All Nature's Works His Praise Declare

Doh is Bb · 4/4 Tune: ALL SAINTS, NEW

| s - | m - - f s - d' - | d' - - t t - d' - |
All nature's works his praise declare To

| r' - m' - f' - m' - | r' - - - - - r' - |
whom they all be- long; There

| m' - - r' d' - t - | t - - l l - l - |
is a voice in every star, In

| s - d' - t - - d' | d' - - - - - d' - |
every breeze a song. Sweet

| d' - d' - t - t - | l - - l l - l - |
music fills the world abroad With

| s - s - s - s - | s - - - - - f - |
strains of love and power; The

| m - - f s - d' - | d' - - t t - d' - |
stormy sea sings praise to God The

| m' - r' - d' - t - | d' - - - - - |
thunder and the shower.

The other verses

2 To God the tribes of ocean cry,
And birds upon the wing;
To God, the powers that dwell on high
Their tuneful tribute bring.
Like them let man the throne surround,
With them loud chorus raise,
While instruments of loftiest sound
Assist his feeble praise.

3 Great God! to thee we consecrate
Our voices and our skill;
We bid the pealing organ wait
To speak alone thy will.
Oh, teach its rich and swelling notes
To lift our souls on high;
And while the music round us floats,
Let earth-born passion die.

Tune ALL SAINTS, NEW by Henry Stephen Cutler (1825–1902); words by Henry Ware Jr. (1794–1843). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.