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# Sing Praise to God, Who Has Shaped

Ps. 68:4, 32; Ps. 105

Joachim Neander, 1680

Transl. Madeleine Forell Marshall, 1993

1 Sing praise to God, who has shaped and sus - tains all cre -  
 2 Praise God, our guard - ian, who lov - ing - ly of - fers cor -  
 3 Sing praise to God, with sin - cere thanks for all your suc -  
 4 Sing praise, my soul, the great name of your high God com -

a - tion! Sing praise, my soul, in pro - found and com -  
 rec - tion, Who, as on ea - gle's wings, saves us from  
 cess - es. Mer - ci - ful God ev - er loves to en -  
 mend - ing. All that have life and breath join you, their

plete ad - o - ra - tion! Glad - some re - joi - ce — or - gan and  
 sin - ful de - jec - tion. Have you ob - served, how we are  
 cour - age and bless us. On - ly con - ceive, what god - ly  
 notes sweet - ly blend - ing. God is your light! Soul, ev - er

trum - pet and voice — join - ing God's great con - gre - ga - tion.  
 al - ways pre - served by God's pa - ren - tal af - fec - tion?  
 strength can a - chieve: strength that would touch and car - ess us.  
 keep this in sight: a - men, a - men nev - er end - ing.

1 When in our mu - sic God is glo - ri - fied, and ad - o -  
 2 How of - ten, mak - ing mu - sic, we have found a new di -  
 3 So has the church, in lit - ur - gy and song, in faith and  
 4 Let ev - ery in - stru - ment be tuned for praise! Let all re -

ra - tion leaves no room for pride, It is as though the whole cre -  
 men - sion in the world of sound, As wor - ship moved us to a  
 love, through cen - tu - ries of wrong, Borne wit - ness to the truth in  
 joice who have a voice to raise! And may God give us faith to

a - tion cried: Al - le - lu - ia!  
 more pro - found Al - le - lu - ia!  
 ev - ery tongue: Al - le - lu - ia!  
 sing al - ways: Al - le - lu - ia!

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748, alt.

ELLACOMBE C.M.D.

"Gesangbuch," Württemberg, 1784



1 With songs and hon-ors sound-ing loud, Ad - dress the Lord on high;  
 2 His stead-y coun-sels change the face Of the de - clin - ing year;  
 3 He sends his word and melts the snow, The fields no long - er mourn;



O - ver the heavens he spreads his clouds, And wa - ters veil the sky.  
 He bids the sun cut short his race, And win - try days ap - pear.  
 He calls the warm - er gales to blow, And bids the spring re - turn.



He sends his showers of bless - ing down To cheer the plains be - low;  
 His hoar - y frost, his flee - cy snow, De - scend and clothe the ground;  
 The chang - ing wind, the fly - ing cloud, O - bey his might - y word;



He makes the grass the moun-tains crown, And corn in val - leys grow.  
 The liq - uid streams for - bear to flow, In i - cy fet - ters bound.  
 With songs and hon-ors sound-ing loud, Praise ye the sov - ereign Lord. A - men.

