

My heart is fixed, O God, A grate - ful song I raise ;

A - wake, O harp, in joy - ful strains, A - wake, my soul, to praise.

- 2 Among the nations, Lord,
To Thee my song shall rise;
Thy truth is great above the heavens,
Thy mercies reach the skies.
- 3 Above the heavens, O God,
And over all the earth,
Let men exalt Thy glorious Name
And tell Thy matchless worth.
- 4 Stretch forth Thy mighty hand
In answer to our prayer,
And let Thy own beloved ones
Thy great salvation share.
- 5 The holy God hath said,
All lands shall own My sway;
My people shall My glory share,
The heathen shall obey.
- 6 O who will lead our hosts
To triumph o'er the foe,
If Thou shalt cast us off, O God,
Nor with our armies go?
- 7 The help of man is vain,
Be Thou our helper, Lord;
Through Thee we shall do valiantly
If Thou Thy aid afford.