Praise Him! Praise Him!

Praise Him! Praise Him!

They sang a new song: “You are worthy … because you were slain, and with your blood you purchased men for God.” Rev. 5:9

1. Praise him! praise him! Jesus, our blessed Redeemer!
2. Praise him! praise him! Jesus, our blessed Redeemer!
3. Praise him! praise him! Jesus, our blessed Redeemer!

Sing, O earth, his wonderful love proclaim!
For our sins he suffered and bled and died;
Heavenly portals loud with hosannas ring!

Hail him! hail him! highest archangels in glory;
He our Rock, our hope of eternal salvation,
Jesus, Savior, reigneth forever and ever;

Strength and honor give to his holy name!
Hail him! hail him! Jesus the Crucified,
Crown him! crown him! Prophet and Priest and King!
Like a shepherd, Jesus will guard his children,
Sound his praises! Jesus who bore our sorrows,
Christ is coming! over the world victorious,
in his arms he carries them all day long:
love unbounded, wonderful, deep, and strong:
power and glory unto the Lord belong:

REFRAIN

Praise him! praise him! tell of his excellent greatness;

praise him! praise him! ever in joyful song!

Fanny J. Crosby, 1869
JOYFUL SONG, Inc.
Chester G. Allen, 1969
O Lord, by Grace Delivered

I will exalt you, O Lord, for you lifted me out of the depths. Ps. 30:1

1. O Lord, by grace delivered, I now with songs exalt;
   my foes you have not suffered to glory over my fall.
2. His holy name remember; you saints, Jehovah praise;
   his anger lasts a moment, his favor all our days;
   for, Lord, by your good favor my cause you did maintain;
   Shall dust repeat your praises, shall it your truth declare?
   who have removed my sorrow and girded me with praise;

3. In prosperous days I boasted; unmoved I shall remain;
   O Lord, my God, I sought you, and you did heal and save;
   I soon was sorely troubled, for you did hide your face;
   and now, no longer silent, my heart your praise will sing;
4. What profit if I perish, if life you do not spare?
   for sorrow, like a pilgrim, may tarry for a night.
   O Lord, on me have mercy, and my petition hear;
   and now, no longer silent, my heart your praise will sing;
5. My grief is turned to gladness, to you my thanks I raise,
you, Lord, from death did ransom and keep me from the grave.
but joy the heart will glad den when dawns the morning light.
I cried to you, Jehovah, I sought Jehovah's grace.
that you may be my helper, in mercy, Lord, appear.
O Lord, my God, forever my thanks to you I bring.

From Psalm 30
The Psalter, 1612; alt. 1990, mod.

NOEL C.M.D.
Traditional English melody
Arr. by Arthur S. Sullivan, 1874