

# 26 — For the Beauty of the Earth

FOLLIOTT S. PIERPOINT—alt.

CONRAD KOCHER

1. For the beau-ty of the earth, For the glo-ry of the skies,  
 2. For the won-der of each hour Of the day and of the night,  
 3. For the joy of ear and eye, For the heart and mind's de-light,  
 4. For the warmth of hu-man love, Broth-er, sis-ter, par-ent, child,  
 5. For Thy Church that ev-er-more Lifts her ho-ly hands a-bove,

For the love which from our birth O-ver and a-round us lies:  
 Hill and vale and tree and flow'r, Sun and moon and stars of light:  
 - For the mys-tic har-mo-ny Link-ing sense to sound and sight:  
 Friends on earth and friends a-bove, For all gen-tle thoughts and mild:  
 Of-f'ring up on ev-'ry shore Her pure sac-ri-fice of love:

Lord of all, to Thee we raise This our hymn of grate-ful praise.\*

Tune: DIX—lower key at 194

# 27 — All People That on Earth Do Dwell

From Psalm 100  
 Attr. to William Kethe

Genevan Psalter  
 Attr. to Louis Bourgeois

1. All peo-ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer-ful voice;  
 2. Know that the Lord is God in-deed: With-out our aid He did us make;  
 3. O en-ter then His gates with praise, Ap-proach with joy His courts un-to;  
 4. For why? the Lord our God is good, His mer-cy is for-ev-er sure;

Tune: OLD HUNDREDETH—another harmonization at 40  
 WORSHIP

Him serve with fear, His praise forth-tell, Come ye be-fore Him and re-joice.  
 We are His folk, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.  
 Praise, laud and bless His name al-ways, For it is seem-ly so to do.  
 His truth at all times firm-ly stood, And shall from age to age en-dure.\*

# O Worship the King — 28

ROBERT GRANT

Arr. from J. MICHAEL HAYDN

1. O wor-ship the King, all-glo-rious a-bove, And grate-ful-ly  
 2. O tell of His might, O sing of His grace, Whose robe is the  
 3. Thy boun-ti-ful care what tongue can re-cite? It breathes in the  
 4. Frail chil-dren of dust, and fee-ble as frail, In Thee do we

sing His pow'r and His love; Our Shield and De-fend-er, the  
 light, whose can-o-py space; His char-iots of wrath the deep  
 air, it shines in the light; It streams from the hills, it de-  
 trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer-cies how ten-der! how

An-cient of Days, Pa-vil-ioned in splen-dor and gird-ed with praise.  
 thun-der-clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.  
 scends to the plain, And sweet-ly dis-tills in the dew and the rain.  
 firm to the end! Our Mak-er, De-fend-er, Re-deem-er and Friend.\*

Tune: LYONS

WORSHIP