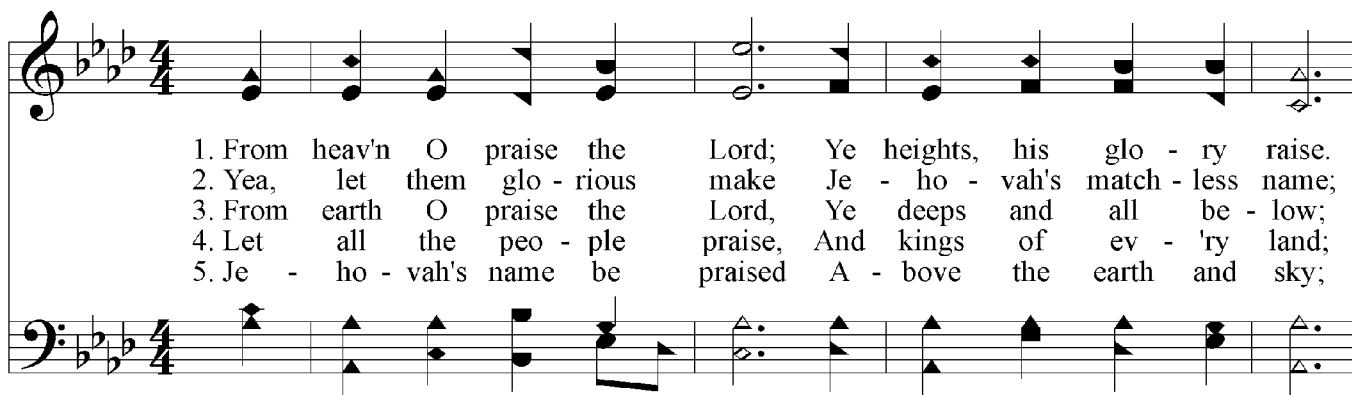
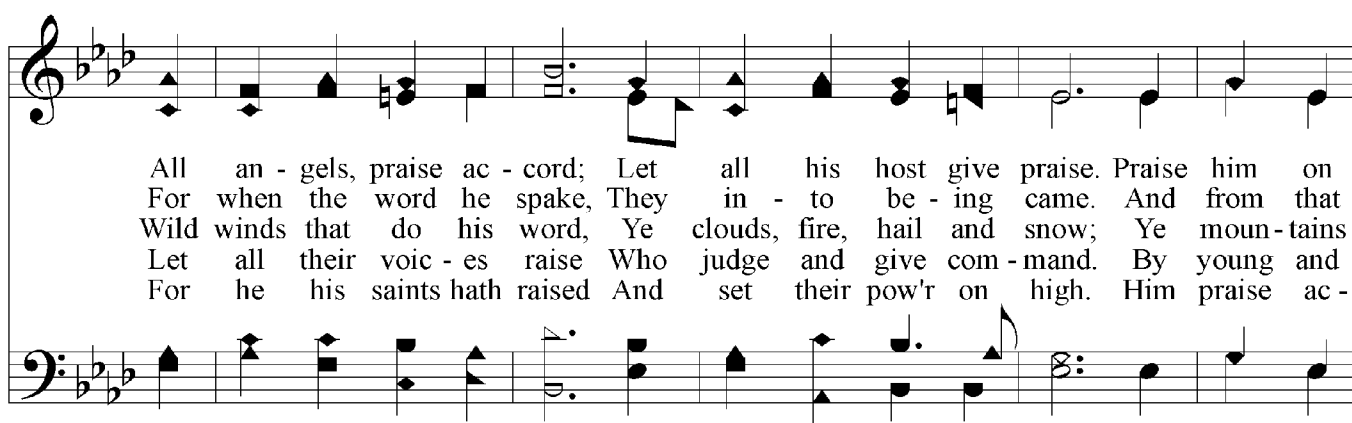


# Psalm 148:1-5

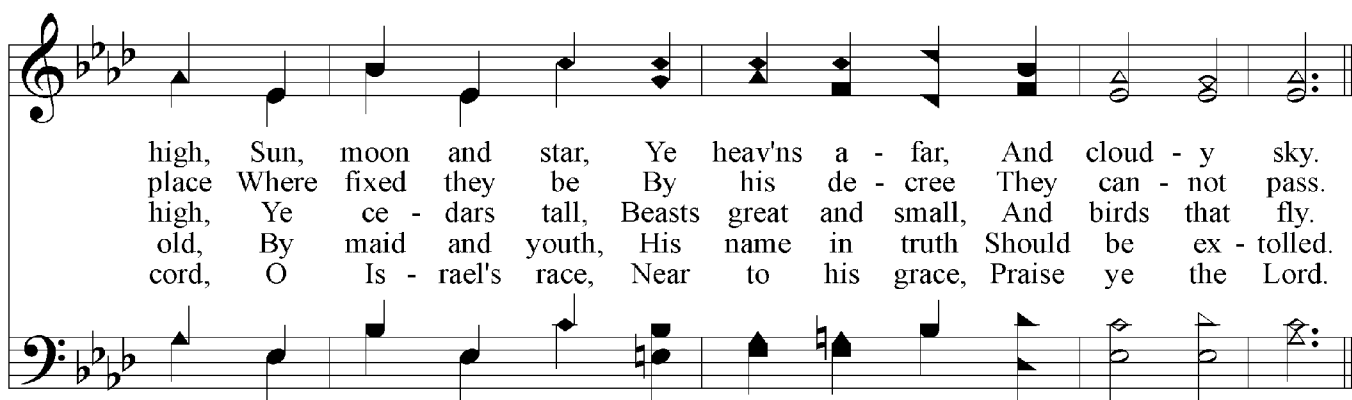
TUNE: PITTSBURGH



1. From heav'n O praise the Lord; Ye heights, his glo - ry raise.  
2. Yea, let them glo - rious make Je - ho - vah's match - less name;  
3. From earth O praise the Lord, Ye deeps and all be - low;  
4. Let all the peo - ple praise, And kings of ev - 'ry land;  
5. Je - ho - vah's name be praised A - bove the earth and sky;



All an - gels, praise ac - cord; Let all his host give praise. Praise him on  
For when the word he spake, They in - to be - ing came. And from that  
Wild winds that do his word, Ye clouds, fire, hail and snow; Ye moun - tains  
Let all their voic - es raise Who judge and give com - mand. By young and  
For he his saints hath raised And set their pow'r on high. Him praise ac -



high, Sun, moon and star, Ye heav'ns a - far, And cloud - y sky.  
place Where fixed they be By his de - cree They can - not pass.  
high, Ye ce - dars tall, Beasts great and small, And birds that fly.  
old, By maid and youth, His name in truth Should be ex - tolled.  
cord, O Is - rael's race, Near to his grace, Praise ye the Lord.