

Praise, Praise His Name
Fanny Crosby, 1889.
John Sweney.

On the desert mountain straying,
Far, far from home,
Heard I there a sweet voice, saying,
"Why wilt Thou roam?"

Refrain

'Twas my blessed Lord that sought me,
Out of sin to grace He brought me,
Oh the glad, new song He taught me,
Praise, praise His name.

At a throne of mercy kneeling,
Sad and oppressed,
Came that voice, to me revealing
Hope, life and rest.

Refrain

Oft I heard that voice repeating,
"I am the Way.
Tarry not, the hours are fleeting,
Come, come today."

Refrain

When from glory unto glory
My flight shall be,
Still I'll sing the precious story,
Savior, of Thee.

Refrain