From All That Dwell below the Skies

Praise the Lord, all you nations; extol him, all you peoples. Ps. 117:1

1. From all that dwell below the skies let the Creator’s praise arise; let the Redeemer’s name be sung through every land, by every tongue.

2. In every land begin the song; to every raise and fill the world with joyful praise.

3. Eternal are your mercies, Lord; eternal shore till suns shall rise and set no more.

Based on Psalm 117
Isaac Watts, 1719; mod.

DUKE STREET L.M.
John Hatton, 1793

Trinity Hymnal 7
Make Me a Captive, Lord

Whoever loses his life for my sake will find it. Matt. 10:39

1. Make me a captive, Lord, and then I shall be free;
   2. My heart is weak and poor until it master find;
   3. My pow’r is faint and low till I have learned to serve;
   4. My will is not my own till thou hast made it thine;

   force me to render up my sword, and I shall conqueror be;
   it has no spring of action sure—it varies with the wind;
   it wants the needed fire to glow, it wants the breeze to nerve;
   if it would reach the monarch’s throne, it must its crown resign:

   I sink in life’s alarms when by myself I stand;
   it cannot freely move till thou hast wrought its chain;
   it cannot drive the world until itself be driv’n;
   it only stands unbent, amid the clashing strife,

   imprison me within thine arms, and strong shall be my hand,
   enslave it with thy matchless love, and deathless it shall reign.
   its flag can only be unfurled when thou shalt breathe from heav’n.
   when on thy bosom it has leaned, and found in thee its life.

George Matheson, 1890

PARADOXY S.M.D.
Donald P. Hustad, 1953

Tune © 1953 Renewal 1981 Hope Publishing Co. All rights reserved. Used by permission