

327 From All That Dwell Below the Skies

(Psalm 117)

Unison



1 From all that dwell be-low the skies let the Cre - a - tor's praise a -
 2 In ev - ery land be - gin the song; to ev - ery land the strains be -
 3 E - ter - nal are thy mer - cies, Lord; e - ter - nal truth at - tends thy

Harmony *Unison*



rise: Let the Re - deem - er's
 long: Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! In cheer - ful sound all
 word: Thy praise shall sound from



name be sung through ev - ery land, in ev - ery tongue.
 voic - es raise and fill the world with joy - ful praise.
 shore to shore, till suns shall rise and set no more.

Harmony



Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

Because Psalm 117 contains only two verses, Watts's paraphrase had only two stanzas. Most later hymnals have created or borrowed additional stanzas, like the one included here, to enlarge the hymn. Perhaps the best solution is found by adding Alleluias, as this tune invites.

THE LIFE OF THE NATIONS

Unison

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It begins with a unison vocal line where the notes are tied across the first two measures. The lyrics 'Al - le - lu - ia!' are written below the notes. The lower staff is in bass clef and provides a piano accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The piece concludes with a final chord in both staves.

This Is My Father's World 370

1 This is my Fa-ther's world, and to my lis - tening ears all
 2 This is my Fa-ther's world. O, let me ne'er for - get that

na - ture sings, and round me rings the mu - sic of the spheres.
 though the wrong seems oft so strong, God is the rul - er yet.

This is my Fa-ther's world; I rest me in the thought of
 This is my Fa-ther's world. The bat - tle is not done: Je -

rocks and trees, of skies and seas, his hand the won - ders wrought.
 sus who died shall be sat - is - fied, and earth and heaven be one.

When pastor of a Presbyterian church in Lockport, New York, the author of this text referred to his morning walks as "going out to see my Father's world." The tune created for these words is based on an English melody the composer learned from his mother when he was a boy.

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing 475

1 Come, thou Fount of ev-ery bless-ing; tune my heart to sing thy grace;
 2 Here I raise my Eb - e - ne - zer; hith - er by thy help I'm come;
 3 O to grace how great a debt - or dai - ly I'm con - strained to be!

streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, call for songs of loud - est praise.
 and I hope, by thy good plea - sure, safe - ly to ar - rive at home.
 Let that grace now, like a fet - ter, bind my wan - dering heart to thee.

Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;
 Je - sus sought me when a strang - er, wan - dering from the fold of God;
 Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, prone to leave the God I love;

praise the mount! I'm fixed up - on it, mount of God's un - chang - ing love!
 he, to res - cue me from dan - ger, in - ter - posed his pre - cious blood.
 here's my heart; O take and seal it; seal it for thy courts a - bove.

Written for Pentecost by a British Baptist pastor, this text is full of biblical terms like "Ebenezer" (1 Samuel 7:12), Hebrew for "a stone of help" set up to give thanks for God's assistance. The tune name honors hymnal compiler Asahel Nettleton, who probably did not compose it.