

I WILL extol Thee, Lord on high,
At Whose command diseases fly;
Who but the Lord can speak, and save
From the dark border of the grave?

- 2 Sing to the Lord, ye saints of His,
And tell how great His goodness is;
Let all your powers rejoice and bless,
While you record His holiness.
- 3 His anger but a moment stays;
His love is life and length of days;
Though grief and fears the night employ,
The morning soon restores our joy.
- 4 Firm was my strength, my day was bright;
And I presumed 'twould ne'er be night;
Proudly I said within my heart,
'Pleasure and peace shall not depart.'
- 5 But I forgot 'twas Thine arm strong,
Which made my mountain stand so long;
Soon as Thy face began to hide,
My health and strength, and comforts died.
- 6 'Hear me, O God of grace,' I prayed,
'And bring me from the edge of death.'
Thy word removed the pains I felt,
And pardoning love absolved my guilt.
- 7 Now all my powers shall aid my tongue
To raise a loud and thankful song;
Thy praise shall sound through earth and Heaven,
For sickness healed and sins forgiven.