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## Exultation in God

PSALM 138 L. M.

THE SOLID ROCK

William B. Bradbury

1 With grate-ful heart my thanks I bring, Be - fore the great Thy praise I sing ;

I worship in Thy holy place And praise Thee for Thy truth and grace; For truth and grace to-

geth-er shine In Thy most ho - ly word di-vine, In Thy most ho - ly word di-vine.

2 I cried to Thee and Thou didst save,  
Thy word of grace new courage gave;  
The kings of earth shall thank Thee,  
Lord,  
For they have heard Thy wondrous  
word;  
Yea, they shall come with songs of  
praise,  
For great and glorious are Thy ways.

3 O Lord, enthroned in glory bright,  
Thou reignest in the heavenly height;  
The proud in vain Thy favor seek,

But Thou hast mercy for the meek;  
Through trouble though my path-  
way be,  
Thou wilt revive and strengthen me.

4 Thou wilt stretch forth Thy mighty  
arm  
To save me when my foes alarm;  
The work Thou hast for me begun  
Shall by Thy grace be fully done;  
Forever mercy dwells with Thee;  
O Lord, my Maker, think on me.

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## A Vision of God

PSALM 139 L. M.

WOODWORTH

William B. Bradbury

1 Lord, Thou hast searched me, and dost know Where-e'er I rest, where-e'er I go ;

## A Vision of God

Thou knowest all that I have planned, And all my ways are in Thy hand.

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|---|---|
| <p>2 My words from Thee I cannot hide,<br/>I feel Thy power on every side;<br/>O wondrous knowledge, awful might,<br/>Unfathomed depth, unmeasured height!</p>    | <p>4 If I the wings of morning take,<br/>And far away my dwelling make,<br/>The hand that leadeth me is Thine,<br/>And my support Thy power divine.</p>             |
| <p>3 Where can I go apart from Thee,<br/>Or whither from Thy presence flee?<br/>In heaven? it is Thy dwelling fair;<br/>In death's abode? lo, Thou art there.</p> | <p>5 If deepest darkness cover me,<br/>The darkness hideth not from Thee;<br/>To Thee both night and day are<br/>bright,<br/>The darkness shineth as the light.</p> |

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## The Lord Our Maker

PSALM 139 L. M.

ST. CRISPIN

George J. Elvey

I All that I am I owe to Thee, Thy wis-dom, Lord, hath fashioned me;

I give my Mak - er thank-ful praise, Whose wondrous works my soul a - maze.

[Stanzas 6-10]

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|---|---|
| <p>2 E'er into being I was brought,<br/>Thy eye did see, and in Thy thought<br/>My life in all its perfect plan<br/>Was ordered e'er my days began.</p> | <p>4 The wicked Thou wilt surely slay,<br/>From me let sinners turn away;<br/>They speak against the Name divine,<br/>I count God's enemies as mine.</p>    |
| <p>3 Thy thoughts, O God, how manifold,<br/>More precious unto me than gold!<br/>I muse on their infinity,<br/>Awaking I am still with Thee.</p>        | <p>5 Search me, O God, my heart discern,<br/>Try me, my inmost thought to learn;<br/>And lead me, if in sin I stray,<br/>To choose the everlasting way.</p> |