

London Gallery Quire 33

New Version of Tate and Brady (1696)

Portsmouth, anon., (1765)
Edited by Francis Roads

Ye boundless realms of joy
Psalm 148 verses 1-6, 14

[♩=120]

Soprano

1. Ye bound-less realms of joy, Ex - alt your mak - er's fame,
2. *Thou moon, that rul'st the night, And sun, that guid'st the day;*
3. Let them a - dore the Lord And praise his ho - ly name,
4. *His cho - sen saints to grace He sets them up on high,*

Alto

Tenor [Air]

1. Ye bound-less realms of joy, Ex - alt your mak - er's fame,
2. *Thou moon, that rul'st the night, And sun, that guid'st the day;*
3. Let them a - dore the Lord And praise his ho - ly name,
4. *His cho - sen saints to grace He sets them up on high,*

Bass

1. Ye bound-less realms of joy, Ex - alt your mak - er's fame,
2. *Thou moon, that rul'st the night, And sun, that guid'st the day;*
3. Let them a - dore the Lord And praise his ho - ly name,
4. *His cho - sen saints to grace He sets them up on high,*

4

S

His praise your song em - ploy
Ye glit - t'ring stars of light,
By whose al - migh - ty word
And fa - vours Is - rael's race

A

1. His praise your song em - ploy A -
2. *Ye glit - t'ring stars of light,* To
3. By whose al - migh - ty word They
4. *And fa - vours Is - rael's race* Who

T

His praise your song em - ploy A -
Ye glit - t'ring stars of light, To
By whose al - migh - ty word They
And fa - vours Is - rael's race Who

B

His praise your song em - ploy A -
Ye glit - t'ring stars of light, To
By whose al - migh - ty word They
And fa - vours Is - rael's race Who

Ye boundless realms of joy 33

9

S

A

T

B

bove the star - ry frame, A - bove the star - ry frame;
To him your ho - mage pay, *To him your ho - mage pay,*
 They all from noth - ing came; They all from noth - ing came;
 Who still to him are nigh. Who still to him are nigh.

12

S

A

T

B

Your voi - ces raise, Ye che - ru - bim And se - ra - phim, To sing his praise, Your
His praise de - clare, *Ye heav'n's a - bove,* *And clouds that move* *In li - quid air,* *His*
 And all shall last From chan - ges free; His firm de - cree Stands e - ver fast, And
O there - fore raise *Your grate - ful voice,* *And still re - jice* *The Lord to praise,* *O*

17

S

A

T

B

voi - ces raise Ye che - ru - bim And se - ra - phim To sing his praise. praise.
praise de - clare, *Ye heav'n's a - bove,* *And clouds that move* *In li - quid air.* *air.*
 all shall last From chan - ges free; His firm de - cree Stands e - ver fast. fast.
there - fore raise *Your grate - ful voice,* *And still re - jice* *The Lord to praise!* *praise!*