

RAPTURE. C.P.M. 8,6,6.

517

Harwood

1. Be - gin, my soul, th'ex - alt - ed lay, Let each en - rap - tured thought o - bey, And praise th'Al - might - y's name:
 2. Thou heav'n of heav'ns, His vast a - bode, Ye clouds, pro - claim your Ma - ker God; Ye thun - ders, speak His pow'r:
 3. Ye deeps, with roar - ing bil - lows rise To join the thun - ders of the skies, Praise Him who bids you roll;
 4. Wake, all ye soar - ing throng, and sing, Ye feath - ered war - blers of the spring Har - mo - nious an - thems raise
 5. Let man, by no - bler pas - sions swayed, Let man, in God's own im - age made, His breath in praise em - ploy;

Lo! heav'n, and earth, and seas and skies, In one me - lo - dious con - cert rise To swell th'in - spir - ing theme.
 Lo! on the light - ning's fi - ery wing, In tri - umph walks th'e - ter - nal King, Th'as - ton - ish'd worlds a - dore.
 His praise in soft - er notes de - clare, Each whis - p'ring breeze of yield - ing air, And breathe it to the soul.
 To Him who shaped your fin - er mould, Who tipped your glit - t'ring wings with gold and tuned your voice to praise.
 Spread wide his Mak - er's name a - round, Till heav'n shall ech - o back the sound In songs of ho - ly joy.