With Songs and Honors Sounding Loud

Sing to the LORD with thanksgiving... He covers the sky with clouds; he supplies the earth with rain and makes grass grow on the hills. Ps. 147:7, 8

1. With songs and honors sounding loud address the Lord on high;
2. He sends his showers of blessing down to cheer the plains below;
3. His steady counsels change the face of the declining year;
4. His hoary frost, his fleecy snow, descend and clothe the ground;

over the heav’ns he spreads his cloud, and waters veil the sky,
he makes the grass the mountains crown, and corn in valleys grow,
he bids the sun cut short his race, and wintry days appear,
the liquid streams forbear to flow, in icy fetters bound.

5. He sends his word and melts the snow,
the fields no longer mourn;
he calls the warmer gales to blow,
and bids the spring return.

6. The changing wind, the flying cloud,
obey his mighty word;
with songs and honors sounding loud praise ye the sovereign Lord.

From Psalm 147:7, 8, 15–18
Isaac Watts, 1719

ST. MAGNUS C.M.
Attr. to Jeremiah Clarke, 1701
O God, We Praise Thee

Holy, holy, holy is the Lord Almighty; the whole earth is full of his glory. Is. 6:3

1. O God, we praise thee; and confess that thou the only Lord

2. To thee all angels cry aloud; to thee the pow’rs on high,

3. O ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly Lord, whom heav’n-ly hosts obey,

4. Th’a-pos-tles’ glo-rious com-pa-ny and proph-ets crowned with light,

5. The holy church throughout the world,

and ev-er-last-ing Fa-ther art, by all the earth ad-dored.

both cher-u-bim and ser-a-phim, con-tin-u-al-ly do cry.

the world is with the glo-ry filled of thy maj-es-tic ray.

with all the mar-tyrs’ no-ble host, thy con-stant praise re-cite.

6. Thine honored, true, and only Son;

and Holy Ghost, the Spring

of never-ceasing joy; O Christ,

of glory thou art King.

Te Deum. ca. 4th cent.
Tr. in Talle and Brady’s Supplement to the New Version, 1708

DUNDEE C.M.
Scottish Psalter, 1615
God, All Nature Sings Thy Glory

How many are your works, O Lord! In wisdom you made them all; the earth is full of your creatures. Ps. 104:24

1. God, all nature sings thy glory, and thy works proclaim thy might;
2. Clearer still we see thy hand in man whom thou hast made for thee;
3. But our sins have spoiled thine image; nature, conscience only serve thee;
4. God of glory, power, mercy, all creation praises thee;

Ordered vastness in the heavens, ordered course of day and night;
Ruler of creation's glory, image of thy majesty.
As unceasing, grim reminders of the wrath which we deserve,
We, thy creatures, would adore thee now and through eternity.

Beauty in the changing seasons, beauty in the storming sea;
Music, art, the fruitful garden, all the labor of his days,
Yet thy grace and saving mercy in thy Word of truth revealed
Saved to magnify thy goodness, grant us strength to do thy will.

All the changing moods of nature praise the changeless Trinity,
Are the calling of his Maker to the harvest feast of praise.
Claim the praise of all who know thee, in the blood of Jesus sealed.
With our acts as with our voices, thy commandments fulfill.

God, All Nature Sings Thy Glory"