

IRISH C.M.

1. I'll bless the Lord from day to day; How good are all his ways; Ye hum - ble souls that used to pray, Come help my lips to praise.

2. Sing to the hon - ors of his name, How a poor suff - 'rer cried, Nor was his hope ex - posed to shame, Nor was his suit de - nied.

3. When threat'ning sor - rows round me stood, And end - less fears a - rose, Like the loud bil - lows of a flood, Re - doub - ling all my woes;

4. I told the Lord my sore dis - tress, With heav - y groans and tears—He gave my sharp - est tor - ments ease, And si - lenced all my fears.