

New Boston

1. Ye bound-less realms of joy, Ex - alt your Mak - er's fame; His praise your song em - ploy A -

2. Thou moon, that rul'st the night, And sun, that guid'st the day, Ye glitt-'ring stars of light To

3. Let them a - dore the Lord, And praise His ho - ly name, By whose al - migh - ty word They

5 10

bove the star - ry frame: Your voi - ces raise, ye che - ru - bim And ser - aph - im, to sing His praise.

Him your hom - age pay: His praise de - clare, ye heav'ns a - bove, And clouds that move in liqu - id air.

8 all from noth - ing came; And all shall last from chan - ges free: His firm de - cree stands ev - er fast.

15 20

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.

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.

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!

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.

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.