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Commemoration and Praise

PSALM 30 7s and 6s

CRUCIFIX

Greek Melody

1 { O Lord, by Thee de-liv-ered, I Thee with songs ex - tol;
My foes Thou hast not suffered To glo - ry o'er my fall. } O Lord, my God, I sought Thee,

And Thou didst heal and save; Thou, Lord, from death didst ransom And keep me from the grave.

By permission of C. C. Converse

2 His holy Name remember,
Ye saints, Jehovah praise;
His anger lasts a moment,
His favor all our days;
For sorrow, like a pilgrim,
May tarry for a night,
But joy the heart will gladden
When dawns the morning light.

3 In prosperous days I boasted,
Unmoved I shall remain,
For, Lord, by Thy good favor
My cause Thou didst maintain;
I soon was sorely troubled,
For Thou didst hide Thy face;
I cried to Thee, Jehovah,
I sought Jehovah's grace.

4 What profit if I perish,
If life Thou dost not spare?
Shall dust repeat Thy praises,
Shall it Thy truth declare?
O Lord, on me have mercy,
And my petition hear;
That Thou mayst be my helper,
In mercy, Lord, appear.

5 My grief is turned to gladness,
To Thee my thanks I raise,
Who hast removed my sorrow
And girded me with praise;
And now, no longer silent,
My heart Thy praise will sing;
O Lord, my God, forever
My thanks to Thee I bring.

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Grateful Praise

PSALM 30 H. M.

AVALON

Arranged by William H. Doane

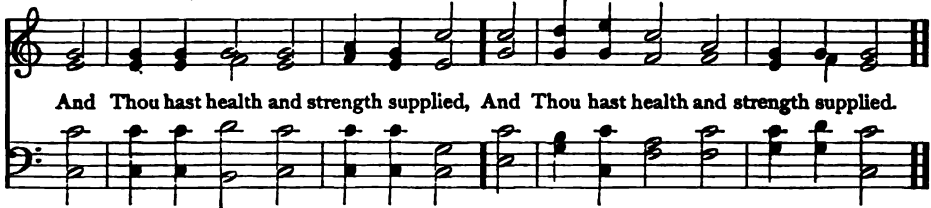
1 Lord, I will praise Thy Name, For Thou hast set me free, Nor suffered foes to claim

By permission of W. H. Doane

Grateful Praise



A tri-umph o - ver me; O Lord, my God, to Thee I cried



And Thou hast health and strength supplied, And Thou hast health and strength supplied.

2 Thou hast my soul restored
When I was near the grave,
And from the depths, O Lord,
Thou graciously didst save;
O ye His saints, sing to the Lord,
With thanks His holiness record.

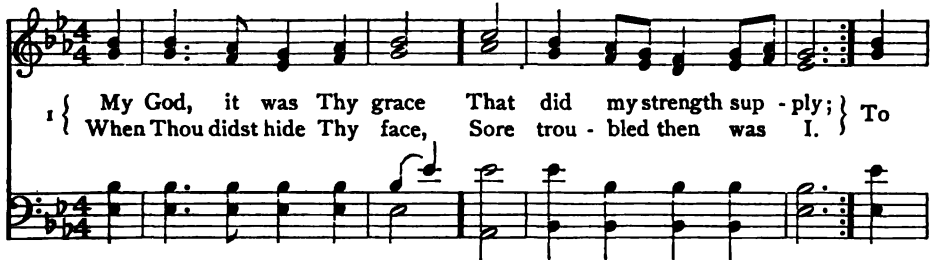
3 His wrath is quickly past,
His favor lives for aye;
Though grief a night may last,
Joy comes at break of day;
In my prosperity secure
I said, My peace shall still endure.

79 Thoughts on God's Loving-Kindness

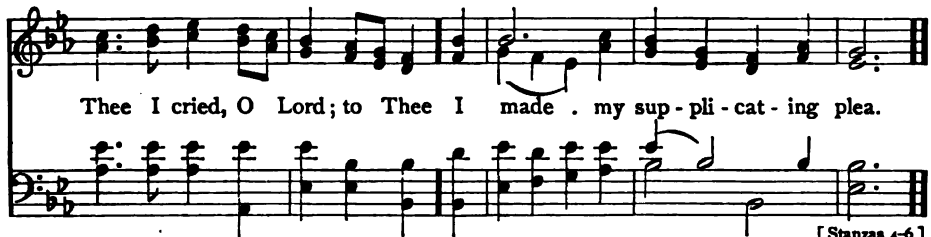
PSALM 30 H. M.

CLARKSVILLE

William B. Bradbury



1 { My God, it was Thy grace That did my strength sup - ply; } To
When Thou didst hide Thy face, Sore trou - bled then was I. }



Thee I cried, O Lord; to Thee I made . my sup - pli - cat - ing plea.

[Stanzas 4-6]

2 What profit can it bring
If life Thou dost not spare?
Shall dust Thy praises sing,
Shall it Thy truth declare?
Jehovah hear, in mercy hear,
My Helper, Saviour, now appear.

3 With grief to gladness turned,
With sorrow changed to joy,
Thy praises I have learned,
And songs my lips employ;
So shall my tongue through life adore
And praise Thy Name for evermore.