Psalm 2

Robin Mark

Yea though I walk through the valley of death
Yet will I fear no ill.
Thy rod and staff, are my shield and sword
My Rock and Comforter still.
O Lamb of God, O Lamb of God
As I surrender my will
May all of my days be filled with Your praise
Until I, Your purpose fulfil.

Should all man's scorn, be poured on my form
O if I despised of all be
Nor should I care, but I'll gladly bear
As you have borne it for me.
O Lamb of God, O Lamb of God
Dying on cruel Calvary
Through all of my days will be filled with Your praise,
Until I, Your purposes see.

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