

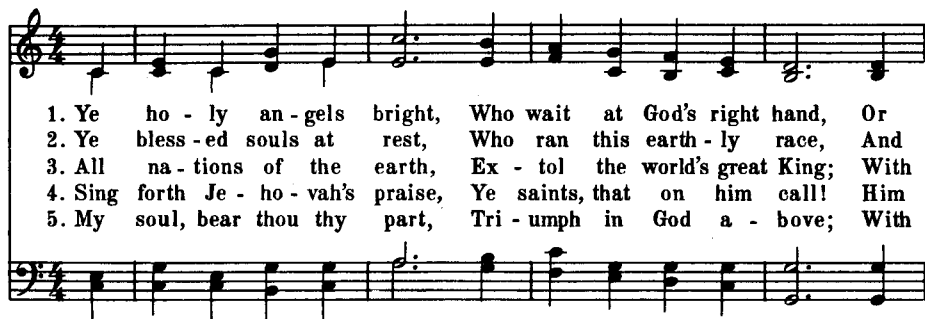
THE DIVINE PERFECTIONS

17

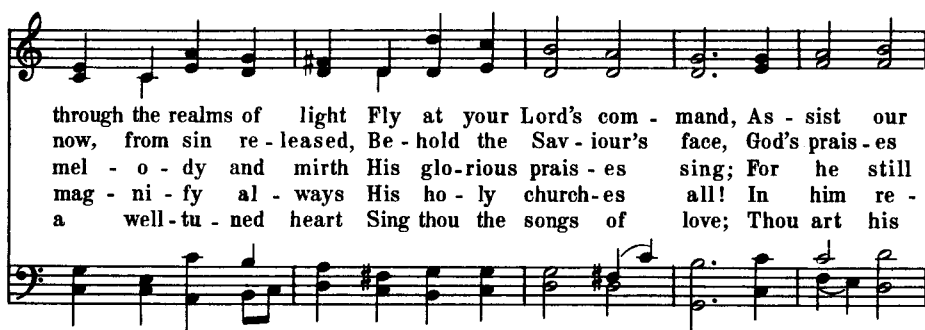
Praise ye the Lord from the heavens... Praise the Lord from the earth... Psalm 148:1,7

DARWALL'S 148th 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.
John Darwall, 1770

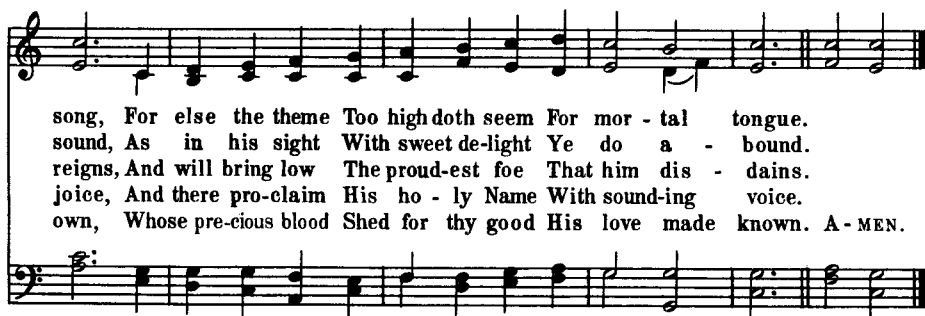
Richard Baxter, 1672, alt.



1. Ye ho - ly an - gels bright, Who wait at God's right hand, Or
2. Ye bless - ed souls at rest, Who ran this earth - ly race, And
3. All na - tions of the earth, Ex - tol the world's great King; With
4. Sing forth Je - ho - vah's praise, Ye saints, that on him call! Him
5. My soul, bear thou thy part, Tri - umph in God a - bove; With



through the realms of light Fly at your Lord's com - mand, As - sist our
now, from sin re - leased, Be - hold the Sav - iour's face, God's prais - es
mel - o - dy and mirth His glo - rious prais - es sing; For he still
mag - ni - fy al - ways His ho - ly church - es all! In him re -
a well - tu - ned heart Sing thou the songs of love; Thou art his



song, For else the theme Too high doth seem For mor - tal tongue.
sound, As in his sight With sweet de - light Ye do a - bound.
reigns, And will bring low The proud - est foe That him dis - dains.
joyce, And there pro - claim His ho - ly Name With sound - ing voice.
own, Whose pre - cious blood Shed for thy good His love made known. A - MEN.

6. Away, distrustful care!
I have thy promise, Lord:
To banish all despair,
I have thine oath and word:
And therefore I
Shall see thy face
And there thy grace
Shall magnify.

7. With thy triumphant flock,
Then I shall numbered be;
Built on th'eternal Rock,
His glory we shall see.
The heav'n's so high
With praise shall ring
And all shall sing
In harmony.