

1 Sing praise un - to God, for He hath tri - umphed glo - rious - ly!  
 2 He is a might - y warr - ior: the Lord God is His name.  
 3 O Lord, there is none like Thee, praised, feared in ev - ery land!  
 4 Thou plan - test them in kind - ness u - pon Thy ho - ly hill:

The horse and ri - der both hath He thrown in - to the sea.  
 The cha - riots and the ar - my: He drowned them both the same.  
 The earth the great hosts swall - owed at Thy right hand's com - mand.  
 a - mong us low - ly crea - tures Thou now a - bid - est still.

Our strength, our song, our re - fuge our Sa - vior is be - come;  
 The Red Sea o - ver - took them; they sank as hea - vy stones,  
 Thou ledd - est out Thy peo - ple whom Thy great mer - cy bought'st;  
 All glo - ry to the Fa - ther, the ta - ber - na - cling Son,

praise Him Who with our fa - thers deigned to pre - pare His home!  
 the e - ne - my at God's hand so swift - ly o - ver - thrown!  
 then to Thy ho - ly dwell - ing Thou them in safe - ty brought'st.  
 and to the Ho - ly Spi - rit, One God, while a - ges run.

Text: Arlie Coles (b. 1996)

Tune: Ellacombe, from *Gesangbuch der Herzogl. Wirtembergischen katholischen Hofkapelle*, 1784, alt;  
 adapt. *Katholisches Gesangbuch*, 1863; harm. W. H. Monk (1823-1889)