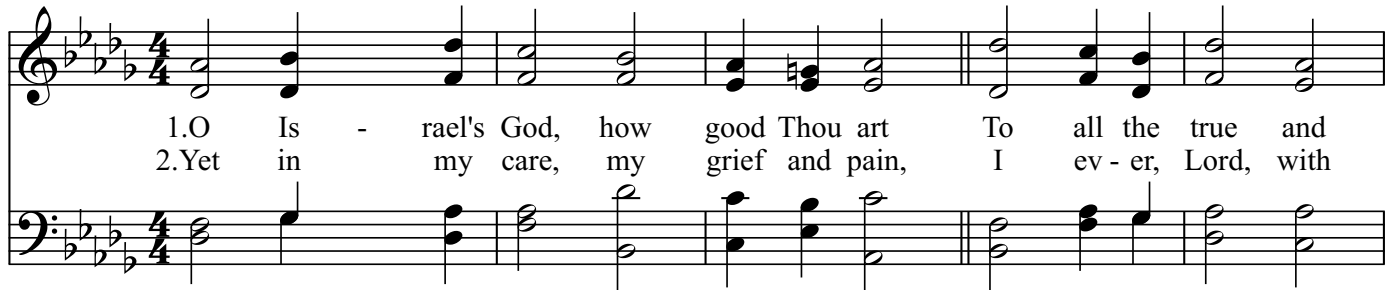


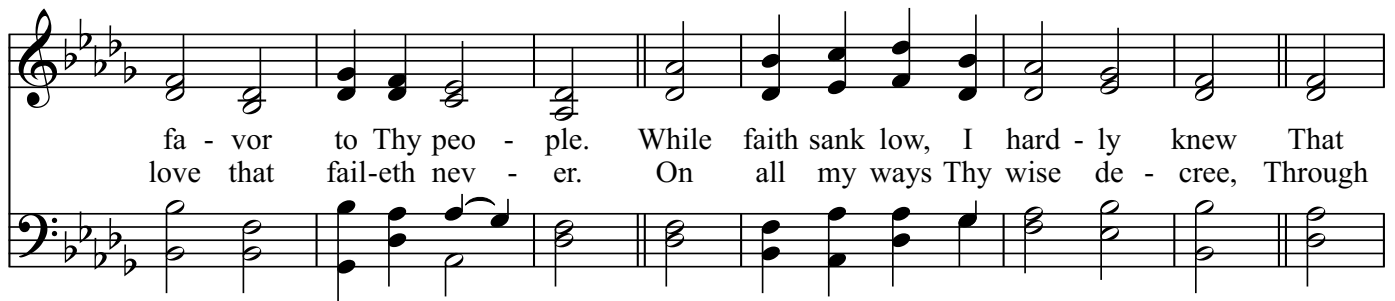
439.O Israel's God, How Good Thou Art



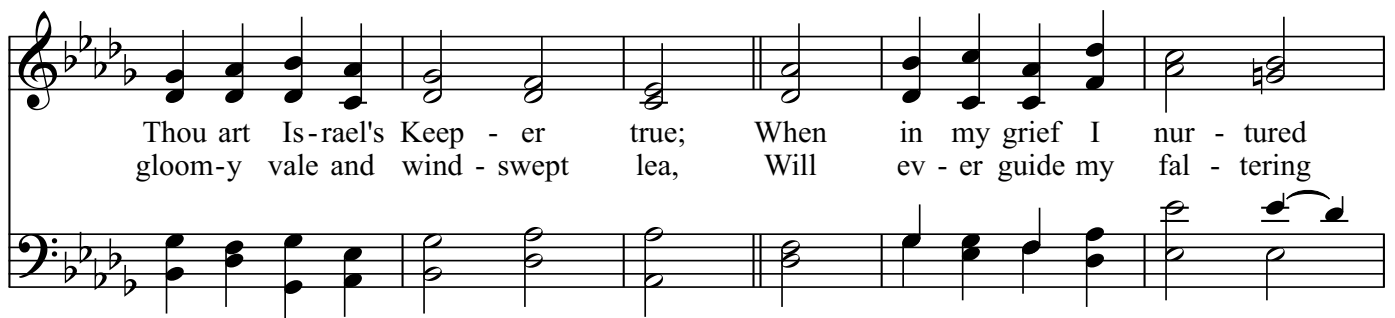
1.O Is - rael's God, how good Thou art To all the true and
2.Yet in my care, my grief and pain, I ev - er, Lord, with



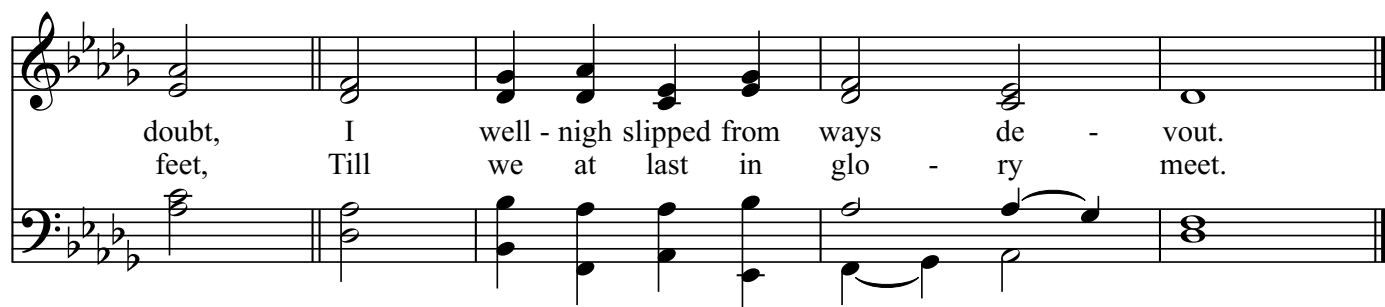
pure of heart! Though paths of saints are fraught with e - vil, Thou show-est
Thee re-main; My hand is clasped by Thine for-ev - er, And held by



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 - cree, 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.