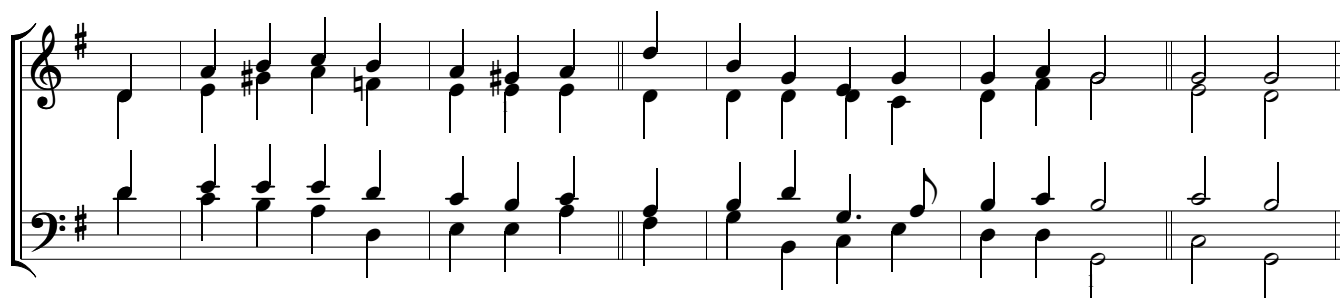
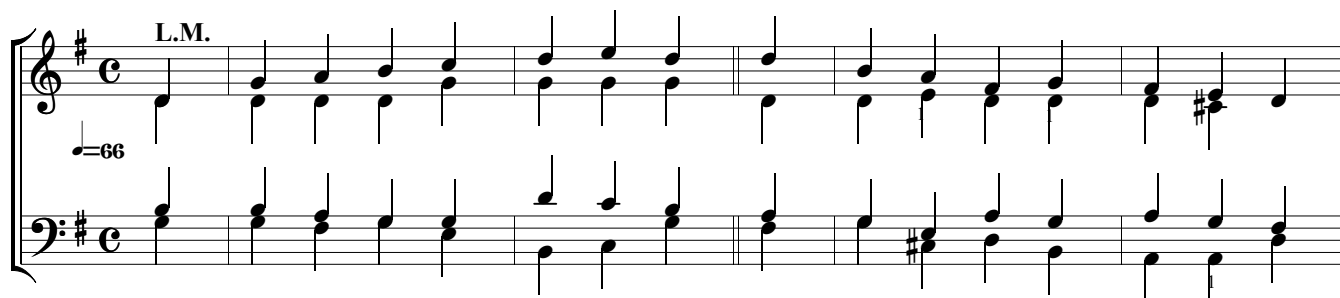


Horatio Bonar
(1808-89)

All praise to Him who built the hills

Joseph Barnby
(1838-96)



1 All praise to Him Who built the hills;
All praise to Him the streams Who fills;
All praise to Him Who lights each star
That sparkles in the sky afar.

4 All praise to Him in love Who came,
To bear our woe, and sin, and shame;
Who lived to die, Who died to rise,
The all-prevailing the sacrifice.

2 All praise to Him Who wakes the morn,
And bids it glow with beams new-born;
Who draws the shadows of the night,
Like curtains, o'er our wearied sight.

5 All praise to Him Who sheds abroad
Within our hearts the love of God:
The Spirit of all truth and peace,
The fount of joy and holiness.

3 All praise to Him Whose love hath given,
In Christ His Son, the life of heaven;
Who gives us, for our darkness, light,
And turns to day our deepest night.

6 To Father, Son, and Spirit now
Our hands we lift, our knees we bow:
To Thee, blest Trinity, we raise
E'en here, in exile, songs of praise.