Praise ye the Lord

John Eagleton, 1785-1832

(This arrangement slightly different to the Organ recording)

Praise ye the Lord; 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in His praise;
His nature and His works invite
To make this duty our delight.

He formed the stars, those heav'nly flames;
He counts their numbers, calls their names;
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drowned.

Sing to the Lord, exalt Him high,
Who spreads His clouds all round the sky;
There He prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food His hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

But saints are precious in His sight,
He views His children with delight;
He sees their hope, He knows their fear,
And looks, and loves His image there.

Isaac Watts