Non troppo allegro, ma risalito e maestoso (d = 63)

Praise ye the Lord! Praise him in the height; Rejoice in his word, ye angels of light; Ye heavens adore him By whom ye were made, And worship before him in brightness ar-

poco a poco
-rayed. o praise ye the Lord!

Praise him upon earth, In tuneful accord, Ye

sons of new birth; Praise poco a poco

sons of new birth; Praise him who hath brought you His
him: Praise him who hath taught you to grace from above, Praise him who hath taught you to

sing of his love.

O praise ye the Lord! All things that give sound; Each

* Quotes from Gauntlett and Parry.
Jubilant chord re-echoes round; Loud organs, his glory forth tell in deep tone. And, sweet harp, the story of what he hath done.
ff largamente

ff O praise ye the Lord! Thanks giving and song To

all molto

him be out poured All ages longs For

love in creation For heaven restored For grace of sal
Praise ye the Lord!

Orba

July 201