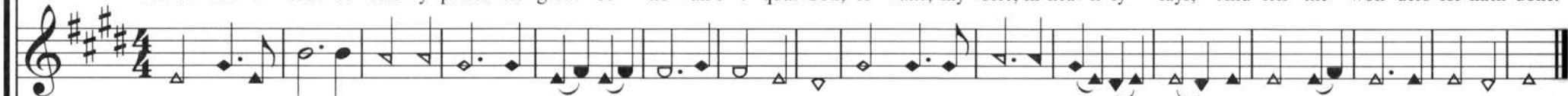


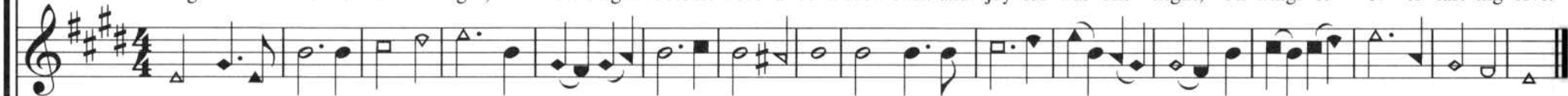
Arranged from W. Gill

*Bold.*

1. Now for a tune of loft-y praise To great Je - ho-vah's e - qual Son; A - wake, my voice, in heav'n-ly lays, And tell the won-ders He hath done.



2. Sing how He left the worlds of light, And those bright robes He wore a - bove. How swift and joy - ful was His flight, On wings of ev - er - last - ing love.



3. Deep in the shades of gloom-y death, Th'al-might-y Cap-tive prison-er lay; - Th'al-might-y Cap-tive left the earth, And rose to ev - er - last - ing day.

