

Lord, I Will Bless Thee All My Days

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Jeremiah Clarke, 1707.

Lord, I will bless Thee all my days,  
Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue;  
My soul shall glory in Thy grace,  
While saints rejoice to hear the song.

Come, magnify the Lord with me,  
Come, let us all exalt His name;  
I sought th'eternal God, and He  
Has not exposed my hope to shame.

I told Him all my secret grief,  
My secret groaning reached His ears;  
He gave my inward pains relief,  
And calmed the tumult of my fears.

To Him the poor lift up their eyes,  
Their faces feel the heav'nly shine;  
A beam of mercy from the skies  
Fills them with light and joy divine.

His holy angels pitch their tents  
Around the men that serve the Lord;  
O fear and love Him, all His saints,  
Taste of His grace, and trust His Word.

The wild young lions, pinched with pain  
And hunger, roar through all the wood;  
But none shall seek the Lord in vain,  
Nor want supplies of real good.