

# Byfield

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1. Shout to the Lord, and let our joys Through the whole nation run; Ye western skies, resound the noise Beyond the rising sun.  
2. Thy power the whole creation rules, And on the starry skies Sits smiling at the weak designs Thine envious foes de-vise.  
3. Their secret fires in caverns lay, And we the sa-cri-fice; But gloomy caverns strove in vain To 'scape all-searching eyes.  
4. In vain the busy sons of hell Still new rebellions try, Their souls shall pine with envious rage, And vex away and die.

10 15

1. Thee our glad voices sing  
2. And with an awful frown.  
3. Their treasons all betrayed:  
4. From their malicious power;

1. Thee, mighty God, our souls ad - mire, \_\_\_\_\_ Thee our glad voi - ces sing And join with the ce - les - tial choir To  
2. Thy scorn derides their feeble rage, \_\_\_\_\_ And with an aw - ful frown. Flings vast confusion on their plots, And  
3. Their dark designs were all revealed, \_\_\_\_\_ Their trea - sons all be - trayed: Praise to the God that broke the snare Their  
4. Al - migh - ty grace defends our land \_\_\_\_\_ From their ma - li - cious power; Then let us with u - ni - ted songs Al -

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2. And with an awful frown.  
3. Their treasons all betrayed:  
4. From their malicious power;

1. Thee, mighty God, our souls ad - mire, \_\_\_\_\_ Thee  
2. Thy scorn derides their feeble rage, \_\_\_\_\_ And  
3. Their dark designs were all revealed, \_\_\_\_\_ Their  
4. Al - migh - ty grace defends our land \_\_\_\_\_ From

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1. praise th'eternal King To praise th'e-ter-nal King.  
2. shakes their Babel down, And shakes their Babel down.  
3. cursed hands had laid, Their cur-sed hands had laid.  
4. -migh-ty grace adore, Al - migh - ty grace a -dore.