

Praise ye the Lord, 'Tis Good to Raise

William Moore, 1811-1880

Accrington
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 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.

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.

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.

Great is our Lord, and great His might;
And all His glories infinite:
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
And treads the wicked to the dust.

Isaac Watts