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 eternal truth attend thy word. Thy praise shall sound from name, sung, through every land by every tongue.
   shore, to shore, till suns shall rise and set no more.
   loud, proclaim, and shout for joy the Savior's name.
   voices, raise, and fill the world with loudest praise.

2. Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
   In songs of praise divinely sing; the great salvation in songs of praise divinely sing; the great salvation
   to every land the strains belong; in cheerful sounds all

3. Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring,
   In songs of praise divinely sing; the great salvation in songs of praise divinely sing; the great salvation
   to every land the strains belong; in cheerful sounds all

4. In every land begin the song;
   Let the Creator's praise arise;
   Let the Redeemer's eternal truth attend thy word. Thy praise shall sound from name, sung, through every land by every tongue.
   shore, to shore, till suns shall rise and set no more.
   loud, proclaim, and shout for joy the Savior's name.
   voices, raise, and fill the world with loudest praise.

Text: Sts. 1-2, Isaac Watts; stts. 3-4, anon, ca. 1781
Tune: John Hatton, 1793