From All That Dwell Below The Skies

OLD HUNDRED L. M.

1. From all that dwell below the skies, Let the Creator's praise arise:
   Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord; Eternal truth attends Thy word:
   Let the Redeemer's name be sung Thru ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.
   Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Words: Isaac Watts
Music: G. Franc

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