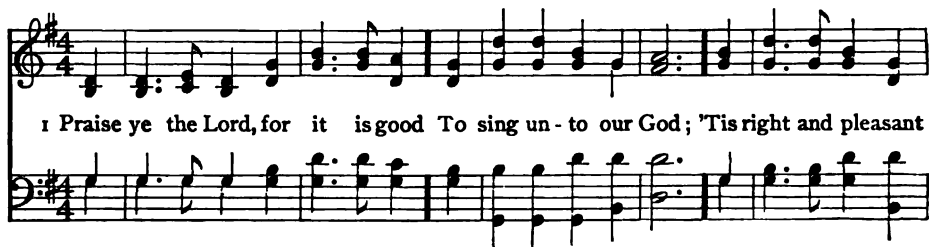


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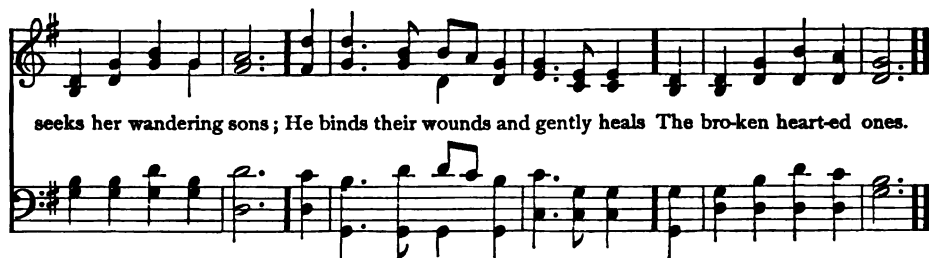
John H. Stockton



1 Praise ye the Lord, for it is good To sing un - to our God; 'Tis right and pleasant



for His saints To tell His praise a-broad. The Lord our God builds up His Church, He



seeks her wandering sons; He binds their wounds and gently heals The broken heart-ed ones.

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[ Selected Stanzas ]

2 Our Lord is great, He calls by name  
 And counts the stars of night;  
 His wisdom is unsearchable,  
 And wondrous is His might.  
 The Lord upholds the poor and meek,  
 He brings the wicked low;  
 Sing praise to Him and give Him thanks  
 And all His goodness show.

3 No human might, no earthly pride,  
 Delights the Lord above;  
 In them that fear Him He delights,  
 In them that trust His love.  
 O Zion, praise the Lord thy God,  
 His wondrous love confess;  
 He is thy glory and thy strength,  
 He will thy children bless.