## Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise thee

Richard Redhead, 1820-1901 St. Chad 87.87.D







Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise thee, for the bliss thy love bestows, for the pardoning grace that saves me, and the peace that from it flows: help, O God, my weak endeavor; this dull soul to rapture raise: thou must light the flame, or never can my love be warmed to praise.

Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee, wretched wanderer, far astray; found thee lost, and kindly brought thee from the paths of death away; praise, with love's devoutest feeling, him who saw thy guilt-born fear, and, since words can never measure, let my life show forth thy praise.

Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling vainly would my lips express.
Llw before thy footstool kneeling, deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless: let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure, love's pure flame within me raise; and, since words can never measure, let my life show forth thy praise.

Francis Scott Key