

MY heart is fixed, O God,
A grateful song I raise,
Awake, my heart, in joyful strains,
Awake, my soul, to praise.

2 Among the nations, Lord,
To Thee my song shall rise;
Thy Truth is high above the heavens,
Thy mercies reach the skies.

3 Stretch forth Thy mighty hand
In answer to our prayer,
And let Thine own beloved ones
Thy great salvation share.

4 The holy God has said,
'All lands shall own My sway;
My people shall My glory tell,
The heathen shall obey.'

5 O who will lead our cause,
To triumph o'er the foe,
If Thou wilt not stay near us, Lord,
Nor with our armies go?

6 The help of man is vain,
Be Thou our helper, Lord;
Through Thee we shall do valiantly,
If Thou Thine aid afford.