

# Through all the World Below

Hilbard (?); quoted here from the 1835 Kirtland Hymnal

1. Through all the world below,  
God we see all around;  
Search hills and valleys through,  
There he's found;  
The growing of the corn,  
The lilly and the thorn,  
The pleasant and forlorn,  
All declare, God is there,  
In meadows dress'd in green,  
There he's seen.

2. See springing waters rise,  
Fountains flow, rivers run;  
The mist beclouds the skies;  
Hides the sun;  
Then down the rain doth pour,  
The ocean it doth roar,  
And beat upon the shore,  
All to praise in their lays;  
A God that ne'er declines—  
His designs.

3. The sun with all his rays,  
Speaks of God as he flies;  
The comet with her blaze,  
God, she cries;  
The shining of the stars,  
The moon when it appears,  
His glorious name declares,  
As they fly through the sky;  
While shades of silent sound—  
Join the round.

4. Then let my station be—  
Here in life where I see,  
The sacred One in three;  
All agree,  
In all the works he's made:

The forest and the globe;  
Nor let one be afraid;  
Though I dwell on a hill,  
While nature's works declare—  
God is there.

5. When God to Moses shew,  
Glories more than Peru;  
His face alone withdrew,  
From his view;  
Mount Sinai is the place,  
For God to show his grace,  
While Moses sang his praise;  
See him rise through the skies,  
And view old Canaan's ground,  
All around.

6. Elijah's servant hears,  
From the hill and declares;  
A little cloud appears:  
Dry your tears;  
Our Lord transfigur'd is,  
With the two saints of his,  
As saith the witnesses;  
See him shine all divine:  
While Olive's Mount is blest,  
With the rest.

7. Not India full of gold,  
With the wonders we are told;  
Not seraphs strong and bold:  
Can uphold,  
The mountain Calvary,  
Where Christ our Lord did die:  
Hark! hear the God-man cry:  
Mountains quake, heavens shake,  
While God their author's Ghost,  
Left the coast.

8. And now from Calvary,  
We may stand here and spy;  
Beyond this lower sky,  
Far on high,  
Mount Zion's shining hill,  
Where saints and angels dwell,  
And hear them sing and tell,  
Of our Lord, with accord,  
And join in Moses's song—  
Heart and tongue.

9. Since hills are honor'd thus,  
By our Lord in his course,  
Let them not be by us,  
Call'd accurs'd:  
Forbid it mighty king,  
But rather let us sing,  
Since hills and mountains ring;  
Echo fly through the sky,  
And heaven hear the sound—  
From the ground.