

Shout to the Lord

1

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)
Composed for 5th November 1694

Barmouth, by Francis Roads (b. 1943)

$\text{♩} = 120$ Symphony

Soprano [Air]
Alto
Tenor
Bass
Keyboard

4

S
1. Shout to the Lord, and let our joys Through the whole na - tion run; Ye Bri - tish skies, re -
2. *Thy pow'r the whole cre - a - tion rules, And on the star - ry skies Sits smi - ling at the*
3. Their se - cret fires in ca - verns lay, And we the sac - ri - fice; But gloo - my ca verns
4. *In vain the bu - sy sons of hell Still new re - bel - lions try, Their souls shall pine with*

A
T
B
Kbd.

Shout to the Lord 438 Symphony

10

S
 sound the noise Be - yond the ri - sing sun. Thee,
weak de - signs Thine en - vious foes de - vise. Thy
 strove in vain To 'scape all - search - ing eyes. Their
en - vious rage, And vex a - way and die. Al -

A
 sound the noise Be - yond the ri - sing sun. Thee,
weak de - signs Thine en - vious foes de - vise. Thy
 strove in vain To 'scape all - search - ing eyes. Their
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weak de - signs Thine en - vious foes de - vise. Thy
 strove in vain To 'scape all - search - ing eyes. Their
en - vious rage, And vex a - way and die. Al -

B

Kbd.
 The main theme of this setting came to the composer in a dream
 on 23rd June 2012 in the Ocean Drive Guest House, Barmouth, Gwyneth.
 Brackets show instrumental passages.

15

S
 migh - ty God, our souls ad - mire, Thee our glad voi - ces sing, And join with the ce -
scorn de - rides their fee - ble rage, And with an aw - ful frown Flings vast con - fu - sion
 dark de - signs were all re - vealed, Their trea - sons all be - trayed: Praise to the God that
migh - ty grace de - fends our land From their ma - li - cious pow'r; Let Bri - tain with u -

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Kbd.
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migh - ty grace de - fends our land From their ma - li - cious pow'r; Let Bri - tain with u -

20

Shout to the Lord
Shout to the Lord 438

S
les - tial choir
on their plots,
broke the snare
ni - ted songs

To praise th'e - ter - nal King, To
And shake their Ba - bel down, And
Their curs - ed hands had laid, Their
Al - migh - ty grace a - dore, Al -

A

T
8

And join with the ce - les - tial choir To praise th'e - ter - nal King, To
Flings vast con - fu - sion on their plots, And shake their Ba - bel down, And
Praise to the God that broke the snare Their curs - ed hands had laid, Their
Let Bri - tain with u - ni - ted songs Al - migh - ty grace a - dore, Al -

B

Kbd.

25

Symphony | 1.2.3. | Last time

S
praise th'e - ter - nal King.
shakes their Ba - bel down.
curs - ed hands had laid.
migh - ty grace a - dore.

A

T
8

praise th'e - ter - nal King.
shakes their Ba - bel down.
curs - ed hands had laid.
migh - ty grace a - dore.

B

Kbd.