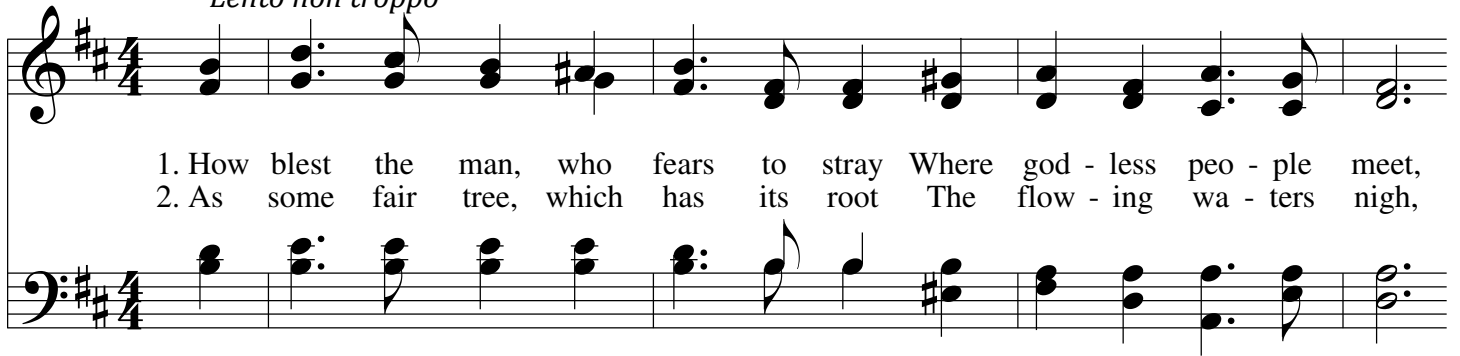


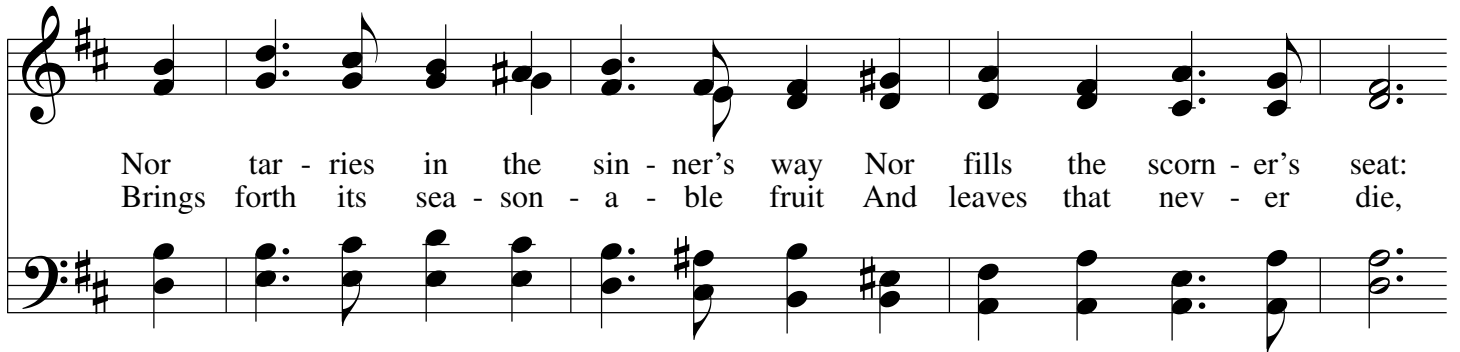
How Blest The Man, Who Feels To Stray

Bm(D)

Lento non troppo



1. How blest the man, who fears to stray Where god - less peo - ple meet,
2. As some fair tree, which has its root The flow - ing wa - ters nigh,



Nor tar - ries in the sin - ner's way Nor fills the scorn - er's seat:
Brings forth its sea - son - a - ble fruit And leaves that nev - er die,



But tak - ing for his sole de - light The Lord's all - per - fect law,
Thus all he do - eth pros - pers well: Not so the wick - ed fare:



He mus - es on it day and night With love and ho - ly awe.
Like chaff be - fore the driv - ing gale, They wa - ver here and there.