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 name be sung Through every land, by every tongue.

2. In every land begin the song; To every land the strains belong. In cheerful sounds all voices raise And fill the world with loudest praise.

3. Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring; In songs of truth attend thy word. Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.

4. Eternal are thy mercies, Lord; Eternal are thy strains, sing. The great salvation shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Text: Isaac Watts, 1674–1748
Music: John Hatton, d. 1793
Psalm 100:1-2
Psalm 117