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
   Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore

2. 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.