

Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of creation;
O my soul, praise him, for he is thy health and salvation;
all ye who hear, brothers and sisters draw near,
praise him in glad adoration.

Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things so wondrously reigneth,
shelters thee under his wings, yea, so gently sustaineth:
hast thou not seen how thy heart's longings have been
granted in what he ordaineth?

Praise to the Lord, who doth prosper thy work and defend thee;
surely his goodness and mercy here daily attend thee:
ponder anew what the Almighty can do
who with his love doth befriend thee.

Praise to the Lord, who when darkness of sin is abounding,
who, when the godless do triumph, all virtue confounding,
sheddeth his light, chaseth the horrors of night,
saints with his mercy surrounding.

Praise to the Lord! O let all that is in me adore him!
all that hath life and breath, come now with praises before him!
let the amen sound from his people again:
gladly for ay we adore him.

