Arbovale

1. Let ev’ry tongue Thy goodness speak, Thou sovereign Lord of all;
2. When sorrows bow the spirit down, When virtue lies distressed,
3. Thou know’st the pains Thy servants feel, Thou hear’st Thy children’s cry;
4. My lips shall dwell upon Thy praise, And spread Thy fame abroad.

Thy strengthening hands uphold the weak, And raise the poor that fall.
Beneath the proud oppressor’s frown, Thou giv’st the mourner rest.
And their best wishes to fulfill, Thy grace is ever nigh.
Let all the sons of Adam raise The honors of their God.

Words: Isaac Watts
Music: J. H. Hall