

Praise Ye the Lord, for He Is Good
The Psalter, 1912.
Edward Clark, 1871.

Praise ye the Lord, for He is good;
Give thanks and bless His name;
His lovingkindness changes not,
From age to age the same.

What tongue can tell His mighty deeds,
His wondrous works and ways?
O who can show His glory forth,
Or utter all His praise?

The Lord will bless and prosper those,
Yea, blest indeed are they
Whose ways are just, who constantly
His righteous law obey.

O Lord, remember me in grace,
Let me salvation see;
The grace Thou showest to Thy saints,
That grace reveal to me.

Let me behold Thy people's good
And in their joy rejoice;
With Thy triumphant heritage
Let me lift up my voice.

In evil we have gone astray,
And sinful is our race;
Rebelligiously our fathers walked,
Forgetful of Thy grace.

Though they rebelled, yet for their help
In saving strength He came
To make His power almighty known
And glorify His name.

He brought them safely through the sea
And overwhelmed their foes;
Their faith was stirred, and for the time
Their songs of praise arose.

Forgetful soon, they tempted God
Nor for His counsel cared;
He sent them leanness in their souls,
While they earth's bounties shared.

With envy they regarded those
Whom God to them had sent;
The opening earth, the kindling flame,
Brought awful punishment.

A golden image they adored,
And worshipped at its shrine;
Thus they despised the living God,
And scorned His love divine.

Their God and Savior they forgot,
Their helper and their stay,
But Moses pled the promised grace

Yea, they despised the pleasant land,
The promised land of God,
And tempted Him to make them fall
And scatter them abroad.

They sacrificed to heathen gods,
And God their sin repaid;
Then holy wrath avenged the wrong,
And so the plague was stayed.

The Lord approved the righteous act
Of him who sin abhorred,
And honored him forevermore
With just and great reward.

By wicked strife they angered God,
His wrath they did provoke;
And stirred by their rebellious cries,
Their leader rashly spoke.

Ensnared, they served the heathen gods,
And by them were beguiled;
The blood of children sacrificed
The very land defiled.

Against His own inheritance
Jehovah's wrath arose,
His chosen people He condemned
To serve their heathen foes.

Though from their harsh oppressors' hand
Ofttimes He set them free,
Rebellious still, they were brought low
In their iniquity.

When unto God they cried, He heard
And turned again His face,
In boundless love remembering
The covenant of His grace.

He even touched their captors' hearts,
And made their very foes
Compassionate and pitiful
To feel His people's woes.

Save us, O Lord, our gracious God,
From alien lands reclaim,
That we may triumph in Thy praise
And bless Thy holy name.

Blest be the Lord our covenant God,
All praise to Him accord;
Let all the people say, "Amen."
Praise ye, praise ye the Lord.