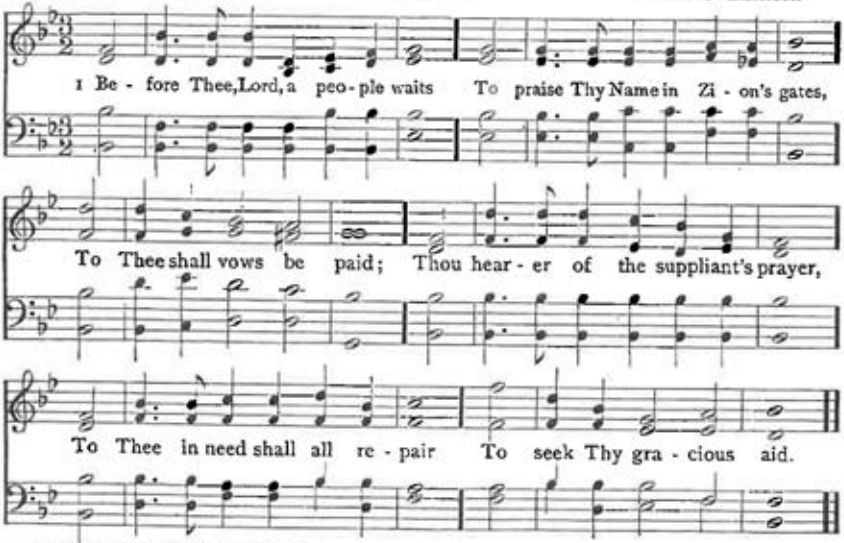
168 The Fatherly Goodness of God

PSALM 65 C. P. M. MALONE Luther O. Emerson



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The Fatherly Goodness of God

2 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.

3 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.

4 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.

5 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.