1. Let earth and ocean know They owe their Maker praise; Praise him, ye watery worlds below, And monsters of the seas. From moun–tains near the sky Let his high praise re–sound; From humble shrubs and cedars high, And vales and fields a–round.

2. By all the earth–born race His ho– nors be expressed; But saints, that know his hea–venly grace Should learn to praise him best. Mon–archs of wide command, Praise ye th'e–ter nal King; Jud–ges, a–dore that sov–reign hand Whence all your ho– nors spring.

3. U–ni–ted zeal be shown His won–drous fame to raise: God is the Lord; his name a–lone De–serves our end–less praise. Let na–ture join with art, And all pro–nounce him blest; But saints, that dwell so near his heart, Should sing his prai–ses best.