

SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

2 Repose on His arm,
Ye sheep of His fold;
What terror can harm
With Him to uphold?
His saints are His treasure,
Their peace will He seek;
And pour without measure
His gifts on the meek.

3 Go on in His might,
Ye men of the Lord:
His word be your light,
His promise your sword.
The King of salvation
Your foes will subdue;
And their degradation
Bring glory to you.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

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PSALM 150.

L.M.

- 1 O praise the Lord in that blest place,
From whence his goodness largely flows!
Praise Him in heaven, where He His face
Unveil'd in perfect glory shows!
- 2 Praise Him for all the mighty acts
Which He in our behalf has done!
His kindness this return exacts,
With which our praise should equal run.
- 3 Let all that vital breath enjoy:
The breath He does to them afford
In just returns of praise employ:
Let every creature praise the Lord!

Tate and Brady, 1696.