

Isaac Watts, 1719
(Psalm 104) 888. 888.

Psalm 104

No copyright. Trancribed from Urania, 1761.

A Major
James Lyon, 1761

Treble
1. My soul, thy great creator praise, when clothed in His celestial rays, He in full ma-jes- ty - - - - - appears; and like a robe, and like a

Counter
2. The earth stands trembling at Thy word, and at Thy touch the mountains smoke, Yet humble souls may see Thy face, and tell their wants, and tell their

Tenor
3. In Thee my hopes and wishes meet, and make my meditations sweet; Thy praises shall my breath - - - - - employ, Till it expire, till it ex -

Bass

Chorus

Tr.
1. robe, and like - - - - - a robe His glo - - - ry wears.

C.
2. wants, and tell - - - their wants to sov - - ereign grace. Great is the Lord! What tongue can frame An equal hon - or to His name. Great to His name.

T.
3. - pire, till it - - - - - ex - pire in end - - - less joy.

B.