

# London Gallery Quire 279

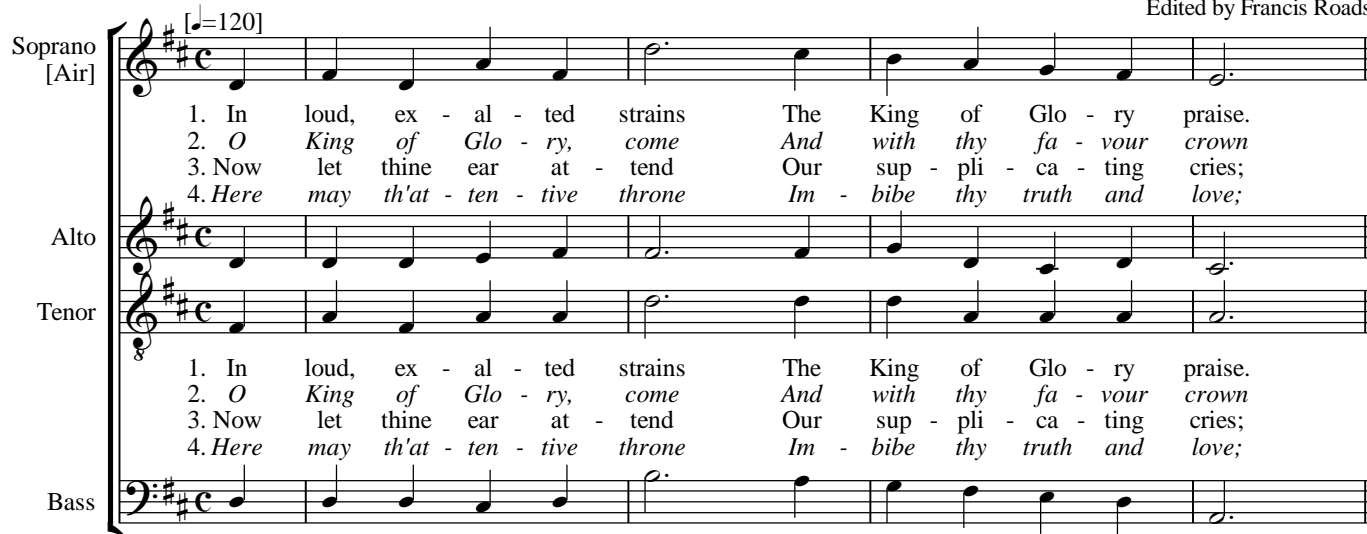
Benjamin Francis (1734 - 1799)

In loud exalted strains

*Ps 148*, by John Darwall (1731-89)

Edited by Francis Roads

[Air]  $\text{♩} = 120$



Soprano  
[Air]  $\text{♩} = 120$

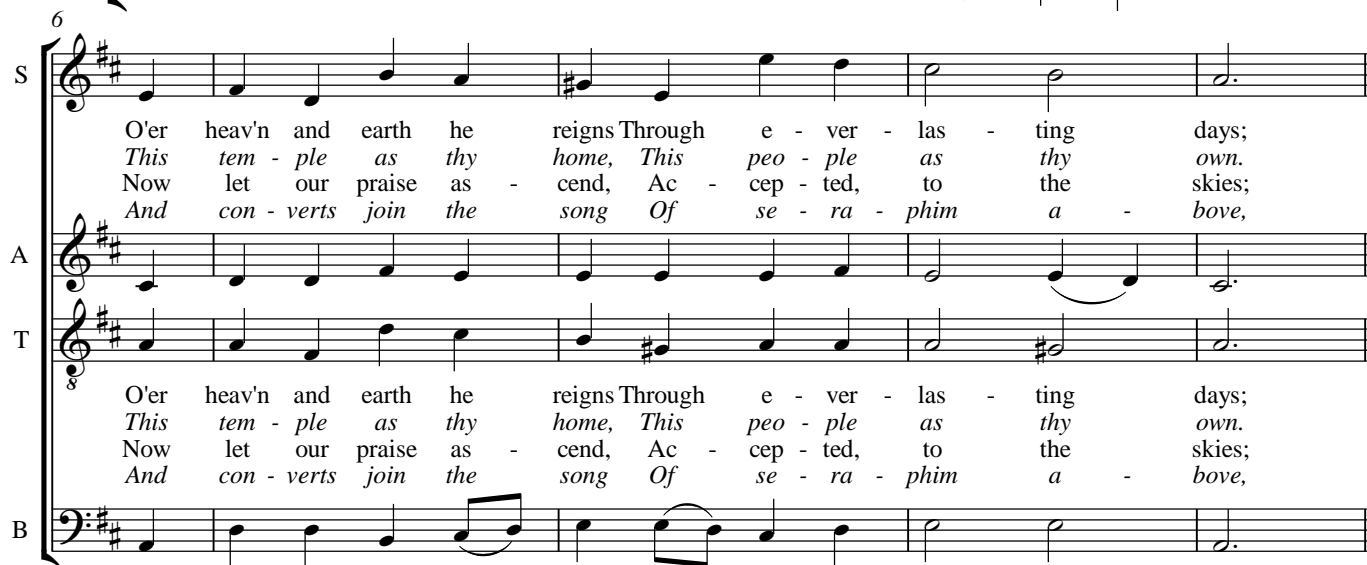
1. In loud, ex - al - ted strains The King of Glo - ry praise.  
2. O King of Glo - ry, come And with thy fa - vour crown  
3. Now let thine ear at - tend Our sup - pli - ca - ting cries;  
4. Here may th'at - ten - tive throne Im - bibe thy truth and love;

Alto

Tenor

Bass

6



S

O'er heav'n and earth he reigns Through e - ver - las - ting days;  
This tem - ple as thy home, This peo - ple as thy own.  
Now let our praise as - cend, Ac - cep - ted, to the skies;  
And con - verts join the song Of se - ra - phim a - bove,

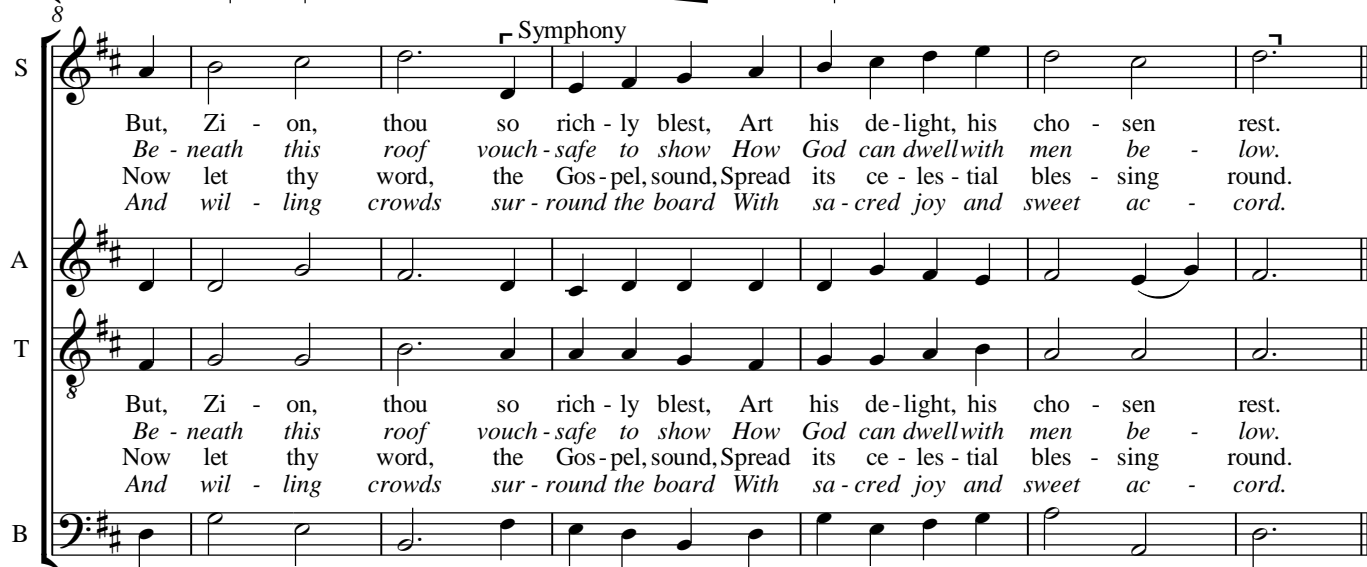
A

T

B

8

Symphony



S

But, Zi - on, thou so rich - ly blest, Art his de - light, his cho - sen rest.  
Be - neath this roof vouch - safe to show How God can dwell with men be - low.  
Now let thy word, the Gos - pel, sound, Spread its ce - les - tial bles - sing round.  
And wil - ling crowds sur - round the board With sa - cred joy and sweet ac - cord.

A

T

B

5. To earth he bends his throne,  
His throne of grace divine;  
Wide is his bounty known,  
And wide his glories shine.  
Fair Salem, still his chosen rest,  
Is with his smiles and presence blest.

6. Here may our unborn sons  
And daughters sound thy praise  
And shine, like polished stones,  
Through long-succeeding days;  
Here, Lord, display thy saving power  
While temples stand and men adore.