






Praise the Lord! Ye Heavens, Adore Him S 7





1. Praise the Lord! ye heavens, a-dore him; praise him, an-gels, in the height;
2. Praise the Lord! for he is glo-rious; nev-er shall his prom-ise fail;




sun and moon, re-joyce be-fore him; praise him, all ye stars of light.
God hath made his saints vic-to-rious; sin and death shall not pre-vail.



Praise the Lord! for he hath spo-ken; worlds his might-y voice o-beyed;
Praise the God of our sal-va-tion! Hosts on high, his power pro-claim;



laws which nev-er shall be bro-ken for their guid-ance he hath made.
heaven, and earth, and all cre-a-tion, laud and mag-ni-fy his name.



WORDS: Based on Psalm 148, *Foundling Hospital Collection*, 1796
MUSIC: Melody by Rowland H. Prichard, 1811-1887

HYFRYDOL
87.87D

1. All glo - ry, laud and hon - or to thee, Re - deem - er, King,
 2. Thou art the King of Is - rael, thou Da - vid's roy - al son,
 3. Thou didst ac - cept their prais - es; ac - cept the prayers we bring,

to whom the lips of chil - dren made sweet ho - san - nas ring!
 who in the Lord's name com - est, the true and bless - ed One;
 who in all good de - light - est, thou good and gra - cious King.

The peo - ple of the He - brews with palms be - fore thee went;
 to thee, be - fore thy pas - sion, they sang their hymns of praise;
 All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or to thee, Re - deem - er, King,

our praise and prayer and an - thems be - fore thee we pre - sent.
 to thee, now high ex - alt - ed, our mel - o - dy we raise.
 to whom the lips of chil - dren made sweet ho - san - nas ring!

WORDS: Attr. Theodulph of Orleans, c. 821; tr. John M. Neale, 1854, alt.
 MUSIC: Melchior Teschner, 1615; arr. William Henry Monk, 1861

ST. THEODULPH
 76.76D

This text supposedly was written by Theodulph, Bishop of Orleans, while jailed. Legend has Louis I releasing Theodulph on hearing the hymn. Theodulph was responsible for starting schools in many churches.

PALM SUNDAY

This Is My Father's World

60

1. This is my Fa-ther's world; and to my lis-tening ears, all
2. This is my Moth-er's world; the birds their car-ols raise, the
3. This is my Mak-er's world; oh, let me ne'er for - get that

na - ture sings, and round me rings the mu - sic of the spheres.
morn - ing light, the flow - ers bright, de - clare their Mak - er's praise.
though the wrong seems oft so strong, God is the rul - er yet.

This is my Fa - ther's world; I rest me in the thought of
This is my Moth - er's world; she shines in all that's fair; in
This is my Mak - er's world; why should my heart be sad? The

rocks and trees, of skies and seas, his hand the won - ders wrought.
rus - tling grass I hear her pass; she speaks to me ev - ery - where.
heav - ens ring; let na - ture sing. God reigns; let earth be glad.

WORDS: Maltbie D. Babcock, 1901, alt.

MUSIC: Traditional English melody; adapt. Franklin L. Sheppard, 1915

TERRA BEATA
SMD

Lockport NY Presbyterian pastor Babcock often walked out to a sweeping view of Lake Ontario, saying as he left the house, 'I am going out to see my Father's world.'

GOD THE CREATOR