

With healing balm my soul He fills,
And every faithless murmur stills :
To God all praise and glory !

2 The Angel-host, O King of kings,
Thy praise for ever telling,
In earth and sky all living things
Beneath Thy shadow dwelling,
Adore the wisdom which could span,
And power which formed creation's plan :
To God all praise and glory !

3 What God's almighty power hath made,
His gracious mercy keepeth ;
By morning glow or evening shade
His watchful eye ne'er sleepeth ;
Within the kingdom of His might,
Lo ! all is just, and all is right :
To God all praise and glory !

4 O ye who bear Christ's holy name,
Give God all praise and glory !
All ye who own His power, proclaim
Aloud the wondrous story ;
Cast each false idol from His throne :
The Lord is God, and He alone :
To God all praise and glory !

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10, 4.

" My help cometh from the Lord. "

1 UNTO the hills around do I lift up
My longing eyes :
O whence for me shall my salvation come,
From whence arise ?
From God the Lord doth come my certain aid,
From God the Lord, who heaven and earth
hath made.