

## **All praise to him who built the hills**

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.

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.

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.

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 sacrifice.

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.

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.

(1808-1889)