

1 God lov - eth the right - eous, His good - ness is sure,

He nev - er for - sak - eth the good and the pure;

Yet once my faith fal - tered, I en - vied the proud,

In doubt and dis - qui - et my spir - it was bowed.

2 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.

3 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.

4 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.

5 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.

6 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.

7 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.

SECOND TUNE

ST. DENIO

Welsh Melody

1 { God lov - eth the right - eous, His good - ness is sure,
He nev - er for - sak - eth the good and the pure; }

Yet once my faith fal - tered, I en - vied the proud,

In doubt and dis - qui - et my spir - it was bowed.