Sing Praise to Him

Joyfully \( \text{d} = 60–72 \)

1. Sing praise to him who reigns above, The Lord of all creation, The source of pow'r, the fount of love, The rock of our salvation. With healing balm my soul he fills
2. What his almighty pow'r hath made His gracious mercy keepeth. By morn-ing glow or even-ing shade His watchful eye ne'er sleepeth. With-in the king-dom of his might, peace and joy and bless ing. As with a mother's ten-der hand, voice un-wea-ried raises. Be joy-ful in the Lord, my heart!
3. The Lord is never far away, But, thru all grief dis-tress ing, An ever present help and stay, Our and ev'ry faith-less mur-mur stills. To him all praise and glo-ry!
4. Thus, all my toil-some way a long, I sing a loud thy pra is e, That men may hear the grate-ful song My lo! all is just and all is right. To him all praise and glo-ry!

Text: Johann J. Schütz, 1640–1690; trans. by Frances Elizabeth Cox, 1812–1897
Music: From Bohemian Brethren's Songbook, 1566, alt.

Psalm 104:33
Psalm 121:2–4