I'll Bless the Lord from Day to Day

Doh is G · 3/4 Tune: ST. AGNES

| m - m - m - | r - - - m - | f - - - t, - | d - - - - - |
I'll bless the Lord from day to day;

| s, - s, - s, - | m - - - r - | r - - - - - | f - f - m - |
How good are all his ways! Ye humble

| r - - - d - | t, - - - l, - | s, - - - - - | s, - l, - d - |
souls that use to pray, Come, help my

| m - - - r - | d - - - - - |
lips to praise.

The other verses

2 Sing to the honour of his name,
How a poor sufferer cry'd,
Nor was his hope expos'd to shame,
Nor was his suit deny'd.

3 When threatening sorrows round me stood,
And endless fears arose,
Like the loud billows of a flood,
Redoubling all my woes;

4 I told the Lord my sore distress
With heavy groans and tears,
He gave my sharpest torments ease,
And silenc'd all my fears.

5 O sinners, come and taste his love,
Come, learn his pleasant ways,
And let your own experience prove
The sweetness of his grace.

6 He bids his angels pitch their tents
Round where his children dwell
What ills their heavenly care prevents
No earthly tongue can tell.

7 O love the Lord, ye saints of his;
His eye regards the just;
How richly blest their portion is
Who make the Lord their trust!

8 Young lions pinch'd with hunger roar,
And famish in the wood;
But God supplies his holy poor
With every needful good.

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