# Sing to the Lord, Ye Heavenly Hosts

**Doh is D · 4/4** Tune: CAITHNESS

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| d - | m - f - s - d - | t, - d - r - m - |
  Sing    to the Lord, ye        heavenly hosts, And

| f - s - l - l - | s - - - - - s - |
  thou, O earth, a-       dore, Let

| l - t - d' - m - | f - s - l - s - |
  death and hell thro'      all their coasts, Stand

| f - m - r - r - | d - - - - - |
  trembling at his        power.
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## The other verses

2 His sounding chariot shakes the sky,
He makes the clouds his throne,
There all his stores of lightning lie,
Till vengeance dart them down.

3 His nostrils breathe out fiery streams,
And from his awful tongue
A sovereign voice divides the flames,
And thunder roars along.

4 Think, O my soul, the dreadful day
When this incensed God
Shall rend the sky, and burn the sea,
And fling his wrath abroad.

5 What shall the wretch the sinner do?
He once defy'd the Lord;
But he shall dread the Thunderer now,
And sink beneath his word.

6 Tempests of angry fire shall roll
To blast the rebel-worm,
And beat upon his naked soul
In one eternal storm.

Tune CAITHNESS (Scottish Psalter); words by Isaac Watts (1674–1748). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.