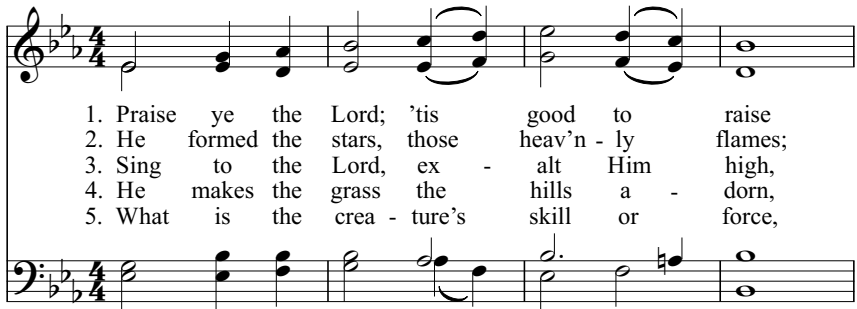


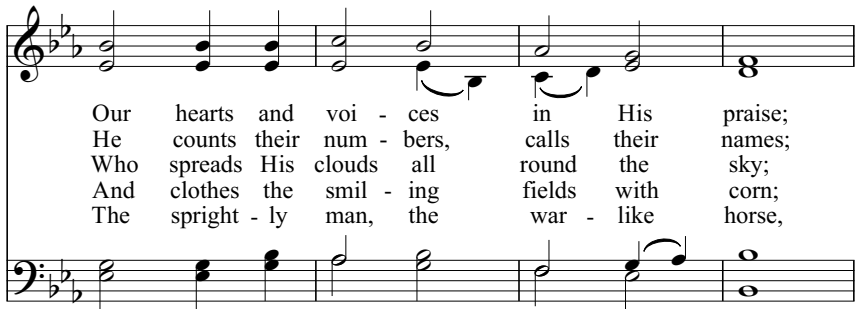
6

Praise ye the Lord, 'tis good

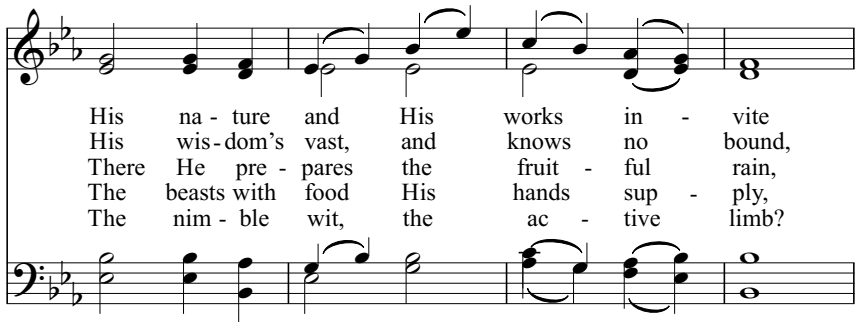
Isaac Watts



1. Praise ye the Lord; 'tis good to raise
 2. He formed the stars, those heav'n - ly flames;
 3. Sing to the Lord, ex - alt Him high,
 4. He makes the grass the hills a - dorn,
 5. What is the crea - ture's skill or force,



Our hearts and voi - ces in His praise;
 He counts their num - bers, calls their names;
 Who spreads His clouds all round the sky;
 And clothes the smil - ing fields with corn;
 The spright - ly man, the war - like horse,



His na - ture and His works in - vite
 His wis - dom's vast, and knows no bound,
 There He pre - pares the fruit - ful rain,
 The beasts with food His hands sup - ply,
 The nim - ble wit, the ac - tive limb?



To make this du - ty our de - light.
 A deep where all our thoughts are drowned.
 Nor lets the drops de - scend in vain.
 And the young ra - vens when they cry.
 All are too mean de - lights for Him.

6. 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.