

*We beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father... John 1:14*

Aurelius Clemens Prudentius, 348-413

PRAISE, MY SOUL 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

Tr. by John Mason Neale, 1818-1866

Sir John Goss, 1869



1. Of the Fa - ther's love be - got - ten Ere the worlds be - gan to be,  
2. This is he whom heav'n-taught sing - ers Sang of old with one ac - cord,  
3. O ye heights of heav'n, a - dore him; An - gel hosts, his prais-es sing;



He is Al - pha and O - me - ga, He the source, the end - ing he,  
Whom the Script-ures of the proph-ets Prom - ised in their faith - ful word;  
All do - min - ions, bow be - fore him, And ex - tol our God and King;



Of the things that are, that have been, And that fu - ture years shall see.  
Now he shines, the long - ex - pect - ed; Let cre - a - tion praise its Lord.  
Let no tongue on earth be si - lent, Ev - ry voice in con - cert ring. A-MEN.



4. Thee let age and thee let manhood,  
Thee let boys in chorus sing;  
Matrons, virgins, little maidens,  
With glad voices answering;  
Let their guileless songs re-echo,  
And their heart its music bring.
5. Christ, to thee, with God the Father,  
And, O Holy Ghost, to thee,  
Hymn, and chant, and high thanksgiving,  
And unwearied praises be,  
Honor, glory, and dominion,  
And eternal victory.