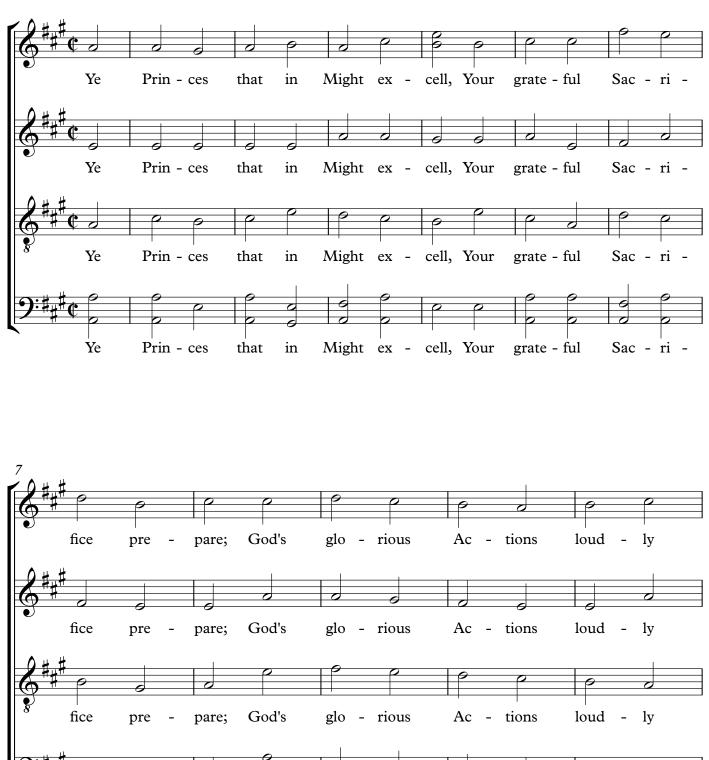
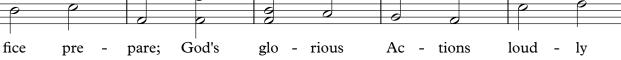
New Town No. 5 from The New England Psalm-Singer (1770)

William Billings (1746 - 1800)





Typeset by Dean Shannon 2012



- 2. To his great Name fresh Altars raise; Devoutly due Respect afford; Him in his holy Temple praise, Where He's with solemn State ador'd.
- 4. How full of Pow'r his Voice appears!With what majestick Terror crown'd!Which from the Roots tall Cedars tears, And strews their scatter'd Branches round.
- 6. When God in Thunder loudly speaks, And scatter'd Flames of Lightning sends, The Forest nods, the Desart quakes, And stubborn Kadesh lowly bends.
- 8. God rules the angry floods on high; His boundless Sway shall never cease: His People He'll with Strength supply, And bless his own with constant Peace.

- 'Tis He that with amazing Noise The wat'ry Clouds in sunder breaks: The Ocean trembles at his Voice, When He from Heav'n in Thunder speaks.
- 5. They, and the Hills on which they grow, Are sometimes hurried far away; And leap like Hinds that bounding go, Or Unicorns in youthful Play.
- He makes the Hinds to cast their young And lays the Beasts dark Coverts bare; While those that to his Courts belong, Securely sing his Praises there.