

The God of Abraham Praise

LEONI (6 6. 8 4. D.)

Jewish melody

arr. Meyer Lyon, 1780

Thomas Olivers, c. 1765

a Christian paraphrase of the *Yigdal*

of Daniel ben Judah, 14th century

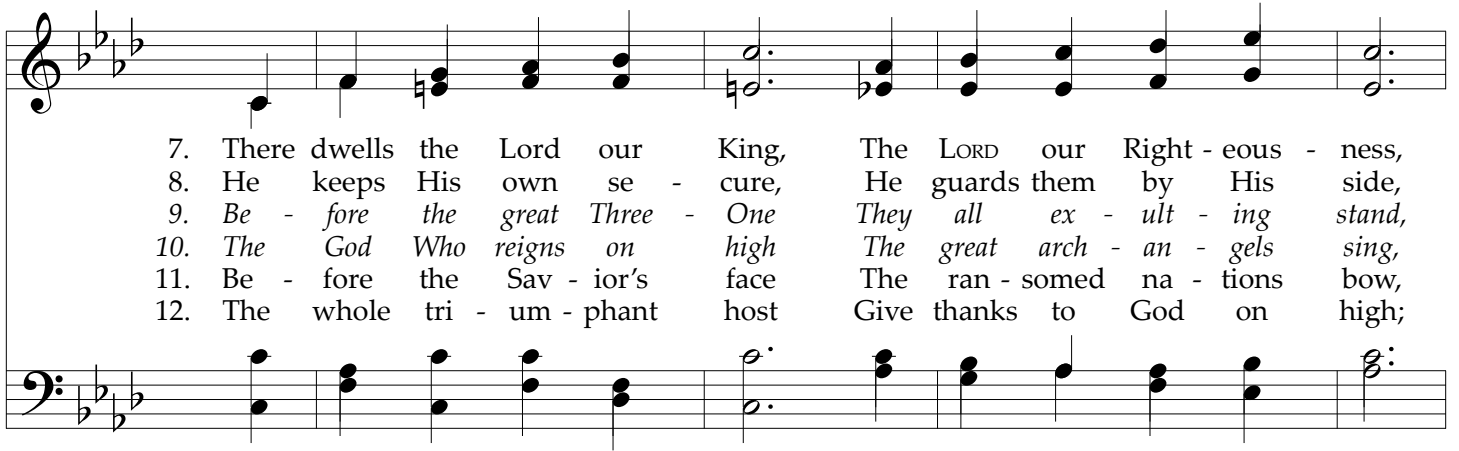
1. The God of A - brah'm praise, Who reigns en - throned a - bove;
 2. The God of A - brah'm praise, At whose su - preme com - mand,
 3. *The God of A - brah'm praise,* Whose all - suf - fi - cient grace
 4. *He by Him - self hath sworn,* I on His oath de - pend;
 5. Though na - ture's strength de - cay, And earth and hell with - stand,
 6. The good - ly land I see, With peace and plen - ty blessed;

An - cient of ev - er - last - ing days, And God of Love:
 From earth I rise - and seek the joys At His right hand;
 Shall guide me all my hap - py days, In all my ways:
 I shall, on ea - gle's wings up - borne, To heaven as - cend;
 To Ca - naan's bounds I urge my way At His com - mand.
 A land of sa - cred lib - er - ty, And end - less rest.

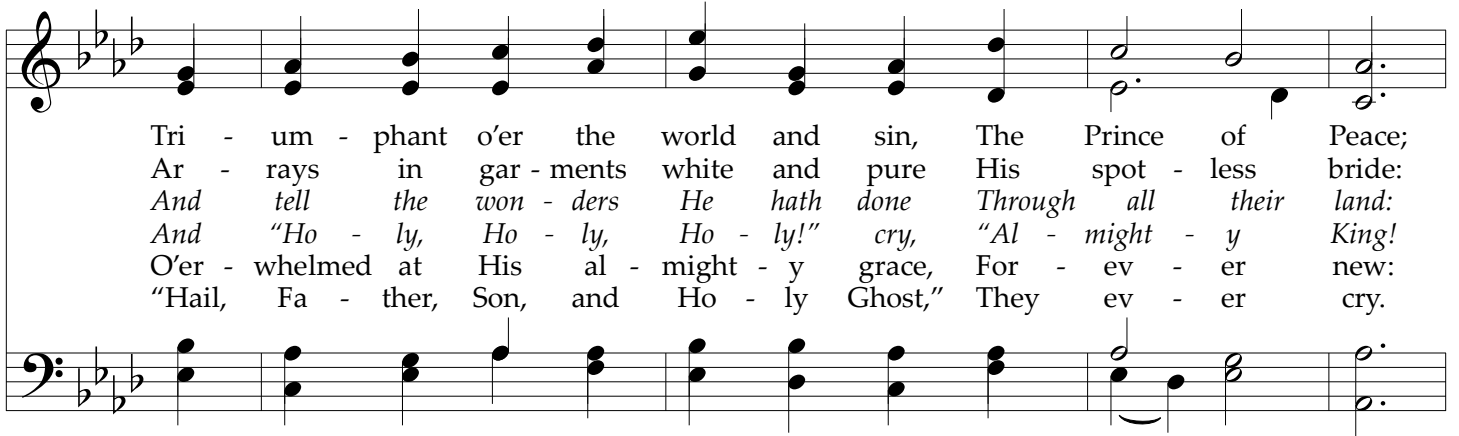
Je - ho - vah, Great I Am! By earth and heav'n con - fessed;
 I all on earth for - sake, Its wis - dom, fame, and power;
 He calls a worm His friend! He calls Him - self my God!
 I shall be - hold His face, I shall His power a - dore,
 The wa - t'ry deep I pass, With Je - sus in my view;
 There milk and hon - ey flow, And oil and wine a - bound,

I bow and bless the sa - cred Name, For - ev - er bless'd.
 And Him my on - ly Por - tion make, My Shield and Tower.
 And He shall save me to the end Through Je - sus' blood.
 And sing the won - ders of His grace For - ev - er - more.
 And through the howl - ing wil - der - ness My way pur - sue.
 And trees of life for - ev - er grow With mer - cy crowned.

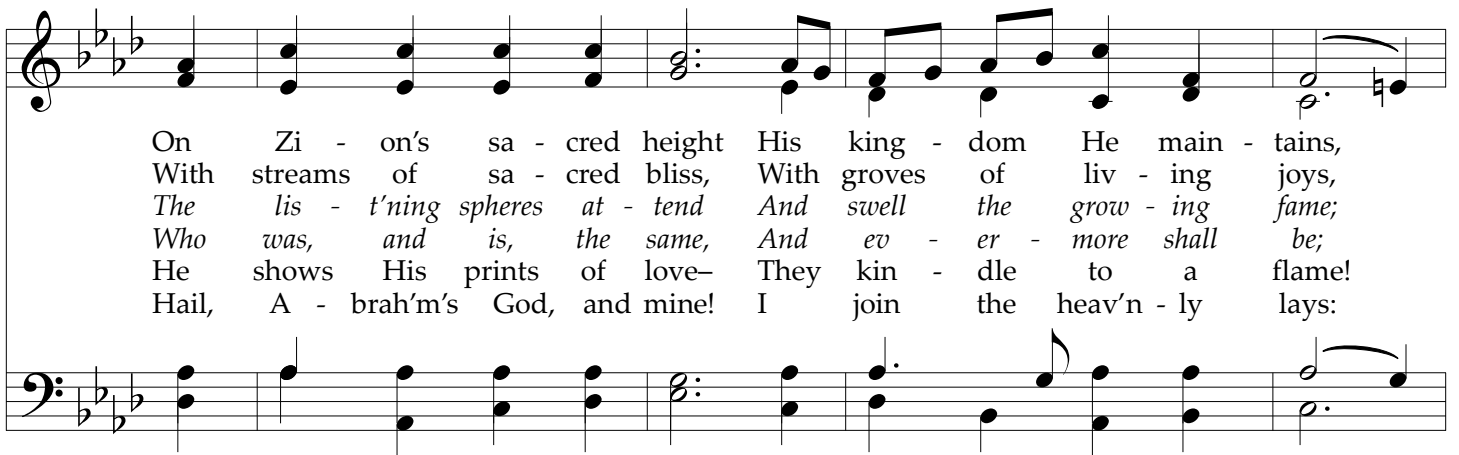
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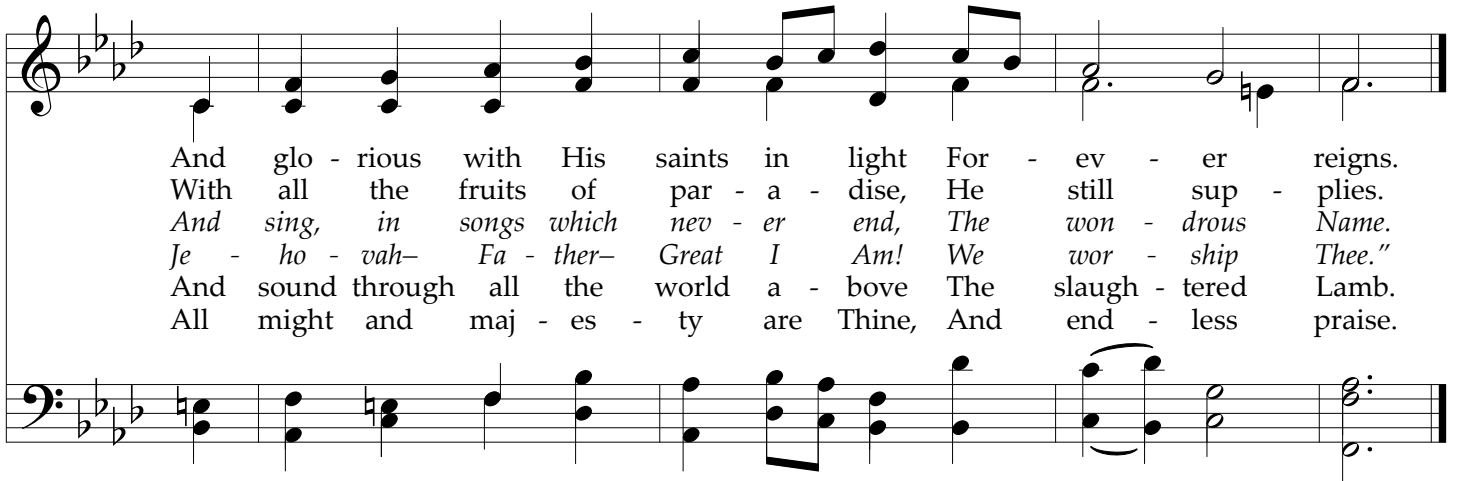
7. There dwells the Lord our King, The LORD our Right - eous - ness,
 8. He keeps His own se - cure, He guards them by His side,
 9. *Be - fore the great Three - One* They all ex - ult - ing stand,
 10. *The God Who reigns on high* The great arch - an - gels sing,
 11. *Be - fore the Sav - ior's face* The ran - somed na - tions bow,
 12. The whole tri - um - phant host Give thanks to God on high;



Tri - um - phant o'er the world and sin, The Prince of Peace;
 Ar - rays in gar - ments white and pure His spot - less bride:
And tell the won - ders He hath done Through all their land:
And "Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!" cry, "Al - might - y King!
 O'er - whelmed at His al - might - y grace, For - ev - er new:
 "Hail, Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost," They ev - er cry.



On Zi - on's sa - cred height His king - dom He main - tains,
 With streams of sa - cred bliss, With groves of liv - ing joys,
The lis - t'ning spheres at - tend And swell the grow - ing fame;
Who was, and is, the same, And ev - er - more shall be;
 He shows His prints of love— They kin - dle to a flame!
 Hail, A - brah'm's God, and mine! I join the heav'n - ly lays:



And glo - rious with His saints in light For - ev - er reigns.
 With all the fruits of par - a - dise, He still sup - plies.
And sing, in songs which nev - er end, The won - drous Name.
Je - ho - vah— Fa - ther— Great I Am! We wor - ship Thee."
 And sound through all the world a - bove The slaugh - tered Lamb.
 All might and maj - es - ty are Thine, And end - less praise.