

I Will Extol Thee, Lord on High

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Grenoble Antiphoner, 1753.

I will extol Thee, Lord on high,  
At Thy command diseases fly:  
Who but a God can speak and save,  
From the dark borders of the grave?

Sing to the Lord, ye saints of His,  
And tell how large His goodness is;  
Let all your powers rejoice and bless  
While you record His holiness.

His anger but a moment stays;  
His love is life and length of days;  
Though grief and tears the night employ,  
The morning star restores the joy.