

Augusta C.M.

Maxim

Shout to the Lord and let your joys Through all the na - tions run Ye wes-tern skies

re - sound the noise Be - yond the ris - ing sun. Then, migh-ty God, our souls ad-mire, Thee,

our glad voic-es sing, And join with the ce - les - tial choir, To praise th'e - ter-nal king, To praise th'e-ter-nal king,