

# Ye boundless realms of joy

New Version of Tate and Brady (1696)

Psalm 148 verses 1-6, 14

Portsmouth, anon., (1765)  
Edited by Francis Roads

[♩=120]

Soprano

1. Ye bound-less realms of joy, Ex - alt your mak - er's fame,  
 2. *Thou moon, that rul'st the night, And sun, that guid'st the day;*  
 3. Let them a - dore the Lord And praise his ho - ly name,  
 4. *His cho - sen saints to grace He sets them up on high,*

Alto

Tenor [Air]

1. Ye bound-less realms of joy, Ex - alt your mak - er's fame,  
 2. *Thou moon, that rul'st the night, And sun, that guid'st the day;*  
 3. Let them a - dore the Lord And praise his ho - ly name,  
 4. *His cho - sen saints to grace He sets them up on high,*

Bass

1. Ye bound-less realms of joy, Ex - alt your mak - er's fame,  
 2. *Thou moon, that rul'st the night, And sun, that guid'st the day;*  
 3. Let them a - dore the Lord And praise his ho - ly name,  
 4. *His cho - sen saints to grace He sets them up on high,*

4

S

His praise your song em - ploy  
*Ye glit - t'ring stars of light,*  
 By whose al - migh - ty word  
*And fa - vours Is - rael's race*

A

1. His praise your song em - ploy A -  
 2. *Ye glit - t'ring stars of light,* To  
 3. By whose al - migh - ty word They  
 4. *And fa - vours Is - rael's race* Who

T

His praise your song em - ploy A -  
*Ye glit - t'ring stars of light,* To  
 By whose al - migh - ty word They  
*And fa - vours Is - rael's race* Who

B

His praise your song em - ploy A -  
*Ye glit - t'ring stars of light,* To  
 By whose al - migh - ty word They  
*And fa - vours Is - rael's race* Who

## Ye boundless realms of joy

9

S

A

T

B

bove the star - ry frame,  
*him your ho - mage pay,*  
 all from noth - ing came;  
*still to him are nigh.*

Above the star - ry frame;  
*To him your ho - mage pay,*  
 They all from noth - ing came;  
*Who still to him are nigh.*

12

S

A

T

B

Your voi - ces raise, Ye che - ru - bim And se - ra - phim, To sing his praise, Your  
*His praise de - clare, Ye heav'n's a - bove, And clouds that move In li - quid air, His*  
 And all shall last From chan - ges free; His firm de - cree Stands e - ver fast, And  
*O there - fore raise Your grate - ful voice, And still re - jice. The Lord to praise, O*

Your voi - ces raise, Ye che - ru - bim And se - ra - phim, To sing his praise, Your  
*His praise de - clare, Ye heav'n's a - bove, And clouds that move In li - quid air, His*  
 And all shall last From chan - ges free; His firm de - cree Stands e - ver fast, And  
*O there - fore raise Your grate - ful voice, And still re - jice. The Lord to praise, O*

17

S

A

T

B

voi - ces raise Ye che - ru - bim And se - ra - phim To sing his praise. praise.  
*praise de - clare, Ye heav'n's a - bove, And clouds that move In li - quid air. air.*  
 all shall last From chan - ges free; His firm de - cree Stands e - ver fast. fast.  
*there - fore raise Your grate - ful voice, And still re - jice The Lord to praise! praise!*

voi - ces raise Ye che - ru - bim And se - ra - phim To sing his praise. praise.  
*praise de - clare, Ye heav'n's a - bove, And clouds that move In li - quid air. air.*  
 all shall last From chan - ges free; His firm de - cree Stands e - ver fast. fast.  
*there - fore raise Your grate - ful voice, And still re - jice The Lord to praise! praise!*