

# Psalm 34:1-10

Words arranged by Isaac Watts;

Music: When I Survey (#185)

Lord, I will bless thee all my days,  
Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue;  
My soul shall glory in Thy grace,  
While saints rejoice to hear the song.

I told him all my secret grief,  
My secret groaning reached His ears;  
He gave my inward pains relief;  
And calmed the tumult of my fears.

To Him the poor lift up their eyes,  
Their faces feel the heav'nly shine;  
A beam of mercy from the skies  
Fills them with light and joy divine.

His holy angels pitch their tents  
Around the men that serve the Lord;  
O fear and love him, all His saints,  
Taste of' His grace, and trust His word.