

Shout to the Lord

1

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

Barmouth, by Francis Roads (b. 1943)

♩=120

Soprano [Air] *Symphony*

Alto

Tenor

Bass

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

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4. *In vain the bu - sy sons of hell Still new re - bel - lions try, Their souls shall pine with*

B

10

S

Symphony

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

T

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 -

B

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

Shout to the Lord 438

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 -

A

T
 migh - ty God, our souls ad - mire, Thee our glad voi - ces sing,____
scorn de - rides their fee - ble rage, And with an_ aw - ful frown____
 dark de - signs were all re - vealed, Their trea - sons all be - trayed:____
migh - ty_ grace de - fends our land From their ma - li - cious pow'r;____

B

20

S
 les - tial_ choir To praise th'e - ter - nal King, To
on_ their plots, And shaketheir Ba - bel down, And
 broke the_ snare Their curs - ed hands had laid, Their
ni - ted_ songs Al - migh - ty grace a - dore, Al -

A

T
 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 shaketheir Ba - bel down,____ And
 Praise to_ the God that broke the snare Their curs - ed handshad laid,____ Their
Let Bri - tain with u - ni - ted songs Al - migh - ty grace a - dore,____ Al -

B

25

S
 praise th'e - ter - nal King. Symphony 1.2.3. Last time
shakes their Ba - bel down.
 curs - ed_ hands had laid.
migh - ty_ grace a - dore.

A

T
 praise th'e - ter - nal_ King.____
shakes their Ba - bel_ down.____
 curs - ed_ hands had laid.____
migh - ty_ grace a - dore.____

B