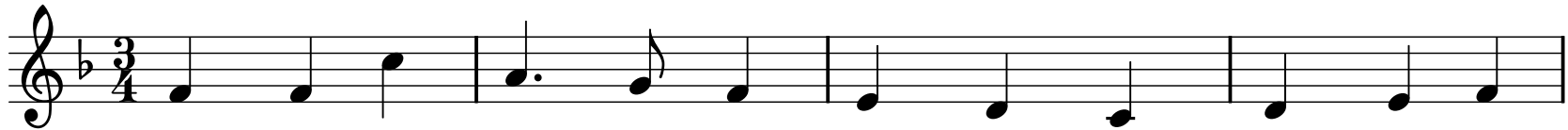


## 7 Praise to the Father

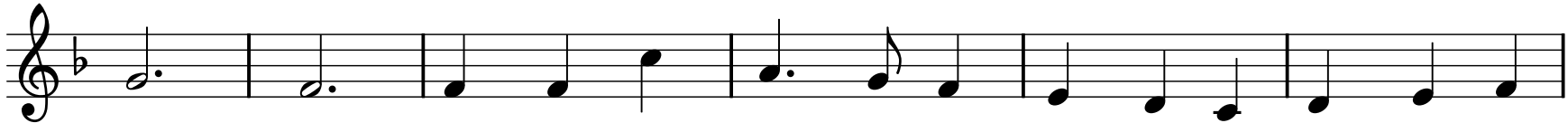
LOBE DEN HERREN, DEN

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1 Praise to the Fa - ther, the glo - ri - ous King of cre -

2 Praise to the Son: for the cross that once shame - ful - ly



a - tion! Swell the loud cho - rus, ye cho - sen of ev - er - y  
bore Him, Now, on the throne of His pow'r let all crea - tures a -



na - tion! O my soul, wake! Harp, lute and psal - ter -  
dore Him! Man reigns on high! Lo! all the hosts of



y take; Sound forth thy true ad - o - ra - tion.  
the sky Bow down and wor - ship be - fore Him!

- 3 Praise to the Spirit, whose strong, rushing wind, ever blowing,  
Still through the world, wheresoever it wisheth, is going.  
Darkness and death  
Drink, from Thy quickening breath  
Life, light, and joy overflowing.
- 4 Lord God Almighty, Creator, Redeemer, and Giver,  
Thy praise resounds by the shore of the bright crystal river.  
We, too, would fain  
Echoing humbly the strain,  
Praise Thee for ever and ever.

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Hymn #7: Praise to the Father

Text: John H. Hopkins Jr., 1820-91

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*Evangelical Lutheran Hymnary*

Tune: *Ander Theil Des Erneuerten*

*Gesang-Buchs*, Stralsund, 1665, alt.

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