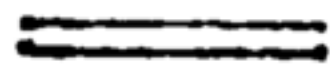


THE LXIII^D PSALM.



O God, thou art my only God,
My Saviour and my King,
Early thy face, O Lord, I seek,
Thy praise I strive to sing.

My fainting soul, when parch'd with thirst,
To thee looks up for aid ;
My wearied flesh by barren lands
And drought is fore dismay'd.

Thus have I sought my heav'nly King
In holiness to see ;
Oh, let my soul confess thy power,
And glory still in thee.

Far better than the life itself
Thy kindness do I prize,
My lips thy praises shall rehearse
For ever on' this wife.

For ever magnify my God,
And still record his fame,
My hands while I have life, lift up
In honour of his name.

Thus shall my soul be satisfied,
Even as with daintiest meat,
When I with joyful lips thy praise
For evermore repeat.

