

# Psalm 148 (Darwalls 148th, M.H.)

Brady and Tate (1696); Music: John Darwall (1770)

1,2 Ye bound-less realms of joy, Ex - alt your Mak - er's frame, His praise your song em - ploy A - bove the  
 3,4 Thou moon, that rul'st the night, And sun, that guid'st the day; Ye glitt' - ring stars of light, To him your

5,6 Let them a - dore the Lord, And praise his ho - ly name, By whose al - mighty word They all from no -  
 7,8 Let earth her tri - bute pay; Praise him, ye dread - ful whales, And fish, that through the sea Glide swift with  
 9,10 By hills and moun-tains, all in grate - ful con - cert joined,) By ce - dars state - ly tall, And trees for

11,12 Let all of roy - al birth, With those of hum - bler frame, And judg - es of the earth, His match-less  
 13 U - ni - ted zeal be shown His wond - rous fame to raise, Whose glor - ious name a - lone De - serves our  
 14 His chos - en saints to grace, He sets them up on high, And fav - ors Is - rael's race Who still to

7

star - ry frame; Your voi - ces raise, Ye che - ru - bim And se - ra - phim, To sing his praise  
 hom - age pay; His praise de - clare, Ye heav'ns a - bove And clouds that move In li - quid air.

thing came; And all shall last From chang - es free; His firm de - cree Stands ev - er fast.  
 glitt' - ring scales. Fire, hail, and snow, And mist - y air, And winds that, where He bids them, blow.  
 fruit de - signed; By ev' - ry beast, And creep - ing thing, And fowl of wing, His name be blest.

praise pro - claim. In this de - sign Let youth with maids, And hoar - y heads With child - ren join.  
 end - less praise. Earth's ut - most ends His pow'r o - bey; His glor - ious sway The sky tran - scends.  
 him are nigh. O there - fore raise Your grate - ful voice, And still re - joice The Lord to praise.