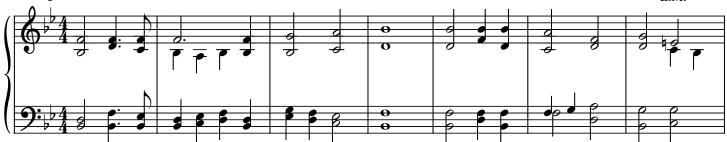
Praise ye the Lord

John Eagleton, 1785-1832

Justification L.M.







(This arrangement slightly different to the Organ recording)

Praise ye the Lord; 'tis good to raise Our hearts and voices in His praise; His nature and His works invite To make this duty our delight.

He formed the stars, those heav'nly flames; He counts their numbers, calls their names; His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound, A deep where all our thoughts are drowned.

Sing to the Lord, exalt Him high, Who spreads His clouds all round the sky; There He prepares the fruitful rain, Nor lets the drops descend in vain. He makes the grass the hills adorn, And clothes the smiling fields with corn; The beasts with food His hands supply, And the young ravens when they cry.

But saints are precious in His sight, He views His children with delight; He sees their hope, He knows their fear, And looks, and loves His image there.

Isaac Watts