

I will extol thee, Lord, on high  
[I Will Extol Thee, Lord, on High]  
Melody: Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

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?

2. 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.

3. 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.