Praise God the Lord, Ye Sons of Men

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER OLD

| d - | m - - m r - d - | f - f - m - r - |
Praise God the Lord, ye sons of men, Be-

| m - s - s - fe - | s - - - - - m - |
fore His highest throne, To

| l - - s f - m - | r - d - t, - m - |
day He opens heaven again And

| r - d - d - t, - | d - - - |
gives us His own Son.

The other verses

2 He leaves His heavenly Father's throne,
Is born an infant small,
And in a manger, poor and lone,
Lies in a humble stall.

3 He lays aside His power divine,
A servant's form doth take;
In want and lowness He doth pine
Who heaven and earth did make.

4 He nestles at His mother's breast,
Her milk His food must be;
Whom saints and angels call the Blest,
Of David's house is He.

5 'Tis He who in these latter days
From Judah's tribe should come,
By whom the Lord again would raise
His Church, His Christendom.

6 A wondrous change which He doth make!
He takes our flesh and blood
And lays aside for sinners' sake
His majesty of God.

7 He serves that I a lord may be;
A great exchange, indeed!
Could Jesus' love do more for me
To help me in my need?

8 He opens us again the door
Of Paradise to-day;
The cherub guards the gate no more.
To God our thanks we pay.

Tune WINCHESTER OLD by Thomas Este (died undefined) and George Kirbye (died 1634); words by Nikolaus Herman (died 1561); translated by August Crull (1845–1923). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.