Praise the Lord through every nation

Sleepers, wake 898.898.664.448

Philip Nicolai, 1599 Arr by J. S. Bach









Praise the Lord through every nation; His holy arm hath wrought salvation; Exalt Him on His Father's throne; Praise your King, ye Christian legions, Who now prepares in heav'nly regions Unfailing mansions for His own; With voice and minstrelsy Extol His majesty: Alleluia! His praise shall sound all nature round, Where'er the race of man is found. Jesus, Lord, our Captain glorious, O'er sin, and death, and hell victorious, Wisdom and might to Thee belong: We confess, proclaim, adore Thee, We bow the knee, we fall before Thee, Thy love henceforth shall be our song: The cross meanwhile we bear, The crown ere long to wear. Alleluia! Thy reign extend world without end, Let praise from all to Thee ascend.

Rhijnvis Frith