

Psalm 145 (Rockingham L.M.)

Lyrics: Isaac Watts (1719) Music: Karl P.E. Bach, arr. Edward Miller (1790)

1. My God, my King, Thy va - rious praise Shall fill the rem - nant of my days; Thy
2. The wings of ev - ery hour shall bear Some thank - ful tri - bute to Thine ear; And

3. Thy truth and jus - tice I'll pro - claim; Thy boun - ty flows an end - less stream; Thy
4. Thy works with so - ve - reign glo - ry shine, And speak Thy ma - jes - ty di - vine;

5. Let dis - tant times and na - tions raise The long suc - ces - sion of Thy praise, And
6. But who can speak Thy won - drous deeds? Thy great - ness all our thoughts ex - ceeds? Vast

9

grace em - ploy my hum - ble tongue Till death and glo - ry raise the song.
ev - ery set - ting sun shall see New works of du - ty done for Thee.

mer - cy swift, Thine an - ger slow, But dread - ful to the stub - born foe.
Let us up - on all shores pro - claim* The sound and ho - nor of Thy

un - born a - ges make my song The joy and la - bor of their tongue.
and un - search - a - ble Thy ways, Vast and im - mor - tal be Thy praise!