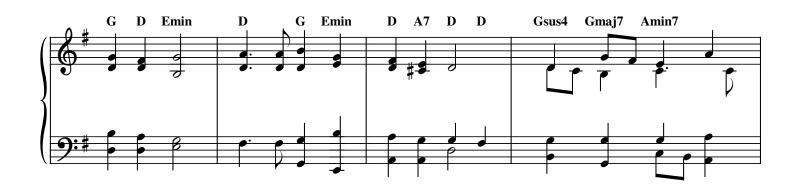
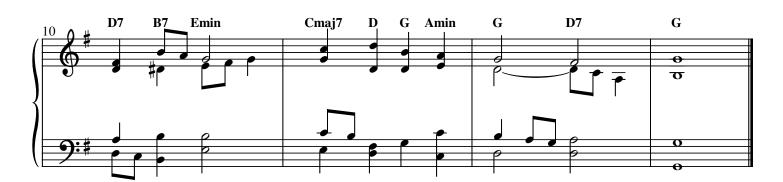
All Things Praise Thee, Lord Most High

J.F. Smith, 1847-1931 Te Laudant Omnia 77.77.77







All things praise Thee, Lord most high, Heav'n and earth and sea and sky, All were for Thy glory made, That Thy greatness thus displayed Should all worship bring to Thee; All things praise Thee—Lord, may we!

All things praise Thee—high and low, Rain and dew and sparkling snow, Crimson sunset, fleecy cloud, Rippling stream, and tempest loud; Summer, winter, all to Thee Glory render—Lord, may we! All things praise Thee—Heav'n's high shrine Rings with melody divine; Lowly bending at Thy feet, Seraph and archangel meet; This their highest bliss, to be Ever praising—Lord, may we!

All things praise Thee—gracious Lord, Great Creator, powerful Word, Omnipresent Spirit, now At Thy feet we humbly bow; Lift our hearts in praise to Thee; All things praise Thee—Lord, may we!