Let Every Creature Join

Doh is Eb · 4/4 Tune: FRANCONIA

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| d - | r - m - f - s - | m - - - - - s - |
  Let       every creature          join To

| l - d' - f - m - | r - - - - - s - |
  praise th'eternal          God; Ye

| d' - t - l - s - | l - l - s - s - |
  heavenly hosts, the        song begin, And

| d - m - r - r - | d - - - - - |
  sound his Name a-         broad.
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The other verses

2 Thou sun with golden beams,
And moon with paler rays;
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.

3 He built those worlds above,
And fix'd their wondrous frame;
By his command they stand or move,
And ever speak his Name.

4 Ye vapours, when ye rise,
Or fall in showers, or snow,
Ye thunders, murmuring round the skies,
His power and glory show.

5 Wind, hail, and flashing fire,
Agree to praise the Lord,
When ye in dreadful storms conspire
To execute his word.

6 By all his works above
His honours be exprest;
But saints that taste his saving love
Should sing his praises best.

7 Let earth and ocean know
They owe their Maker praise;
Praise him, ye watery worlds below,
And monsters of the seas.

8 From mountains near the sky
Let his high praise resound,
From humble shrubs and cedars high,
And vales and fields around.

9 Ye lions of the wood,
And tamer beasts that graze,
Ye live upon his daily food,
And he expects your praise.

10 Ye birds of lofty wing,
On high his praises bear;
Or sit on flowery boughs, and sing
Your Maker's glory there.

11 Ye creeping ants and worms,
His various wisdom show,
And flies, in all your shining swarms,
Praise him that drest you so.

12 By all the earth-born race
His honours be exprest;
But saints that know his heavenly grace
Should learn to praise him best.

13 Monarchs of wide command,
Praise ye th' eternal King;
Judges, adore that sovereign hand
Whence all your honours spring.

14 Let vigorous youth engage
To sound his praises high;
While growing babes, and withering age,
Their feebler voices try.

15 United zeal be shown,
His wondrous fame to raise;
God is the Lord: his name alone
Deserves our endless praise.

16 Let nature join with art,
And all pronounce him blest;
But saints that dwell so near his heart,
Should sing his praises best.

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