

1 Ye who His temple throng, Je-ho-vah's praise pro-long,

New an-thems sing; Ye saints, with joy de-clare Your Mak-er's

lov-ing care, And let the chil-dren there Joy in their King.

[Selected Stanzas]

2 O let His Name employ
Your every note of joy,
His praises speak;
He looks with loving face
Upon His chosen race,
And will with every grace
Adorn the meek.

3 Ye saints, your joy proclaim
And glory in the Name
Of God above;
And when the daylight dies,
Ere sleep shall close your eyes,
Let praise to God arise
For all His love.