


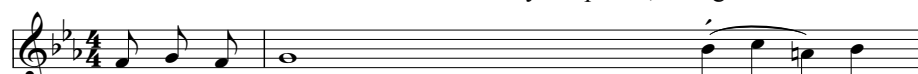
Psalm 145

The Wittenberg Psalter


Chorale-Tone XVII
after *Macht hoch die Tür*



L: Great is the LORD and most wor-thy of praise; his greatness no one can fath - om.



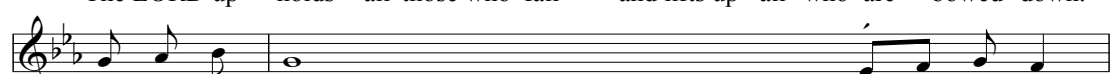
One gen - er - ation will commend your works to an - oth - er;



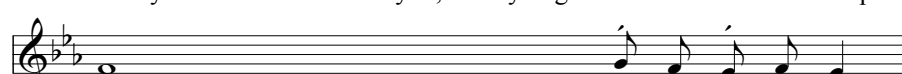
they will tell of your might-y acts.



The LORD up - holds all those who fall and lifts up all who are bowed down.



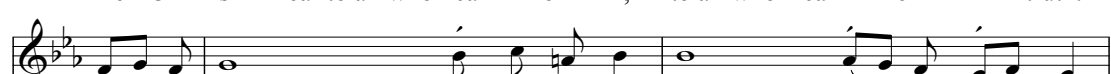
C: The eyes of all look to you, / and you give them their food at the pro - per time.



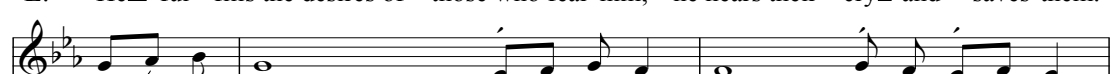
You open your hand and satisfy the desires of ev - 'ry liv - ing thing.



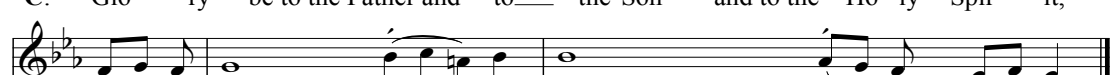
The LORD is near to all who call_ on him, to all who call_ on him in truth.



L: He_ ful - fills the desires of those who fear him; he hears their cry_ and saves them.



C: 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.