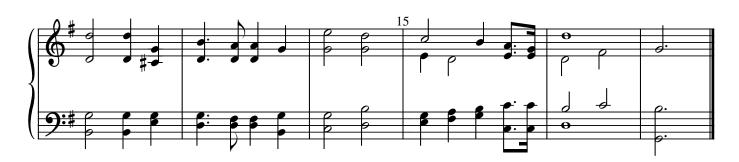
Above the clear blue sky









Above the clear blue sky, In Heaven's bright abode, The angel host on high Sing praises to their God; Alleluia! They love to sing Alleluia! They love to sing To God their king Alleluia!

But God from infant tongues On earth receiveth praise; We then our cheerful songs In sweet accord will raise: Alleluia! We too will sing Alleluia! We too will sing To God our king Alleluia! O blessèd Lord, Thy truth To all Thy flock impart, And teach us in our youth To know Thee as Thou art. Alleluia! Then shall we sing Alleluia! Then shall we sing To God our king Alleluia!

O, may Thy holy Word Spread all the world around! And all with one accord Uplift the joyful sound: Alleluia! All then shall sing Alleluia! All king Alleluia! To God our king Alleluia!

John Chandler