

## I Will Extol Thee, Lord, on High

Cont'd, Psalm 30:6-12

4. <sup>6</sup>Firm was my health, my day was bright, And I presumed 'twould ne'er be night;  
 5. <sup>7</sup>But I for - got Thine arm was strong, Which made my moun-tain stand so long:  
 6. <sup>8</sup>I cried a - loud to Thee, my God, <sup>9</sup>"What canst Thou prof - it by my blood?  
 7. <sup>10</sup>"Hear me, O God of grace," I said, "And bring me from a - mong the dead."  
 8. <sup>11</sup>My groans, and tears, and forms of woe, Are turned to joy and prais-es now;  
 9. <sup>12</sup>My tongue, the glo - ry of my frame, Shall ne'er be si - lent of Thy name;

Fond - ly I said with - in my heart, "Pleas - ure and peace shall ne'er de - part."  
 Soon as Thy face be - gan to hide, My health was gone, my com-forts died.  
*Deep in the dust can I de - clare Thy truth, or sing Thy good-ness there?*  
*Thy word re - buked the pains I felt, Thy par - d'ning love re - moved my guilt.*  
 I throw my sack-cloth on the ground, And ease and glad-ness gird me 'round.  
 Thy praise shall sound through earth and heav'n, For sick-ness healed, and sins for-giv'n.

Music: *Gesangbuch*, 1568; harm. Samuel Sebastian Wesley (1810-1876)

Text: Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

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