

476 Sing praises on this festive day

Poet unknown

Martin Luther (1483-1546)

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. Sing prais - es on this fes - tive day with
2. We praise Thee now, God's ver - y Own, to
3. Praise Him who has or - dained and sent the
4. Come, hast - en! The dear Lord ap - peals to

new in - spir - ed voic - es. All who the Spir - it's
Him, Thy Lord, re - turn - ing, there to re - ceive at
her - alds who in - spire us, who made with us a
ev - 'ry tongue and na - tion. He who with fire and

call o - bey with laud and praise re - joic - es. A
His high throne the full - ness of Thy earn - ing. That
cov - e - nant, with fire and Spir - it filled us. From
Spir - it seals still of - fers all sal - va - tion. God's

rush - ing wind with might came down from heav - en's height; the
 prom - ised cov - e - nant, the Spir - it Thou hast sent, cre -
 ev - 'ry tongue is heard the pow - er of God's word. The
 Church in u - ni - ty will stand e - ter - nal - ly; de -

Spir - it of the Lord from God's own Son out -
 a - ting life and light, in - stilled with pow'r and
 gos - pel call is clear; let all the world give
 spite the storms and gale, when waves and floods pre -

poured. A thou - sand tongues now praise Him.
 might: a com - fort - ing as - sur - ance.
 ear un - til all peo - ple serve Him.
 vail, firm stands God's con - gre - ga - tion.