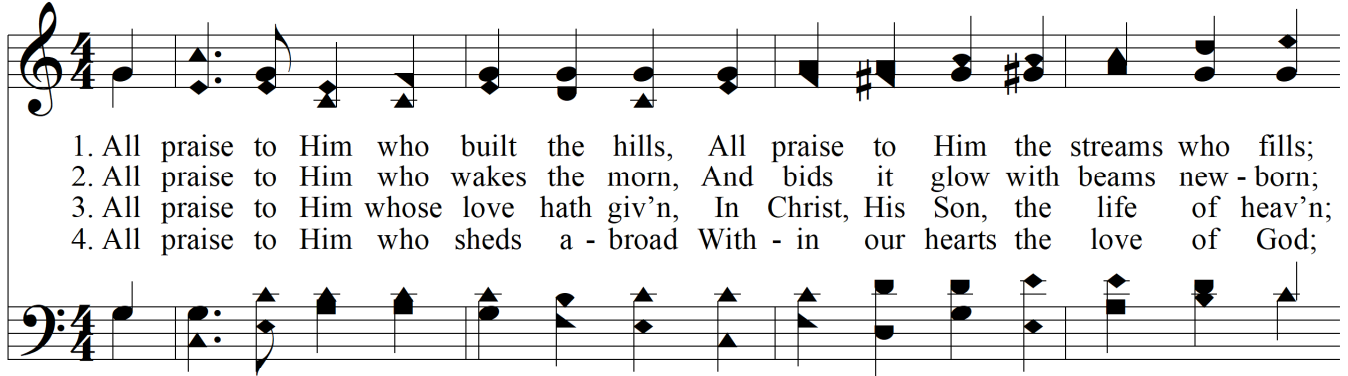
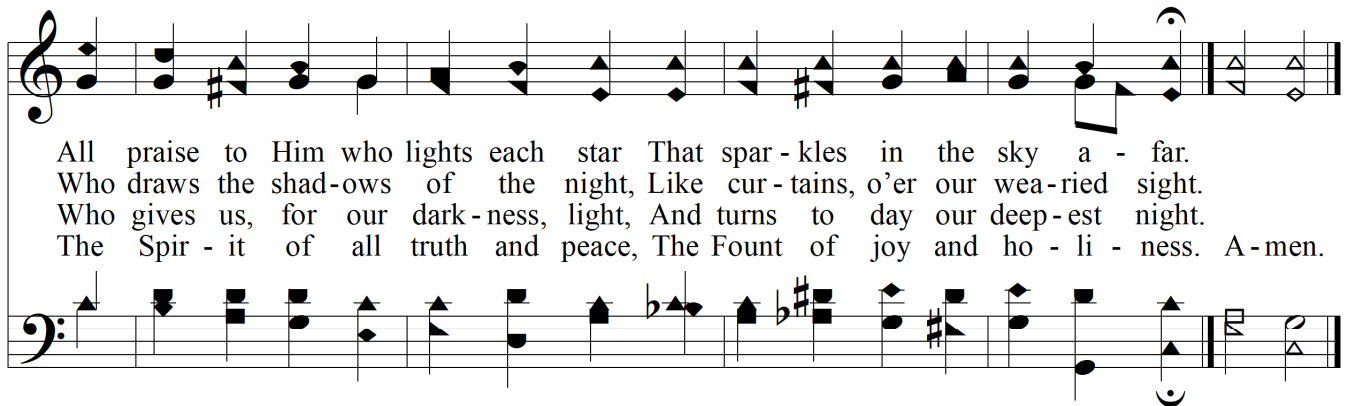


# All Praise To Him Who Built The Hills

GAULT L. M.



1. All praise to Him who built the hills, All praise to Him the streams who fills;  
2. All praise to Him who wakes the morn, And bids it glow with beams new - born;  
3. All praise to Him whose love hath giv'n, In Christ, His Son, the life of heav'n;  
4. All praise to Him who sheds a - broad With - in our hearts the love of God;



All praise to Him who lights each star That spar - kles in the sky a - far.  
Who draws the shad - ows of the night, Like cur - tains, o'er our wea - ried sight.  
Who gives us, for our dark - ness, light, And turns to day our deep - est night.  
The Spir - it of all truth and peace, The Fount of joy and ho - li - ness. A - men.