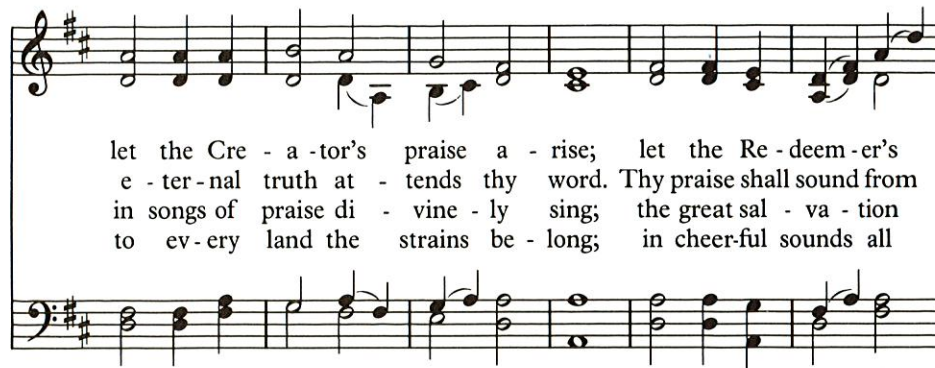


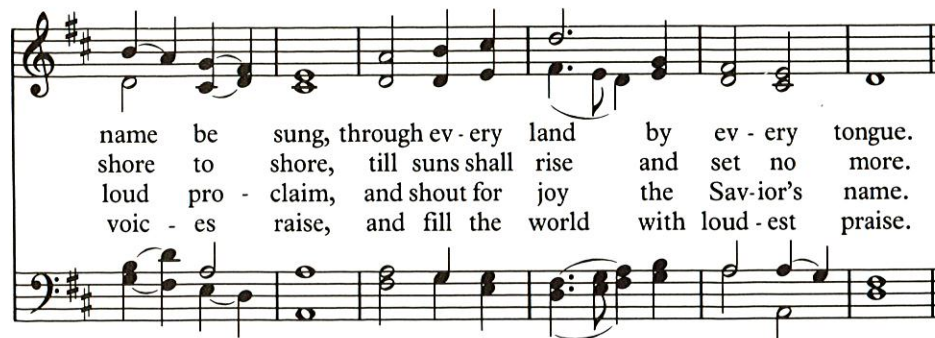
From All That Dwell Below the Skies 101



1. From all that dwell be - low the skies,
 2. E - ter - nal are thy mer - cies, Lord;
 3. Your loft - y themes, ye mor - tals, bring,
 4. In ev - ery land be - gin the song;



let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise; let the Re - deem - er's
 e - ter - nal truth at - tends thy word. Thy praise shall sound from
 in songs of praise di - vine - ly sing; the great sal - va - tion
 to ev - ery land the strains be - long; in cheer - ful sounds all



name be sung, through ev - ery land by ev - ery tongue.
 shore to shore, till suns shall rise and set no more.
 loud pro - claim, and shout for joy the Sav - ior's name.
 voic - es raise, and fill the world with loud - est praise.

WORDS: Sts. 1-2, Isaac Watts; sts. 3-4, anon., ca. 1781 (Ps. 117)
 MUSIC: Attr. to John Hatton, 1793

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PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING, *see further:*

559 Christ Is Made the Sure Foundation
 687 Day Is Dying in the West
 680 Father, We Praise Thee
 660 God Is Here
 103 Immortal, Invisible, God Only Wise
 661 Jesus, We Want to Meet

519 Lift Every Voice and Sing
 634 Now Let Us from This Table Rise
 679 O Splendor of God's Glory Bright
 674 See the Morning Sun Ascending
 662 Stand Up and Bless the Lord
 185 When Morning Gilds the Skies