

1 O praise the Lord, for He is good, His mer - cies still en - dure;

Thus let His ran-somed tes - ti - fy, From all their foes se - cure.

He has redeemed His cap - tive saints From ad - ver - sa - ries' hands,

Has gath - ered them and brought them back In peace from hos - tile lands.

[Selected Stanzas]

2 They wandered in the wilderness,
 By want and hunger pressed;
 In trouble then they cried to God,
 He saved their souls distressed.
 He made the way before them plain,
 Himself became their guide;
 He brought them to a city strong
 Wherein they might abide.

3 O praise the Lord, ye sons of men,
 For all His goodness shown;
 O praise Him for the wondrous works
 To you He has made known.
 The longing soul that turns to Him
 He fully satisfies;
 He fills with good each hungering one
 That for His mercy cries.