

# Ye boundless realms of joy

John Broderip

Psalm the 148th. New Ver.

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Text: Tate/Brady, on Ps. 148

Ye bound - less realms of joy, Ex - alt your ma - ker's fame, His praise your  
Thou moon, that rul'st the night, And sun, that guid'st the day; Ye glitt - 'ring  
Let them a - dore the Lord, And praise his ho - ly name, By whose al -  
Let earth her tri - bute pay; Praise him, ye dread - ful whales, And fish, that

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stars of light, To him your ho - mage pay; His praise de -  
migh - ty word They all from no - thing came; And all shall  
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14

raise, Ye che - ru - bim And se - ra - phim, To sing his praise.  
 clare, Ye heav'ns a - bove, And clouds that move In li - quid air.  
 last From chan - ges free; His firm de - cree Stands e - ver fast.  
 snow, And mis - ty air, And winds that, where He bids them, blow.

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9-10.

By hills and mountains, (all  
 In grateful concert join'd,)  
 By cedars stately tall,  
 And trees for fruit design'd;  
 By ev'ry beast,  
 And creeping thing,  
 And fowl of wing,  
 His name be blest.

11-12.

Let all of royal birth,  
 With those of humbler frame,  
 And judges of the earth,  
 His matchless praise proclaim.  
 In this design  
 Let youths with maids,  
 And hoary heads  
 With children join.

13.

United zeal be shown  
 His wondrous fame to raise,  
 Whose glorious name alone  
 Deserves our endless praise.  
 Earth's utmost ends  
 His pow'r obey;  
 His glorious sway  
 The sky transcends.

14.

His chosen saints to grace,  
 He sets them up on high,  
 And favours Israel's race,  
 Who still to him are nigh.  
 O therefore raise  
 Your grateful voice,  
 And still rejoice  
 The Lord to praise!

## Notes:

Only the first stanza of the text is given in the source: the remainder of the psalm has here been added editorially.  
 The alto and tenor parts are printed in the alto and tenor clefs respectively in the source.