

To thee alone, my King, my God,
Will I for help repair.

2 Thou in the morn my voice shalt hear;
And with the dawning day
To thee devoutly I'll look up,
To thee devoutly pray.

3 And when thy boundless grace shall me
To thy lov'd courts restore,
On thee I'll fix my longing eyes,
And humbly there adore.

4 Conduct me by thy righteous laws,
For watchful is my foe;
Therefore, O Lord, make plain the way
Wherein I ought to go.

5 Now let all those who trust in thee
With shouts their joy proclaim;
Let them rejoice whom thou preserv'st,
And all that love thy Name.

6 To righteous men the righteous Lord
His blessing will extend,
And with his favour all his saints,
As with a shield, defend.

PSALM VIII. C. M.

O THOU, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy Name!