

PSALM 139 L. M.

ST. CRISPIN

George J. Elvey

All that I am I owe to Thee, Thy wis-dom, Lord, hath fashioned me;

I give my Mak - er thank-ful praise, Whose wondrous works my soul a - maze.

[Stanzas 6-10]

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| <p>2 E'er into being I was brought,
Thy eye did see, and in Thy thought
My life in all its perfect plan
Was ordered e'er my days began.</p> | <p>4 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.</p> |
| <p>3 Thy thoughts, O God, how manifold,
More precious unto me than gold!
I muse on their infinity,
Awaking I am still with Thee.</p> | <p>5 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.</p> |