O all ye people, clap your hands

Psalm XLVII

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O all ye people, clap your hands, And with triumphant voices sing: No
He shall opposing nations quell, And with success our battles fight; Shall

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force the mighty pow'r with stands Of God, of God, the universal King.
fix the place where we must dwell, The pride, the pride of Jacob, his delight.

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Original clefs treble, alto, tenor, bass. Figured bass given in the source in the sung sections has been omitted in the present edition, and symphonies have been written out as two treble staves and bass (both treble parts are on one stave in the source).
O all ye people, clap your hands (Thomas Tremain)

God is gone up, our Lord and King, With shouts of joy and trumpet's sound: To him re-

peat-ed praises sing, and let the cheerful song go round, the cheerful

song go round.

God is gone up, our Lord and King, With shouts of joy and trumpet's sound: To him re-

sound: To him repeated praises sing, And let the cheerful song go round.