

LET not God's praises grow
On prosperous heights alone,
But in the vales below

Let His great love be known:
Let no distress,
Curb or control
My thankful soul,
And praise suppress.

2 Let not the fear or smart
Of His chastising rod,
Take off my fervent heart
From praising my dear God;
Whate'er I feel,
Still let me bring
This offering
And to Him kneel.

3 Though friends I lose, and wealth,
And bear reproach and shame,
Though I lose ease and health
Still let me praise God's name.
Such fear and pain
As would destroy
My thanks and joy,
O Lord, restrain.

4 Though human help depart,
And flesh draw near to dust,
Let faith keep up my heart
To love my Saviour just:
Then all my days
Shall no dis-ease
Cause me to cease
His joyful praise.