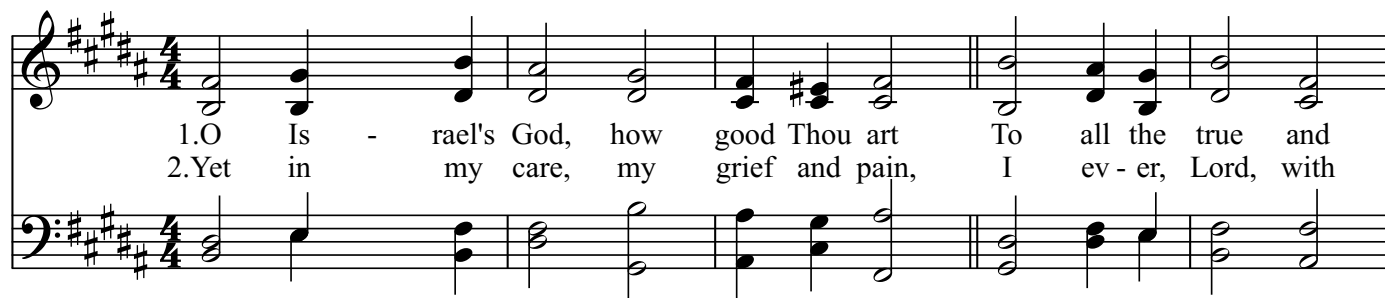
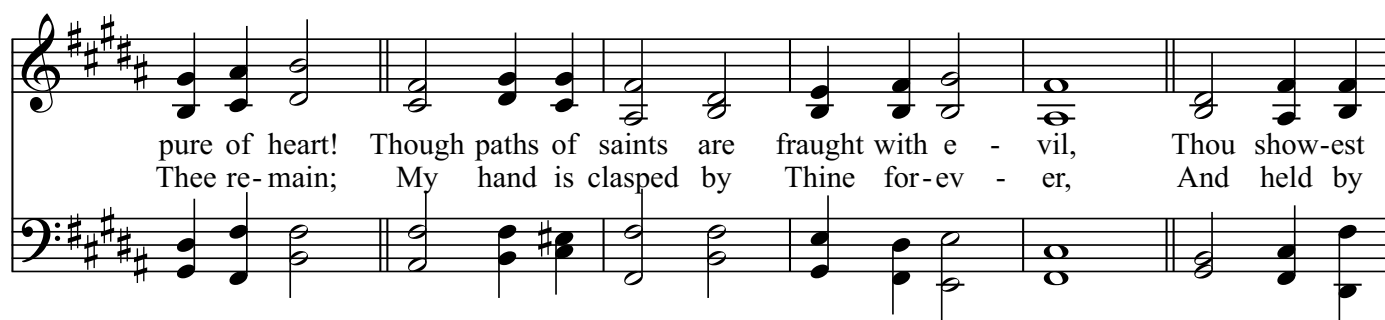


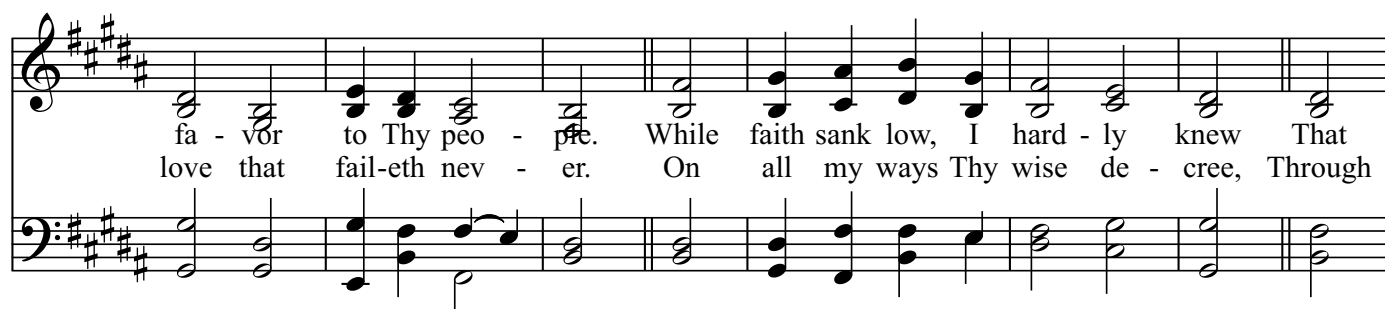
439.0 Israel's God, How Good Thou Art



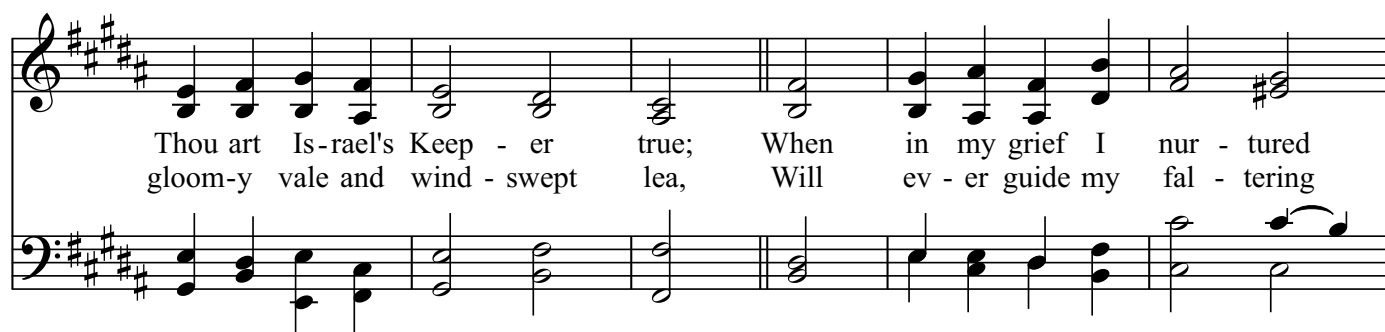
1. O Is - rael's God, how good Thou art To all the true and
2. Yet in my care, my grief and pain, I ev - er, Lord, with



pure of heart! Though paths of saints are fraught with e - vil, Thou show-est
Thee re-main; My hand is clasped by Thine for-ev - er, And held by



fa - vor to Thy peo - ple. While faith sank low, I hard - ly knew That
love that fail-eth nev - er. On all my ways Thy wise de - decree, Through



Thou art Is-rael's Keep - er true; When in my grief I nur - tured
gloom-y vale and wind - swept lea, Will ev - er guide my fal - tering



3. Whom have I, Lord, but Thee on high?

None else on earth can satisfy

But Thou, O God, my soul's deep yearning;

For Thee my troubled heart is burning.

Though flesh should faint and heart should break,

Thou art my rock that naught can shake;

In life, in death, Thou art my stay,

My strength, my portion, Lord for aye.

4. All they who wander far from Thee,

Will perish in their misery;

Thou hast destroyed the carnal-hearted,

Who from Thy covenant-ways departed.

But unto Thee, my God on high,

'Tis good for me that I draw nigh;

I'll trust Thee, Lord, through all my days,

And publish all Thy works and ways.