Praise Ye the Lord; 'Tis Good to Raise

Doh is Eb · 4/4 Tune: MELCOMBE

| s - | s - f - m - r - | d - l - s - s - |
Praise ye the Lord; 'tis good to raise Our

| d' - t - l - s - | s - fe - s - m - |
hearts and voices in his praise; His

| m - f - s - m - | r - m - f - f - |
nature and his works invite To

| m - r - s - f - | m - r - d - |
make this duty our delight.

The other verses

2 The Lord builds up Jerusalem,
And gathers nations to his Name:
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
And makes the broken spirit whole.

3 He form'd the stars, those heavenly flames,
He counts their numbers, calls their names:
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.

4 Great is our Lord, and great his might;
And all his glories infinite:
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
And treads the wicked to the dust.

5 Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who spreads his cloud all round the sky,
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

6 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn,
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

7 What is the creature's skill or force,
The sprightly man, the warlike horse,
The nimble wit, the active limb?
All are too mean delights for him.

8 But saints are lovely in his sight;
He views his children with delight:
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks and loves his image there.

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