

Praise Ye the Lord! Immortal Choir  
George Rawson, 1853.  
H. Coward.

Praise ye the Lord! immortal choir,  
In heavenly heights above,  
With harp and voice and souls of fire,  
Burning with perfect love.

Shine to His glory, worlds of light!  
Ye million suns of space,  
Fair moons and glittering stars of night,  
Running your mystic race!

Ye gorgeous clouds, that deck the sky  
With crystal, crimson, gold,  
And rainbow arches raised on high,  
The Light of light unfold!

Lift to Jehovah, wintry main,  
Your grand white hands in prayer;  
Still summer seas, in dulcet strain,  
Murmur hosannas there!

Do homage, breezy ocean floor,  
With many-twinkling sign;  
Majestic calms, be hushed before  
The holiness divine.

Storm, lightning, thunder, hail and snow,  
Wild winds that keep His word,  
With the old mountains far below,  
Unite to bless the Lord.

His name, ye forests, wave along;  
Whisper it, every flower;  
Birds, beasts, and insects, swell the song  
That tells His love and power.

Around the wide world let it roll,  
Whilst man shall lead it on;  
Join every ransomed human soul,  
In glorious unison!

Come, aged man! come, little child!  
Youth, maiden, peasant, king,  
To God in Jesus reconciled  
Your hallelujahs bring!

The all creating deity,  
Maker of earth and Heav'n!  
The great redeeming majesty,  
To Him the praise be giv'n!