

# Your Praise, O Lord

Dein Lob, Herr, ruft der Himmel aus

*Harpffen Davids, 1669*  
*H.-W. Schmitz*

Ps. 19, A. Curtz, A. Lohmann

♩ = 100

C F G/B C C/E Dm

5 Gsus4 G C G C D G

8 C G Am C/E Dm F

11 Csus4 G Am Dm G C

Your praise, O Lord, the skies pro-claim, the dome of blue light,  
Nor land nor peo-ple can be found that nev-er heard their  
The sun's the glo-ry of the skies, but just Your law can  
Pro- tect me from all world-ly pride that wants to draw me  
And fin- al- ly, let all my prayer that I send to Your

tells Your fame with tongues like stars un- count- ed. Each  
heav'n- ly sound, their mess- age trav- els wide- ly. From  
make us wise, the law that You pro- vid- ed. So  
from Your side and tries our bonds to sev- er. Let  
Ho- ly Chair, be heard by ears to be nig- nant. You

day Your glo- ry tells in light, its e- choes whis- per  
dawn to dusk and a- gain, in bright- est sun- shine  
com- fort- ing and just, so full of light and  
it not be the mas- ter mine, so that I, thru' the  
are my shield, Al- migh- ty Lord, in need You sure- ly

thru' the night, their voice has e- ver sound- ed.  
and in rain, they praise our God Al- migh- ty.  
full of trust, by it our ways are guid- ed.  
mer- cy thine, re- main in Your hands ev- er.  
help af- ford to save from foes ma- lig- nant.