

You, Who Dwell Above The Skies
by Charles Wesley

1 YOU, who dwell above the skies,
Free from human miseries;
You, whom highest heaven embowers,
Praise the Lord with all your powers.

2 Angels, your clear voices raise;
Him ye heavenly armies praise;
Sun, and moon with borrowed light,
All ye sparkling eyes of night.

3 Waters hanging in the air,
Heaven of heavens, his praise declare;
His deserved praise record;
His, who made you by his word.

4 Let the earth his praise resound;
Monstrous whales, and seas profound;
Vapours, lightning, hail, and snow,
Storms which, when he bids you, blow.

5 Flowery hills, and mountains high;
Cedars, neighbours to the sky;
Trees and cattle, creeping things;
All that cut the air with wings:

6 You, who awful sceptres sway,
You, accustomed to obey,
Princes, judges of the earth,
All of high and humble birth:

7 Youths and virgins, flourishing
In the beauty of your spring;
You, who were but born of late,
You, who bow with age's weight:

8 Praise his name with one consent:
O how great! how excellent!
Than the earth profounder far;
Higher than the highest star.

9 He will his to glory raise;
You, his saints, resound his praise:
You, his sons, his chosen race,
Bless his love and sovereign grace.