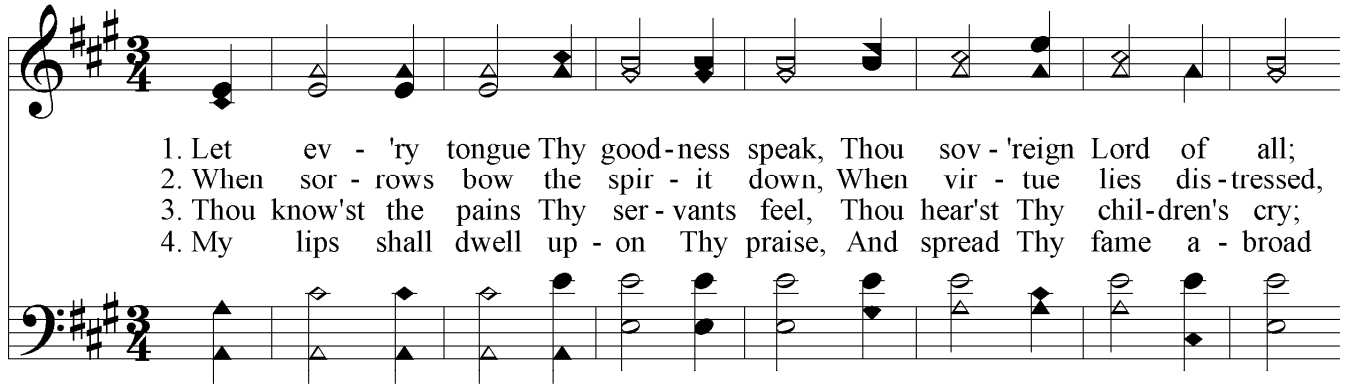
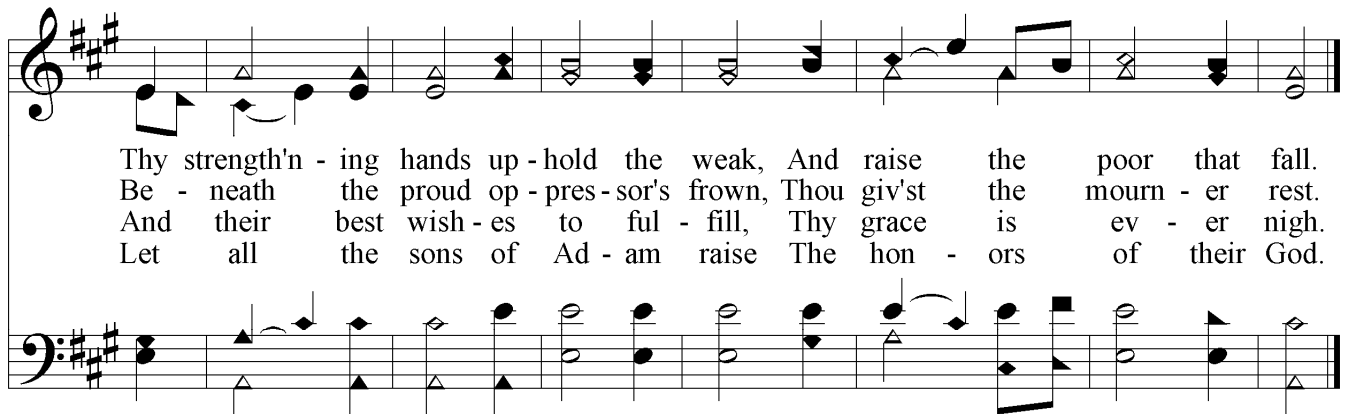


# Arbovale



1. Let ev - 'ry tongue Thy good-ness speak, Thou sov - 'reign Lord of all;  
2. When sor - rows bow the spir - it down, When vir - tue lies dis - tressed,  
3. Thou know'st the pains Thy ser - vants feel, Thou hear'st Thy chil - dren's cry;  
4. My lips shall dwell up - on Thy praise, And spread Thy fame a - broad



Thy strength'n - ing hands up - hold the weak, And raise the poor that fall.  
Be - neath the proud op - pres - sor's frown, Thou giv'st the mourn - er rest.  
And their best wish - es to ful - fill, Thy grace is ev - er nigh.  
Let all the sons of Ad - am raise The hon - ors of their God.