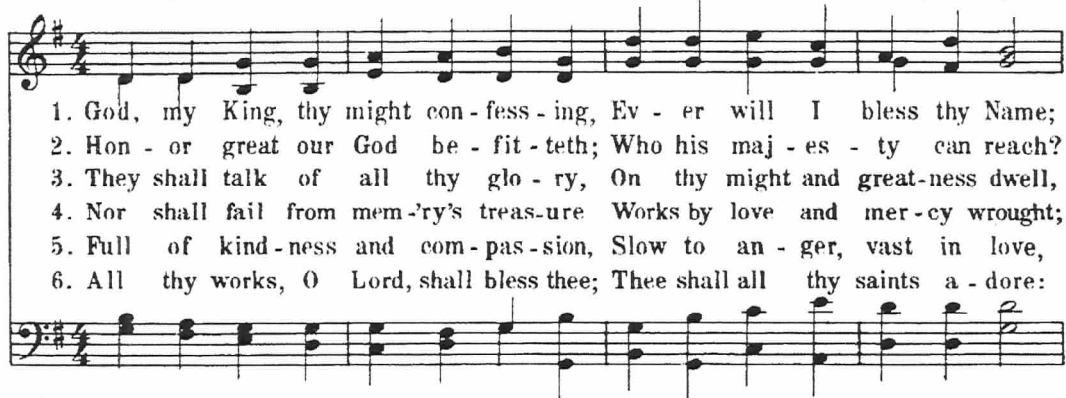


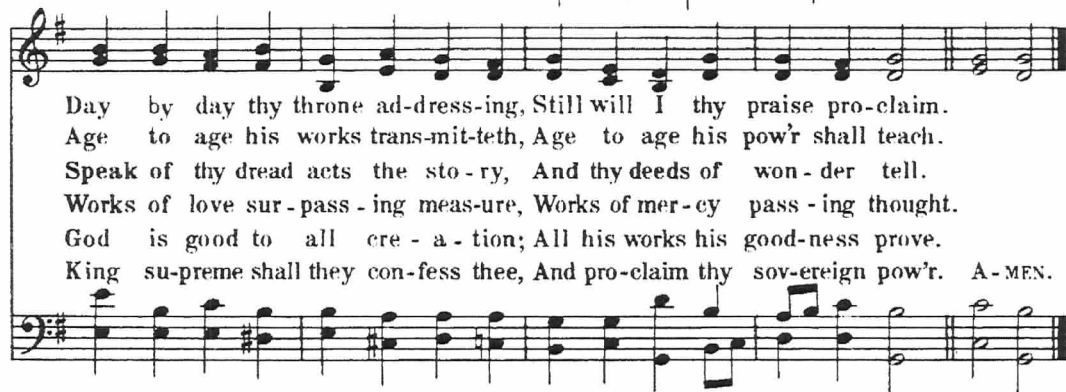
I will extol thee, my God, O king. . . Psalm 145:1

From PSALM 145
Richard Mant, 1824

STUTTGART 8. 7. 8. 7.
Arr. from *Psalmodia Sacra*, Gotha, 1715



1. God, my King, thy might con-fess-ing, Ev-er will I bless thy Name;
2. Hon-or great our God be-fit-teth; Who his maj-es-ty can reach?
3. They shall talk of all thy glo-ry, On thy might and great-ness dwell,
4. Nor shall fail from mem-'ry's treas-ure Works by love and mer-cy wrought;
5. Full of kind-ness and com-pas-sion, Slow to an-ger, vast in love,
6. All thy works, O Lord, shall bless thee; Thee shall all thy saints a-dore:



Day by day thy throne ad-dress-ing, Still will I thy praise pro-claim.
Age to age his works trans-mit-teth, Age to age his pow'r shall teach.
Speak of thy dread acts the sto-ry, And thy deeds of won-der tell.
Works of love sur-pass-ing meas-ure, Works of mer-cy pass-ing thought.
God is good to all cre-a-tion; All his works his good-ness prove.
King su-preme shall they con-fess thee, And pro-claim thy sov-ereign pow'r. A-MEN.