

THE PSALMS.

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PSALM 147.

L.M.

- 1 Oh praise the Lord, 'tis sweet to raise
The grateful heart to God in praise ;
When fallen raised, when lost restored,
Oh ! it is sweet to praise the Lord !
- 2 Great is His power, divine His skill,
His love diviner, greater still ;
The sinner's Friend, the mourner's stay,
He sends no suppliant sad away.
- 3 The lions roar to Him for bread,
The ravens by His hand are fed ;
And shall his chosen flock despair ?
Shall they mistrust their shepherd's care ?
- 4 His church is precious in His sight ;
He makes her glory His delight,
His treasures on her head are pour'd ;
O Zion's children, praise the Lord.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

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PSALM 149.

10.10.11.11.

- 1 Oh praise ye the Lord
With heart and with voice ;
His mercies record,
And round Him rejoice.
Ye children of Zion,
Your Saviour adore !
And learn to rely on
His grace evermore.