Above The Clear, Blue Sky

COBHAM

1. Above the clear, blue sky, In heav’n’s bright abode, The angel host on high, Sing praises to their God: Hal-le-lu-jah! They love to sing,

2. But God from infant tongues On earth receiveth praise; We then our cheerful songs In sweet accord will raise: Hal-le-lu-jah! We too will sing,

3. Oh, blessed Lord, Thy truth To us in love impart, And teach us in our youth To know Thee as Thou art. Hal-le-lu-jah! Then shall we sing,

4. Oh, may Thy holy word Spread all the world around: And all with one accord Up lift the joyful sound: Hal-le-lu-jah! All then shall sing,

Hal-le-lu-jah! They love to sing, To God their King, Hal-le-lu-jah!
Hal-le-lu-jah! We too will sing, To God our King, Hal-le-lu-jah!
Hal-le-lu-jah! Then shall we sing, To God our King, Hal-le-lu-jah!
Hal-le-lu-jah! All then shall sing, To God their King, Hal-le-lu-jah!