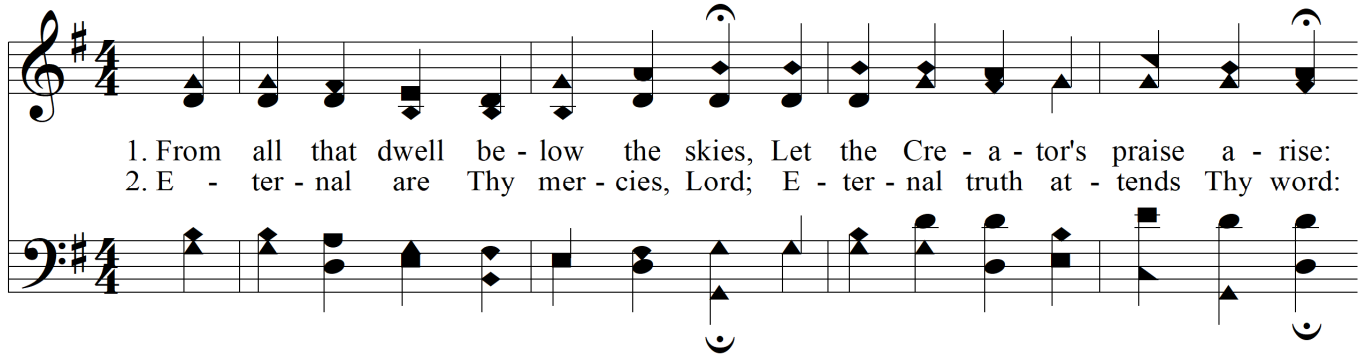
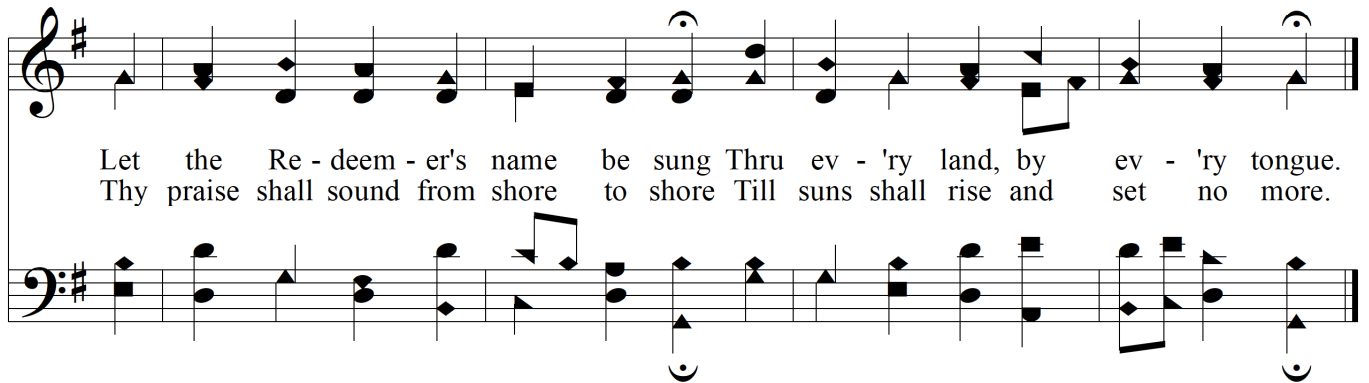


# From All That Dwell Below The Skies

OLD HUNDRED L. M.



1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise:  
2. E - ter - nal are Thy mer - cies, Lord; E - ter - nal truth at - tends Thy word:



Let the Re - deem - er'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.