

Praise the Saviour, ye who know him

THOMAS KELLY (1853)

“O Lord, I will praise thee.” — Isaiah xii. 1.

Praise the Saviour, ye who know him,
Who can tell how much we owe him?
Gladly let us render to him,
All we are and have.

Jesus is the name that charms us, *charms: supernaturally protects*
That for conflict fits and arms us;
Nothing moves, and nothing harms us,
When we trust in him.

Trust in him, ye saints, for ever,
He is faithful, changing never;
Neither force nor guile can sever
Those he loves from him.

Keep us, Lord, O keep us cleaving
To thyself, and still believing,
Till the time of our receiving
Promis'd joy in heav'n.

Then we shall be where we would be, *would be: wish to be, want to be*
Then we shall be what we should be;
That which is not now, nor could be,
Will be then our own.