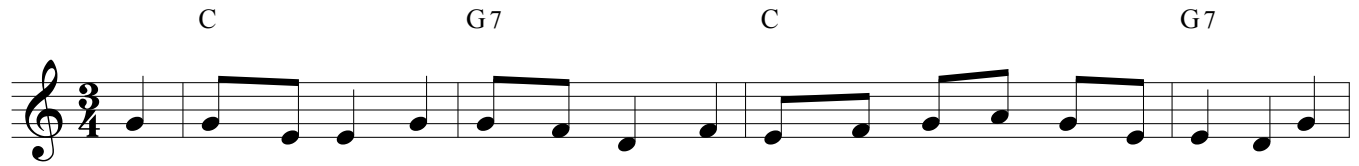


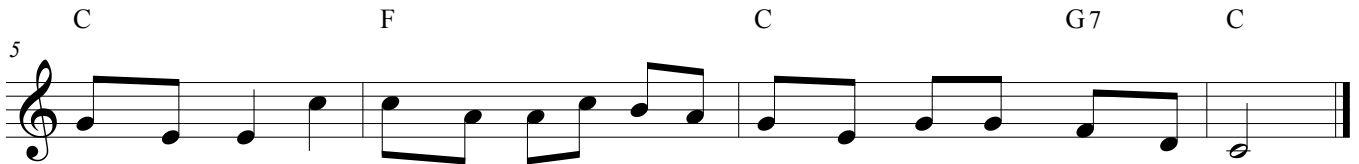
Praise Ye the Lord

Lyrics by: Isaac Watts

Music by: Anonymous



1. Praise ye the Lord! 'Tis good to raise your hearts and voices in his praise; His
2. He formed the stars, those heaven-ly flames; He counts their numbers, calls their names; His
3. Sing to the Lord! Ex - tol him high Who spreads his clouds a - long the sky; — There
4. He makes the grass the hills a - dorn, And clothes the smil - ing fields with corn; The
5. His saints are love - ly in his sight; He views his chil - dren with de - light; He



na - ture and his works u - nite — to — make this du - ty your de - light.
wis - dom's vast and knows no bound a — deep where all our thoughts are drowned.
he pre - pares the fruit - ful rain, Nor — lets the drops de - scend in vain.
beasts with food his hands sup - ply, — And — the young ra - vens, when they cry.
sees their hope, he knows their fear, And — looks and loves his im - age here.