

GOD: HIS ATTRIBUTES AND WORKS.

HENRY SMART.

ERFURT—continued.

s :f | m :-
 r :t₁ | d :-
 s :s | s :-
 s₁ | d :-

:l | s :-
 :fe | s :-
 :d₁ | t :-
 :r | s₁ :-

:t | d₁ :-
 :-f | m :-
 :r₁ | d₁ :-
 :s₁ | d :-

the throne, and

of angels,
 arch's King,
 of nations,
 th your praises

lory bring!

ise eternal!
 angels sings;
 ver, dominion!
 eation brings;

of kings!

THER. 1483-1546.

s :f | m
 m :r | d
 d₁ :-t | d₁
 s :s₁ | d

:m | l :l | s :t | d₁ :l | s | d₁ | t :l | s :s | f m :r | d
 :d m :r | r :m m :r | t₁ | d m :d | d :d d :t₁ | d
 :s m :fe | s :s s :fe | s m s :f | m :ta | l s :f | m
 :d d :r | t₁ :m d :r | s₁ | l₁ m₁ :f₁ | d :m₁ f₁ :s₁ | d

"Sing unto the Lord a new song, and His praise in the congregation of saints."

1 THEE God we praise, Thee Lord confess,
 Thee, Father everlasting, bless;
 The tribes of earth and air and sea
 With wondrous voices worship Thee.

2 To Thee all angels ceaseless cry,
 With all the princes of the sky,
 The cherub and the seraph join,
 And thus they hymn the praise divine:

3 Thee, holy, holy, holy King,
 Lord of Sabaoth, Thee we sing;

f Both heaven and earth are full of Thee,
 Father of boundless majesty.

4 Thee, the apostles' glorious choir,
 Thee, prophets with their tongues of fire,
 Thee, white-robed hosts of martyrs bright,
 All serve and praise by day and night.

5 Thee, through the earth, Thy saints confess,
 Thee, Father infinite, they bless,
 Thee, true, divine, and only Son,
 Thee, Holy Spirit, Thine in One.

8

OLD HUNDRED.—L.M.

Marot and Beza's Psalter.

KEY A.

:d | d :t₁ | l₁ :s₁ | d :r | m | m | m :m | r :d | f :m | r |
 :s₁ s₁ :s₁ | m₁ :m₁ | m₁ :s₁ | s₁ | s₁ | l₁ :s₁ | s₁ |
 :m m :r | d :t₁ | d :t₁ | d | d | d :d | t₁ :d | d :d | t₁ |
 :d | d :s₁ | l₁ :m₁ | l₁ :s₁ | d₁ | d | l₁ :m₁ | s₁ :l₁ | f₁ :d₁ | s₁ |

:d | r :m | r :d | l₁ :t₁ | d | s | m :d | r :f | m :r | d |
 :s₁ s₁ :s₁ | s₁ :s₁ | f₁ :f₁ | m₁ | d | s₁ :fe₁ | s₁ :l₁ | s₁ :-f₁ | m₁ |
 :m r :d | t₁ :d | d :r | s₁ | m | d :d | t₁ :l₁ | d :t₁ | d |
 :d | t₁ :d | s₁ :m₁ | f₁ :r₁ | d₁ | d | d :l₁ | s₁ :r₁ | m₁ :f₁ :s₁ | d₁ |

"Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands."

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
 Ye nations, how with sacred joy;
 Know that the Lord is God alone,
 He can create, and He destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
 Made us of clay, and formed us men;
 And, when like wandering sheep we strayed,
 He brought us to His fold again.

3 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
 High as the heavens our voices raise;
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Vast as eternity Thy love;
 Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move.