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- 2 O Lord, with joy my heart expands
Before the wonders of Thy hands;
Great works, Jehovah, Thou hast wrought,
Exceeding deep Thy every thought;
A foolish man knows not their worth,
Nor he whose mind is of the earth.
- 3 When as the grass the wicked grow,
When sinners flourish here below,
Then is there endless ruin nigh, [high;
But Thou, O Lord, art throned on high,
Thy foes shall fall before Thy might,
The wicked shall be put to flight.
- 4 Thou, Lord, hast high exalted me
With royal strength and dignity;
With Thy 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 op-
pose.
- 5 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.