

My Soul, Praise the Lord

1. My soul, praise the Lord! O God, thou art great; The earth and all
 2. The earth where we dwell That jour - neys through space Turns coun - tries a -
 3. O God, thou art great! My pleas - ure shall be To muse on the

things Thy - self didst cre - ate. Thou laidst the foun - da - tion Of seas and of
 round To see the sun's face; And high o'er the moun - tains The clouds gath - er
 good And great - ness I see. My full ad - o - ra - tion I glad - ly shall

lands, And stretched out the heav - ens As works of thy hand.
 rain To drop o'er the val - leys In bless - ing a - gain.
 give. My soul, praise the Lord now And long as I live.

Text: William Kethe, 1551; alt. by Roy A. Cheville, 1952.

Tune: Ravenscroft's Psalter, 1621.