

Praise Him, Praise Him

Words: Fanny Crosby, 1869. Music: Chester Allen.

Praise Him, praise Him Jesus, our blessed Redeemer,
Sing, O earth, His wonderful love proclaim.
Hail Him! hail Him! highest archangels in glory;
Strength and honor give to His holy name!
Like a shepherd, Jesus will guard His children,
In His arms He carries them all day long:
O ye saints that dwell on the mountain of Zion,
Praise Him, praise Him ever in joyful song.

Praise Him, praise Him Jesus, our blessed Redeemer,
For our sins He suffered, and bled, and died;
He our rock, our hope of eternal salvation,
Hail Him, hail Him, Jesus the Crucified.
Loving Savior, meekly enduring sorrow,
Crowned with thorns that cruelly pierced His brow;
Once for us rejected, despised and forsaken,
Prince of Glory, He is triumphant now.

Praise Him, praise Him Jesus, our blessed Redeemer,
Heav'nly portals loud with hosannas ring,
Jesus, Savior, reigneth forever and ever.
Crown Him! Crown Him Prophet, and Priest, and King!
Death is vanquished! Tell it with joy, ye faithful.
Where is now thy victory, boasting grave?
Jesus lives! No longer thy portals are cheerless;
Jesus lives, the mighty and strong to save.