From All That Dwell Below the Skies

1. From all that dwell below the skies, let the Creator's praise arise; let the Redeemer's truth attend thy word. Thy praise shall sound from land the strains belong; in cheerful sounds all names be sung, through every shore to shore, till suns shall loud proclaim, and shout for voices raise, and fill the

2. Eternal are thy mercies, Lord; eternal praise divinely sing; the great salvation land the strains belong; in cheerful sounds all names be sung, through every shore to shore, till suns shall loud proclaim, and shout for voices raise, and fill the

3. Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring, in songs of joy the Savior's name. world with loudest praise.

4. In every land begin the song; to every rise and set no more.