

I Will Praise Him, Still

Fernando Ortega

When the morning falls on the farthest hill
I will sing His name, I will praise Him still

When dark trials come and my heart is filled
With the weight of doubt, I will praise Him still

For the Lord, our God, He is strong to save
From the arms of death, from the deepest grave

And He gave us life in His perfect will
And by His good grace I will praise Him still