

We praise thy name, O Lord most high

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Redeemer of our souls from death,
and all thy mercies magnify,
in making known thy saving faith.

Thou didst the humble fisher call
beside the shores of Galilee:
at thy command he gave up all,
and left his nets to follow thee.

O happy choice, for earthly toil
the strife to rescue souls from sin;
for treasures that may rust and spoil,
the crown of heavenly life to win.

O favored one, who, ere he knew
the sharpness of the coming cross,
of thy bright beauty caught the view
that turns to gain all earthly loss.

Thy promise is fulfilled, and he
dares in thy painful steps to go:
to drink thy cup of agony,
and drain the bitter dregs of woe.

Grant, Lord, that hope of seeing thee
in bliss, may us with courage nerve,
the world and all its pomp to flee,
our cross to bear, and thee to serve.