

Russell

1. My lot is fall'n in that blest land Where God is truly known; He fills my cup with
 2. Therefore my soul shall bless the Lord, Whose precepts give me light, And private counsel
 3. Therefore my heart all grief de-fies, My glory does re-joice; My flesh shall rest in
 4. Thou shalt the paths of life dis-play, That to thy presence lead; Where pleasures dwell with-

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1. liberal hand; Tis he supports, Tis he supports my throne.
 2. still afford In the dark night, In sorrow's dismal night.
 3. hope to rise, Waked by his voice, Waked by his powerful voice.
 4. out al-lay, Joys ne-ver fade, And joys that ne-ver fade.

1. fills my cup with liberal hand; Tis he supports my throne.
 2. private counsel still afford In sorrow's dismal night.
 3. flesh shall rest in hope to rise, Waked by his powerful voice.
 4. pleasures dwell without allay, And joys that ne-ver fade.

1. he supports my throne, Tis he supports my throne.
 2. sorrow's dismal night, In sorrow's dismal night.
 3. by his powerful voice, Waked by his powerful voice.
 4. joys that ne-ver fade, And joys that ne-ver fade.

1. throne, Tis he supports my throne. He
 2. night, In sorrow's dismal night. And
 3. voice, Waked by his powerful voice. My
 4. fade, And joys that ne-ver fade. Where