

Isaac Watts

Germany, L.M.

William Gardiner's *Sacred Melodies*

1. Praise ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise Our hearts and
 2. He formed the stars, those heav'n - ly flames; He counts their
 3. Sing to the Lord, ex - tol Him high, Who spreads the
 4. He makes the grass the hills a - dorn, And clothes the
 5. But saints are love - ly in His sight; He views His

voi - ces in His praise; His na - ture and His
 num - bers, calls their names; His wis - dom's vast, and
 clouds a - round the sky; There He pre - pares the
 smil - ing fields with corn; The beasts with food His
 chil - dren with de - light; He sees their hope, He

works u - nite To make this ef - fort our de - light.
 knows no bound, A deep where all our thoughts are drowned.
 fruit - ful rain, Nor lets the drops de - scend in vain.
 hands sup - ply, And the young ra - vens when they cry.
 knows their fear; And looks, and loves His im - age there.