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How Beauteous Are Their Feet

St. Thomas. S.M.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719

From WILLIAMS' PSALMODY, 1770

1. How beau-teous are their feet Who stand on Zi-on's hill;
 2. How charm-ing is their voice, So sweet the ti-dings are:
 3. How hap-py are our ears, That hear the joy-ful sound
 4. How bless-ed are our eyes, That see this heavenly light;
 5. The watch-men join their voice, And tune-ful notes em-ploy;

Who bring sal-va-tion on their tongues, And words of peace re-veal!
 "Zi-on, he-hold thy Sav-iour King; He reigns and tri-umphs here!"
 Which kings and proph-ets wait-ed for, And sought, but nev-er found!
 Proph-ets and kings de-sired it long, But died with-out the sight!
 Je-ru-sa-lem breaks forth in songs, And des-erts learn the joy.

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Workman of God

FREDERICK W. FABER, 1849

Hummel. C.M.

HEINRICH C. ZEUNER, 1832

1. Work-man of God, O lose not heart, But learn what God is like;
 2. Thrice blest is he to whom is given The in-stant that can tell
 3. Blest, too, is he who can di-vine Where truth and jus-tice lie,
 4. Then learn to scorn the praise of men, And learn to lose with God;
 5. For right is right, since God is God, And right the day must win;

And on the dark-est bat-tle-field Thou shalt know where to strike.
 That God is on the field, when He Is most in-vis-i-ble.
 And dares to take the side that seems Wrong to man's blind-ed eye.
 For Je-sus won the world through shame, And beck-ons thee His road.
 To doubt would he dis-loy-al-ty, To fal-ter would be sin.