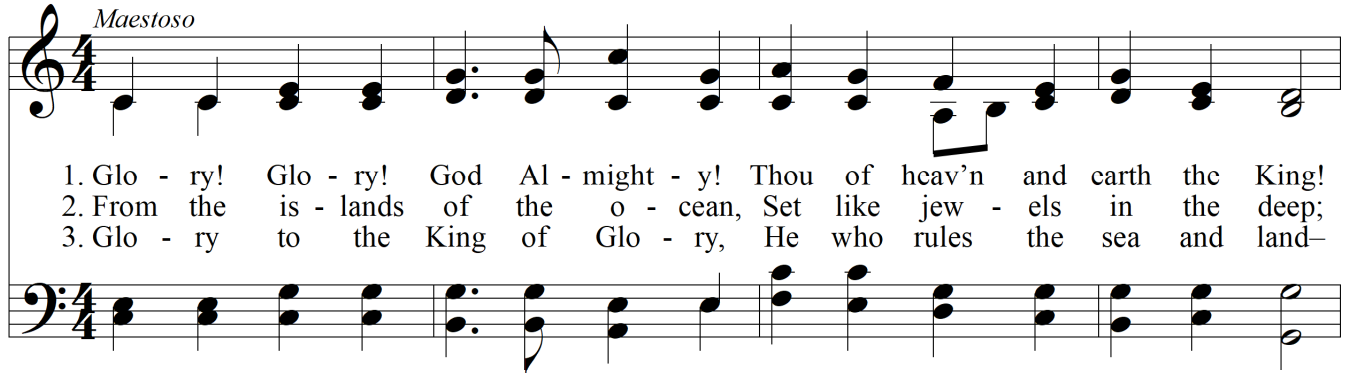
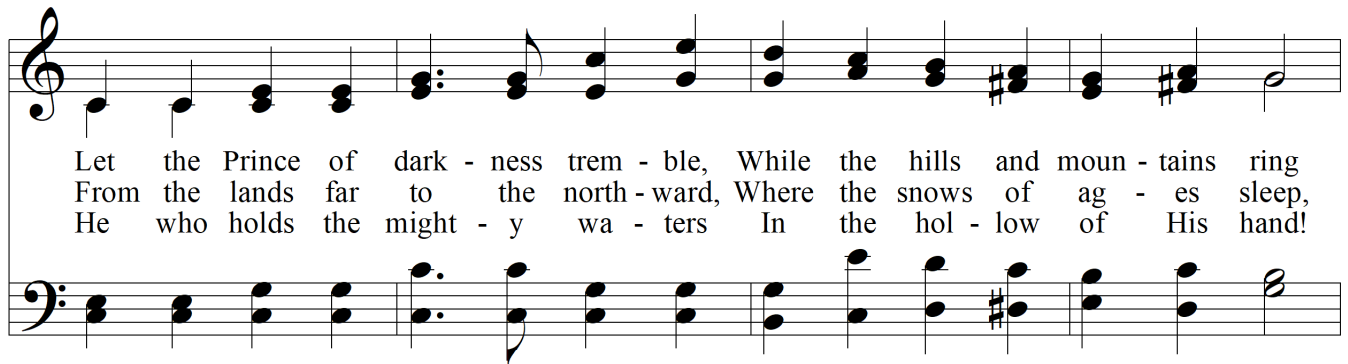


Singing Praises

Maestoso

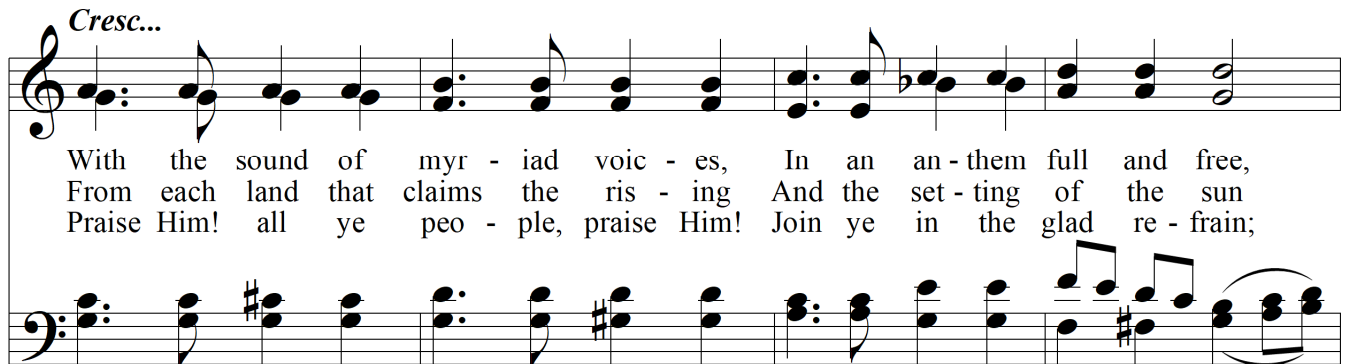


1. Glo - ry! Glo - ry! God Al - might - y! Thou of heav'n and earth the King!
2. From the is - lands of the o - cean, Set like jew - els in the deep;
3. Glo - ry to the King of Glo - ry, He who rules the sea and land—



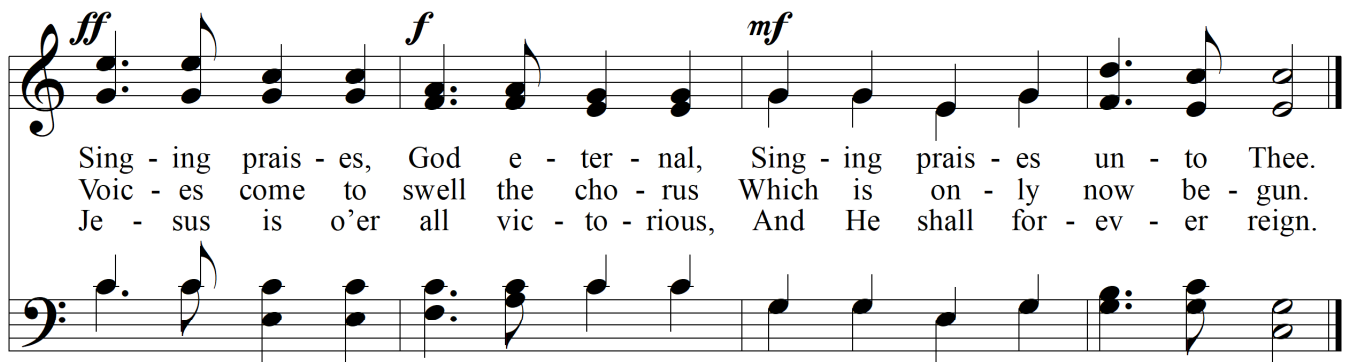
Let the Prince of dark - ness trem - ble, While the hills and moun - tains ring
From the lands far to the north - ward, Where the snows of ag - es sleep,
He who holds the might - y wa - ters In the hol - low of His hand!

Cresc...



With the sound of myr - iad voic - es, In an an - them full and free,
From each land that claims the ris - ing And the set - ting of the sun
Praise Him! all ye peo - ple, praise Him! Join ye in the glad re - frain;

ff *f* *mf*



Sing - ing prais - es, God e - ter - nal, Sing - ing prais - es un - to Thee.
Voic - es come to swell the cho - rus Which is on - ly now be - gun.
Je - sus is o'er all vic - to - rious, And He shall for - ev - er reign.