet
God's holy ones in council meet;
Yea, more than all about His throne
Must He be feared and He alone.

O Thou Jehovah, God of Hosts,
What mighty one Thy likeness boasts?
In all Thy works and vast designs
Thy faithfulness forever shines.

The swelling sea obeys Thy will,
Its angry waves Thy voice can still;
Thy mighty enemies are slain,
Thy foes resist Thy power in vain.

The heavens and earth, by right divine,
The world and all therein, are Thine;
The whole creation's wondrous frame
Proclaims its Maker's glorious Name.

Almighty God, Thy lofty throne
Has justice for its corner-stone;
And shining bright before Thy face
Are truth and love and boundless grace.

With blessing is the nation crowned
Whose people know the joyful sound;
They in the light, O Lord, shall live,
The light Thy face and favor give.

Thy Name with gladness they confess,
Exalted in Thy righteousness;
Their fame and might to Thee belong,
For in Thy favor they are strong.

All glory unto God we yield,
Jehovah is our help and shield;
All praise and honor we will bring
To Israel's Holy One, our King.

In vision to His saints God spake:
From out the people one I take
A mighty leader, true and brave,
Ordained, exalted, strong to save.

My chosen servant I appoint,
With holy oil his head anoint;
My hand with him shall still remain,
My arm his strength shall well sustain.

No enemy shall him affright,
His adversaries I will smite,
My faithfulness to him will prove,
And nevermore My grace remove.

Yea, he shall triumph in My Name,
And great shall be his power and fame;
From sea to sea his mighty hand
Shall hold dominion o'er the land.

Thou art my Father, he shall cry,
My God, my rock of refuge high;
My firstborn son shall he be owned,
Above the kings of earth enthroned.

For him My mercy shall endure,
My covenant made with him is sure;
His throne and race I will maintain
Forever, while the heavens remain.

Should sons of his my laws forsake,
My just commands and statutes break,
Then, though My rod their sins reprove,
My mercy I will not remove.

Though they be chastened sore and tried,
My faithfulness shall yet abide;
My plighted word I will not break,
Nor change the promise that I spake.

My oath is steadfast, ever sure,
My servant's race shall still endure;
His throne forever firm shall stay
When sun and moon have passed away.

On Thine anointed wrath is poured
As if Thy covenant were abhorred;
Thou hast profaned his kingly crown,
His matchless strength is broken down.

He is reproached and spoiled of all,
His enemies upon him fall;
His beauty is consumed away,
Forgotten is his kingly sway.

Cut off in youth, his sacred name
Is covered now with deepest shame;
How long, O Lord, shall wrath abide,
Thy face forever wilt Thou hide?

Think on my life! O Lord, take thought!
Hast Thou created man for nought?
What man that lives has power to save
His soul from death, and from the grave?

Where are Thy mercies which of old
Were in Thy promises foretold?
Remember, Lord, the bitter shame
Heaped on Thine own anointed's name.

Blest be the Lord forevermore,
Whose promise stands from days of yore.
His word is faithful now as then;
Blest be His Name. Amen, Amen.

PSALM 90. L. M.

Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place
Through all the ages of our race;
Before the mountains had their birth,
Or ever Thou hadst formed the earth,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To everlasting our abode.

At Thy command man fades and dies
And newborn generations rise;
A thousand years are passed away,
And all to Thee are but a day;
Yea, like the watches of the night,
With Thee the ages wing their flight.

Man soon yields up his fleeting breath
Before the swelling tide of death;
Like transient sleep his seasons pass;
His life is like the tender grass,
Luxuriant 'neath the morning sun,
And withered e'er the day is done.

Man in Thine anger is consumed,
And unto grief and sorrow doomed;
Before Thy clear and searching sight
Our secret sins are brought to light;
Beneath Thy wrath we pine and die,
Our life expiring like a sigh.

For three-score years and ten we wait,
Or four-score years if strength be great;
But grief and toil attend life's day,
And soon our spirits fly away.
O who with true and reverent thought
Can fear Thine anger as he ought?

O teach Thou us to count our days
And set our hearts on wisdom's ways;
Turn, Lord, to us in our distress,
In pity now Thy servants bless;
Let mercy's dawn dispel our night,
And all our day with joy be bright.

O send the day of joy and light,
For 'long has' been our sorrow's night;
Afflicted through the weary years,
We wait until Thy help appears;
With us and with our sons abide,
In us let God be glorified.

So let there be on us bestowed
The beauty of the Lord our God;
The work accomplished by our hand
Establish Thou, and make it stand;
Yea, let our hopeful labor be
Established evermore by Thee.

PSALM 90. 8s and 7s.

Lord, through all the generations
Of the children of our race,
In our fears and tribulations,
Thou hast been our dwelling-place.

E'er the vast and wide creation
By Thy word was caused to be,
Or the mountains held their station,
Thou art God eternally.

Each succeeding generation
At Thy mighty word appears;
Thou dost count in time's duration
One day as a thousand years.

Death, with swift and sudden warning,
Calls us from life's dream away,
Like the grass, green in the morning,
Withered e'er the close of day.

In Thy wrath our spirits languish,
Sinful 'neath Thy searching eye;
All our days are passed in anguish,
In Thy wrath we pine and die.

Three-score years and ten we tarry,
Four-score years the strong may stay,
Long the load of grief to carry,
Till at last we fly away.

Who can weigh Thy just displeasure,
Who can fear Thee as he ought?
Teach us now our days to measure
And to wisdom turn our thought.

Lord, return, regard our sadness,
With Thy servants now abide;
Fill our days with joy and gladness,
With Thy mercy satisfied.

Long the clouds of evil lower;
Bless us now with gladsome days;
Let Thy servants see Thy power,
Let their children learn Thy praise.

On us let the grace and beauty
Of the Lord our God remain;
Strengthen us for noble duty
That our work be not in vain.

PSALM 90. C. M. Selection.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard, while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

PSALM 91. L. M.

The man who once has found abode
Within the secret place of God
Shall with Almighty God abide,
And in His shadow safely hide.

I of the Lord my God will say,
He is my refuge and my stay;
To Him for safety I will flee,
In Him my constant trust shall be.

The Lord with His protecting care
Shall keep thee from the hidden snare;
When fearful plagues around prevail
Thy life the scourge shall not assail.

Thou shalt beneath His wings abide
And safe within His care confide;
His faithfulness shall ever be
A sure protection unto thee.

No nightly terrors shall alarm,
No deadly shaft by day shall harm,
Nor pestilence that walks by night,
Nor plagues that waste in noon-day light.

At thy right hand though thousands die,
No harm shall unto thee come nigh;
But thou secure, unharmed, shalt see
What wicked men's reward shall be.

Because thy trust is God alone,
Thy refuge is the Highest One,
No evil shall upon thee come,
Nor plague approach thy guarded home.

Angelic guards at His commands
Will bear thee safely in their hands,
Will keep thee, lest, if left alone,
Thou dash thy foot against a stone.

Though fierce and treacherous foes assail,
Their power and wrath shall not prevail;
Their cruel strength, their venom'd spite,
Thou shalt o'ercome with conquering might.

Because on Me he set his love,
I will his constant Saviour prove,
And since to him My Name is known,
I will exalt him as Mine own.

As oft as he shall call on Me,
Most gracious shall Mine answer be;
I will be with him in distress,
And in his trouble I will bless.

Complete deliverance I will give,
And honor him while he shall live;
Abundant life I will bestow,
To him My full salvation show.

PSALM 92. L. M.

How good it is to thank the Lord,
And praise to Thee, Most High, accord,
To show Thy love with morning light,
And tell Thy faithfulness each night;
Yea, good it is Thy praise to sing,
And all our sweetest music bring.

O Lord, with joy my heart expands
Before the wonders of Thy hands;
Great works, Jehovah, Thou hast wrought,
Exceeding deep Thine every thought;
A foolish man knows not their worth,
Nor he whose mind is of the earth.

When as the grass the wicked grow,
When sinners flourish here below,
Then is there endless ruin nigh,
But Thou, O Lord, art throned on high;
Thy foes shall fall before Thy might,
The wicked shall be put to flight.

Thou, Lord, hast high exalted me
With royal strength and dignity;
With Thine anointing I am blest,
Thy grace and favor on me rest;
I thus exult o'er all my foes,
O'er all that would my cause oppose.

The righteous man shall flourish well
And in the house of God shall dwell;
He shall be like a goodly tree,
And all his life shall fruitful be;
For righteous is the Lord and just,
He is my Rock, in Him I trust.

PSALM 92. 8s and 7s. Selection.

It is good to sing Thy praises
And to thank Thee, O Most High,
Showing forth Thy loving-kindness
When the morning lights the sky.

It is good when night is falling
Of Thy faithfulness to tell,
While with sweet, melodious praises
Songs of adoration swell.

Thou hast filled my heart with gladness
Through the works Thy hands have wrought;
Thou hast made my life victorious;
Great Thy works, and deep Thy thought.

Thou, O Lord, on high exalted,
Reignest evermore in might;
All Thine enemies shall perish,
Sin be banished from Thy sight.

But the good shall live before Thee,
Planted in Thy dwelling-place,
Fruitful trees and ever verdant,
Nourished by Thy boundless grace.

In His goodness to the righteous
God His righteousness displays;
God my rock, my strength and refuge,
Just and true are all His ways.

PSALM 93. S. M.

Jehovah sits enthroned
In majesty most bright,
Apparelled in omnipotence,
And girded round with might.

The world established stands
On its foundations broad;
His throne is fixed, He reigns supreme,
The everlasting God.

The floods have lifted up
Their voice in majesty,
But mighty is the Lord our God
Above the raging sea.

Thy testimonies, Lord,
In faithfulness excel,
And holy must Thy servants be
Who in Thy temple dwell.

PSALM 94. L. M.

O Lord, Thou Judge of all the earth,
To Whom all vengeance doth belong,
Arise and show Thy glory forth,
Requite the proud, condemn the wrong.

How long, O Lord, in boastful pride
Shall wicked men triumphant stand?
How long shall they afflict Thy saints
And devastate Thy chosen land?

The widow and the fatherless
They slay, and helpless strangers smite;
The faithful God they do not fear,
They say the Lord will not requite.

Be wise, ye fools and brutish men!
Shall not He see Who formed the eye?
Shall not He hear Who formed the ear,
And judge, Who reigneth, God Most High?

The Lord will judge in righteousness,
From Him all truth and knowledge flow;
The foolish thoughts of wicked men,
How vain they are the Lord doth know.

That man is blest whom Thou, O Lord,
With chastening hand, dost teach Thy will,
For in the day when sinners fall
That man in peace abideth still.

The Lord will not cast off His own,
Nor His inheritance forsake;
Just judgment shall at length prevail,
And upright hearts shall courage take.

Who will arise for my defense
Against the wicked in the land?
Against iniquity and wrong
What man for me will valiant stand?

Unless the Lord had been my help,
My life had quickly passed away;
But when my foot had almost slipped,
O Lord, Thy mercy was my stay.

Amid the doubts that fill my mind
Thy comforts, Lord, bring joy to me.
Can wickedness, though throned in might,
Have fellowship, O Lord, with Thee?

The wicked, in their might arrayed,
Against the righteous join their power,
But to the Lord I flee for help;
He is my refuge and my tower.

Our God, the refuge of His saints,
Will fight against iniquity;
Avenger of the innocent
The Lord omnipotent will be.

PSALM 95. L. M.

O come before the Lord, our King,
And in His presence let us sing;
Let us in glad and joyful lays
The Rock of our salvation praise;
Before Him come with thankful song,
In joyful psalms His praise prolong.

Almighty power the Lord maintains,
Exalted over all He reigns;
He holds the valleys in His hand,
He makes the mighty mountains stand;
To Him belong both land and sea,
Creator of the world is He.

O come and let us worship now,
Before our Maker let us bow;
We are His sheep and He our God,
He feeds our souls in pastures broad;
He safely leads us in the way;
O come and heed His voice today.

Take heed and harden not your heart
As did your fathers, nor depart
From God to follow in their ways;
For with complaints instead of praise,
With doubt instead of faith confessed,
They put His mercy to the test.

Take heed that ye provoke Him not
As did your fathers, who forgot,
With erring heart, God's holy ways
And grieved Him all their sinful days;
To whom in wrath Jehovah sware,
My promised rest they shall not share.

PSALM 95. 8s and 7s.

Now with joyful exultation
Let us sing Jehovah's praise,
To the Rock of our salvation
Loud hosannas let us raise.
Thankful tribute gladly bringing,
Let us come before Him now,
And, with psalms His praises singing,
Joyful in His presence bow.

For, how great a God, and glorious,
Is Jehovah Whom we sing;
Over idol-gods victorious,
Great is He, our God and King.
In His hand are earth's deep places,
His the strength of all the hills,
His the sea whose bounds He traces,
His the land His bounty fills.

To the Lord, such might revealing,
Let us come with reverence meet,
And, before our Maker kneeling,
Let us worship at His feet.
He is our own God and leads us,
We the people of His care;
With a shepherd's hand He feeds us
As His flock in pastures fair.

While He proffers peace and pardon
Let us hear His voice to-day,
Lest, if we our hearts should harden,
We should perish in the way;
Lest to us, so unbelieving,
He in righteous wrath shall sware:
Ye, so long My Spirit grieving,
Never in My rest can share.

PSALM 95. C. M. Selection.

O come and to Jehovah sing,
To Him our voices raise;
Let us in our most joyful songs
The Lord our Saviour praise.

Before His presence let us come
With praise and thankful voice;
Let us sing psalms to Him with grace,
With grateful hearts rejoice.

Jehovah is a mighty King,
Above all gods His throne;
The depths of earth are in His hand,
The mountains are His own.

To Him the spacious sea belongs,
He made its waves and tides;
And by His hand the rising land
Was formed, and still abides.

O come, and bowing down to Him
Our worship let us bring;
Yea, let us kneel before the Lord,
Our Maker and our King.

PSALM 96. C. M.

O sing a new song to the Lord,
Sing all the earth to God;
In daily praises bless His Name
And tell His grace abroad.
Among the nations far and wide
His glory celebrate;
To all the peoples of the earth
His wondrous works relate.

The Lord is great above all gods;
Let glad hosannas rise.
The heathen gods are idols vain;
Jehovah made the skies.
Great honor is before His face,
And majesty divine;
Within His holy dwelling-place
Both strength and beauty shine.

Let all the peoples of the earth
Give glory to the Lord,
Give Him the glory due His Name
And strength to Him accord.
With offerings come ye to His courts,
In holy beauty bow;
Let all the earth with reverence come
And serve Jehovah now.

To all the nations of the earth
The blessed tidings bring;
Tell all the world Jehovah reigns,
The universal King.
The world shall therefore stand unmoved,
Established by His might;
And just is He, to judge the wrong
And vindicate the right.

Let heaven and earth and sounding sea
To Him glad tribute bring;
Let field and wood and all therein
Before Jehovah sing;
For, lo, He comes to judge the earth,
And all the world shall see
His everlasting faithfulness,
His truth and equity.

PSALM 96. L. M.

O sing a new song to the Lord,
Sing all the earth and bless His Name;
From day to day His praise record,
The Lord's redeeming grace proclaim.

Tell all the world His wondrous ways,
Tell heathen nations far and near;
Great is the Lord, and great His praise,
And Him alone let nations fear.

The heathen gods are idols vain;
The shining heavens the Lord supports;
Both light and honor lead His train,
While strength and beauty fill His courts.

Let every tongue and every tribe
Give to the Lord due praise and sing;
All glory unto Him ascribe;
Come, throng His courts, and offerings bring.

O fear and bow, adorned with grace,
And tell each land that God is King;
The earth He established in its place,
And justice to the world will bring.

Let heaven be glad, let earth rejoice,
The teeming sea resound with praise;
Let waving fields lift high their voice,
And all the trees their anthems raise.

So let them shout before our God,
For lo, He comes, He comes with might,
To wield the sceptre and the rod,
To judge the world with truth and right.

PSALM 96. 11, 10, 11, 9.

Sing, all the earth to God, sing to Jehovah;
New be your song as new honors ye pay;
Sing of His majesty, bless Him forever;
Show His salvation from day to day.

Tell of His wondrous works, tell of His glory,
Till through the nations His Name is revered;
Praise and exalt Him, for He is almighty;
God over all let the Lord be feared.

Vain are the heathen gods, idols and helpless;
God made the heavens, and His glory they tell;
Honor and majesty shine out before Him,
Beauty and strength in His temple dwell.

Give unto God Most High glory and honor,
Come with your offerings and humbly draw near;
In holy beauty now worship Jehovah,
Tremble before Him with godly fear.

Make all the nations know God reigns forever;
Earth is established as He did decree;
Righteous and just is the King of the nations,
Judging the people with equity.

Let heaven and earth be glad; waves of the ocean,
Forest and field, exultation express;
For God is coming, the Judge of the nations,
Coming to judge in His righteousness.

PSALM 97. L. M.

Jehovah reigns; let earth be glad
And all the isles their joy make known;
With clouds and darkness He is clad,
On truth and justice rests His throne.

Consuming fire destroys His foes,
Around the world His lightnings blaze;
The trembling earth His presence knows,
The mountains melt before His gaze.

The heavens His righteousness proclaim,
Through earth His glory shines abroad;
From idol-worship turn with shame
And bow before the living God.

Thy Church rejoices to behold
Thy judgments in the earth, O Lord;
Thy glory to the world unfold,
Supreme o'er all be Thou adored.

All ye that truly love the Lord,
Hate sin, for He is just and pure;
To saints His help He will accord
And keep them in His love secure.

For good men light and joy are sown
To bless them in the harvest time;
Ye saints, your joy in God make known
And ever praise His Name sublime.

PSALM 98. 8s and 7s.

Sing a new song to Jehovah
For the wonders He hath wrought;
His right hand and arm most holy
Triumph to His cause have brought.

In His love and tender mercy
He hath made salvation known;
In the sight of every nation
He His righteousness hath shown.

Truth and mercy toward His people
He hath ever kept in mind,
And His full and free salvation
He hath shown to all mankind.

Sing, O earth, sing to Jehovah,
Praises to Jehovah sing;
With the swelling notes of music
Shout before the Lord, the King.

Seas with all your fulness thunder;
All earth's peoples now rejoice;
Floods and hills in praise uniting
To the Lord lift up your voice.

For behold Jehovah cometh,
Robed in justice and in might;
He alone will judge the nations,
And His judgment shall be right.

PSALM 98. 6s and 5s.

Unto God Almighty
Sing a joyful song;
Wondrous are His doings,
For His arm is strong.

He has wrought salvation,
He has made it known,
And before the nations
Is His justice shown.

He remembers mercy,
Faithful to His own,
And our God's salvation
All the earth has known.

Joyful, all ye people,
Sing before the Lord;
Shout and sing His praises
Now in glad accord.

With the harp and trumpet
Joyful praises bring;
Come, rejoice before Him,
God, the Lord, your King.

Waves of mighty ocean,
Earth with fulness stored,
Floods and fields and mountains,
Sing before the Lord.

For He comes with justice,
Evil to redress,
And to judge the nations
In His righteousness.

PSALM 98. L. M.

Come, let us sing before the Lord
New songs of praise with sweet accord;
For wonders great by Him are done,
His mighty arm has victory won.

The great salvation of our God
Is seen through all the earth abroad;
Before the nations' wondering sight
He has revealed His truth and right.

He called to mind the truth and grace
Bestowed upon His chosen race,
And unto earth's remotest bound
Glad tidings of salvation sound.

All lands, to God lift up your voice,
Sing praise to Him, with shouts rejoice;
With voice of joy and loud acclaim
Let all unite and praise His Name.

Praise ye the Lord with harp and song,
With voice of psalms His praise prolong;
In swelling chorus gladly sing
And shout before the Lord the King.

Let earth be glad, let ocean roar,
And praises sound from shore to shore;
Let floods and hills with glad accord
Show forth their joy before the Lord.

For, lo, He comes; at His command
All nations shall in judgment stand;
In justice robed, and throned in light,
The Lord shall judge, dispensing right.

PSALM 99. C. M.

Jehovah reigns in majesty :
Let all the nations quake.
He dwells between the cherubim :
Let earth's foundations shake.
Supreme in Zion is the Lord,
Exalted gloriously.
Ye nations, praise His Name with awe :
The Holy One is He.

The mighty King loves justice well,
And equity ordains ;
He rules His people righteously
And faithfulness maintains.
O magnify the Lord our God,
Let Him exalted be ;
In worship at His footstool bow :
The Holy One is He.

When priests and prophets called on God,
He their petitions heard ;
His cloudy pillar led them on,
And they obeyed His word.
Though sending judgments for their sins,
He pardoned graciously.
Exalt the Lord and worship Him :
The Holy One is He.

PSALM 99. 12, 13, 12, 10.

God is King forever : let the nations tremble !
Throned above the cherubim, by all the earth adored ;
He is great in Zion, high above all peoples ;
Praise Him with fear, for holy is the Lord.

Merciful as mighty He delights in justice,
For He reigns in righteousness and rules in equity ;
Worship and exalt Him, bowing down before Him :
Perfect in power and holiness is He.

Holy men of old in Him alone confided ;
He forgave their sins, although they felt His chastening rod ;
In His holy temple worship and adore Him :
Faithful and holy is the Lord our God.

PSALM 99. S. M. Selection.

Jehovah reigns supreme :
Let nations tremble now.
He dwells between the cherubim :
Let earth before Him bow.

The Lord in Zion reigns
O'er all the earth abroad ;
Ye nations, praise His glorious Name,
For holy is our God.

The King Almighty lives
Just judgment to maintain;
He rules His people righteously,
And makes His justice plain.

Exalt ye now the Lord,
Our God in praises laud,
And at His footstool worship Him,
For holy is our God.

PSALM 100. L. M.

All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

O enter then His gates with joy,
Within His courts His praise proclaim;
Let thankful songs your tongues employ,
O bless and magnify His Name.

Because the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

PSALM 100. 8s.

All people that dwell on the earth,
Your songs to Jehovah now raise;
Come, serve Him with gladness and joy,
Approach Him with anthems of praise.

Know ye that Jehovah is God,
Our Sovereign and Maker is He;
His people, forever His own,
The sheep of His pasture are we.

With thankfulness enter His gates,
His praise in His temple proclaim;
Your voices in thanksgiving raise,
And bless ye His glorious Name.

For gracious and good is the Lord;
His mercy to us never ends;
His faithfulness, true to His word,
Through ages unending extends.

PSALM 100. C. M.

O make a joyful noise, ye lands,
And serve the Lord with fear;
With gladness wait His high commands,
And with a song draw near.

Know that the Lord is God alone;
He made us and will keep;
For His we are, and not our own,
His people and His sheep.

With glad thanksgiving throng His gates,
His goodness to proclaim;
Within His courts, where mercy waits,
Give thanks and bless His Name.

For He is good, and time shall prove
His mercies ever sure;
And while the ages onward move
His truth shall still endure.

PSALM 101. 7s and 6s.

Of mercy and of justice
My thankful song shall be;
O Lord, in joyful praises
My song shall rise to Thee.

Within my house I purpose
To walk in wisdom's way;
O Lord, I need Thy presence;
How long wilt Thou delay?

On what is base and evil
I will not set my heart;
Transgressors' ways abhorring,
With them I take no part.

No froward man or evil
Shall my companion be;
I will not suffer slander
Or pride or treachery.

The faithful and the upright
Shall minister to me;
The lying and deceitful
My favor shall not see.

I will in daily judgment
All wickedness reward,
And cleanse from evil-doers
The city of the Lord.

PSALM 102. L. M.

Lord, hear my prayer, and let my cry
Have ready access unto Thee;
When in distress to Thee I fly,
O hide not Thou Thy face from me.

Attend, O Lord, to my desire;
O haste to answer when I pray;
For grief consumes my strength like fire,
My days as smoke pass swift away.

My heart is withered like the grass,
And I forget my daily bread;
In lonely grief my days I pass
And sad my thoughts upon my bed.

My foes reproach me all the day,
My drink is tears, my bread is grief;
For in Thy wrath I pine away,
My days are like a fading leaf.

Thou, O Jehovah, shalt endure,
Thy throne forever is the same;
And to all generations sure
Shall be Thy great memorial Name.

The time for Zion's help is near,
The time appointed in Thy love;
O let Thy gracious aid appear,
Look Thou in mercy from above.

O Lord, regard the prayer of those
Who love the walls of Zion well,
Whose hearts are heavy for her woes,
Who sad amid her ruins dwell.

Thy power and glory shall appear,
And Zion's walls shall be restored;
Then all the kings of earth shall fear
And heathen nations serve the Lord.

The Lord has heard and answered prayer
And saved His people in distress;
This to the coming age declare,
That they His holy Name may bless.

The Lord, exalted on His throne,
Looked down from heaven with pitying eye
To still the lowly captive's moan
And save His people doomed to die.

All men in Zion shall declare
His gracious Name with one accord,
When kings and nations gather there
To serve and worship God the Lord.

Before my journey is complete
My vigor fails, my years decline;
My God, O spare me, I entreat;
The days of life are wholly Thine.

O cut not short my life's brief day,
O Thou Whose years eternal run,
Thou Who didst earth's foundations lay,
Creator of the stars and sun.

The earth and heavens shall pass away,
Like vesture worn and laid aside,
But changeless Thou shall live for aye,
Thy years forever shall abide.

Thy servants' children shall remain
Forevermore before Thy face;
Enduring honor they shall gain,
Established ever in Thy grace.

PSALM 102. 7s. Selection.

Thou, O Lord, art God alone;
Everlasting is Thy throne;
Through the ages men shall sing
Praise to heaven's Eternal King.

Thou, enthroned above the skies,
Wilt for Zion's help arise;
Let Thy grace to her appear,
For the promised time is near.

If with love compassionate
We, Thy servants, mourn her state,
Wilt not Thou, O gracious Lord,
Help in Zion's need afford?

Lord, Thy glory shall appear,
Kings and nations then shall fear;
And Thy Name shall be adored
When Thy Zion is restored.

This all ages shall record
For the glory of the Lord:
Thou dost hear the humble prayer,
For the helpless Thou dost care.

Thou eternal art, and great,
Heaven and earth Thou didst create;
Heaven and earth shall pass away,
Changeless Thou shalt live for aye.

As one lays a garment by,
Thou wilt change the starry sky
Like a vesture worn and old,
But Thy years shall ne'er be told.

Thou wilt make Thy servants' race
Ever live before Thy face,
And forever at Thy side
Children's children shall abide.

PSALM 103. C. M.

O praise and bless the Lord, my soul,
His wondrous love proclaim;
Join heart and voice and all my powers
To bless His holy Name.

O praise and bless the Lord, my soul,
And ever thankful be;
Forget not all the benefits
He has bestowed on thee.

He freely pardons all thy sins,
And He is strong to save;
He heals thy sickness, soothes thy pain,
And ransoms from the grave.

He crowns thee with His grace and love,
And, with His strength endued,
Thou mountest up with eagle's wings,
Thy joyous youth renewed.

The Lord will judge in righteousness
For all that are oppressed;
To all His saints His gracious acts
And ways are manifest.

The Lord is ever merciful,
And unto anger slow;
His loving-kindness and His grace
In rich abundance flow.

He will not chide forevermore,
He turns His wrath away;
He has not strictly marked our sins,
Our evil to repay.

As heaven is high above the earth,
So great His mercy proves;
As far from us as east from west
He all our sin removes.

The tender love a father has
For all his children dear,
Such love the Lord bestows on them
Who worship Him in fear.

The Lord remembers we are dust,
And all our frailty knows;
Man's days are like the tender grass,
And as the flower he grows.

The flower is withered by the wind
That smites with blighting breath;
So man is quickly swept away
Before the blast of death.

Unchanging is the love of God,
From age to age the same,
Displayed to all who do His will
And reverence His Name.

Those who His gracious covenant keep
The Lord will ever bless;
Their children's children shall rejoice
To see His righteousness.

Established in the highest heavens
The Lord has set His throne,
And over all His kingdom rules,
For He is God alone.

Ye angels that excel in strength,
Bless ye the Lord, your God;
Ordained to hear and do His will,
Proclaim His praise abroad.

Bless ye the Lord, all ye His hosts
That serve the Lord, your King,
And wait His pleasure to perform;
To Him your praises bring.

Bless ye the Lord, all ye His works
In His dominion broad,
And, never ceasing, O my soul,
Bless thou the Lord, thy God.

PSALM 103. 8s and 7s.

O my soul, bless thou Jehovah,
All within me bless His Name;
Bless Jehovah and forget not
All His mercies to proclaim.

He forgives all thy transgressions,
Heals thy sicknesses and pains;
He redeems thee from destruction,
And His love thy life sustains.

He with tender mercies crowns thee,
Satisfies thy full request,
So that like the tireless eagle
Thou with youth renewed art blessed.

Righteous is the Lord in judgment
Unto all that are oppressed;
To His people He has ever
Made His goodness manifest.

Yea, the Lord is full of mercy
And compassion for distress,
Slow to anger and abundant
In His grace and tenderness.

He will not be angry alway,
Nor will He forever chide;
Though we oft have sinned against Him,
Still His love and grace abide.

As the heavens are high above us,
Great His love to us has proved;
Far as east from west is distant,
He has all our sins removed.

As a father loves his children,
Feeling pity for their woes,
So the Lord to those who fear Him
Mercy and compassion shows.

Mindful of our human frailty
Is the God in Whom we trust;
He, Whose years are everlasting—
He remembers we are dust.

Man is like the tender flower,
And his days are like the grass,
Withered where it lately flourished
By the blighting winds that pass.

Changeless is Jehovah's mercy
Unto those who fear His Name,
From eternity abiding
To eternity the same.

All the faithful to His covenant
Shall behold His righteousness;
He will be their strength and refuge,
And their children's children bless.

In the heavens the Lord Almighty
Fixed His everlasting throne;
Over all is His dominion;
He is God, and He alone.

Bless the Lord, ye mighty angels,
Ye that hearken to His voice,
All His gracious word fulfilling;
Ever bless Him and rejoice.

Bless the Lord, all ye His servants,
Ministers of God Most High;
Ye His hosts, that do His pleasure,
God your Maker glorify.

Bless the Lord, all things created;
Be His holy Name adored
All throughout His wide dominion.
O my soul, bless thou the Lord.

PSALM 103. 118 and 108. Selection.

O come, my soul, bless thou the Lord thy Maker,
And all within me bless His holy Name;
Bless thou the Lord, forget not all His mercies,
His pardoning grace and saving love proclaim.

Good is the Lord and full of kind compassion,
Most slow to anger, plenteous in love;
Rich is His grace to all that humbly seek Him,
Boundless and endless as the heavens above.

His love is like a father's to his children,
Tender and kind to all who fear His Name,
For well He knows our weakness and our frailty,
He knows that we are dust, He knows our frame.

We fade and die like flowers that grow in beauty,
Like tender grass that soon will disappear;
But evermore the love of God is changeless,
Still shown to those who look to Him in fear.

High in the heavens His throne is fixed forever,
His kingdom rules o'er all from pole to pole;
Bless ye the Lord through all His wide dominion;
Bless His most holy Name, O thou my soul.

Bless Him, ye angels, wondrous in might,
Bless Him, His servants that in His will delight.

PSALM 104. 108 and 118.

My soul, bless the Lord! The Lord is most great;
With glory arrayed, majestic His state.
The light is His garment, the skies are His shade,
And over the waters His courts He has laid.

He rides on the clouds, the wings of the storm,
The lightning and wind His mission perform;
The earth He has founded her station to keep,
And wrapped as a vesture about her the deep.

O'er mountain and plain the dark waters raged;
His voice they obeyed; the floods were assuaged.
Uplifting the mountains He established a bound,
Forbidding the waters to cover the ground.

He causes the springs of water to flow,
In streams 'mid the hills and valleys below;
Beside them with singing the birds greet the day,
And there the beasts gather their thirst to allay.

He waters the hills with rain from the skies,
And plentiful grass and herbs He supplies,
Supplying the cattle, and blessing man's toil
With bread in abundance, with wine and with oil.

The trees which the Lord has planted are fed,
And over the earth their branches are spread;
They keep in their shelter the birds of the air;
The life of each creature the Lord makes His care.

The seasons are fixed by wisdom divine;
The slow changing moon shows forth God's design;
The sun in his circuit his Maker obeys,
And running his journey hastes not nor delays.

The Lord makes the night, when, leaving their lair,
The lions creep forth, God's bounty to share;
The Lord makes the morning, when beasts steal away
And men are beginning the work of the day.

How many and wise Thy works are, O Lord!
The earth with the wealth of wisdom is stored;
The sea bears in safety the ships to and fro,
And creatures unnumbered it shelters below.

Thy creatures all look to Thee for their food;
Thy hand opens wide: they gather the good;
Thy face Thou concealest: in anguish they yearn;
Their breath Thou withholdest: to dust they return.

Thy Spirit, O Lord, makes life to abound;
The earth is renewed, and fruitful the ground;
To God ascribe glory and wisdom and might;
Let God in His creatures forever delight.

Before the Lord's might earth trembles and quakes;
The mountains are rent, and smoke from them breaks;
The Lord I will worship through all of my days,
Yea, while I have being my God I will praise.

Rejoicing in God, my thought shall be sweet,
While sinners depart in ruin complete.
My soul, bless Jehovah, His Name be adored;
Come, praise Him, ye people, and worship the Lord.

PSALM 104. C. M. Selection.

O Lord, how manifold the works
In wisdom wrought by Thee;
The wealth of Thy creation fills
The earth and mighty sea.

Let God rejoice in all His works,
And let His works proclaim
Forevermore their Maker's praise
And glorify His Name.

While life shall last, my thankful lips
A song to God will raise;
And while my being I possess,
My Maker I will praise.

My heart shall think upon His grace
In meditation sweet;
My soul, rejoicing in the Lord,
His praises shall repeat.

PSALM 105. C. M.

O praise the Lord, His deeds make known,
And call upon His Name;
Sing ye to Him, His praises sing,
His wondrous works proclaim.

Let hearts rejoice that seek the Lord,
His holy Name adore;
Seek ye Jehovah and His strength,
Seek Him forevermore.

Ye children of God's covenant,
Who of His grace have heard,
Forget not all His wondrous deeds
And judgments of His word.

The Lord our God is God alone;
All lands His judgments know;
His promise He remembers still,
While generations go.

While yet our fathers were but few,
Sojourners in the land,
He sware that Canaan should be theirs,
And made His covenant stand.

He suffered none to do them wrong
In all their pilgrim way;
Yea, for their sake were kings reprov'd
And covered with dismay.

His stern command restrained their foes
And filled them with alarm:
Touch not Mine own anointed ones,
Nor do My prophets harm.

He wholly broke the staff of bread
And called for famine sore,
And He prepared His people's way
By sending one before.

Then Joseph, sold to slavery,
With cruel chains was bound ;
Till his prediction came to pass,
Distress and grief he found.

The king released him from his bonds
And made him rule the land,
Subjecting chiefs and senators
To his controlling hand.

To Egypt Israel followed then,
And there grew great and strong,
Until their friends became their foes
And did them grievous wrong.

God sent His servant Moses then,
And Aaron, whom He chose ;
Great signs and wonders they displayed
To terrify their foes.

In darkness they were taught to fear
God's great and holy Name :
On man and beast, on vine and field,
His awful judgment came.

He smote the first-born in the land,
The chief of all their strength,
Enriched His people with the spoil
And brought them forth at length.

He led them forth in health and strength,
None weak in all their band,
And Egypt, filled with fear, rejoiced
To see them leave the land.

He spread a cloud to cover them,
Most glorious and bright,
And made a fiery pillar shine
To give them light by night.

At their request He sent them quails,
And bread of heaven bestowed ;
And from the rock, to quench their thirst,
The living waters flowed.

His sacred word to Abraham
He kept, though waiting long,
And brought His chosen people forth
With joy and thankful song.

The lands and toil of wicked men
He gave them to possess,
That they might keep His holy laws.
Jehovah praise and bless.

PSALM 106. C. M.

Praise ye the Lord, for He is good;
Give thanks and bless His Name;
His loving-kindness changes not,
From age to age the same.

What tongue can tell His mighty deeds,
His wondrous works and ways?
O who can show His glory forth,
Or utter all His praise?

The Lord will bless and prosper those—
Yea, blest indeed are they—
Whose ways are just, who constantly
His righteous law obey.

O Lord, remember me in grace,
Let me salvation see;
The grace Thou showest to Thy saints,—
That grace reveal to me.

Let me behold Thy people's good
And in their joy rejoice;
With Thy triumphant heritage
Let me lift up my voice.

In evil we have gone astray,
And sinful is our race;
Rebelliously our fathers walked,
Forgetful of Thy grace.

Though they rebelled, yet for their help
In saving strength He came,
To make His power almighty known
And glorify His Name.

He brought them safely through the sea
And overwhelmed their foes;
Their faith was stirred, and for the time
Their songs of praise arose.

Forgetful soon, they tempted God,
Nor for His counsel cared;
He sent them leanness in their souls,
Whilst they earth's bounties shared.

With envy they regarded those
Whom God to them had sent;
The opening earth, the kindling flame,
Brought awful punishment.

A golden image they adored,
And worshiped at its shrine;
Thus they despised the living God
And scorned His love divine.

Their God and Saviour they forgot,
Their helper and their stay,
But Moses plead the promised grace
And turned God's wrath away.

Yea, they despised the pleasant land,
The promised land of God,
And tempted Him to make them fall
And scatter them abroad.

They sacrificed to heathen gods,
And God their sin repaid;
Then holy wrath avenged the wrong,
And so the plague was stayed.

The Lord approved the righteous act
Of him who sin abhorred,
And honored him forevermore
With just and great reward.

By wicked strife they angered God,
His wrath they did provoke;
And, stirred by their rebellious cries,
Their leader rashly spoke.

Esnared, they served the heathen gods,
And by them were beguiled;
The blood of children sacrificed
The very land defiled.

Against His own inheritance
Jehovah's wrath arose;
His chosen people He condemned
To serve their heathen foes.

Though from their harsh oppressors' hand
Ofttimes He set them free,
Rebellious still, they were brought low
In their iniquity.

When unto God they cried, He heard
And turned again His face,
In boundless love remembering
The covenant of His grace.

He even touched their captors' hearts,
And made their very foes
Compassionate and pitiful
To feel His people's woes.

Save us, O Lord, our gracious God,
From alien lands reclaim,
That we may triumph in Thy praise
And bless Thy holy Name.

Blessed be the Lord our covenant God,
All praise to Him accord;
Let all the people say, Amen.
Praise ye, praise ye the Lord.

PSALM 107. 7s.

I.

Praise the Lord, for He is good,
For His mercies ever sure
From eternity have stood,
To eternity endure.
Let His ransomed people raise
Songs to their Redeemer's praise.

From captivity released,
From the south and from the north,
From the west and from the east,
In His love He brought them forth,
Ransomed out of every land
From the adversary's hand.

Wandering in the wilderness,
Far they roamed the desert way,
Found no settled dwelling-place
Where in peace secure to stay,
Till with thirst and hunger pressed
Courage sank within their breast.

To Jehovah then they cried
In their trouble, and He saved;
He Himself became their guide,
Led them to the rest they craved
By a pathway straight and sure,
To a city strong, secure.

Sons of men, awake to praise
God the Lord Who reigns above,
Gracious in His works and ways,
Wondrous in redeeming love.
Longing souls He satisfies,
Hungry hearts with good supplies.

II.

Rebels, who had dared to show
Proud contempt of God Most High,
Bound in iron and in woe,
Shades of death and darkness nigh,
Humbled low with toil and pain,
Fell, and looked for help in vain.

To Jehovah then they cried
In their trouble, and He saved,
Threw the prison open wide
Where they lay to death enslaved,
Bade the gloomy shadows flee,
Broke their bonds and set them free.

Sons of men, awake to praise
God the Lord Who reigns above,
Gracious in His works and ways,
Wondrous in redeeming love.
Iron bars He breaks like clay,
And the brazen gates give way.

III.

Men who walk in folly's way,
And to evil turn aside,
Find that sorrow will repay
Those who wisdom's laws defied;
Down to death's dark portals led,
They abhor their daily bread.

To Jehovah then they cry
In their trouble, and He saves,
Sends compassionate reply,
Gives the health their spirit craves,
Rescues them with gracious aid
From the snares their folly laid.

Sons of men, awake to praise
God the Lord Who reigns above,
Gracious in His works and ways,
Wondrous in redeeming love.
Let them all thank-offerings bring,
Celebrate His deeds, and sing.

IV.

They that traffic on the sea,
While unceasing watch they keep,
See Jehovah's majesty
And His wonders in the deep;
For He bids the storm-wind fly,
Lifting ocean's waves on high.

By the billows heavenward tossed,
Down to dreadful depths again,
Troubled much, their courage lost,
Reeling, they like drunken men
Find their skill and power o'erthrown;
None can save but God alone.

To Jehovah then they cry
In their trouble, and He saves,
Drives the darkness from the sky,
Calms the storm and stills the waves,
Makes their sad forebodings cease,
To their haven guides in peace.

Sons of men, awake to praise
God the Lord Who reigns above,
Gracious in His works and ways,
Wondrous in redeeming love.
Praise Him where the people meet,
Praise Him in the elders' seat.

V.

Springs and streams no longer bless
All the dry and thirsty land;
Fertile fields in verdant dress
God converts to desert sand;
For that they who dwell therein
Turn to wickedness and sin.

Once again the waters well;
All the desert blossoms fair;
There He makes the hungry dwell,
There a city they prepare,
Plant their vines and sow their fields,
And the earth her increase yields.

Now He blesses them indeed:
They are greatly multiplied;
On the hills their cattle feed,
Fast increasing, spreading wide;
Then again they are brought low
Through oppression, grief, and woe.

His contempt the princes taste;
Driven out they helpless fly,
Wandering in the trackless waste;
But He lifts the needy high,
Where no evil shall annoy,
And with children gives him joy.

When His righteous judgments come,
Strong to bless and to destroy,
All iniquity is dumb,
All the righteous sing for joy.
Who Jehovah wisely heed,
In His works His mercy read.

PSALM 107. C. M. Selection.

O praise the Lord, for He is good,
His mercies still endure;
Thus let His ransomed testify,
From all their foes secure.

He has redeemed His captive saints
From adversaries' hands,
Has gathered them and brought them back
In peace from hostile lands.

They wandered in the wilderness,
By want and hunger pressed;
In trouble then they cried to God;
He saved their souls distressed.

He made the way before them plain,
Himself became their guide;
He brought them to a city strong
Wherein they might abide.

O praise the Lord, ye sons of men,
For all His goodness shown;
O praise Him for the wondrous works
To you He has made known.

The longing soul that turns to Him
He fully satisfies;
He fills with good each hungering one
That for His mercy cries.

PSALM 108. 6s and 4s.

My steadfast heart, O God,
Will sound Thy praise abroad
With tuneful string;
The dawn shall hear my song,
Thy praise I will prolong,
And where Thy people throng
Thanksgiving bring.

Thy truth and tender love
Are high as heaven above;
Thy help we crave.
Be Thou exalted high
Above the lofty sky;
Lest Thy beloved die,
O hear and save.

God's word shall surely stand;
His Name through every land
Shall be adored.
Lord, who shall lead our host?
Thine aid we covet most;
In Thee is all our boast,
Strong in the Lord.

PSALM 108. S. M.

My heart is fixed, O God,
A grateful song I raise;
Awake, O harp, in joyful strains;
Awake, my soul, to praise.

Among the nations, Lord,
To Thee my song shall rise;
Thy truth is great above the heavens,
Thy mercies reach the skies.

Above the heavens, O God,
And over all the earth,
Let men exalt Thy glorious Name
And tell Thy matchless worth.

Stretch forth Thy mighty hand
In answer to our prayer,
And let Thine own beloved ones
Thy great salvation share.

The holy God hath said,
All lands shall own My sway;
My people shall My glory share,
The heathen shall obey.

O who will lead our hosts
To triumph o'er the foe,
If Thou shalt cast us off, O God,
Nor with our armies go?

The help of man is vain;
Be Thou our helper, Lord;
Through Thee we shall do valiantly
If Thou Thine aid afford.

PSALM 109. L. M.

O God, Whom I delight to praise,
To Thee my cry for help I raise;
Be Thou my friend and advocate
When foes assail with bitter hate.

Against me slanderous words are flung
From many a false and lying tongue;
Without a cause men hurl at me
The shafts of deadly enmity.

My good with evil they repay,
My love turns not their hate away;
The part of vengeance, Lord, is Thine;
To pray, and only pray, is mine.

Since love appeals to him in vain,
The slave of sin let him remain;
Against him let his foe be turned,
His sin be judged, his prayer be spurned.

Let sudden death upon him break,
His office let another take,
His children and his widowed wife
Pursue the homeless beggar's life.

Let creditors consume his toil
And strangers make his wealth their spoil,
Let none in pity heed his claim,
Cut off his race, blot out his name.

His parents' sins be not forgot
Till Thou from earth his memory blot,
Since he remembered not to show
Compassion to the sons of woe.

He cursing loved and blessing loathed;
Unblest, with cursing he is clothed;
For thus the justice of the Lord
My adversaries will reward.

O God, the Lord, for Thy Name's sake
Let me of Thy good grace partake;
My need is great, and great Thou art
To heal my wounded, stricken heart.

With failing strength I fast and pine,
Like shadows swift my days decline,
And when my foes my weakness see
They shake the head in scorn at me.

O Lord my God, Thy help I crave;
In Thy great loving-kindness save;
Before my foes Thy mercy show;
That Thou dost help me make them know.

What though they curse, if Thou wilt bless?
Then joy shall banish my distress,
And shame shall overwhelm the foes
Who would Thy servant's way oppose.

Thanksgiving to the Lord I raise;
The multitude shall hear my praise;
For by the needy God will stand
To save them from oppression's hand.

PSALM 109. C. M. Selection.

O Lord my God, for Thy Name's sake
In mercy deal with me;
Because Thy kindness is so great,
From trouble set me free.

O Thou Who art my Lord and God,
Thy gracious help extend,
And for Thy loving-kindness' sake
O save me and defend.

My voice shall greatly bless the Lord
And sing His worthy praise,
And I amid the multitude
My thankful song will raise.

The Lord be praised, for ever near
The helpless poor He stands,
Protecting them with wondrous power
From their oppressors' hands.

PSALM 110. 8s and 7s.

The Lord unto His Christ hath said :
In glory I enthrone Thee
Till all Thy foes, in triumph led,
Their sovereign King shall own Thee.
From Zion shall Jehovah send
Thy scepter, till before Thee bend
The knees of proud rebellion.

Thy people will be gladly Thine
When Thou shalt come victorious
In holy beauty Thou shalt shine,
Like morning fair and glorious,
The word of God shall not depart :
The King of Righteousness Thou art,
A royal priest forever.

The Lord at Thy right hand shall smite
Earth's kings in indignation,
And He shall judge with sovereign right
Throughout His wide creation.
While living streams His strength sustain,
The Christ the victory shall gain,
Head over all exalted.

PSALM 110. C. M.

The Lord unto His Christ hath said :
Sit Thou at My right hand
Until I make Thine enemies
Submit to Thy command.

A scepter prospered by the Lord
Thy mighty hand shall wield ;
From Zion Thou shalt rule the world,
And all Thy foes shall yield.

Thy people will be gladly Thine
When Thou shalt come in might
Like dawning day, like hopeful youth,
With holy beauty bright.

A priesthood that shall never end
The Lord hath given Thee ;
This He hath sworn, and evermore
Fulfilled His word shall be.

Thou shalt subdue the kings of earth
With God at Thy right hand ;
The nations Thou shalt rule in might
And judge in every land.

The Christ, refreshed by living streams,
Shall neither faint nor fall,
And He shall be the glorious Head,
Exalted over all.

PSALM 111. L. M.

O give the Lord whole-hearted praise;
To Him thanksgiving I will bring;
With all His people I will raise
My voice and of His glory sing.

His saints delight to search and trace
His mighty works and wondrous ways;
Majestic glory, boundless grace
And righteousness His work displays.

The wondrous works that God has wrought
His people ever keep in mind,
His works with grace and mercy fraught,
Revealing that the Lord is kind.

God's promise shall forever stand;
He cares for those who trust His word;
Upon His saints His mighty hand
The wealth of nations has conferred.

His works are true and just indeed,
His precepts are forever sure;
In truth and righteousness decreed
They shall forevermore endure.

From Him His saints' redemption came;
His covenant sure no change can know;
Let all revere His holy Name,
In heaven above and earth below.

In reverence and in godly fear
Man finds the gate to wisdom's ways;
The wise His holy Name revere.
Through endless ages sound His praise.

PSALM 112. L. M.

How blest the man who fears the Lord
And greatly loves God's holy will;
His children share his great reward,
And blessings all their days shall fill.

Abounding wealth shall bless his home,
His righteousness shall still endure;
To him shall light arise in gloom,
For he is merciful and pure.

The man whose hand the weak befriends
In judgment shall his cause maintain;
A peace unmoved his life attends,
And long his memory shall remain.

Of evil tidings not afraid,
His trust is in the Lord alone;
His heart is steadfast, undismayed,
For he shall see his foes o'erthrown.

With kind remembrance of the poor,
For their distress his gifts provide;
His righteousness shall thus endure,
His name in honor shall abide.

To shame the wicked shall be brought,
While righteous men shall favor gain;
Unrighteous hopes shall come to naught;
Its due reward shall sin obtain.

PSALM 113. L. M.

Praise God, ye servants of the Lord,
Praise, praise His Name with one accord;
Bless ye the Lord, His Name adore
From this time forth forevermore.

From rising unto setting sun
Praised be the Lord, the Mighty One;
He reigns o'er all, supreme in might,
Above the heavens in glory bright.

On whom but God can we rely,
The Lord our God Who reigns on high,
Who condescends to see and know
The things of heaven and earth below?

He lifts the poor and makes them great,
With joy He fills the desolate.
Praise ye the Lord and bless His Name,
His mercy and His might proclaim.

PSALM 114. L. M.

When Israel out of Egypt went,
From people of a speech unknown,
The Lord among His people dwelt,
And there He set His royal throne.

The sea beheld and fled away,
The Jordan's waters backward turned;
The lofty mountains and the hills
With trembling awe our God discerned.

What aileth thee, O troubled sea?
Thou Jordan, why thy riven tide?
Ye mountains and ye little hills,
Why thus dismayed on every side?

O tremble, earth, before the Lord,
In presence of Jehovah fear,
Beneath Whose touch the flinty rock
Became a fount of waters clear.

PSALM 115. L. M.

Not unto us, O Lord of heaven,
But unto Thee be glory given;
In love and truth Thou dost fulfil
The counsels of Thy sovereign will.
Though nations fail Thy power to own,
Yet Thou dost reign, and Thou alone.

The idol gods of heathen lands
Are but the work of human hands;
They cannot see, they cannot speak,
Their ears are deaf, their hands are weak;
Like them shall be all those who hold
To gods of silver and of gold.

Let Israel trust in God alone,
The Lord Whose grace and power are known;
To Him your full allegiance yield,
And He will be your help and shield.
All those who fear Him God will bless:
His saints have proved His faithfulness.

All ye that fear Him and adore,
The Lord increase you more and more;
Both great and small who Him confess,
You and your children He will bless.
Yea, blest are ye of Him Who made
The heavens, and earth's foundations laid.

The heavens are God's since time began,
But He hath given the earth to man.
The dead praise not the living God,
But we will sound His praise abroad;
Yea, we will ever bless His Name.
Praise ye the Lord, His praise proclaim.

PSALM 115. C. M. Selection.

The Lord Who has remembered us
His blessing will bestow;
All those who fear His holy Name
His loving care shall know.

For small and great who fear His Name
The Lord has good in store;
Ye and your children, blest of God,
Shall prosper more and more.

The great Creator blesses you
With gifts of boundless worth;
The heavens He claims, but gives to man
Dominion in the earth.

The silent dead praise not the Lord,
The grave no song can raise;
But we will bless Him evermore.
Let all proclaim His praise.

PSALM 116. L. M.

I love the Lord, for my request
And humble plea He makes His care;
In Him through life my faith shall rest
For He both hears and answers prayer.

Brought nigh to death and full of grief,
The Lord's salvation I besought;
He heard my cry, He sent relief;
My soul from depths of woe He brought.

Most kind and righteous is the Lord;
Our God is merciful indeed,
Delighting ever to afford
His help to me in time of need.

Return unto thy rest, my soul;
The Lord has richly dealt with thee,
Delivered thee from death's control,
From sin and sorrow set thee free.

Since He has freed mine eyes from tears
And kept my feet from evil ways,
Redeemed from life's distressing fears,
With Him I walk, and Him I praise.

In my affliction and my pain,
When fears alarmed and hopes deceived,
I found all human helpers vain,
But in the Lord my soul believed.

What shall I render to the Lord
For all His benefits to me?
How shall my soul by grace restored
Give worthy thanks, O Lord, to Thee?

Salvation's cup of blessing now
I take, and call upon God's Name;
Before His saints I pay my vow
And here my gratitude proclaim.

His saints the Lord delights to save,
Their death is precious in His sight;
He has redeemed me from the grave,
And in His service I delight.

With thankful heart I offer now
My gift, and call upon God's Name;
Before His saints I pay my vow
And here my gratitude proclaim.

Within His house, the house of prayer,
I dedicate myself to God;
Let all His saints His grace declare
And join to sound His praise abroad.

PSALM 116. C. M.

I love the Lord Who heard my cry
And granted my request;
In Him Who hears and answers prayer
My trust through life shall rest.

With deadly sorrows compassed round,
My heart was full of grief;
Then to the Lord I made my prayer
That He would send relief.

The Lord is just and merciful,
And gracious to the meek;
He saved me when I cried to Him,
Though I was poor and weak.

Return unto thy rest, my soul,
No longer troubled be;
The Lord sustains thee, and has dealt
Most graciously with thee.

Before my Saviour I will live;
From death He saved my soul,
Mine eyes from tears, my feet from falls,
And He has made me whole.

In my affliction this I found,
That human help deceived;
But ever faithful was the Lord
In Whom my soul believed.

What shall I render to the Lord,
What shall my offering be,
For all the gracious benefits
He has bestowed on me?

Salvation's cup my soul will take
While to the Lord I pray,
And with His people I will meet,
My thankful vows to pay.

Not lightly does the Lord permit
His chosen saints to die;
From death Thou hast delivered me;
Thy servant, Lord, am I.

The sacrifice of praise I bring
While to the Lord I pray;
And with His people I will meet,
My thankful vows to pay.

Within His house, the house of prayer,
My soul shall bless the Lord;
And praises to His holy Name
Let all His saints accord.

PSALM 117. L. M.

With thankful voice praise ye the Lord,
Jehovah's praise in song record;
Yea, all ye people everywhere,
Jehovah's worthy praise declare.

For loving-kindness ever great
Toward us and all who on Him wait,
For truth to endless years the same,
Praise ye Jehovah's holy Name.

PSALM 117. 8s and 7s.

Praise Jehovah, all ye nations,
All ye people, praise proclaim;
For His grace and loving-kindness
O sing praises to His Name.

For the greatness of His mercy
Constant praise to Him accord;
Evermore His truth endureth;
Hallelujah, praise the Lord.

PSALM 117. 6s and 4s.

All men on earth that live,
To God all glory give;
Praise ye the Lord.
His loving-kindness bless,
His constant faithfulness
And changeless truth confess;
Praise ye the Lord.

PSALM 118. C. M.

O praise the Lord, for He is good;
Let all in heaven above
And all His saints on earth proclaim
His everlasting love.

In my distress I called on God;
In grace He answered me,
Removed my bonds, enlarged my place,
From trouble set me free.

The Lord with me, I will not fear
Though human might oppose;
The Lord my helper, I shall be
Triumphant o'er my foes.

No trust in men, or kings of men,
Can confidence afford;
But they are strong, and sure their trust,
Whose hope is in the Lord.

Though nations compass me about,
The swarming hosts of sin,
Yet in the Name of God the Lord
I shall the victory win.

The Lord hath helped and kept me safe
When foes were fierce and strong;
The Lord my Saviour is become,
He is my strength and song.

Salvation's joyful song is heard
Where'er the righteous dwell;
For them God's hand is strong to save
And doeth all things well.

I shall not die, but live and tell
The wonders of the Lord;
He hath not given my soul to death,
But chastened and restored.

The glorious gates of righteousness
Throw open unto me,
And I will enter them with praise,
O Lord, my God, to Thee.

This is Thy temple-gate, O Lord;
The just shall enter there.
My Saviour, I will give Thee thanks,
O Thou that hearest prayer.

The stone rejected and despised
Is now the corner-stone;
How wondrous are the ways of God,
Unfathomed and unknown!

In this the day that Thou hast made,
Triumphantly we sing;
Send now prosperity, O Lord,
O Lord, salvation bring.

Hosanna! Ever blest be He
That cometh in God's Name,
The blessing of Jehovah's house
Upon you we proclaim.

The light of joy to shine on us
The Lord our God hath made;
Now be the precious sacrifice
Upon His altar laid.

O Lord, my God, I praise Thy Name,
All other names above;
O give Him thanks, for He is good,
And boundless is His love.

PSALM 118. L. M. Selection.

Give thanks and praise to God above,
For everlasting is His love;
Praise Him, ye saints, your Saviour praise,
Forever good in all His ways.

Let all His servants tell abroad
The never-failing grace of God;
Let all who fear Jehovah's Name
His everlasting love proclaim.

In bondage of distress and grief
To God I cried, and sought relief;
In wondrous love He heard my plea
And set my soul at liberty.

Though foes assail I will not fear,
For at my side the Lord is near;
The Lord my helper, I shall win
The victory o'er the hosts of sin.

Who put their trust in God Most High
On everlasting strength rely;
Their confidence shall pass away
Who make the arm of flesh their stay.

Ye gates of peace and joy untold,
Ye gates of righteousness, unfold,
That I may enter in and raise
A song of thankfulness and praise.

Within Thy gates, O God of grace,
Thy saints shall find a dwelling-place;
My thanks and praise to Thee I bear,
My Saviour, Who hast heard my prayer.

What wondrous things the Lord hath wrought!
The stone the builders set at naught,
Established by no human hand,
The chiefest corner-stone doth stand.

In this the day the Lord hath made
To Him be joyful honors paid;
Let us Thy full salvation see;
O Lord, send now prosperity.

Hosanna! Praise to Him proclaim
Who cometh in Jehovah's Name!
May blessing from God's dwelling-place
Descend on us in boundless grace.

PSALM 119.

Part I. L. M.

How blest the perfect in the way
Who from God's law do not depart,
Who, holding fast the word of truth,
Seek Him with undivided heart.

Yea, they are kept from paths of sin
Who walk in God's appointed way;
Thy precepts Thou hast given us
That we should faithfully obey.

My wavering heart is now resolved
Thy holy statutes to fulfil;
No more shall I be brought to shame
When I regard Thy holy will.

To Thee my praise sincere shall rise
When I Thy righteous judgments learn;
Forsake me not, but be my guide,
And from Thy truth I will not turn.

Part II. L. M.

How shall the young direct their way?
What light shall be their perfect guide?
Thy word, O Lord, will safely lead,
If in its wisdom they confide.

Sincerely I have sought Thee, Lord;
O let me not from Thee depart;
To know Thy will and keep from sin
Thy word I cherish in my heart.

O blessed Lord, teach me Thy law;
Thy righteous judgments I declare;
Thy testimonies make me glad,
For they are wealth beyond compare.

Upon Thy precepts and Thy ways
My heart will meditate with awe;
Thy word shall be my chief delight,
And I will not forget Thy law.

Part III. C. M.

Thy servant, blest by Thee, shall live
And keep Thy word with awe;
Lord, open Thou mine eyes to see
The wonders of Thy law.

A pilgrim in the earth am I;
Thy will to me reveal;
To know Thy truth my spirit yearns,
Consumed with ardent zeal.

Thou dost rebuke the proud, O Lord,
Who hate Thy holy Name;
But since I keep Thy righteous law,
Deliver me from shame.

I on Thy statutes meditate,
Though evil men deride;
Thy faithful word is my delight,
My counselor and guide.

Part IV. C. M.

My grieving soul revive, O Lord,
According to Thy word;
To Thee my ways I have declared,
And Thou my prayer hast heard.

Teach me to know Thy holy way
And think upon Thy deeds;
In grief I ask for promised grace
According to my needs.

Keep me from falsehood; let Thy law
With me in grace abide;
The way of faithfulness I choose;
Thy precepts are my guide.

I cleave unto Thy truth, O Lord;
From shame deliver me;
In glad obedience I will live
Through strength bestowed by Thee.

Part V. L. M.

Teach me, O Lord, Thy way of truth,
And from it I will not depart;
That I may steadfastly obey,
Give me an understanding heart.

In Thy commandments make me walk,
For in Thy law my joy shall be;
Give me a heart that loves Thy will,
From discontent and envy free.

Turn Thou mine eyes from vanity,
And cause me in Thy ways to tread;
O let Thy servant prove Thy word
And thus to godly fear be led.

Turn Thou away reproach and fear;
Thy righteous judgments I confess;
To know Thy precepts I desire;
Revive me in Thy righteousness.

Part VI. C. M.

Thy promised mercies send to me,
Thy great salvation, Lord;
So shall I answer those who scoff;
My trust is in Thy word.

My hope is in Thy judgment, Lord;
Take not Thy truth from me,
And in Thy law forevermore
My daily walk shall be.

And I will walk at liberty
Because Thy truth I seek;
Thy truth before the kings of earth
With boldness I will speak.

The Lord's commands, which I have loved,
Shall still new joy impart;
With reverence I will hear Thy laws
And keep them in my heart.

Part VII. 8s and 7s.

Lord, Thy word to me remember;
Thou hast made me hope in Thee;
This my comfort in affliction
That Thy word hath quickened me.

Mocked by those who are unrighteous,
Still to Thy commands I cleave;
Thinking on Thy former judgments,
Help and comfort I receive.

Wicked men Thy law forsaking
Stirred my indignation strong,
For in all my pilgrim journey
Thy commandments are my song.

Thou hast been my meditation
And Thy law hath been my guide;
I have kept Thy righteous precepts
And have found them true and tried.

Part VIII. S. M.

Thou art my portion, Lord;
Thy words I ever heed;
With all my heart Thy grace I seek,
Thy promises I plead.

I thought upon my ways,
Thy testimonies learned;
With earnest haste, and waiting not,
To Thy commands I turned.

While snares beset my path,
Thy law I keep in view;
At midnight I will give Thee praise
For all Thy judgments true.

All those who fear Thy Name
Shall my companions be;
Thy mercy fills the earth, O Lord;
Thy statutes teach Thou me.

Part IX. 9s and 8s.

Thou, Lord, hast dealt well with Thy servant;
Thy promise is faithful and just;
Instruct me in judgment and knowledge,
For in Thy commandments I trust.

Before my affliction I wandered,
But now Thy good word I obey;
O Thou, Who art holy and gracious,
Now teach me Thy statutes, I pray.

The proud have assailed me with slander;
Thy precepts shall still be my guide;
Thy law is my joy and my treasure,
Though sinners may boast in their pride.

Affliction has been for my profit,
That I to Thy statutes might hold;
Thy law to my soul is more precious
Than thousands of silver and gold.

Part X. L. M.

Thou, Who didst make and fashion me,
O make me wise, Thy law to learn;
Then they that fear Thee shall be glad
When they my hope in God discern.

Thou, Lord, art just in all Thy ways,
And faithful when Thou chastenest me;
I pray Thee, let Thy promised grace
Thy servant's help and comfort be.

Show mercy, Lord, that I may live,
For in Thy law is all my joy;
While those who wrong me are rebuked,
Thy precepts shall my thought employ.

Let those that fear Thee turn to me;
Thy truth to them will I proclaim;
Instruct my heart to keep Thy law,
That I may not be put to shame.

Part XI. C. M.

My soul for Thy salvation faints,
But still I hope in Thee;
I long to see Thy promised help,
When Thou shalt comfort me.

Thy statutes I do not forget,
Though wasting grief I know;
Thy servant's days are few, O Lord;
When wilt Thou judge my foe?

The proud, disdainful of Thy law,
Entrap me wrongfully;
O Thou, Whose law is just and true,
Help and deliver me.

Almost consumed, yet from Thy law
I have not turned away;
In loving-kindness give me strength,
That I may still obey.

Part XII. L. M.

Forever settled in the heavens,
Thy word, O Lord, shall firmly stand;
Thy faithfulness shall never fail;
The earth abides at Thy command.

Thy word and works unmoved remain,
Thine every purpose to fulfil;
All things are Thine and Thee obey,
And all as servants wait Thy will.

I should have perished in my woe
Had not I loved Thy law divine;
That law I never can forget;
O save me, Lord, for I am Thine.

The wicked would destroy my soul,
But on Thy truth I muse with awe;
Imperfect I have found all else,
But boundless is Thy wondrous law.

Part XIII. 7s.

How I love Thy law, O Lord!
Daily joy its truths afford;
In its constant light I go,
Wise to conquer every foe.

Thy commandments in my heart
Truest wisdom can impart;
To mine eyes Thy precepts show
Wisdom more than sages know.

While my heart Thy word obeys,
I am kept from evil ways;
From Thy law, with Thee to guide,
I have never turned aside.

Sweeter are Thy words to me
Than all other good can be;
Safe I walk, Thy truth my light,
Hating falsehood, loving right.

Part XIV. L. M.

Thy word sheds light upon my path;
A shining light, it guides my feet;
Thy righteous judgments to observe
My solemn vow I now repeat.

In my distress I plead with Thee,
Send help according to Thy word;
Accept my sacrifice of praise
And make me know Thy judgments, Lord.

In danger oft and nigh to death,
Thy law remembered is my aid;
The wicked seek my overthrow,
Yet from Thy truth I have not strayed.

Thy precepts are my heritage,
For daily they my heart rejoice;
To keep Thy statutes faithfully
Shall ever be my willing choice.

Part XV. L. M.

Deceit and falsehood I abhor,
But love Thy law, Thy truth revealed;
My steadfast hope is in Thy word;
Thou art my refuge and my shield;
The paths of sin I have not trod,
But kept the precepts of my God.

According to Thy gracious word
Uphold me, Lord, deliver me;
O do not let me be ashamed
Of patient hope and trust in Thee;
O hold Thou me and I shall stand
And ever follow Thy command.

The froward Thou hast set at nought
Who vainly wander from the right;
The wicked Thou dost count as dross;
Thy just decrees are my delight.
For fear of Thee I stand in awe
And reverence Thy most holy law.

Part XVI. 8s and 7s.

I have followed truth and justice ;
Leave me not in deep distress ;
Be my help and my protection,
Let the proud no more oppress.

For Thy word and Thy salvation,
Lord, my eyes with longing fail ;
Teach Thy statutes to Thy servant,
Let Thy mercy now prevail.

I am Thine, O give me wisdom ;
Make me know Thy truth, I pray ;
Sinners have despised Thy statutes :
Now, O Lord, Thy power display.

Lord, I love Thy good commandments
And esteem them more than gold ;
All Thy precepts are most righteous :
Hating sin, to these I hold.

Part XVII. L. M.

Thy wondrous testimonies, Lord,
My soul will keep and greatly praise ;
Thy word, by faithful lips proclaimed,
To simplest minds the truth conveys.

I thirst for Thy commandments, Lord,
And for Thy mercy press my claim ;
O look on me, and show the grace
Displayed to all who love Thy Name.

Direct my footsteps in Thy word,
From sin's dominion save my soul,
From man's oppression set me free,
That I may yield to Thy control.

O make Thy face to shine on me,
And teach me all Thy laws to keep ;
Because Thy statutes are despised,
With overwhelming grief I weep.

Part XVIII. C. M.

O Lord, Thy perfect righteousness
Is in Thy judgments shown ;
In Thine unchanging faithfulness
Thy truth Thou hast made known.

Because Thy foes forget Thy law
My soul is greatly stirred ;
Thy servant loves the purity
Of Thy most holy word.

Though I am humble and despised,
I strive Thy will to do;
Eternal is Thy righteousness,
And all Thy law is true.

Delight amid distress and pain
Do Thy commandments give;
Thy word is righteous evermore;
Teach me that I may live.

Part XIX. S. M.

O Lord, my earnest cry
Thy listening ear has heard;
With Thy salvation answer me,
And I will keep Thy word.

At early dawn I prayed,
Thy promises my trust;
At night I thought upon Thy word
Most holy and most just.

O hear me in Thy grace,
In mercy quicken me;
The wicked plan to do me harm,
But they are far from Thee.

Thou, Lord, art near to me,
And true are Thy commands;
Of old Thy testimonies show
Thy truth eternal stands.

Part XX. L. M.

Regard my grief and rescue me,
For I do not forget Thy laws.
As Thou hast promised, save me, Lord;
Redeem my soul, and plead my cause.

Far is salvation from the men
Who do not seek Thy statutes, Lord.
Great are Thy mercies; quicken me
According to Thy holy word.

I bear the spite of many foes,
Yet from Thy law I do not swerve;
I saw the faithless and was grieved,
For they Thy word do not observe.

Behold how I Thy precepts love!
In kindness, Lord, revive Thou me;
The sum of all Thy word is truth;
Thy word abides eternally.

Part XXI. C. M.

Though mighty foes assail me, Lord,
I fear not them, but Thee;
As boundless wealth and priceless spoil,
Thy word rejoices me.

Deceit and falsehood I abhor,
But in Thy law delight;
Throughout the day I praise Thy Name,
For all Thy ways are right.

Great peace has he who loves Thy law,
Unmoved, he safely stands;
For Thy salvation I have hoped
And followed Thy commands.

Thy testimonies I have kept;
They are my chief delight;
Observant of Thy law and truth,
I walk before Thy sight.

Part XXII. L. M.

O let my supplicating cry
By Thee, my gracious Lord, be heard;
Give wisdom and deliver me
According to Thy faithful word.

Instructed in Thy holy law,
To praise Thy word I lift my voice;
O Lord, be Thou my present help,
For Thy commandments are my choice.

For Thy salvation I have longed,
And in Thy law is my delight;
Enrich my soul with life divine,
And help me by Thy judgments right.

Thy servant like a wandering sheep
Has lost the path and gone astray;
Restore my soul and lead me home,
For Thy commands I would obey.

PSALM 120. L. M.

I cried to God in my distress,
And by the Lord my prayer was heard;
O save me, Lord, from lying lips
And from the false, deceitful word.

What woe for falsehood can atone,
Or punish the deceitful tongue,
The tongue whose speech consumes like fire,
Whose words like deadly shafts are flung?

Alas for me, whose lot is cast
With those who find their joy in strife!
With those who hate the paths of peace
I long have dwelt and spent my life.

In thought and act I am for peace;
Peace I pursue and ever seek;
But those about me are for strife,
Though I in love and kindness speak.

PSALM 121. C. M.

I to the hills will lift mine eyes:
O whence shall come my aid?
My help is from the Lord alone,
Who heaven and earth has made.

He will not let thy foot be moved;
Thy guardian never sleeps;
With watchful and unslumbering care
His own He safely keeps.

Thy faithful keeper is the Lord,
Thy shelter and thy shade;
Neath sun or moon, by day or night,
Thou shalt not be afraid.

From evil He will keep thee safe,
For thee He will provide;
Thy going out, thy coming in,
Forever He will guide.

PSALM 121. 7s.

To the hills I lift mine eyes:
Whence shall help for me arise?
From the Lord shall come my aid,
Who the heaven and earth has made.

He will guide through dangers all,
Will not suffer thee to fall;
He Who safe His people keeps
Slumbers not and never sleeps.

Thy protector is the Lord,
Shade for thee He will afford;
Neither sun nor moon shall smite;
God shall guard by day and night.

He will ever keep thy soul,
What would harm He will control;
In the home and by the way
He will keep thee day by day.

PSALM 121. 10s and 4s.

Unto the hills around do I lift up
My longing eyes;
O whence for me shall my salvation come,
From whence arise?
From God the Lord doth come my certain aid,
From God the Lord Who heaven and earth hath made.

He will not suffer that thy foot be moved;
Safe shalt thou be.
No careless slumber shall His eyelids close
Who keepeth thee.
Behold He sleepeth not, He slumbereth ne'er,
Who keepeth Israel in His holy care.

Jehovah is Himself thy keeper true;
Thy changeless shade
Jehovah, evermore on thy right hand,
Himself hath made;
And thee no sun by day shall ever smite,
No moon shall harm thee in the silent night.

From every evil shall He keep thy soul,
From every sin:
Jehovah shall preserve thy going out,
Thy coming in.
Above thee watching, He Whom we adore
Shall keep thee henceforth, yea, for evermore.

PSALM 122. C. M.

With joy and gladness in my soul
I hear the call to prayer:
Let us go up to God's own house
And bow before Him there.

We stand within thy sacred walls,
O Zion, blest for aye,
Wherein the people of the Lord
United homage pay.

They come to learn Jehovah's will,
His mighty deeds to own;
For there is judgment's royal seat,
Messiah's kingly throne.

O pray that Zion may be blest
And have abundant peace;
For all that love thee in their hearts
Shall prosper and increase.

I pray the Lord that peace may still
Within thy walls abound,
And ever in thy palaces
Prosperity be found.

Yea, for the sake of friends and kin,
My heart desires thy peace;
And for the house of God the Lord
My care shall never cease.

PSALM 122. 105.

My heart was glad to hear the welcome sound,
The call to seek Jehovah's house of prayer;
Our feet are standing here on holy ground,
Within thy gates, thou city grand and fair.

God's people to Jerusalem repair
To hear His word and worship Him with praise;
The throne of justice stands eternal there,
Messiah's throne through endless length of days.

Let earnest prayer be made for Zion's peace;
Thy sons who hold thee dear shall prosper well;
May blessing in thy palaces increase
And peace within thy walls forever dwell.

For all my brethren and companions' sakes
My prayer shall be, Let peace in thee abide;
Since God the Lord in thee His dwelling makes,
To thee my love shall never be denied.

PSALM 122. L. M.

With joy I heard my friends exclaim,
Come, let us in God's temple meet;
Within thy gates, O Zion blest,
Shall ever stand our willing feet.

How beautiful doth Zion stand,
A city built compact and fair!
The people of the Lord unite
With joy and praise to worship there.

They come to learn the will of God,
To pay their vows, His grace to own;
For there is judgment's royal seat,
Messiah's sure and lasting throne.

For Zion's peace let prayer be made;
May all that love thee prosper well;
Within thy walls let peace abide,
And gladness with thy children dwell.

For sake of friends and kindred dear,
My heart's desire is Zion's peace;
And for the house of God, the Lord,
My loving care shall never cease.

PSALM 123. L. M.

To Thee, O Lord, I lift mine eyes,
O Thou enthroned above the skies ;
As servants watch their master's hand,
Or maidens by their mistress stand,
So to the Lord our eyes we raise
Until His mercy He displays.

O Lord, our God, Thy mercy show,
For man's contempt and scorn we know ;
Reproach and shame Thy saints endure
From wicked men who dwell secure ;
Man's proud contempt and scorn we know :
O Lord, our God, Thy mercy show.

PSALM 124. C. M.

Had not the Lord been Israel's help
When angry foes assailed,
Had not the Lord been on our side,
Our righteous cause had failed.

Without His help the waters proud
Had overwhelmed our soul,
But, praised be God, the waves of wrath
Are under His control.

We are escaped, as from the snare
A bird in safety flies ;
The snare is broken and our souls
In liberty arise.

Our help is in the glorious Name,
The Name of matchless worth,
Of Him to Whom all power belongs,
The Lord of heaven and earth.

PSALM 124. 10s.

Now Israel may say, and that in truth,
If that the Lord had not our right maintained,
If that the Lord had not with us remained,
When cruel men against us rose to strive,
We surely had been swallowed up alive.

Yea, when their wrath against us fiercely rose,
The swelling tide had o'er us spread its wave,
The raging stream had then become our grave,
The surging flood, in proudly swelling roll,
Most surely then had overwhelmed our soul.

Blest be the Lord Who made us not their prey ;
As from the snare a bird escapeth free,
Their net is rent and so escaped are we.
Our only help is in Jehovah's Name,
Who made the earth and all the heavenly frame.

PSALM 125. C. M.

Like Zion's steadfast mount are they
Who in the Lord confide;
Secure, immovable they stand,
Forever to abide.

As round about Jerusalem
The mountains give defense,
Jehovah is His people's guard,
Their lasting confidence.

No tyrant's scepter o'er the good
Shall undisturbed abide,
Lest righteous men, oppressed by wrong,
To evil turn aside.

O Thou Jehovah, to the good
Thy goodness now impart;
Thy loving-kindness show to them
That upright are in heart.

All those that turn from righteousness
With wayward, wandering feet,
With sinners God will lead them forth,
The sinner's doom to meet.

O Thou Who art Thy people's Shield,
Their Helper and their Guide,
Upon them let Thy grace and peace
Forevermore abide.

PSALM 125. 7s and 6s.

All who with heart confiding
Depend on God alone,
Like Zion's mount abiding,
Shall ne'er be overthrown.

Like Zion's city bounded
By guarding mountains broad,
His people are surrounded
Forever by their God.

No sceptre of oppression
Shall hold unbroken sway,
Lest unto base transgression
The righteous turn away.

Thy favor be imparted
To godly men, O Lord;
Bless all that are pure-hearted,
The good with good reward.

The men who falsehood cherish,
Forsaking truth and right,
With wicked men shall perish:
God will their sin requite.

From sin Thy saints defending,
Their joy, O Lord, increase
With mercy never ending
And everlasting peace.

PSALM 126. L. M.

When Zion in her low estate
Was brought from bondage by the Lord,
In ecstasy we sang for joy,
By grace and wondrous love restored.

The Lord in greatly blessing us
Before the world His power displays;
Yea, great things God has done for us,
And filled our hearts with joy and praise.

O Lord, refresh us by Thy grace,
Revive and quicken all our powers,
As failing streams are made to flow,
Replenished by abundant showers.

The sower bearing precious seed
May weep as in his toil he grieves,
But he shall come again with joy
In harvest time with golden sheaves.

PSALM 126. H. M.

When in His might the Lord
Arose to set us free,
And Zion was restored
From her captivity,
In transports then of joy and mirth
We praised the Lord of all the earth.

The nations saw with fear
The might of God displayed,
When He at last drew near
To give His people aid.
Great things for us the Lord has wrought,
And gladness to our hearts has brought.

Again refresh us, Lord,
With Thy reviving love,
And be Thy blessing poured
In mercy from above;
By grace revive our hearts again
As streams refreshed by copious rain.

Although with bitter tears
The sower bears his seed,
When harvest time appears
He shall be glad indeed;
For they that in the sowing weep
Shall yet in joy and gladness reap.

PSALM 127. L. M.

Unless the Lord the house shall build,
The weary builders toil in vain;
Unless the Lord the city shield,
The guards a useless watch maintain.

In vain you rise ere morning break,
And late your nightly vigils keep,
And of the bread of toil partake :
God gives to His beloved sleep.

Lo, children are a great reward,
A gift from God in very truth ;
With arrows is his quiver stored
Who joys in children of his youth.

And blest the man whose age is cheered
By stalwart sons and daughters fair ;
No enemies by him are feared,
No lack of love, no want of care.

PSALM 128. 8s and 7s.

Blest the man that fears Jehovah ;
Walking ever in His ways ;
By thy toil thou shalt be prospered
And be happy all thy days.

In thy wife thou shalt have gladness ;
She shall fill thy home with good,
Happy in her loving service
And the joys of motherhood.

Joyful children, sons and daughters,
Shall about thy table meet,
Olive plants, in strength and beauty,
Full of hope and promise sweet.

Lo, on him that fears Jehovah
Shall this blessedness attend,
For Jehovah out of Zion
Shall to thee His blessing send.

Thou shalt see God's kingdom prosper
All thy days, 'till life shall cease ;
Thou shalt see thy children's children.
On Thy people, Lord, be peace.

PSALM 129. L. M.

Through all the years, may Israel say,
My bitter foes have oft assailed,
Have sought my hurt in fierce array,
Yet over me have not prevailed.

Though scars of conflict and distress
Remain to tell of trials past,
Jehovah in His righteousness
Has safely brought us through at last.

The foes of Zion shall be brought
To hopeless flight and put to shame;
Their wicked plans shall come to nought
And all mankind forget their name.

To them no kindly friend shall say,
God bless you now and speed you well;
No grateful heart for them shall pray,
May God's rich blessing on you dwell.

PSALM 130. 10s and 4s.

From out the depths I cry, O Lord, to Thee;
Lord, hear my call!
I love Thee, Lord, for Thou dost heed my plea,
Forgiving all.
If Thou shouldst mark our sins, who then could stand?
But grace and mercy dwell at Thy right hand.

I wait for God, the Lord, and on His word
My hope relies;
My soul still waits and looks unto the Lord
Till light arise.
I look for Him to drive away my night,
Yea, more than watchmen look for morning light.

Hope in the Lord, ye waiting saints, and He
Will well provide,
For mercy and redemption full and free
With Him abide.
From sin and evil, mighty though they seem,
His arm almighty will His saints redeem.

PSALM 130. 8s and 7s.

From the depths do I invoke Thee:
Lord, to me incline Thine ear;
To my voice be Thou attentive,
And my supplication hear.

Lord, if Thou shouldst mark transgressions,
In Thy presence who shall stand?
But with Thee there is forgiveness,
That Thy Name may fear command.

For Jehovah I am waiting,
And my hope is in His word,
In His word of promise given;
Yea, my soul waits for the Lord.

For the Lord my soul is waiting
More than watchers in the night,
More than they for morning watching,
Watching for the morning light.

Hope in God, ye waiting people;
Mercies great with Him abound;
With the Lord a full redemption
From the guilt of sin is found.

PSALM 130. 8s and 4s.

From out the depths I cry to Thee:
O let Thine ear attentive be,
Hear Thou my supplicating plea,
Have mercy, Lord.

If marked by Thee our sin appeared,
Who, Lord, could stand in judgment cleared?
Forgiveness, that Thou mayst be feared,
There is with Thee.

I wait for Thee, my soul doth wait,
Thy word my hope in every strait;
None watch, O Lord, at morning's gate
As I for Thee.

O Israel, hope thou in the Lord;
His mercy will Thy faith reward;
He full redemption will accord
From all thy sin.

PSALM 130. 8, 5, 8, 3.

From the depths my prayer ascendeth
Unto God on high;
Hear, O Lord, my supplication
And my cry.

None can stand unscathed and blameless
In Thy judgment just,
But the contrite in Thy mercy
Humbly trust.

Lord, my hope is in Thy promise,
And I wait for Thee
More than they who watch for morning,
Light to see.

With the Lord is tender mercy,
And redeeming love:
Israel, look for full salvation
From above.

PSALM 131. S. M.

Not haughty is my heart,
Not lofty is my pride;
I do not seek to know the things
God's wisdom hath denied.

With child-like trust, O Lord,
In Thee I calmly rest,
Contented as a little child
Upon its mother's breast.

Ye people of the Lord,
In Him alone confide;
From this time forth and evermore
His wisdom be your guide.

PSALM 132. 8s and 7s.

Gracious Lord, remember David,
How he made Thy house his care,
How he vowed to seek no pleasure
Till Thy house he should prepare.
Lord, remember his devotion;
Restless in his courts he trod
Till he found a habitation
Fit for Israel's mighty God.

Far away God's ark was resting;
It is with His people now.
We will go into His temple,
At His footstool we will bow.
With the ark Thy might revealing,
Enter, Lord, into Thy rest;
Let Thy priests be clothed with justice,
Let Thy joyful saints be blest.

Let the king behold Thy favor
For Thy servant David's sake,
Unto whom in truth Thou swardst
And didst faithful promise make.
If his children keep Thy covenant
And Thy testimony own,
Then, as Thou, O Lord, hast promised,
They shall sit upon his throne.

Thou, the Lord, hast chosen Zion,
Thou hast ever loved her well:
This My resting-place forever,
Here, Thou sayst, I choose to dwell.
Surely I will bless and help her,
Feed her poor, her saints make glad,
And her priests shall stand before Me
In salvation's garments clad.

I will cause the might of David
Ever more and more to grow,
On the path of Mine Anointed
I will make a lamp to glow;
All His enemies shall perish,
I will cover them with shame,
But His crown shall ever flourish,
Blessed be His holy Name.

PSALM 132. L. M. Selection.

Arise, O Lord, our God, arise
And enter now into Thy rest;
O let this house be Thine abode,
Forever with Thy presence blest.

Thy gracious covenant, Lord, fulfil,
Turn not away from us Thy face;
Establish Thou Messiah's throne
And let Him reign within this place.

Thy Zion Thou hast chosen, Lord,
And Thou hast said, I love her well;
This is my constant resting-place,
And here will I delight to dwell.

I will abundantly provide
For Zion's good, the Lord hath said;
I will supply her daily need
And satisfy her poor with bread.

Salvation shall adorn her priests,
Her saints shall shout with joy divine,
Messiah's power shall be revealed,
His glory in His Church shall shine.

PSALM 133. C. M.

How pleasant and how good it is
When brethren in the Lord
In one another's joy delight
And dwell in sweet accord.

Such love is like anointing oil
In consecration poured;
Such love is like the morning dew,
With sweet refreshment stored.

To those who dwell in brotherhood
The Lord His blessing sends;
He crowns them with the crown of life,
Of life that never ends.

PSALM 133. C. P. M.

How good and pleasant is the sight
When brethren make it their delight
To dwell in blest accord;
Such love is like anointing oil
That consecrates for holy toil
The servants of the Lord.

Such love in peace and joy distils,
As o'er the slopes of Hermon's hills
Refreshing dew descends.
The Lord commands His blessing there,
And they that walk in love shall share
In life that never ends.

PSALM 133. 8s and 7s.

Behold, how pleasant and how good
That we, one Lord confessing,
Together dwell in brotherhood,
Our unity expressing.

'Tis like the oil on Aaron's head,
The seal of ordination,
That o'er his robes the sweetness shed
Of perfect consecration.

'Tis like the dew from Hermon fair
On Zion's hill descending:
The Lord commands His blessing there
In life that is unending.

PSALM 134. C. P. M.

Come, all ye servants of the Lord,
Lift up your voice with one accord
Jehovah's Name to bless.
Ye that are standing night by night
Within the house of His delight,
His glorious Name confess.

Yea, in His place of holiness
Lift up your hands the Lord to bless;
And unto you be given
The joys that Zion doth afford,
The richest blessing of the Lord
Who made the earth and heaven.

PSALM 135. 9s and 8s.

O praise ye the Name of Jehovah,
Proclaim ye His glory abroad;
O praise Him, ye servants appointed
To stand in the house of our God.

O praise ye the Lord for His goodness;
'Tis pleasant His praises to sing;
His people, His chosen and precious,
Your praises with gratitude bring.

I know that the Lord is almighty,
Supreme in dominion is He,
Performing His will and good pleasure
In heaven and in earth and the sea.

His hand guides the clouds in their courses,
His will makes the lightnings to shine;
The wind and the rain do His bidding,
Fulfilling His purpose divine.

To ransom His people from bondage
Great wonders and signs He displayed;
He smote all the first-born of Egypt,
Till Pharaoh made haste and obeyed.

Great nations and kings that opposed Him
Were smitten by God's mighty hand;
Their riches He gave to His people,
And made them inherit the land.

Thy Name shall abide, O Jehovah,
Through all generations renowned;
The Lord is the judge of His people,
His mercies forever abound.

Men's idols of gold and of silver
Can speak not, nor hearken, nor see;
Like them shall their makers be helpless
Unblest shall their worshipers be

Ye people who worship Jehovah,
His praises with gladness proclaim;
His servants, and all ye that fear Him,
Sing praise to His glorious Name.

O Church of our God, sing His praises,
For with you and in you He dwells
O sing Hallelujahs before Him,
Whose glory all praises excels.

PSALM 135. L. M. Selection.

Exalt the Lord, His praise proclaim;
All ye His servants, praise His Name,
Who in the Lord's house ever stand
And humbly serve at His command.

The Lord is good, His praise proclaim;
Since it is pleasant, praise His Name;
His people for His own He takes
And His peculiar treasure makes.

I know the Lord is high in state,
Above all gods our Lord is great;
The Lord performs what He decrees,
In heaven and earth, in depths and seas.

He makes the vapors to ascend
In clouds from earth's remotest end;
The lightnings flash at His command,
He holds the tempest in His hand.

Forever praise and bless His Name,
And in the Church His praise proclaim;
In Zion is His dwelling-place:
Praise ye the Lord, show forth His grace.

PSALM 136. 7s.

Praise Jehovah for His love,
God of gods, enthroned above;
Praise the mighty King of kings,
Who alone doth wondrous things:
For His mercy doth endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

God by wisdom framed the skies,
Made the earth from ocean rise,
Gave the sun by day for light,
Moon and stars to rule the night:
For His mercy doth endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

He made Egypt's greatness vain,
Caused their first-born to be slain,
Brought forth Israel from their land,
Stretching out His mighty hand:
For His mercy doth endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

God the sea asunder clave,
Brought His people through the wave,
Drowned their foes beneath the deep,
Through the desert led His sheep:
For His mercy doth endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Mighty kings of mighty name
He destroyed and put to shame,
Made their land a heritage
For His saints from age to age:
For His mercy doth endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

God remembered all our woe,
Rescued us from every foe,
Food to all doth He supply;
Praise the Lord enthroned on high:
For His mercy doth endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

PSALM 136. L. M. Selection.

O thank the Lord, the Lord of love,
O thank the God, all gods above:
His tender mercies ever sure
To all eternity endure.

O thank the mighty King of kings,
Whose arm has done such wondrous things:
His tender mercies ever sure
To all eternity endure.

His wisdom gave the heavens their birth,
And on the waters spread the earth:
His tender mercies ever sure
To all eternity endure.

He taught yon glorious lights their way,
He made the sun to rule the day:
His tender mercies ever sure
To all eternity endure.

He set the moon, with milder light,
And shining stars to rule the night:
His tender mercies ever sure
To all eternity endure.

He thought on us amid our woes,
And rescued us from all our foes:
His tender mercies ever sure
To all eternity endure.

Give thanks to heaven's Almighty King,
Who daily feeds each living thing:
His tender mercies ever sure
To all eternity endure.

PSALM 136. 8s and 7s. Selection.

Give thanks to God, for good is He;
His grace abideth ever;
To Him all praise and glory be;
His mercy faileth never.

His wondrous works with praise record;
His grace abideth ever,—
The only God, the sovereign Lord,
Whose mercy faileth never.

His wisdom made the heavens to be;
His grace abideth ever;
He spread the earth above the sea;
His mercy faileth never.

Praise Him Whose sun doth bring the day;
His grace abideth ever;
The moon and stars His might display,
Whose mercy faileth never.

He helped us in our deepest woes;
His grace abideth ever;
He ransomed us from all our foes;
His mercy faileth never.

Each creature's need He doth supply;
His grace abideth ever;
Give thanks to God, enthroned on high,
Whose mercy faileth never.

PSALM 137. L. M.

By Babel's streams we sat and wept,
For memory still to Zion clung;
The winds alone our harp-strings swept
That on the drooping willows hung.

There our rude captors, flushed with pride,
A song required to mock our wrongs;
Our spoilers called for mirth, and cried,
Come, sing us one of Zion's songs.

Not songs but sighs to us belong
When Zion's walls in ruin lie;
How shall we sing Jehovah's song
While in an alien land we die?

O Zion fair, God's holy hill,
Wherein our God delights to dwell,
Let my right hand forget her skill
If I forget to love thee well.

If I do not remember thee,
Then let my tongue from utterance cease,—
If any earthly joy to me
Be dear as Zion's joy and peace.

Remember, Lord, the dreadful day
Of Zion's cruel overthrow;
How happy he who shall repay
The bitter hatred of her foe.

PSALM 137. 10s. Selection.

By Babel's river-side we sat in tears,
Remembering Zion's pride in former years,
While on the weeping willows there were hung
The harps our grief had silenced and unstrung.

For they who led us there a captive throng
Required that we prepare for them a song;
Yea, there our captors asked for mirth and praise,
Required a song of Zion's happy days.

O how shall we thus sing at their command
Songs of the Lord, our King, in this strange land?
O Zion, if I e'er forget thy woe,
Let my right hand its skill no longer know.

Yea, let my tongue, I pray, all silent be,
If I do not alway remember thee;
If I prefer not thee, though in thy grief,
Above all other joys my very chief.

PSALM 138. L. M.

With grateful heart my thanks I bring,
Before the great Thy praise I sing;
I worship in Thy holy place
And praise Thee for Thy truth and grace;
For truth and grace together shine
In Thy most holy word divine.

I cried to Thee and Thou didst save,
Thy word of grace new courage gave.
The kings of earth shall thank Thee, Lord,
For they have heard Thy wondrous word;
Yea, they shall come with songs of praise,
For great and glorious are Thy ways.

O Lord, enthroned in glory bright,
Thou reignest in the heavenly height;
The proud in vain Thy favor seek,
But Thou hast mercy for the meek.
Through trouble though my pathway be,
Thou wilt revive and strengthen me.

Thou wilt stretch forth Thy mighty arm
To save me when my foes alarm;
The work Thou hast for me begun
Shall by Thy grace be fully done.
Forever mercy dwells with Thee:
O Lord, my Maker, think on me.

PSALM 139. L. M.

Lord, Thou hast searched me, and dost know
Where'er I rest, where'er I go;
Thou knowest all that I have planned,
And all my ways are in Thy hand.

My words from Thee I cannot hide,
I feel Thy power on every side;
O wondrous knowledge, awful might,
Unfathomed depth, unmeasured height!

Where can I go apart from Thee,
Or whither from Thy presence flee?
In heaven—it is Thy dwelling fair;
In death's abode—lo, Thou art there.

If I the wings of morning take,
And far away my dwelling make,
The hand that leadeth me is Thine,
And my support Thy power divine.

If deepest darkness cover me,
The darkness hideth not from Thee;
To Thee both night and day are bright,
The darkness shineth as the light.

All that I am I owe to Thee;
Thy wisdom, Lord, hath fashioned me;
I give my Maker thankful praise
Whose wondrous works my soul amaze.

E'er into being I was brought,
Thine eye did see, and in Thy thought
My life in all its perfect plan
Was ordered e'er my days began.

Thy thoughts, O God, how manifold,
More precious unto me than gold!
I muse on their infinity,
Awaking I am still with Thee.

The wicked Thou wilt surely slay;
From me let sinners turn away;
They speak against the Name divine;
I count God's enemies as mine.

Search me, O God, my heart discern,
Try me, my inmost thought to learn;
And lead me, if in sin I stray,
To choose the everlasting way.

PSALM 139. C. M. Selection.

O Lord, my inmost heart and thought
Thy searching eye doth see;
Where'er I rest, where'er I go,
My ways are known to Thee.

Each spoken word, each silent thought,
Thou, Lord, dost understand;
Before me and behind art Thou,
Restraining by Thy hand.

If I the wings of morning take
To some remotest land,
Still I shall be upheld by Thee
And guided by Thy hand.

From Thee, O Lord, I cannot hide
Though darkness cover me;
The darkness and the light of day
Are both alike to Thee.

Search me, O God, and know my heart;
Try me, my thoughts to know;
O lead me, if in sin I stray,
In paths of life to go.

PSALM 140. 7s and 6s.

Deliver me from evil,
Preserve me, Lord, from wrong;
Against the foes that gather
Be Thou my helper strong.
From those who plot to hurt me
And spread their treacherous snare
Preserve me, Lord, and keep me
Safeguarded in Thy care.

O Lord, I have confessed Thee
To be my God alone;
O hear my supplication
And be Thy mercy shown;
O God the Lord, my Saviour,
My shield amid the strife,
Let not the wicked triumph
Who plot against my life.

Let evil smite the evil
And cause their overthrow;
The needy and afflicted
The Lord will help, I know;
Thy saints, redeemed from evil,
Their thanks to Thee shall give;
The righteous and the upright
Shall in Thy presence live.

PSALM 141. L. M.

O Lord, make haste to hear my cry,
To Thee I call, on Thee rely;
Incline to me a gracious ear,
And, when I call, in mercy hear.

When in the morning unto Thee
I lift my voice and bring my plea,
Then let my prayer as incense rise
To God enthroned above the skies.

When unto Thee I look and pray
With lifted hands at close of day,
Then as the evening sacrifice
Let my request accepted rise.

Guard Thou my thoughts, I Thee implore,
And of my lips keep Thou the door;
Nor leave my sinful heart to stray
Where evil footsteps lead the way.

O righteous God, Thy chastisement,
Though sent through foes, in love is sent;
Though grievous, it will profit me,
A healing ointment it shall be.

While wickedness my foes devise,
To Thee my constant prayer shall rise;
When their injustice is o'erthrown
My gentleness shall still be shown.

Brought nigh to death and sore distressed,
O Lord, my God, in Thee I rest;
Forsake me not, I look to Thee;
Let me Thy great salvation see.

Themselves entangled in their snare,
Their own defeat my foes prepare;
O keep me, Lord, nor let me fall;
Protect and lead me safe through all.

PSALM 142. L. M.

To God my earnest voice I raise,
To God my voice imploring prays;
Before His face my grief I show
And tell my trouble and my woe.

When gloom and sorrow compass me,
The path I take is known to Thee,
And all the toils that foes do lay
To snare Thy servant in his way.

All unprotected, lo, I stand,
No friendly guardian at my hand,
No place of flight or refuge near,
And none to whom my soul is dear.

O Lord, my Saviour, now to Thee,
Without a hope besides, I flee,—
To Thee, my shelter from the strife,
My portion in the land of life.

Be Thou my help when troubles throng,
For I am weak and foes are strong;
My captive soul from prison bring,
And thankful praises I will sing.

The righteous then shall gather round
To share the blessing I have found,
Their hearts made glad because they see
How richly God has dealt with me.

PSALM 142. L. M.

To Thee, O Lord, I humbly cry,
To Thee my supplication make,
To Thee I bring my sad complaint,
To Thee my bitter grief I take.

Thou knowest, Lord, my deep distress,
The lonely path, the hidden snare,
How refuge faileth, friends forsake,
And no man for my soul doth care.

My prayer is unto Thee, O Lord;
No refuge but in Thee I know,
No portion but in Thee I find;
Lord, in my need Thy mercy show.

Be Thou my Saviour, O my Lord,
For I am weak and foes are strong;
My captive soul from prison bring,
And glad shall be my thankful song.

Around me shall the righteous throng,
And crowned with joy Thy saints shall be,
Their hearts made glad because the Lord
In richest grace hath dealt with me.

PSALM 143. 6s.

Lord, hear me in distress,
Regard my suppliant cry,
And in Thy faithfulness
And righteousness reply.
In judgment do not cause
Thy servant to be tried;
Before Thy holy laws
No man is justified.

The enemy has sought
My soul in dust to tread;
To darkness I am brought,
Forgotten as the dead.
My spirit, crushed with grief,
Is sad and overborne;
My heart finds no relief,
But desolate I mourn.

Recalling former days
And all Thy wondrous deeds,
The memory of Thy ways
To hope and comfort leads.
To Thee I stretch my hands,
Let me not plead in vain;
I wait as weary lands
Wait for refreshing rain.

My failing spirit see,
O Lord, to me make haste;
Hide not Thy face from me,
Lest bitter death I taste.
O let the morn return,
Let mercy light my day;
For Thee in faith I yearn;
O guide me in the way.

Lord, save me from my foe,
To Thee for help I flee;
Teach me Thy way to know;
I have no God but Thee.
By Thy good Spirit led
From trouble and distress,
My erring feet shall tread
The path of uprightness.

O Lord, for Thy Name's sake
Revive my fainting heart;
My soul from trouble take,
For just and true Thou art.
Remove my enemy,
My cruel foe reward;
In mercy rescue me
Who am Thy servant, Lord.

PSALM 143. C. M. Selection.

When morning lights the eastern skies,
O Lord, Thy mercy show;
On Thee alone my hope relies;
Let me Thy kindness know.

Teach me the way that I should go;
I lift my soul to Thee;
For refuge from my cruel foe
To Thee, O Lord, I flee.

Thou art my God, to Thee I pray,
Teach me Thy will to heed;
And in the right and perfect way
May Thy good Spirit lead.

For Thy Name's sake, O gracious Lord,
Revive my soul and bless;
And in Thy faithfulness and love
Redeem me from distress.

PSALM 144. C. P. M.

Blest be the Lord, my rock, my might,
My constant helper in the fight,
My shield, my righteousness,
My strong high tower, my Saviour true,
Who doth my enemies subdue,
My shelter in distress.

Lord, what is man, what hath he wrought,
The son of man, that in Thy thought
To hold him Thou shouldst deign?
For man is like a breath, a sigh;
His days on earth as quickly fly
As shadows o'er the plain.

Lord, bow Thy heavens, in might descend;
Touch Thou the hills, the mountains rend,
And they shall smoke and flame;
As arrows send Thy lightnings out
To put Thine enemies to rout,
And fill Thy foes with shame.

Stretch forth Thy hand and rescue me
From trouble's dark and raging sea,
And from the alien throng,
Whose mouth but vanity doth speak,
Whose hand of strength against the weak
Is filled with craft and wrong.

Now will I sing a glad new song,
Thy praise, O God, I will prolong,
For Thou hast heard my prayer.
Salvation Thou dost give to kings,
Thine own dost keep, with sheltering wings,
From hurtful sword and snare.

O Thou to Whom in trust I flee,
Stretch forth Thy hand and rescue me
From all the alien throng,
Whose mouth but vanity doth speak,
Whose hand of strength against the weak
Is filled with craft and wrong.

O happy land, whose sons in youth,
In sturdy strength and noble truth,
Like plants in vigor spring;
Whose daughters fair, a queenly race,
Are like the corner-stones that grace
The palace of a king.

O happy land, when flock and field
Their rich, abundant increase yield,
And blessings multiply;
When plenty all thy people share,
And no invading foe is there,
And no distressful cry.

O happy people, favored land,
To whom the Lord with liberal hand
Hath thus His goodness shown;
Yea, surely is that people blest
By whom Jehovah is confessed
To be their God alone.

PSALM 145. C. M.

I will extol Thee, O my God,
And praise Thee, O my King;
Yea, every day and evermore
Thy praises I will sing.

Great is the Lord, our mighty God,
And greatly to be praised;
His greatness is unsearchable,
Above all glory raised.

Each generation to the next
Shall testimony bear,
And to Thy praise, from age to age,
Thy wondrous acts declare.

Upon Thy glorious majesty
And honor I will dwell,
And all Thy grand and glorious works
And all Thy greatness tell.

Thy mighty acts and terrible
Shall men with awe confess;
Of Thy great goodness they shall sing,
And perfect righteousness.

Most gracious and compassionate
Is God Who reigns above;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
Unbounded is His love.

The Lord, our God, is good to all,
From Him all blessing flows;
On all His works His tender love
And mercy He bestows.

By all Thy works Thou shalt be praised,
And by Thy saints be blessed;
Thy glorious kingdom and Thy power
Shall ever be confessed.

The praises of Thy mighty deeds
Through all the earth shall ring,
To show the glorious majesty
Of heaven's eternal King.

Eternal is Thy kingdom, Lord,
Thy throne shall ever stand;
All generations to the end
Shall bow to Thy command.

The Lord is strong to help the weak,
Upholding those that fall,
Restoring those bowed down with grief,
And doing good to all.

Thy creatures look to Thee for food,
From day to day supplied,
And Thou dost for their sustenance
With open hand provide.

The Lord is right in all His ways,
His works His love declare,
And He is nigh to every one
That breathes the trustful prayer.

The hope of those that fear His Name
The Lord will satisfy;
Their mighty Saviour He will be
When unto Him they cry.

All those that set their love on Him
Shall full salvation know,
But wicked men and wicked ways
The Lord will overthrow.

My mouth shall bless the Lord my God
And all His praise proclaim;
Let all unite forevermore
To bless His holy Name.

PSALM 145. L. M.

O Lord, Thou art my God and King,
And I will ever bless Thy Name;
I will extol Thee every day,
And evermore Thy praise proclaim.

The Lord is greatly to be praised,
His greatness is beyond our thought;
From age to age the sons of men
Shall tell the wonders God has wrought.

Upon Thy glorious majesty
And wondrous works my mind shall dwell;
Thy deeds shall fill the world with awe,
And of Thy greatness I will tell.

Thy matchless goodness and Thy grace
Thy people shall commemorate,
And all Thy truth and righteousness
My joyful song shall celebrate.

The Lord our God is rich in grace,
Most tender and compassionate;
His anger is most slow to rise,
His loving-kindness is most great.

The Lord is good in all His ways,
His creatures know His constant care;
To all His works His love extends,
All men His tender mercies share.

Thy works shall give Thee thanks, O Lord,
Thy saints Thy mighty acts shall show,
Till o'er the earth the sons of men
Thy kingdom, power, and glory know.

Eternal is Thy kingdom, Lord,
Forever strong and ever sure;
While generations rise and die
Shall Thy dominion still endure.

The Lord upholds the faltering feet
And makes the weak securely stand;
The burdened ones, bowed down with grief,
Are helped by His most gracious hand.

The eyes of all upon Thee wait;
By Thee their wants are all supplied;
Thine open hand is bountiful,
And every soul is satisfied.

The Lord is just in all His ways,
In all His works the Lord is kind;
And all that call on Him in truth
In Him a present helper find.

He will fulfil the heart's desire
Of those that fear Him and obey;
Their cry the Lord will surely hear,
And He will save them when they pray.

His great salvation they shall know
Who love the Lord's most holy Name;
The wicked He will overthrow
And put His enemies to shame.

My mouth shall speak the glorious praise
Of Him Whom heaven and earth adore.
Let all exalt His holy Name
Forever and forevermore.

PSALM 145. 7, 6, 8, 6. Selection.

My God, I will extol Thee
And ever bless Thy Name;
Each day will I give thanks to Thee
And all Thy praise proclaim.
Great is the Lord and mighty,
And highly to be praised;
His greatness is unsearchable,
Above our knowledge raised.

To every generation
Thy glory shall be told,
Thine honor and Thy majesty
In memory I will hold.
Thy mighty power and greatness
Shall all mankind confess,
And tell the story of Thy love,
And sing Thy righteousness.

The Lord is very gracious
And most compassionate;
His anger is most slow to rise,
His mercy is most great.
On all His helpless creatures
His tender mercies rest;
By all His works He shall be praised,
By all His saints be blest.

The glory of His kingdom
Proclaimed abroad shall be,
That all may know His mighty deeds
And glorious majesty.
His kingdom is eternal,
His throne shall stand secure,
And His dominion without end
Through ages shall endure.

PSALM 146. 8s and 7s.

Hallelujah, praise Jehovah,
O my soul, Jehovah praise;
I will sing the glorious praises
Of my God through all my days.

Put no confidence in princes,
Nor for help on man depend;
He shall die, to dust returning,
And his purposes shall end.

Happy is the man that chooses
Israel's God to be his aid;
He is blest whose hope of blessing
On the Lord his God is stayed.

Heaven and earth the Lord created,
Seas and all that they contain;
He delivers from oppression,
Righteousness He will maintain.

Food He daily gives the hungry,
Sets the mourning prisoner free,
Raises those bowed down with anguish,
Makes the sightless eyes to see.

Well Jehovah loves the righteous,
And the stranger He befriends,
Helps the fatherless and widow,
Judgment on the wicked sends.

Over all God reigns forever,
Through all ages He is King;
Unto Him, thy God, O Zion,
Joyful Hallelujahs sing.

PSALM 146. L. M. Selection.

Praise ye the Lord, His praise proclaim,
And, O my soul, bless thou His Name;
Yea, I will sound His praise abroad
And ever bless the Lord, my God.

Trust not in man who soon must die,
But on the living God rely;
Most blest the man whose help is He
That made the heaven and earth and sea.

His truth unchanged shall ever stand,
He saves from strong oppression's hand,
In Him the sad a helper find,
He feeds the poor and heals the blind.

Thy God shall reign forevermore;
Praise Him, O Zion, and adore;
The Lord is heaven's eternal King;
To Him all praise and honor bring.

PSALM 147. 7s and 6s.

O sing ye Hallelujah!
'Tis good our God to praise;
'Tis pleasant and becoming
To Him our songs to raise.
He builds the walls of Zion,
He seeks her wandering sons,
He binds their wounds and comforts
The broken-hearted ones.

The starry hosts He numbers,
He calls them all by name;
His greatness and His wisdom
His wondrous works proclaim.
The meek He lifts to honor,
He humbles sinful pride;
Give thanks to Him and utter
His praises far and wide.

The heavens with clouds He covers,
He sends the cheering rain;
The slopes of all the mountains
He fills with grass and grain.
To beast and bird His goodness
Their daily food supplies;
He cares for all His creatures,
Attentive to their cries.

No human power delights Him,
No earthly pomp or pride;
He loves the meek who fear Him
And in His love confide.
Then praise thy God, O Zion;
His gracious aid confess;
He gives thee peace and plenty,
His gifts thy children bless.

He sends His swift commandment,
And snow and ice enfold
The world, and none are able
To stand before His cold.
Again He gives commandment:
The winds of summer blow,
The snow and ice are melted,
Again the waters flow.

His statutes and His judgments
He makes His people know;
To them as to no others
His grace He loves to show.
For matchless grace and mercy
Your grateful praises bring;
To Him give thanks forever,
And Hallelujah sing.

PSALM 147. C. M. Selection.

Praise ye the Lord, for it is good
To sing unto our God;
'Tis right and pleasant for His saints
To tell His praise abroad.

The Lord our God builds up His Church,
He seeks her wandering sons;
He binds their wounds and gently heals
The broken-hearted ones.

Our Lord is great ; He calls by name
And counts the stars of night :
His wisdom is unsearchable,
And wondrous is His might.

The Lord upholds the poor and meek,
He brings the wicked low ;
Sing praise to Him and give Him thanks
And all His goodness show.

No human might, no earthly pride,
Delights the Lord above ;
In them that fear Him He delights,
In them that trust His love.

O Zion, praise the Lord thy God,
His wondrous love confess ;
He is thy glory and thy strength ;
He will thy children bless.

PSALM 148. H. M.

Praise ye, praise ye the Lord
In yonder heavenly height ;
Ye angels, all His hosts,
In joyful praise unite.
O sun and moon, declare His might,
Show forth His praise, ye stars of light.

Praise Him, ye highest heavens,
Praise Him, ye clouds that roll,
Created by His power
And under His control,
Ye heavens that stand eternally
Established by His firm decree.

Ye creatures in the sea
And creatures on the earth,
Your mighty Maker praise
And tell His matchless worth ;
Praise Him, ye stormy winds that blow,
Ye fire and hail, ye rain and snow.

Ye hills and mountains, praise,
Each tree and beast and bird ;
Ye kings and realms of earth,
Now let your praise be heard ;
By high and low, by young and old,
Be all His praise and glory told.

By all let God be praised,
For He alone is great ;
Above the earth and heaven
He reigns in glorious state ;
Praise Him, ye saints, who know His grace
And ever dwell before His face.

PSALM 148. 8s and 7s.

Praise the Lord in heavenly places,
Ye His hosts and angels bright;
Sun and moon declare His glory;
Praise Him, all ye stars of light.

Let the sky and clouds forever
Praise His glorious majesty;
At His word they were created,
Stablished by His firm decree.

In the earth let all things praise Him,
Seas and all that they contain,
Stormy winds that do His pleasure,
Hail and lightning, snow and rain.

Hills and mountains, praise your Maker,
Praise Him, all ye flocks and herds,
Woods and fields and fruitful vineyards,
Creeping things and flying birds.

Kings and princes, bow before Him;
Earthly judges, give Him praise;
All ye people, tell His glory;
Old and young, your voices raise.

Praise His Name with praise unending,
For His Name alone is great;
Over heaven and earth exalted,
Reigns the Lord in kingly state.

He has greatly blessed His people;
Therefore, all ye saints, give praise;
Chosen of the Lord and precious,
Thankful Hallelujahs raise.

PSALM 149. C. M.

Praise ye the Lord among His saints,
New songs of gladness sing;
Let Zion's children praise and bless
Their Maker and their King.

Yea, let them praise His blessed Name
With all abounding joy,
The sounding timbrel and the harp
In songs of praise employ.

The Lord takes pleasure in His saints,
He is His people's strength;
And He will glorify the meek
With victory at length.

Ye saints, by day and night rejoice,
Exult and joyful stand,
Jehovah's praises in your mouth,
His sword within your hand.

This is the glorious judgment given:
His saints shall rule the earth.
Then bless the Lord, His glory tell,
And celebrate His worth.

PSALM 149. 5s and 6s.

O praise ye the Lord
And sing a new song,
Amid all His saints
His praises prolong.
The praise of their Maker
His people shall sing,
And children of Zion
Rejoice in their King.

With timbrel and harp
And joyful acclaim,
With gladness and mirth,
Sing praise to His Name;
For God in His people
His pleasure doth seek,
With robes of salvation
He clotheth the meek.

In glory exult,
Ye saints of the Lord;
With songs in the night
High praises accord.
Go forth in His service
And strong in His might
To conquer all evil
And stablish the right.

For this is His word:
His saints shall not fail,
But over the earth
Their power shall prevail.
All kingdoms and nations
Shall yield to their sway.
To God give the glory
And praise Him for aye.

PSALM 149. 6s and 4s. Selection.

Ye who His temple throng,
Jehovah's praise prolong,
 New anthems sing.
Ye saints, with joy declare
Your Maker's loving care,
And let the children there
 Joy in their King.

O let His Name employ
Your every note of joy;
 His praises speak.
He looks with loving face
Upon His chosen race,
And will with every grace
 Adorn the meek.

Ye saints, your joy proclaim
And glory in the Name
 Of God above;
And when the daylight dies,
Should sleep forsake your eyes,
Let praise to God arise
 For all His love.

PSALM 150. 8s and 7s.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
 In His temple God be praised;
In the high and heavenly places
 Be the sounding anthem raised.

Hallelujah! Praise Jehovah
 For His mighty acts of fame;
Excellent His might and greatness;
 Fitting praises then proclaim.

Hallelujah! Praise Jehovah
 With the trumpet's joyful sound;
Praise with harp and praise with viol,
 Let His glorious praise abound.

Hallelujah! Praise Jehovah,
 With the flute His praises sing;
Praise Him with the clanging cymbals,
 Let them with His praises ring.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
 All that breathe, Jehovah praise;
Let the voices God hath given
 Joyful anthems to Him raise.

DOXOLOGIES FROM PSALM 150.

L. M.

Praise ye the Lord, ye saints below,
And in His courts His goodness show;
Praise ye the Lord, ye hosts above,
In heaven adore His boundless love.

Praise ye the Lord: all creatures, sing
The praises of your God and King;
Let all that breathe, His praise proclaim
And glorify His holy Name.

C. M.

Praise ye the Lord, ye hosts above,
In yonder heavenly height,
And bless the Lord, ye saints below,
Who in His praise delight.

By all His creatures let His Name
Be honored and adored;
Let all that breathe, in praise unite
To glorify the Lord.

S. M.

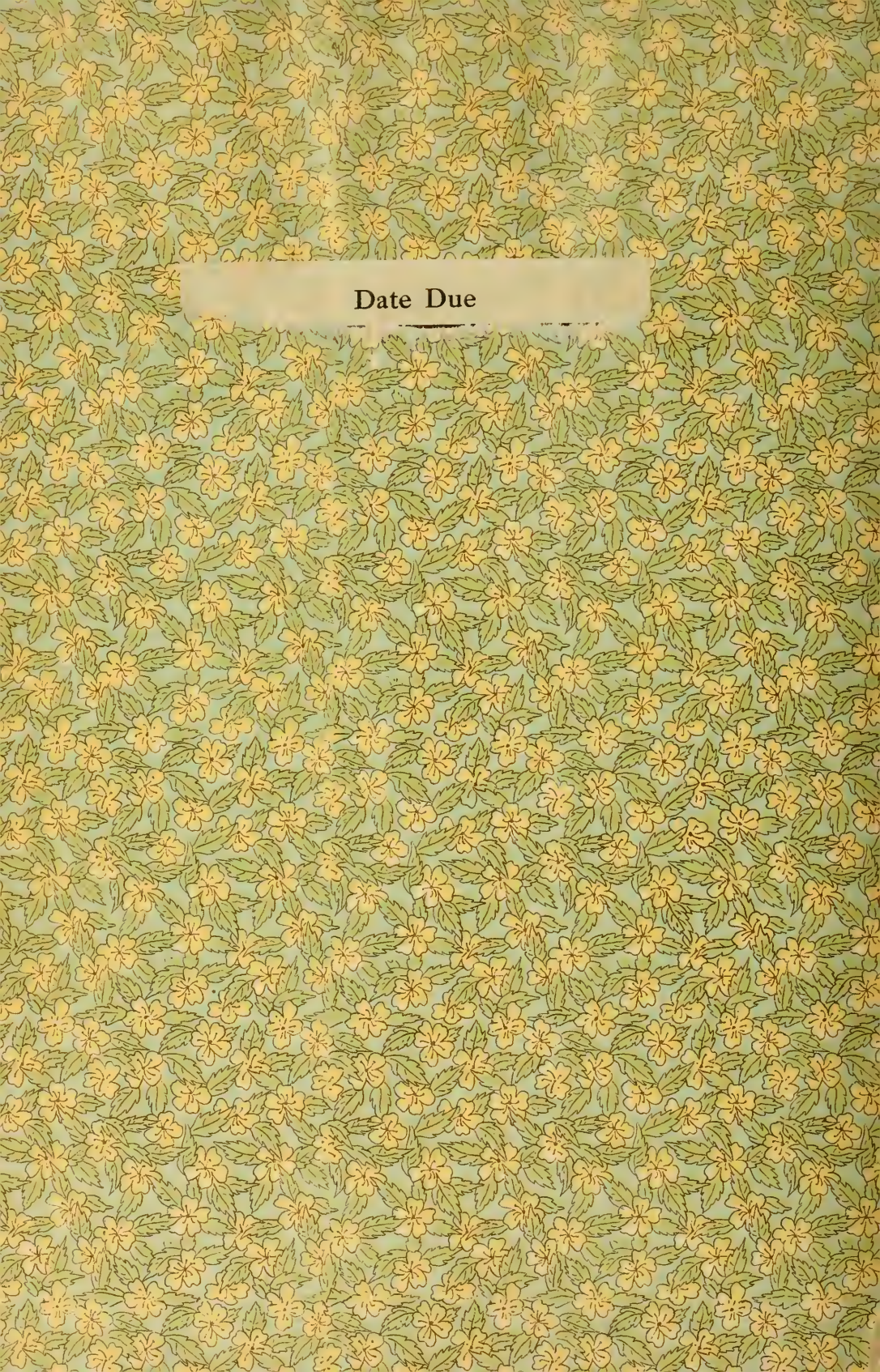
Praise ye the Lord, His saints
Who throng His courts below,
And ye, His hosts in heaven above,
His glorious praises show.

Let all His creatures join
To praise His holy Name;
Let all that breathe, their Maker bless
And celebrate His fame.

8s and 7s.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Earth and heaven in sweet accord
Join to sound Jehovah's praises,
Tell the glory of the Lord.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Magnify Jehovah's Name.
Praise the living God, your Maker;
All that breathe, His praise proclaim.



Date Due

