It is good to praise th'Almighty 
And make music to Your name; 
To proclaim Your love each morning, 
And each night Your faithful reign. 
Add the music of the lyre, 
Let the harp lift up its voice. 
For You make me glad, my Father, 
At Your works I now rejoice.

O how great your works, O Lord God, 
How profound Your thoughts toward man. 
Senseless men can never fathom, 
Fools can never understand 
That although the wicked flourish, 
Like the grass that sprouts in spring, 
They will be destroyed forever, 
When You come to judge all things.

You, O Lord, exalted ever 
Over all Your enemies, 
Some day they will surely perish, 
Scattered and brought to their knees. 
But you've made me strong and sturdy, 
You've refreshed me by Your care. 
I have seen my adversaries 
Vanquished and left in despair.

See the righteous, like a palm tree, 
Or a cedar towering high, 
Planted in the Lord's own garden, 
They will flourish and not die. 
In old age they'll still be fruitful, 
Vital, stalwart, and robust, 
Saying e'er, "The Lord is upright, 
He's my rock, in Him I trust."