

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven,

To his feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like me his praise should sing?
Alleluia, alleluia
Praise the everlasting King.

Praise him for his grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise him still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless:
Alleluia, alleluia
Glorious in his faithfulness.

Father-like, he tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame he knows;
In his hands he gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes:
Alleluia, alleluia
Widely as his mercy flows.

Frail as summer's flower we flourish,
Blows the wind and it is gone;
But while mortals rise and perish,
God endures unchanging on.
Alleluia, alleluia
Praise the high Eternal One!

Angels, help us to adore him;
Ye behold him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before him,
Dwellers all in time and space:
Alleluia, alleluia
Praise with us the God of grace.

Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847)

God moves in a mysterious way

His wonders to perform:
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own Interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

William Cowper (1731-1800)

We give immortal praise
to God the Father's love
for all our comforts here,
and better hopes above:

he sent his own
eternal Son,
to die for sins
that man had done.

To God the Son belongs
immortal glory too,
who bought us with his blood
from everlasting woe:
and now he lives,
and now he reigns,
and sees the fruit
of all his pains.

To God the Spirit's name
immortal worship give,
whose new-creating power
makes the dead sinner live:
his work completes
the great design,
and fills the soul
with joy divine.

Almighty God, to thee
be endless honours done,
the undivided Three,
and the mysterious One:
where reason fails
with all her powers,
there faith prevails,
and love adores.

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

My God, how wonderful thou art,

thy majesty how bright,
how beautiful thy mercy seat,
in depths of burning light!

How dread are thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord,
by prostrate spirits day and night
incessantly adored!

How wonderful, how beautiful,
the sight of thee must be,
thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
and awful purity!

O how I fear thee, living God,
with deepest, tenderest fears,
and worship thee with trembling hope
and penitential tears!

Yet I may love thee too, O Lord,
almighty as thou art,
for thou hast stooped to ask of me
the love of my poor heart.

No earthly father loves like thee,
no mother, e'er so mild,
bears and forbears as thou hast done
with me, thy sinful child.

Father of Jesus, love's reward,
what rapture it will be,
prostrate before thy throne to lie,
and gaze and gaze on thee!

Frederick William Faber (1814-1863)

