

THE PSALMS.

- 5 The Lord beheld me sore distress'd,
He bid my pains remove :
Return, my soul, to God thy rest,
For thou hast known His love.
- 6 My God hath saved my soul from death,
And dried my falling tears ;
Now to His praise I'll spend my breath,
And my remaining years.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

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PSALM 117.

7s.

- 1 All ye nations, praise the Lord,
All ye lands, your voices raise ;
Heaven and earth with loud accord,
Praise the Lord, for ever praise :
- 2 For His truth and mercy stand,
Past, and present, and to be ;
Like the years of His right hand,
Like His own eternity.
- 3 Praise Him, ye who know His love ;
Praise Him, from the depths beneath ;
Praise Him in the heights above ;
Praise your Maker, all that breathe.

James Montgomery, 1822.

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PSALM 117.

L.M.

- 1 From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.