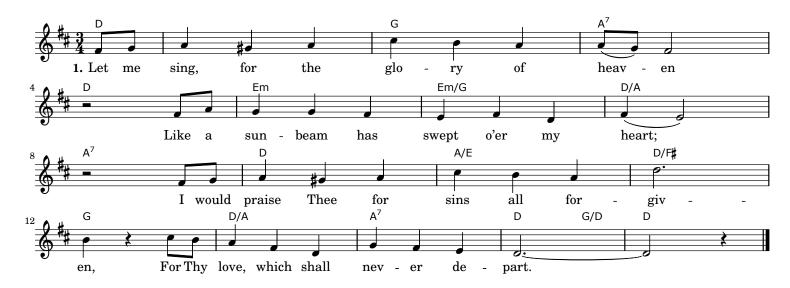
## Let me sing, for the glory of heaven

Praise of the Lord — His Grace

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- 2. If Thy works praise Thee, Giver of good, If the sun shines his praise unto Thee, If the wind, as it sighs through the wood, Makes a murmur of song from each tree,
- 3. Then these lips, sure, a tribute shall bring, Though unworthy the praises must be; Shall all nature be vocal and sing, And no psalm of rejoicing from me?
- 4. O wonderful, glorious Redeemer!
  I would worship Thee, Savior Divine;
  And rejoice, though surrounded with praises,
  Thou wilt still hear a song such as mine.