

Psalm 148

The Wittenberg Psalter

Chorale-Tone XIX
after *Mit Freuden zart*

Praise the LORD from the heav - ens, praise him in the heights a - bove.
Praise him, all his an - gels, praise him, all his heav'n-ly hosts.
Praise him, sun and moon, praise him, all you shin-ing stars.
Praise the LORD from the earth, lightning and hail, / stormy winds that do his bid - ding,
you mountains and all hills, / fruit trees and all ce - dars,
wild animals and all cattle, / small crea - tures and fly - ing birds,
kings of the earth and all ru - lers on earth, young men and maidens, / old men and chil - dren.
Let them praise the name of the LORD, for his splendor is above the earth and the heav - ens.
Glo - ry be to the Father and to the Son and to the Ho - ly Spir - it,
as it was in the be - gin - ning, is now, and will be for - ev - er. / A - men.