

Issac Watts, 1719  
(Psalm 145) 88. 88. (L. M.)

# Various Praise

No copyright. Transcribed from Plain Psalmody, 1800.

G Major  
Oliver Holden, 1800

Treble

Counter

1. My God, my King, Thy var-ious praise Shall fill the rem-nant of \_\_\_\_\_ my days; Thy

8

Tenor

Bass

Tr.

10

'Til grace \_\_\_\_\_ and glo - ry raise \_\_\_\_\_ the song.

C.

grace em-ploy my hum-ble tongue, 'Til grace and glo - ry raise \_\_\_\_\_ the song.

T.

8

'Til grace \_\_\_\_\_ and glo - ry raise \_\_\_\_\_ the song.

B.

'Til grace and glo - ry raise \_\_\_\_\_ the song.

Tr.

20

The wings of eve - ry hour shall bear Some thank-ful tri-ble to \_\_\_\_\_ Thine ear;

C.

And eve-ry

T.

8

The wings of eve - ry hour shall bear Some thank-ful tri-ble to \_\_\_\_\_ Thine ear;

B.

25

set - ting sun shall see New works of du - ty done for Thee.

2. Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim;  
Thy bounty flows an endless stream;  
Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,  
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

Thy works with sovereign glory shine,  
And speak thy majesty divine;  
This country round her shores proclaim  
The sound and honor of thy name.

3. Let distant times and nations raise  
The long succession of thy praise,  
And unborn ages make my song  
The joy and labor of their tongue.

But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?  
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds?  
Vast and unsearchable thy ways,  
Vast and immortal be thy praise!