

I Praise Thee, Lord, Who O'er My Foes  
by Charles Wesley

1 I PRAISE thee, Lord, who o'er my foes  
Hast raised my head in triumph high,  
Not slow to mark my secret woes,  
Not deaf to my desponding cry.  
I praise thee, Lord; my heart was faint,  
My feet were sinking to the grave,  
But thou wast nigh to hear my plaint,  
To hear, to heal me, and to save.

2 A moment, and thine anger dies;  
Thy grace is life for evermore:  
The sun may set on weeping eyes,  
But joy returns when night is o'er.  
In song before the Lord rejoice,  
His praise let all his saints proclaim,  
And still, with thankful heart and voice,  
Give glory to his holy name.

3 In prosperous times I dared to say  
"My mountain stands for ever sure;"  
But thou didst turn thy face away;  
O grief too heavy to endure!  
And then I raised my voice in prayer:  
"Lord, to my humble suit attend;  
In pity yet thy servant spare,  
And be my helper, and my friend.

4 "What profit in my blood is found?  
What voices from the tomb are heard?  
Can dust to distant years resound  
The mercies of thy faithful word?"  
Gladness for mourning thou hast given,  
That I may thank thee all my days,  
And every saint in earth and heaven  
Swell the loud anthem of thy praise.