

Hymn Lyrics

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When we are raised from deep distress

When we are raised from deep distress,
Our God deserves our song;
We take the pattern of our praise
From Hezekiah's tongue.

The gates of the devouring grave
Are opened wide in vain,
If he that holds the keys of death
Commands them fast again.

When he but speaks the healing word
Then no disease withstands;
Fevers and plagues obey the Lord,
And fly, as he commands.

If half the strings of life should break,
He can our frame restore;
He casts our sins behind his back,
And they are found no more.

To him I cried, "Thy servant save,
Thou ever good and just;
Thy power can rescue from the grave,
Thy power is all my trust!"

He heard, and saved my soul from death.
And dried my falling tears;
Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
Through my remaining years.