

I Waited for the Lord My God
The Psalter, 1912.
Isaac Smith, 1770.

I waited for the Lord my God,
Yea, patiently drew near,
And He at length inclined to me,
My pleading cry to hear.

He took me from destruction's pit,
From out the miry clay;
He set my feet upon a rock,
And steadfast made my way.

A new and joyful song of praise
My thankful heart He taught,
A song of glory to our God
For all that He has wrought.

And many who behold how good
The Lord has been to me
Shall learn to fear, and in His name
Their trust shall henceforth be.

O truly blessed is the man
That on the Lord relies,
Respecting not the proud, nor such
As turn aside to lies.

O Lord my God, how manifold
The works which Thou hast wrought,
Ofttimes Thou hast bestowed on us
Thy care and gracious thought.

Thy works and thoughts most wonderful,
If I of them would speak,
Cannot be numbered, and in vain
To set them forth I seek.