

Hundred and Forty-Fifth Psalm

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1. My God, my King, Thy various praise Shall fill the remnant of my days; Thy grace employ my
2. The wings of every hour shall bear Some thankful tribute to Thine ear; And every setting my
3. Let distant times and nations raise The long succession of Thy praise, And unborn ages
4. But who can speak Thy wondrous deeds? Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds; Vast and un-search-a-

1. humble tongue, Thy grace employ my humble tongue 'Til death and glory, death and glory raise the song. Thy
2. sun shall see And every setting sun shall see New works of duty, works of duty done for Thee. And
3. make my song And unborn ages make my song The joy and labor, joy and labor of their tongue. And
4. -ble Thy ways, Vast and unsearchable Thy ways, Vast and immortal, and immortal be Thy praise! Vast

1. 2.