

Psalm 148

Moderato

1. Be - gin, my soul, th'ex - al - ted lay, Let each en -

rap - tured thought o - bey, And praise th'Al - migh - ty name. Lo!

Heav'n and earth, and seas and skies, In one mel - o - dious con - cert rise, To swell th'in -

spi - ring theme, To swell th'in - spi - ring theme.

2 Ye fields of light celestial plains,
Where gay transporting beauty reigns,
Ye scenes divinely fair,
Your Maker's wondrous power proclaim,
Tell how he formed your shining frame,
And breathed the fluid air.

3 Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound,
While all th'adoring thrones around
His boundless mercy sing:
Let every listening saint above
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string.

4 Let every element rejoice,
Ye thunder's burst with awful voice,
To him who bids you roll:
His praise in softer notes declare:
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

5 Let man, by noblest passions swayed,
The feeling heart, the thoughtful head,
In heavenly praise employ:
Spread his tremendous name around,
Till heav'n's broad arch rings back the sound,
The general burst of joy!