

Sing, you skies

Words and music by John Longley

1. Sing, you skies, of God's great glory,
Heav'ns, his pow'r proclaim.
Night and day pour forth your story,
Shed abroad his fame!
So may we, with hearts attending,
See through you his joy extending –
Wisdom, strength, and pow'r unending,
Age to age the same.

2. Grace and mercy daily he showers
On our race below.
Rain and sunshine, fields and flowers,
Blessings all bestow.
Finding in each gift its treasure,
Know we here his love and pleasure
All to us, beyond all measure,
Poured in bounteous flow.

3. So loved he the world, he laid his
Pow'r and strength aside,
Shared our human flesh and frailty,
Suffered, bled and died.
Sorest wounds, God's heart revealing,
By his blood our pardon sealing,
Sacred fount of life and healing –
Christ the crucified!

4. Holy choirs of angels, adore him,
Heav'n's rare anthems sing.
Sons of men^{*}, in gladness before him
Earth's sweet incense bring.
Let the voice of all creation,
Joined in wondrous acclamation,
Sing with joyful adoration:
'Glory to the King!'

* *Or*: Children all

