Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise thee







Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise thee, for the bliss thy love bestows, for the pardoning grace that saves me, and the peace that from it flows: help, O God, my weak endeavor; this dull soul to rapture raise: thou must light the flame, or never can my love be warmed to praise.

Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee, wretched wanderer, far astray; found thee lost, and kindly brought thee from the paths of death away; praise, with love's devoutest feeling, him who saw thy guilt-born fear, and, since words can never measure, let my life show forth thy praise. Praise thy Saviour God that drew thee To that cross, new life to give, Held a blood-sealed pardon to thee, Bade thee look to him and live: Praise the grace whose threats alarmed thee, Roused thee from thy fatal ease, Praise the grace whose promised warm'd thee, Praise the grace that whispered peace.

Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling vainly would my lips express. Low before thy footstool kneeling, deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless: let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure, love's pure flame within me raise; and, since words can never measure, let my life show forth thy praise.

Francis Scott Key