

2 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
 Earth takes up the angels' cry,
 "Holy, Holy, Holy," singing,
 "Lord of hosts, the Lord most high."
 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven ;
 Earth is with its fulness stored ;
 Unto Thee be glory given,
 Holy, Holy, Holy Lord !"

3 With His seraph train before Him,
 With His holy Church below,
 Thus conspire we to adore Him,
 Bid we thus our anthem flow :
 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven ;
 Earth is with its fulness stored ;
 Unto Thee be glory given,
 Holy, Holy, Holy Lord !"

R. MANT.

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L. M.

- 1 SING to the Lord a joyful song,
 Lift up your hearts, your voices raise,
 To us His gracious gifts belong,
 To Him our songs of love and praise.
- 2 For life and love, for rest and food,
 For daily help and nightly care,
 Sing to the Lord, for He is good,
 And praise His name, for it is fair.
- 3 For strength to those who on Him wait,
 His truth to prove, His will to do ;
 Praise ye our God, for He is great,
 Trust in His name, for it is true.
- 4 For joys untold that daily move
 Round those who love His sweet employ,
 Sing to our God, for He is love,
 Exalt His name, for it is joy.
- 5 For life below, with all its bliss,
 And for that life, more pure and high,
 That inner life which over this
 Shall ever shine, and never die ;