

Praise the Lord, for He Is Good
The Psalter, 1912.
Haydn.

Praise the Lord, for He is good,
For His mercies ever sure
From eternity have stood,
To eternity endure.
Let His ransomed people raise
Songs to their Redeemer's praise.

From captivity released,
From the south and from the north,
From the west and from the east,
In His love He brought them forth,
Ransomed out of every land
From the adversary's hand.

Wandering in the wilderness,
Far they roamed the desert way,
Found no settled dwelling place
Where in peace secure to stay,
Till with thirst and hunger pressed
Courage sank within their breast.

To Jehovah then they cried
In their trouble, and He saved;
He Himself became their guide,
Led them to the rest they craved
By a pathway straight and sure,
To a city strong, secure.

Sons of men, awake to praise
God the Lord who reigns above,
Gracious in His works and ways,
Wondrous in redeeming love;
Longing souls He satisfies,
Hungry hearts with good supplies.