

London Gallery Quire 139

Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of creation

Joachim Neander (1650-80), tr. Catherine Winkworth et al.

Hast du denn, Liebster German anon. (1745)

Edited and a symphony added by Francis Roads

[♩=112]

Soprano [Air]

1. Praise to the Lord, the Al - migh - ty, the King of cre - a - tion;
2. Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things so wond-rous - ly reign - eth,
3. Praise to the Lord, who doth pros - per thy work, and de - fend thee;
4. Praise to the Lord! O let all that is in me a - dore him!

Alto

Tenor

8

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2. Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things so wond-rous - ly reign - eth,
3. Praise to the Lord, who doth pros - per thy work, and de - fend thee;
4. Praise to the Lord! O let all that is in me a - dore him!

Bass

7

S

O my soul, praise him, for he is thy health and sal - va - tion:
Shel - ters thee un - der his wings, yea, so gent - ly sus - tain - eth:
Sure - ly his good - ness and mer - cy here dai - ly at - tend thee;
All that hath life and breath come now with prai - ses be - fore him!

A

T

8

O my soul, praise him, for he is thy health and sal - va - tion:
Shel - ters thee un - der his wings, yea, so gent - ly sus - tain - eth:
Sure - ly his good - ness and mer - cy here dai - ly at - tend thee;
All that hath life and breath come now with prai - ses be - fore him!

B

Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of creation 139

13

S
Come ye who hear, Bro-thers and sis-ters draw near, Praise him in glad a - do - ra - tion.
Hast thou not seen All that is need-ful hath been Gran-ted in what he or - dain - eth?
Pon-der a - new All the al-migh-ty can do, He who with love doth be-friend thee.
Let the a - men Sound from his peo-ple a - gain: Glad - ly for ay we a - dore him.

A

T
Come ye who hear, Bro-thers and sis-ters draw near, Praise him in glad a - do - ra - tion.
Hast thou not seen All that is need-ful hath been Gran-ted in what he or - dain - eth?
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Let the a - men Sound from his peo-ple a - gain: Glad - ly for ay we a - dore him.

B

22

Symphony

S

A

T

B

The following additional verses are found in some hymn books,
to be sung between verses 3 and 4:

Praise to the Lord, who, when tempests their warfare are waging,
Who, when the elements madly around thee are raging,
Biddeth them cease, turneth their fury to peace,
Whirlwinds and waters assuaging.

Praise to the Lord, who, when darkness of sin is abounding,
Who, when the godless do triumph, all virtue confounding,
Sheddeth His light, chaseth the horrors of night,
Saints with His mercy surrounding.