MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND



2. The din of Babel never more shall rob them of thy voice;thy presence spreads its glory o'er the city of thy choice.My song is, Blessèd be the Lord, for he hath shewn to me his wondrous kindness, and his word hath set the captive free.

Jin my haste, my fear, had said, I may not see thine eyes; yet when to thee I bowed my head, to thee my heart did rise.Thou heardest my entreaty's voice; thou, Lord, my soul hast known.O love the Lord! In him rejoice! Ye saints, his mercy own!

4. The Lord the faithful doth preserve, the proud he layeth low; be strong, all ye the Lord who serve, who his salvation know.
Take courage, he your heart shall gird, all ye on him who wait; laid up for those who keep thy word, thy goodness, Lord, how great!

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