

My Song Shall Bless the Lord of All

William Cowper, 1779.

Joseph Barnby, 1881.

My song shall bless the Lord of all,
My praise shall climb to His abode;
Thee, Savior, by that name I call,
The great Supreme, the mighty God.

Without beginning, or decline,
Object of faith, and not of sense;
Eternal ages saw Him shine,
He shines eternal ages hence.

As much, when in the manger laid,
Almighty Ruler of the sky;
As when the six days' works He made,
Filled all the morning-stars with joy.

Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,
Salvation is His dearest claim;
That gracious sound well-pleased He hears,
And owns Emmanuel for His name.

A cheerful confidence I feel,
My well-placed hopes with joy I see;
My bosom glows with heav'nly zeal
To worship Him who died for me.

As man, He pities my complaint,
His pow'r and truth are all divine;
He will not fail, He cannot faint,
Salvation's sure, and must be mine.