

Psalm 115

Lyrics by: Isaac Watts, alt.

The God We Serve

Music by: Charity Baer

1. Not to our - selves, who are but dust, Not to our - selves is glo - ry due,
2. But the vain i - dols they a - dore Are sense - less shapes of wood and rock;
3. Trust now the Lord, thy heav'n - ly shield, Thy help, thy re - fuge, and thy rest,

E - ter - nal God, Thou on - ly just, Thou on - ly gra - cious, wise and true.
At best a mass of glitt' - ring ore, A sil - ver saint, or gold - en god.
His praise a - lone can com - forts yield, His fear a - lone can build and bless.

Shine forth in all Thy dread - ful name; Why should a heath - en's haught - y tongue
Vain - ly they shape their eyes and ears; Their hands save not when mor - tals pray.
The dead no more can speak Thy praise, They dwell in si - lence and the grave;

In - sult us, and to raise our shame, Say, "Where's the God you've served so long?"
All they that pay them love and fear Seem to be blind and deaf as they.
But we shall live to sing Thy grace, And tell the world Thy pow'r to save.

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Words by Dr. Isaac Watts, Alterations by Charity Baer

Psalm 115. Long Meter. The true God our Refuge; or, Idolatry reproved.

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Psalm 115

Refrain

The God we serve _____ main - tains His throne ____ A -
 The God we serve, we serve and love, main - tains His throne, shines from a-bove, A -

bove the clouds, be - yond the skies; _____ Through
 bove the high - est clouds, be - yond all the skies, Bless God, Who built the skies, Through

all the earth _____ His will is done, _____ He knows our
 all the earth, the earth He made, His will is done, His pow'r dis-played, He knows our man - y

groans, He hears our cries, _____ Be - yond the skies. _____
 groans, He hears all our cries, let songs a - rise Be - yond all the skies, be - yond the skies.