

What Shall I Do My Saviour To Praise
by Charles Wesley

1 WHAT shall I do My Saviour to praise,
So faithful and true, So plenteous in grace,
So strong to deliver, So good to redeem
The weakest believer That hangs upon him!

2 How happy the man Whose heart is set free,
The people that can Be joyful in thee!
Their joy is to walk in The light of thy face,
And still they are talking Of Jesus's grace.

3 Their daily delight Shall be in thy name;
They shall as their right Thy righteousness claim;
Thy righteousness wearing, And cleansed by thy blood,
Bold shall they appear in The presence of God.

4 For thou art their boast, Their glory and power;
And I also trust To see the glad hour,
My souls new creation, A life from the dead,
The day of salvation, That lifts up my head.

5 For Jesus, my Lord, Is now my defence;
I trust in his word, None plucks me from thence;
Since I have found favour, He all things will do;
My king and my Saviour Shall make me anew.

6 Yes, Lord, I shall see The bliss of thine own,
Thy secret to me Shall soon be made known;
For sorrow and sadness I joy shall receive,
And share in the gladness Of all that believe.