

Ye works of God, on him alone

Paraphrased by James Merrick (1720-69)

Hymn 21, by Phocion Henley (1728-64)
 Edited by Robert Barr and Francis Roads

Benedicite verses 1-9

Lively [♩=120]

Soprano [Air]

1. Ye works of God on him a - lone,
 2. Ye an - gels, that with loud ac - claim,
 3. Praise him, ye blest ae - the - rial planes,

Alto

Tenor

1. Ye works of God on him a - lone,
 2. Ye an - gels, that with loud ac - claim,
 3. Praise him, ye blest ae - the - rial planes,

Bass

4

S

On earth his foot - stool, heaven his throne,
 Ad - mi - ring, viewed the new - born frame,
 Where, in full ma - je - sty, he deigns

A

T

On earth his foot - stool, praise be - stowed.
 Ad - mi - ring, viewed the new - born frame,
 Where, in full ma - je - sty, he deigns

B

8

S

Be all, be all your praise be - stowed.
 And hailed, And hailed th'e - ter - nal King:
 To fix, To fix his aw - ful throne;

A

T

Be all, be all your praise be - stowed.
 And hailed, And hailed th'e - ter - nal King:
 To fix, To fix his aw - ful throne;

B

5. Celestial orb! whose powerful ray,
 Opes the glad eyelids of the day,
 Whose influence, influence all things own:
 Praise him whose courts effulgent shine,
 With light as far excelling thine,
 As thine, as thine the paler moon.

6. Ye glittering planets of the sky,
 Whose lamps the absent sun supply,
 With him, with him the song pursue:
 And let himself submissive own,
 He borrows from a brighter sun,
 The light, the light he lends to you.

Ye works of God, on him alone

13

S
Whose hand the shi - ning fa - - bric made,
A - gain pro - claim your ma - - ker's praise,
Ye wa - ters that a - bove him roll,

A

T
8
Whose hand the shi - ning your fa - - bric made,
A - gain pro - claim your ma - - ker's praise,
Ye wa - ters that a - bove him roll,

B

16

S
Whose eye the fi - nished world sur - veyed,
A - gain your thank - ful voi - ces raise,
From orb to orb, from pole to pole,

A

T
8
Whose eye the fi - nished world sur - veyed,
A - gain your thank - ful voi - ces raise,
From orb to orb, from pole to pole,

B

20

S
And saw, And saw that all was good.
And touch, And touch the tue - ful string.
O make, O make his prais - es known.

A

T
8
And saw, And saw that all was good.
And touch, And touch the tue - ful string.
O make, O make his prais - es known.

B

7. Ye show'r and dew's whose moisture shed,
Calls into life the opening seed,
To him, to him your praises yield:
Whose influence wakes the genial birth,
Drops fatness on the pregnant earth,
And crowns, and crowns the laughing field.

8. Ye winds that oft tempestuous sweep,
The ruffled surface of the deep,
With us, with us confess your God;
Se through the heavens the King of kings,
Upborne on your expanded wings,
Comes flying, flying all abroad.