

For thee, O God, our constant praise

New Version of Tate and Brady (1696)

Hymn 9, by Phocion Henley (1728-64)
Edited by Robert Barr and Francis Roads

Psalm 65 verses 1-7

1 **2** **3** **4**

Soprano
[Air]

Alto

Tenor

Bass

1. For thee, O God, our con - stant praise. In Si - on
2. *O thou, who to my hum - ble pray'r, Didst al - ways*
3. Our sins, though num - ber - less, in vain, To stop thy
4. *Blest is the man, who, near thee placed, With in thy*

6

S

waits, thy cho - sen seat; Our pro - mised al - tars
bend thy list - 'ning ear, To thee shall all man -
flo - wing mer - cy try; Whilst thou o'er - lookst the
sa - cred dwell - lings lives! Whilst we at hum - ble

A

T

waits, thy cho - sen seat; Our pro - mised al - tars
bend thy list - 'ning ear, To thee shall all man -
flo - wing mer - cy try; Whilst thou o'er - lookst the
sa - cred dwell - lings lives! Whilst we at hum - ble

B

11

S

there we'll raise, And all our zea - lous vows com - plete.
kind re - pair, And at thy gra - cious throne ap - pear.
guil - ty stain, And wash - est out the crim - son dye.
dis - tance taste, The vast de - lights thy tem - ple gives.

A

T

there we'll raise, And all our zea - lous vows com - plete.
kind re - pair, And at thy gra - cious throne ap - pear.
guil - ty stain, And wash - est out the crim - son dye.
dis - tance taste, The vast de - lights thy tem - ple gives.

B

5. By wondrous acts, O God, most just,
Have we thy gracious answer found;
In thee remotest nations trust,
And those whom stormy waves surround.

6. God by his strength, sets fast the hills,
And does his matchless power engage,
With which the sea's loud waves he stills,
And angry clouds' tumultuous rage.

Original a tone higher.