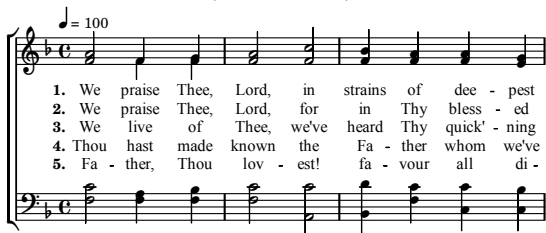


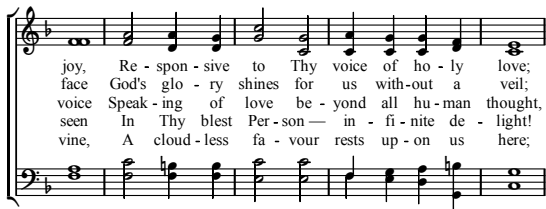
431 We Praise Thee, Lord, In Strains Of Deepest Joy

(LANGRAN. 10.10.10.10)

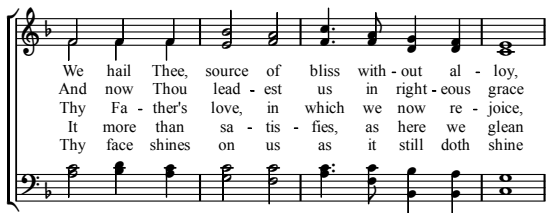
$\text{♩} = 100$



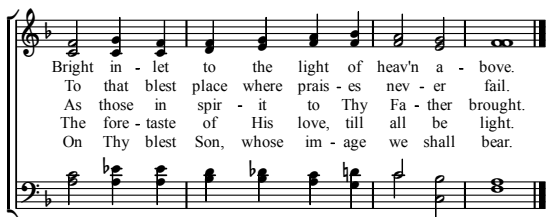
1. We praise Thee, Lord, in strains of dee - pest
2. We praise Thee, Lord, for in Thy bless - ed
3. We live of Thee, we've heard Thy quick' - ning
4. Thou hast made known the Fa - ther whom we've
5. Fa - ther, Thou lov - est! fa - vour all di -



joy, Re - spon - sive to Thy voice of ho - ly love;
face God's glo - ry shines for us with - out a veil;
voice Speak - ing of love be - yond all hu - man thought,
seen In Thy blest Per - son — in - fi - nite de - light!
vine, A cloud - less fa - vour rests up - on us here;



We hail Thee, source of bliss with - out al - loy,
And now Thou lead - est us in right - eous grace
Thy Fa - ther's love, in which we now re - joice,
It more than sa - tis - fies, as here we glean
Thy face shines on us as it still doth shine



Bright in - let to the light of heav'n a - bove.
To that blest place where prais - es nev - er fail.
As those in spir - it to Thy Fa - ther brought.
The fore - taste of His love, till all be light.
On Thy blest Son, whose im - age we shall bear.

Alternate Tunes: Eventide, 210; Ellers, 208.