

Psalm 40

FINGAL (66.66. D.)
Irish Traditional Melody
Arr. Leopold L. Dix, 1933

1. I wait - ed for the LORD; He stooped and heard my cry.
2. Man - y will see with awe, And so will trust the LORD.
3. You want no of - fer - ing, Nor ask a sac - ri - fice,
4. To do Your will, O God, To me is my de - light.

He brought me from the pit, Out of the dun geon mire,
Blessed he who trusts in GOD, And turns not to false men.
But You have giv - en me, A read - y ear to hear.
Your law is part of me, Deep in my heart, O God."

My feet set on a rock, My foot - steps made se - cure.
You have worked won - ders, LORD; No - one com - pares to You!
You ask no of - frings burnt Nor sac - ri - fice for sin.
In con - gre - ga - tion great I told Your right - eous - ness.

My lips He gave a song, A song to praise our God.
Should I de - clare each one, Their num - ber is too great.
So I say, "Here I come, As in the scroll in - scribed.
You know, LORD, I spoke out; I did not close my lips.