

Psalm 92

Germany

Isaac Watts

J.L. Smith

Piano

Violin

Vcello

Pno

5

Sweet is the work, my God, my King,

Vln

Vc

Pno

9

to praise thy name, give thanks and sing, To

Vln

Vc

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13

Pno

show thy love by morn - ing light, and

Vln

Vc

17

Pno

talk of all thy truth at night.

Vln

Vc

2. Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
no mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
like David's harp of solemn sound!

3. My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
and bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

4. Fools never raise their thoughts so high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
blast them in eternal death.

5. But I shall share a glorious part
when grace hath well refined my heart;
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
like holy oil, to cheer my head.

6. Sin, my worst enemy before,
shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

7. Then shall I see, and hear, and know
all I desired or wished below;
And every pow'r find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.