

383.The Lord Our Maker

1.All that I am I owe to Thee, Thy wis-dom, Lord, hath fa-shioned me;
 2.Ere in-to be-ing I was brought, Thy eye did see, and in Thy thought
 3.Thy thoughts, O God, how ma-ni-fold, More pre eious un-to me than gold!
 4.The wick-ed Thou wilt sure-ly slay, From me let sin-ners turn a-way;
 5.Search me, O God, my heart dis-cern, Try me, my in-most thought to learn;

I give my Ma-ker thank-ful praise, Whose won-drous works my soul a-maze.
 My life in all its per-fect plan Was or-dered ere my days be-gan.
 I muse on their in-fi-ni-ty, A-wa-king I am still with Thee.
 They speak a-gainst the Name di-vine, I count God's e-ne-mies as mine.
 And lead me, if in sin I stray, To choose the e-ver-las-ting way.