All Things Praise Thee

1. All things praise Thee, Lord most high, Heav'n and earth, and sea and sky;
2. All things praise Thee, night to night Sings in silent hymns of light;
3. All things praise Thee: heav'n's high shrine Rings with melody divine;

All were for Thy glory made, That Thy greatness, thus displayed.
All things praise Thee, day by day Chants Thy pow'r in burning ray;
Lowly bending at Thy feet, Seraph and archangel meet;

Should all worship bring to Thee; All things praise Thee, Lord, may we!
Time and space are praising Thee; All things praise Thee, Lord, may we!
This their highest bliss, to be Ever praising, Lord, may we!

Words by G. W. Conder
Music by Conrad Kocher

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