

I'll Praise My Redeemer

I'll Praise my Redeemer
When morn's early sun-shine
Is hiding the stars in the brightness of day,
When night with her shadows,
From meadows and mountain
Before the bright day beams are hasting away.

I'll praise my Redeemer
When sun-set I gilding
With rich golden splendor the clouds in the west,
When day with her beauty
In darkness is fading,
And, weary with toiling, man welcomes sweet rest.

I'll praise my Redeemer
Forever and ever,
From morning till evening His love will I sing;
And when with the white-robed
I'm welcomed I'm glory
I'll shout halleluiah to Jesus my King!

I'll praise my Redeemer
My King and my Savior;
Give glory and praise to the lamb that was slain!
On earth and in heaven
With saints and the angels,
Sing glad halleluiahs again and again.

Text by Charles Iheanacho Ekwonye
Port Harcourt, Nigeria.