

"Praise ye the Lord . . . beasts, and all cattle; creeping things, and flying fowl." -- Ps. 148:1,10.

G Major

Abner Ellis, 1805.

Wake, all ye soaring throngs, and sing, Ye cheerful warblers of the spring, Harmonious anthems raise. To Him who shaped your finer mold, Who

Him who shaped your finer mold, Who tipped your glittering wings with gold, And tuned your voice to praise. praise. To Him who shaped your finer mold, Who tipped your glittering wings with gold, And tuned your voice to praise. praise.