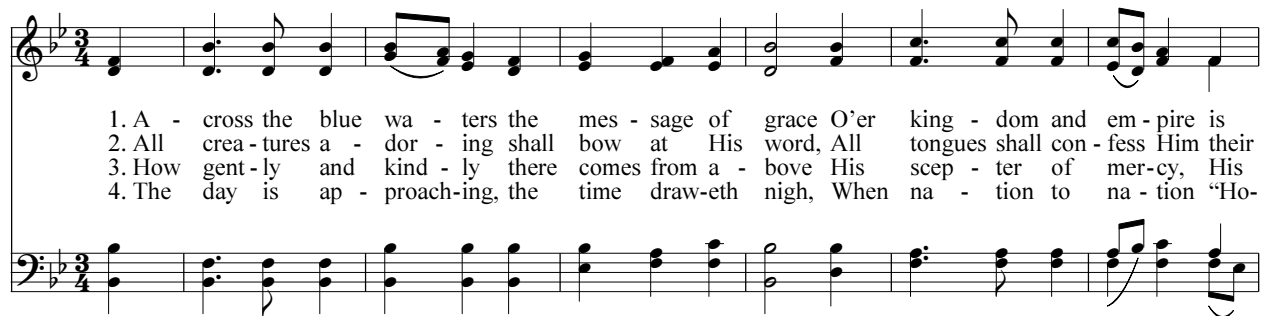


Shout Aloud, All Ye Lands

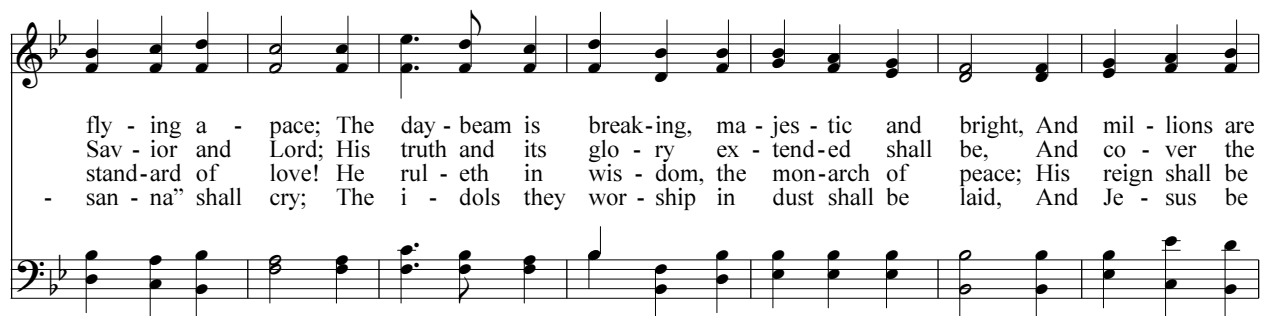
Fanny Crosby, 1875

Robert Lowry

♩ = 110



1. A - cross the blue wa - ters the mes - sage of grace O'er king - dom and em - pire is
2. All crea - tures a - dor - ing shall bow at His word, All tongues shall con - fess Him their
3. How gent - ly and kind - ly there comes from a - bove His scep - ter of mer - cy, His
4. The day is ap - proach - ing, the time draw - eth nigh, When na - tion to na - tion "Ho -

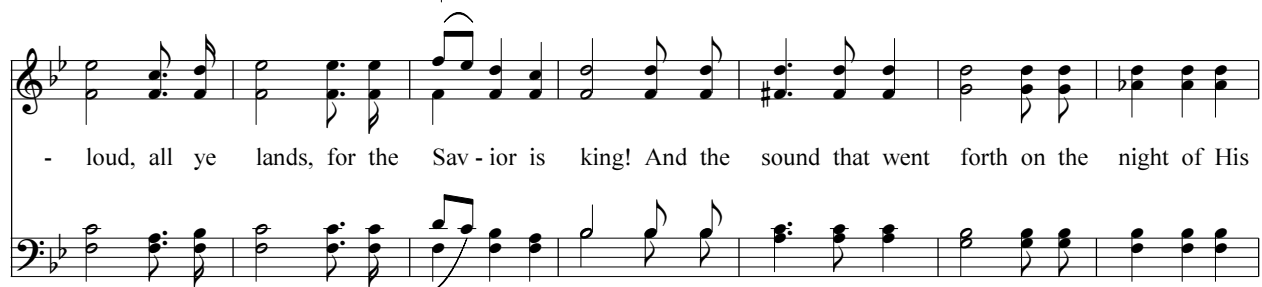


fly - ing a - pace; The day - beam is break - ing, ma - jes - tic and bright, And mil - lions are
Sav - ior and Lord; His truth and its glo - ry ex - tend - ed shall be, And co - ver the
stand - ard of love! He rul - eth in wis - dom, the mon - arch of peace; His reign shall be
- san - na" shall cry; The i - dols they wor - ship in dust shall be laid, And Je - sus be

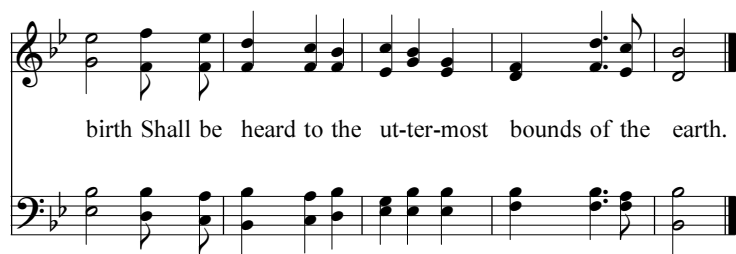


Refrain

turn - ing from dark - ness to light.
earth as the wa - ters the sea. Shout a - loud, all ye lands, and be glad while ye sing; Shout a -
glor - ious and ne - ver shall cease.
hon - ored, ex - alt - ed, o - beyed.



- loud, all ye lands, for the Sav - ior is king! And the sound that went forth on the night of His



birth Shall be heard to the ut - ter - most bounds of the earth.