


Sing a song of joy


Thomas Campion

Cantus




Sing a song of joy; Praise our God with mirth: His flock who
 Sing we then se- cure, Tun- ing well our strings: With voice as
 First who taught the day From the east to rise: Whom doth the
 He the stars di- rects, That in or- der stand: Who heav'n and
 An- gels round at- tend Wait- ing on His will: Arm'd mill- ions
 All that dread His name, And His hests ob- serve, His arm will
 Let us then re- joice, Sound- ing loud His praise: So will He


Altus



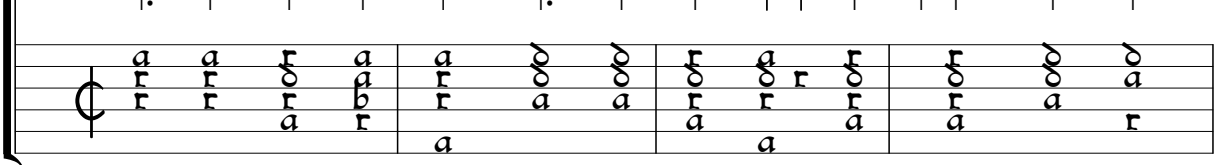
Tenor




Bassus



Lute



5



can de- stroy? Is He not Lord of heav'n and earth?
 e- cho pure Let us re- nown the King of kings.
 sun o- bey When in the seas his glo- ry dies?
 earth pro- tects, But He that fram'd them with His Hand?
 He doth send, To aid the good, or plague the ill.
 shield from shame, Their steps from truth shall ne- ver swerve.
 hear our voice, And bless on earth our peace- ful days.

