

From Psalm 147:7-9, 13-18

1. With songs and hon - ors sound - ing loud Ad - dress the  
melody

O - ver the heav'ns He spreads His cloud, And wa - ters veil the  
Lord on high; O - ver the heav'ns He spreads His cloud, And wa - ters veil the  
And wa - ters veil the

sky. And wa - ters veil the sky. He  
sky. And wa - ters veil the sky.

He sends His show'rs of  
sends His show'rs of bless - ings down To cheer the plains be - low: He  
He sends His show'rs of bless - ings down To cheer the plains be -  
He sends His show'rs of bless - ings down To cheer the plains be -  
bless - ings down To cheer the plains be - low: To cheer the plains be -  
sends His show'rs of bless - ings down To cheer the plains be - low:  
low: He makes the grass the moun - tains crown,  
low: He

low:

He makes the grass the moun - tains crown, And  
 makes the grass the moun - tains crown, And corn in val - leys  
 corn in val - leys grow. And corn in val - leys grow.

2. He gives the grazing ox his meat;  
 He hears the raven's cry:  
 But man, who tastes His finest wheat,  
 Should raise His honors high.  
 His steady counsels change the face  
 Of the declining year;  
 He bids the sun cut short his race,  
 And wintry days appear.

3. His hoary frost, His fleecy snow,  
 Descend and clothe the ground;  
 The liquid streams forbear to flow,  
 In icy fetters bound.  
 When from the dreadful stores on high,  
 He pours the rattling hail,  
 The wretch that dares this God defy  
 Shall find his courage fail.

4. He sends His word, and melts the snow;  
 The fields no longer mourn;  
 He calls the warmer gales to blow,  
 And bids the spring return.  
 The changing wind, the flying cloud,  
 Obey His mighty word:  
 With songs and honors sounding loud,  
 Praise ye the sov'reign Lord.