

My God! How Perfect Are Thy Ways!

William Cowper, 1779.

John Dykes, 1866.

My God! how perfect are Thy ways!

But mine polluted are;

Sin twines itself about my praise,

And slides into my prayer.

When I would speak what Thou hast done

To save me from my sin;

I cannot make Thy mercies known

But self-applause creeps in.

Divine desire, that holy flame

Thy grace creates in me;

Alas! impatience is its name,

When it returns to Thee.

This heart, a fountain of vile thoughts,

How does it overflow?

While self upon the surface floats

Still bubbling from below.

Let others in the gaudy dress

Of fancied merit shine;

The Lord shall be my righteousness

The Lord for ever mine.