

**Earth, With All Thy Thousand Voices**  
by Charles Wesley

1 EARTH, with all thy thousand voices,  
Praise in songs the eternal King;  
Praise his name, whose praise rejoices  
Ears that hear, and tongues that sing  
Lord, from each far-peopled dwelling  
Earth shall raise the glad acclaim;  
All shall kneel, thy greatness telling,  
Sing thy praise and bless thy name.

2 Come and hear the wondrous story,  
How our mighty God of old,  
In the terrors of his glory,  
Back the flowing billows rolled:  
Walled within the threatening waters,  
Free we passed the upright wave;  
Then was joy to Israel's daughters,  
Loud they sang his power to save.

3 Bless the Lord, who ever liveth;  
Sound his praise through every land,  
Who our dying souls reviveth,  
By whose arm upheld we stand.  
Now upon this cheerful morrow  
We thine altars will adorn,  
And the gifts we vowed in sorrow  
Pay on joy's returning morn.

4 Come, each faithful soul, who fearest  
Him who fills the eternal throne:  
Hear, rejoicing while thou hearest,  
What our God for us hath done:  
When we made our supplication,  
When our voice in prayer was strong,  
Straight we found his glad salvation;  
And his mercy fills our tongue.