

168.The Fatherly Goodness of God

1.Be - fore Thee, Lord, a peo - ple waits To praise Thy Name in Zi - on's gates,
 2.How great my tres - pas - ses ap - pear, But Thou from guilt my soul wilt clear,
 3.The good-ness of Thy house, O Lord, The joys Thy ho - ly courts af - ford,
 4.On Thy sus - tain - ing arm de - pend, To earth's and sea's re - mot - est end,
 5.The tribes of earth's re - mot - est lands Be - hold the to - kens of Thy hands

To Thee shall vows be paid; Thou hea - rer of the sup - pliant's prayer,
 And my trans - gres - sions hide. How blest Thy cho - sen, who by grace
 Our souls shall sa - tis - fy; By deeds of might, in jus - tice wrought,
 All men in ev - 'ry age; Thy strength es - ta - blish - es the hills,
 And bow in god - ly fear; The east, where beams the mor - ning light,

To Thee in need shall all re - pair To seek Thy gra - cious aid.
 Are brought with - in Thy dwel - ling - place That they may there a - bid.
 The Lord will grant us what we sought, Our Sa - viour, God Most High.
 Thy word the roar - ing bil - lows stills, And calms the peo - ples' rage.
 The west, in eve - ning glo - ries bright, Re - joice, for Thou art near.