

O God, How Good Thou Art
The Psalter, 1912.
Lowell Mason, 1831.

O God, how good Thou art
To all the pure of heart,
Though life seems vain.
Burdened with anxious care,
I groped in dark despair,
Till in Thy house of prayer,
All was made plain.

Ever, O Lord, with Thee,
All shall be well with me,
Held by Thy hand.
And Thou wilt guide my feet
By Thine own counsel sweet,
Till I, for glory meet,
In glory stand.

In earth or Heaven above
Who is there that I love
Compared with Thee?
My heart may faint with fears,
But God my strength appears,
And will to endless years
My portion be.

O it is good that I
May still to God draw nigh,
As oft before.
The Lord Jehovah blessed,
My refuge and my rest,
Shall be in praised confessed
Forevermore.