

# London Gallery Quire 156

Paraphrased by James Merrick (1720-69)

Ye works of God, on him alone  
Benedicite vv. 1-9

Hymn 21, by Phocion Henley (1728-64)  
Edited by Robert Barr and Francis Roads

**Lively** [♩=120]

Soprano [Air]

1. Ye works of God on him a lone,  
2. Ye angels, that with loud acclaim,  
3. Praise him, ye blest aerial planes,

Alto

Tenor

1. Ye works of God on him a lone,  
2. Ye angels, that with loud acclaim,  
3. Praise him, ye blest aerial planes,

Bass

4

S

On earth his foot-stool, heav'n his throne,  
Ad-mi-ring, viewed the new-born frame,  
Where, in full majesty, he deigns.

A

T

On earth his foot-stool, praise be stowed.  
Ad-mi-ring, viewed the new-born frame,  
Where, in full majesty, he deigns

B

8

S

Be all, be all your praise be stowed.  
And hailed, And hailed th'e - ter - nal King:  
To fix, To fix his aw - ful throne;

A

T

Be all, be all your praise be stowed.  
And hailed, And hailed th'e - ter - nal King:  
To fix, To fix his aw - ful throne;

B

5. Celestial orb! whose pow'rful ray,  
Opes the glad eyelids of the day,  
Whose influence,  
influence all things own:  
Praise him whose courts effulgent shine,  
With light as far excelling thine,  
As thine,  
As thine the paler moon.

6. Ye glittering planets of the sky,  
Whose lamps the absent sun supply,  
With him,  
With him the song pursue:  
And let himself submissive own,  
He borrows from a brighter sun,  
The light,  
The light he lends to you.

Ye works of God, on him alone 156

13

S  
Whose hand the shi - ning fa - - - bric made,  
A - gain pro - claim your ma - - - ker's praise,  
Ye wa - ters that a - bove him roll,

A

T  
8  
Whose hand the shi - ning fa - - - bric made,  
A - gain pro - claim your ma - - - ker's praise,  
Ye wa - ters that a - bove him roll,

B

16

S  
Whose eye the fi - nished world sur - veyed,  
A - gain your thank - ful voi - ces raise,  
From orb to orb, from pole to pole,

A

T  
8  
Whose eye the fi - nished world sur - veyed,  
A - gain your thank - ful voi - ces raise,  
From orb to orb, from pole to pole,

B

20

S  
And saw, And saw that all was good.  
And touch, And touch the tune - ful string.  
O make, O make his prai - ses known.

A

T  
8  
And saw, And saw that all was good.  
And touch, And touch the tune - ful string.  
O make, O make his prai - ses known.

B

7. Ye show'rs and dews whose moisture shed,  
Calls into life the op'ning seed,  
To him,  
To him your praises yield:  
Whose influence wakes the genial birth,  
Drops fatness on the pregnant earth,  
And crowns,  
And crowns the laughing field.

8. Ye winds that oft tempestuous sweep,  
The ruffled surface of the deep,  
With us,  
With us confess your God;  
See through the heav'ns the King of kings,  
Upborne on your expanded wings,  
Comes flying,  
flying all abroad.