

Adapted from Joseph Haydn

Air
 Treble
 Alto
 Tenor
 Bass

With glo - ry clad, with strength ar - ray'd, The Lord that

7

o'er all na - ture reigns, The world's foun - da - tions strong - ly

o'er all na - ture reigns, The world's foun - da - tions strong - ly

Inst. Very Soft

14

laid, And the vast fab - ric still sus - tains, The world's foun -

laid, And the vast fab - ric still sus - tains, The world's foun -

21

-da - tions strong - ly laid, And the vast fab - ric still sus - tains.

-da - tions strong - ly laid, And the vast fab - ric still sus - tains.

Bishop Simms' Symphony



Psalm 93 - NV

The Last Full Wain Has Come

WITH glory clad, with strength array'd,
The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundations strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

THE last full wain has come, has come!
And brought the golden harvest home:
The labours of the year are done:
Accept our thanks, all bounteous one!
The labours of the year are done:
Accept our thanks, all bounteous one!

2 How surely stablish'd is thy throne,
Which shall no change or period see!
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.

2 For the bright sun, whose fervid ray
Ripens the corn, and cheers the day;
For the round moon, whose yellow light
Gilds the long labours of the night;
For the round moon, whose yellow light
Gilds the long labours of the night;

3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high:

4 But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

3 For the rich sea of shining grain
That spreads its waves o'er hill and plain;
For the cool breeze, whose light wings fan
The weary, sunburnt, husbandman;
For the cool breeze, whose light wings fan
The weary, sunburnt, husbandman;

5 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure;
And they that in thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

4 For these, bright Regent of the skies,
Our grateful thanks to thee shall rise;
No longer now the storms we fear:
Thy goodness, Lord, has crown'd the year.
No longer now the storms we fear:
Thy goodness, Lord, has crown'd the year.

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