

O God, Most Holy Are Thy Ways

The Psalter, 1912.

Leipzig, 1539.

O God, most holy are Thy ways,  
And who like Thee deserves my praise?  
Thou only doest wondrous things,  
The whole wide world Thy glory sings;  
Thine outstretched arm Thy people saved,  
Though sore distressed and long enslaved.

O God, from Thee the waters fled,  
The depths were moved with mighty dread,  
The swelling clouds their torrents poured,  
And o'er the earth the tempest roared;  
'Mid lightning's flash and thunder's sound  
Great trembling shook the solid ground.

Thy way was in the sea, O God,  
Through mighty waters, deep and broad;  
None understood but God alone,  
To man Thy footsteps were unknown;  
But safe Thy people Thou didst keep,  
Almighty Shepherd of Thy sheep.