

Ye princes that in might excel

New Version of Tate and Brady (1696)

Psalm 29

Ps 29, by Joseph Stephenson (c1723-1810)

Edited by Francis Roads

[♩=160]

Soprano [Air]

1. Ye prin-ces that in might ex - cel, Your grate - ful sac - ri - fice pre - pare;
 2. To his great name fresh al - tars raise, De - vout - ly due re - spect af - ford;
 3. 'Tis he that with a - ma-zing noise, The wa - t'ry clouds in sun - der breaks;
 4. How full of pow'r his voice ap - pears! With what ma - jes - tic ter - ror crowned!
 5. They, and the hills on which they grow, Are some - times hur - ried far. a - way;

Alto

Tenor

1. Ye prin-ces that in might ex - cel, Your grate - ful sac - ri - fice pre - pare;
 2. To his great name fresh al - tars raise, De - vout - ly due re - spect af - ford;
 3. 'Tis he that with a - ma-zing noise, The wa - t'ry clouds in sun - der breaks;
 4. How full of pow'r his voice ap - pears! With what ma - jes - tic ter - ror crowned!
 5. They, and the hills on which they grow, Are some - times hur - ried far. a - way;

Bass

11

S

God's glo-rious ac - tions loud - ly tell, His won-drous pow'r to all de - clare.
 Him in his ho - ly tem - ple praise, Where he's with so - lemn state a - dored.
 The o - cean trem-bles at his voice, When he from heav'n in thun - der speaks.
 Which from their roots tall ce - dars tears, And strews their scat-tered branch - es round.
 And leap like hinds that boun - ding go, Or u - ni - corns in youth - ful play.

A

T

God's glo-rious ac - tions loud - ly tell, His won-drous pow'r to all de - clare.
 Him in his ho - ly tem - ple praise, Where he's with so - lemn state a - dored.
 The o - cean trem-bles at his voice, When he from heav'n in thun - der speaks.
 Which from their roots tall ce - dars tears, And strews their scat-tered branch - es round.
 And leap like hinds that boun - ding go, Or u - ni - corns in youth - ful play.

B

6. When God in thunder loudly speaks,
 And scattered flames of lightning sends,
 The forest nods, the desert quakes,
 And stubborn Kadesh lowly bends.

7. He makes the hinds to cast their young,
 And lays the beasts' dark coverts bare;
 While those that to his courts belong
 Securely sing his praises there.

8. God rules the angry floods on high;
 His boundless sway shall never cease;
 His people he'll with strength supply,
 And bless his own with constant peace.

Edited from Stephenson's *Church Harmony Sacred to Devotion* 4th edition (London 1767 BL H.3288).

According to the *Hymn Tune Index* (Temperley, Oxford 1998) this is the only pre-1820 printed source for this tune.