

Praise, My Soul, the Lord in Glory
Alfred Steinmetz, 1855.

Praise, my soul, the Lord in glory
For His boundless grace!
For His Word, the sacred story,
That His love conveys!
I its truth embrace.

Christ has all my sins forgiven,
Peace and light bestowed.
He thro' sin and death was driven,
And made way to God.
He made way to God.

None can justly now me censure,
Christ me chose for bride.
To His loving heart I venture,
Hiding at His side;
At His loving side.

Now, my heart, be full of gladness,
Sing with joyful sound!
Let your cheer subdue all sadness;
May your joy abound;
Let your joy resound!

When our Bridegroom comes from glory
We no joy will miss!
All the saved He'll give, as dowry,
His eternal bliss;
Yes, eternal bliss!