

# Wellfleet

Tr.

1. Praise ye the Lord; our God to praise My soul her utmost powers shall raise, With private friends, and in the throng Of saints, his praise shall be my song.  
2. His works for greatness though renowned, His wondrous works with ease are found By those who seek for them aright, And in the pi-ous search delight.  
3. His works are all of matchless fame, And u-ni-ver-sal glo-ry claim; His truth, confirmed through ages past, Shall to e-ter-nal a-ges last.

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4. Just are the dealings of his hands, Im-mu-ta-ble are his commands; By truth and e-qui-ty sustained, And for e-ter-nal rules ordained.  
5. He set his saints from bondage free, And then es-ta-blished his de-cree, For ev-er to remain the same; Ho-ly and re-verend is his name.  
6. Who wisdom's sacred prize would win, Must with the fear of God be-gin; Immortal praise and heavenly skill Have they, who know and do his will.

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