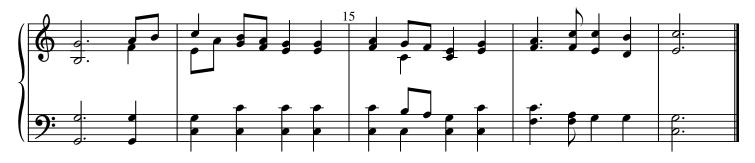
## Amid the thronging worshippers







Amid the thronging worshippers Jehovah will I bless, Before my brethren, gathered there, His name I will confess. Come, praise Him, ye that fear the Lord, Ye children of His grace, With reverence sound His glories forth And bow before His face.

The burden of the sorrowful The Lord will not despise; He has not turned from those that mourn, He hearkens to their cries. His goodness makes me join the throng Where saints His praise proclaim, And there will I fulfill my vows 'Mid those who fear His name. He feeds with good the humble soul And satisfies the meek, And they shall live and praise the Lord Who for His mercy seek. The ends of all the earth take thought, The nations seek the Lord; They worship Him, the King of kings, In earth and Heav'n adored.

From Psalm 22.