

Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady,
1698 (Psalm 148). 66. 66. 88.

New Boston

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D Minor
William Billings, 1770)

5 10 15 20

1. Ye boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame;
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame:
Your voices raise, ye cherubim
And seraphim, To sing His praise.

2. Thou moon, that rul'st the night
And sun, that guid'st the day,
Ye glitt'ring stars of light
To him your homage pay:
His praise declare, ye heav'ns above
And clouds that move in liquid air.

3. Let them adore the Lord,
And praise his holy name,
By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came;
And all shall last from changes free:
His firm decree stands ever fast.

4. Let earth her tribute pay,
Praise him, ye dreadful whales
And fish that through the sea
Glide swift with glitt'ring scales.
Fire, hail, and snow,
and misty air,
And winds that, where
He bids them, blow.

5. By hills and mountains (all
In grateful consort join'd)
By cedars stately tall.
And trees for fruit design'd:
By ev'ry beast,
and creeping thing.
And fowl of wing,
His Name be blessed.

6. Let all of royal birth,
With those of humbler frame,
And judges of the earth,
His matchless praise proclaim.
In this design
let youths with maids,
And hoary heads
with children join.

7. United zeal be shown
His wondrous fame to raise,
Whose glorious name alone
Deserves our endless praise.
Earth's utmost ends
His pow'r obey;
His glorious sway
the sky transcends.

8. His chosen saints to grace,
He sets them up on high,
And favors Israel's race,
Who still to Him are nigh.
O therefore raise
your grateful voice,
And still rejoice
the Lord to praise!