

I'll Bless the Lord from Day to Day
Words: Isaac Watts, 1719.
Music: Dublin, 1749.

I'll bless the Lord from day to day;
How good are all His ways!
Ye humble souls that use to pray,
Come, help my lips to praise.

Sing to the honor of His name,
How a poor sufferer cried,
Nor was his hope exposed to shame,
Nor was his suit denied.

When threatening sorrows round me stood,
And endless fears arose,
Like the loud billows of a flood,
Redoubling all my woes;

I told the Lord my sore distress,
With heavy groans and tears;
He gave my sharpest torments ease,
And silenced all my fears.

O sinners, come and taste His love,
Come, learn His pleasant ways;
And let your own experience prove
The sweetness of His grace.

He bids His angels pitch their tents
Round where His children dwell;
What ills their heav'nly care prevents
No earthly tongue can tell.

O love the Lord, ye saints of His;
His eye regards the just:
How richly blessed their portion is
Who make the Lord their trust!

Young lions, pinched with hunger, roar
And famish in the wood;
But God supplies His holy poor
With every needful good.