Baltimore

1. Father of mercies, thou Fountain of graces, one God evermore. Author of harmony, Hater of tyranny, Essence of glory to God on high, Let praises fill the sky! Praise ye his name. Angels his name adore, Who all our sorrows bore, And saints cry to him our hearts we raise, None else shall have our praise; Praise ye His name. Him our exalted Lord, By us below adored, We praise with love does our souls inspire With heavenly, pure desire, And sets us all on fire, Worthy the Lamb! Love does our souls.

2. If we should hold our peace, Stones would cry out apace; Praise ye His name! Love does our souls inspire With heavenly, pure desire, And sets us all on fire, Worthy the Lamb! Love does our souls.

3. To him our hearts we raise, None else shall have our praise; Praise ye His name. Him our exalted Lord, By us below adored, We praise with love does our souls inspire With heavenly, pure desire, And sets us all on fire, Worthy the Lamb! Love does our souls.

4. If we should hold our peace, Stones would cry out apace; Praise ye His name! Love does our souls inspire With heavenly, pure desire, And sets us all on fire, Worthy the Lamb! Love does our souls.

5. Join all the human race, Our Lord and God to bless; Praise ye his name! In him we will rejoice, Making a cheerful noise, And say with.

6. Though we must change our place, Our souls shall never cease Praising His name; To him we'll tribute bring, Laud him, our gracious King, And without ceasing sing, Worthy the Lamb! To him we'll

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