

# London Gallery Quire 438

1

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)  
Composed for 5th November 1694

Barmouth, by Francis Roads (b. 1943)

## Shout to the Lord

*Symphony*  
♩=120

Soprano [Air]  
Alto  
Tenor  
Bass

4

S  
1. Shout to the Lord, and let our joys Through the whole na - tion run; Ye Bri - tish skies, re -  
2. *Thy pow'r the whole cre - a - tion rules, And on the star - ry skies Sits smi - ling at the*  
3. Their se - cret fires in ca - verns lay, And we the sac - ri - fice; But gloo - my ca - verns  
4. *In vain the bu - sy sons of hell Still new re - bel - lions try, Their souls shall pine with*

A  
T  
B

10 *Symphony*

S  
sound the noise Be - yond the ri - sing sun. Thee,  
*weak de - signs Thine en - vious foes de - vise. Thy*  
strove in vain To 'scape all - search - ing eyes. Their  
*en - vious rage, And vex a - way and die. Al -*

A  
T  
B

The main theme of this setting came to the composer in a dream on 23rd June 2012 in the Ocean Drive Guest House, Barmouth, Gwynneth. Brackets show instrumental passages.

## Shout to the Lord 438

15

S  
 might - ty\_ God, our souls ad - mire, Thee our glad voi - ces sing, And join with the ce -  
*scorn de - rides their fee - ble rage, And with an aw - ful frown Flings vast con - fu - sion*  
 dark de - signs were all re - vealed, Their trea - sons all be - trayed: Praise to the God that  
*migh - ty\_ grace de - fends our land From their ma - li - cious pow'r; Let Bri - tain with u -*

A

T  
 might - ty God, our souls ad - mire, Thee our glad voi - ces sing, \_\_\_\_\_  
*scorn de - rides their fee - ble rage, And with an aw - ful frown \_\_\_\_\_*  
 dark de - signs were all re - vealed, Their trea - sons all be - trayed: \_\_\_\_\_  
*migh - ty\_ grace de - fends our land From their ma - li - cious pow'r; \_\_\_\_\_*

B

20

S  
 les - tial\_ choir To praise th'e - ter - nal King, To  
*on\_ their plots, And shaketh their Ba - bel down, And*  
 broke the\_ snare Their curs - ed hands had laid, Their  
*ni - ted\_ songs Al - migh - ty grace a - dore, Al -*

A

T  
 And join with the ce - les - tial choir To praise th'e - ter - nal King, \_\_\_\_\_ To  
*Flings vast con - fu - sion on\_ their plots, And shaketh their Ba - bel down, \_\_\_\_\_ And*  
 Praise to\_ the God that broke the snare Their curs - ed hands had laid, \_\_\_\_\_ Their  
*Let Bri - tain with u - ni - ted songs Al - migh - ty grace a - dore, \_\_\_\_\_ Al -*

B

25

S  
 praise th'e - ter - nal King. \_\_\_\_\_  
*shakes their Ba - bel down. \_\_\_\_\_*  
 curs - ed\_ hands had laid. \_\_\_\_\_  
*migh - ty\_ grace a - dore. \_\_\_\_\_*

A

T  
 praise th'e - ter - nal\_ King. \_\_\_\_\_  
*shakes their Ba - bel\_ down. \_\_\_\_\_*  
 curs - ed\_ hands had laid. \_\_\_\_\_  
*migh - ty\_ grace a - dore. \_\_\_\_\_*

B

Symphony

1. 2. 3.

Last time