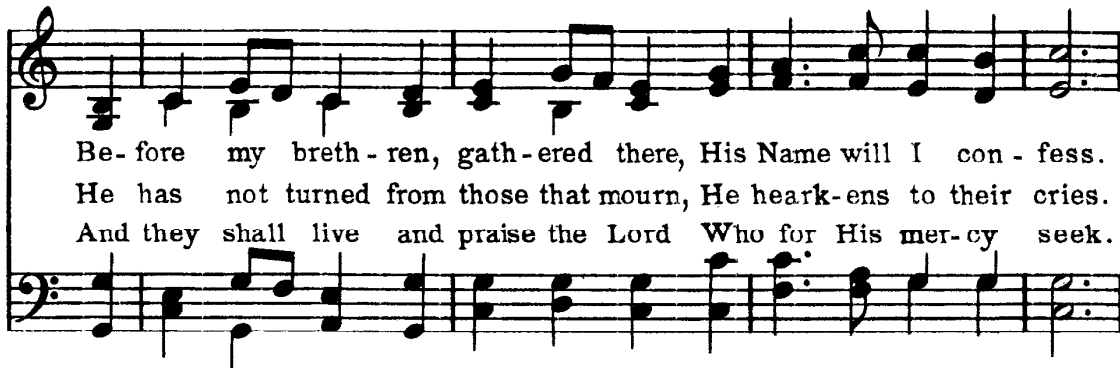
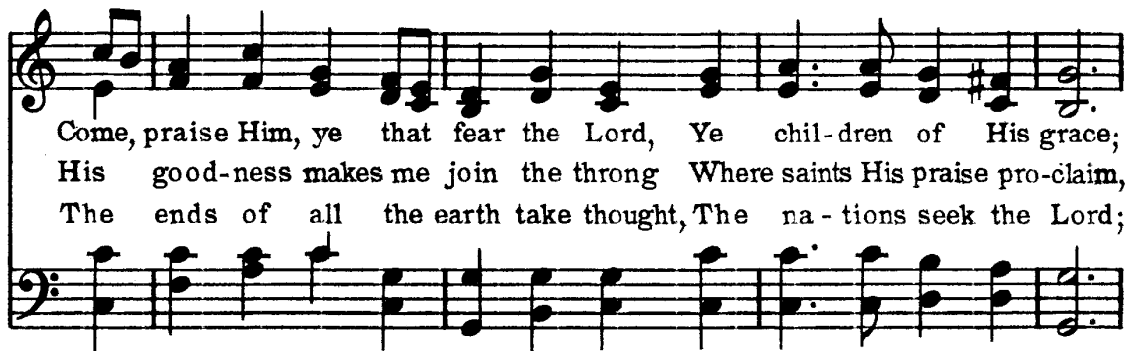


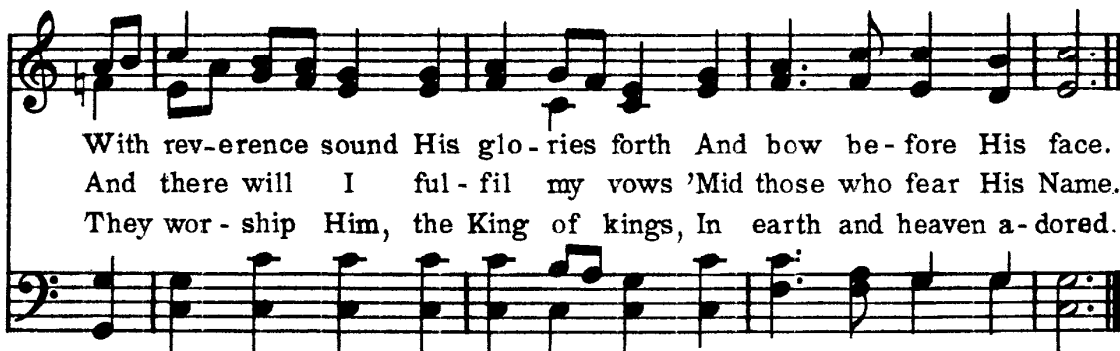
1 A - mid the throng-ing wor-ship-pers Je - ho - vah will I bless;
 2 The bur - den of the sor-row-ful The Lord will not de-spise;
 3 He feeds with good the hum-ble soul And sat - is-fies the meek,



Be-fore my breth-ren, gath-ered there, His Name will I con-fess.
 He has not turned from those that mourn, He heark-ens to their cries.
 And they shall live and praise the Lord Who for His mer-cy seek.



Come, praise Him, ye that fear the Lord, Ye chil-dren of His grace;
 His good-ness makes me join the throng Where saints His praise pro-claim,
 The ends of all the earth take thought, The na-tions seek the Lord;



With rev-erence sound His glo-ries forth And bow be-fore His face.
 And there will I ful-fil my vows 'Mid those who fear His Name.
 They wor-ship Him, the King of kings, In earth and heaven a-dored.