

Praise ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise

Francis Duckworth

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LM

Praise ye the Lord; 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in His praise;
His nature and His works invite
To make this duty our delight.

He formed the stars, those heav'nly flames;
He counts their numbers, calls their names;
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drowned.

Sing to the Lord, exalt Him high,
Who spreads His clouds all round the sky;
There He prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food His hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

What is the creature's skill or force,
The sprightly man, the warlike horse,
The nimble wit, the active limb?
All are too mean delights for Him.

But saints are lovely in His sight,
He views His children with delight;
He sees their hope, He knows their fear,
And looks, and loves His image there.

Isaac Watts