



2 Lord, what is man, what hath he wrought,
The son of man, that in Thy thought
To hold him Thou shouldst deign?
For man is like a breath, a sigh,
His days on earth as quickly fly
As shadows o'er the plain.

4 Stretch forth Thy hand and rescue me
From trouble's dark and raging sea,
And from the alien throng,
Whose mouth but vanity doth speak,
Whose hand of strength against the weak
Is filled with craft and wrong.

3 Lord, bow Thy heavens, in might descend,
Touch Thou the hills, the mountains rend,
And they shall smoke and flame;
As arrows send Thy lightnings out
To put Thy enemies to rout,
And fill Thy foes with shame.

5 Now will I sing a glad new song,
Thy praise, O God, I will prolong,
For Thou hast heard my prayer;
Salvation Thou dost give to kings,
Thy own dost keep, with sheltering wings,
From hurtful sword and snare.

6 O Thou to Whom in trust I flee,
Stretch forth Thy hand and rescue me
From all the alien throng,
Whose mouth but vanity doth speak,
Whose hand of strength against the weak
Is filled with craft and wrong.