

I Thought upon the Days of Old
The Psalter, 1912.
William Kirkparick, 1900.

I thought upon the days of old,
The years departed long,
I held communion with my heart,
By night recalled my song.

My heart inquired with anxious care,
Will God forever spurn?
Shall we no more His favor see?
Will mercy ne'er return?

Forever shall His promise fail?
Has God forgotten grace?
Has He withdrawn His tender love,
In anger hid His face?

These doubts are my infirmity,
My thoughts at once reply;
I call back years of God's right hand,
The years of God Most High.

I will commemorate, O Lord,
Thy wondrous deeds of old,
And meditate upon Thy works
Of power and grace untold.

O God, most holy is Thy way,
Most perfect, good and right;
Thou art the only living God,
The God of wondrous might.