

WHY should I so fretful be,
Fearful, envious, bowed by care?
Workers of iniquity
Soon shall be no longer there.
Why, my soul, distrusting be,
Seldom resting patiently?

- 2 Help me, Lord, to feel and know
Just how greatly I offend
When I envy men below,
Making earthly gain my end,
Sharing thus the aims of those
Who are Thy determined foes.
- 3 Help me to believe Thy Word,
Yielding all my ways to Thee,
Trust Thee as a *living* Lord,
Free from base anxiety;
May my greatest pleasures be
All those things which come from Thee.

Evangelical Psalter