

Lutestring

1. O God, my heart is fully bent To magnify thy name; My tongue with cheerful songs of praise Shall ce-le-brate thy fame. Awake, my lute; nor thou, my

2. To all the listening tribes, O Lord, Thy wonders I will tell; And to those na-tions sing thy praise That round about us dwell: Because thy mercy's boundless

3. Be thou, O God, exalted high Above the starry frame; And let the world, with one con-sent, Con-fess thy glorious name. That all thy cho-sen peo-ple

4. O, to thy servants in distress Thy speedy succor send! For vain it is on hu-man aid For safe-ty to depend. Then valiant acts shall we per-

1. harp, Thy war-bling notes de-lay; While I with ear-ly hymns of joy Pre-vent the daw-ning day, Pre-vent the daw-ning day.

2. height The high-est heav'n transcends, And far be-yond th'a-spi-ring clouds Thy faith-ful truth ex-tends, Thy faith-ful truth ex-tends.

3. thee Their Sa-vior may de-clare: Let thy right hand pro-tect me still, And an-swer thou my prayer, And an-swer thou my prayer.

4. -form, If thou thy power dis-close; For God it is, and God a-lone, That treads down all our foes, That treads down all our foes.