

Give Praise

Nelle Eberhardt, 1905.

Ira Wilson.

Come before Jehovah with a joyful song,  
Give praise, give praise!  
Lift your voice in gladness, sweet and clear and strong,  
Your anthem raise.

Cast your burden from you all your load of sin;  
Know God's love around you and His peace within;  
Come before Jehovah with a joyful song,  
Give praise, give praise.

Feel you not the gladness in this world of ours?

'Tis here, 'tis here!

See you not the beauty of the blooming flow'rs,

The changing year?

God His gifts has bountifully round you spread,

You have but to take them; mourner, lift your head;

Feel you not the gladness in this world of ours?

'Tis here, 'tis here!

Chant no wail of sorrow, leave the minor key;

Be glad, be glad!

Sing God's grace and goodness, let your spirit be

In brightness clad.

And your song shall echo down the troubled years,

Easing someone's heartache, drying someone's tears;

Chant no wail of sorrow, leave the minor key;

Be glad, be glad!