

2. From All That Dwell Below the Skies

L.M

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

Orlando Gibbons

♩ = 100

From all that dwell be- low the skies Let the Cre- a- tor's praise a- rise; Let

His al- migh- ty name be sung Through e- very land, by e- very tongue.

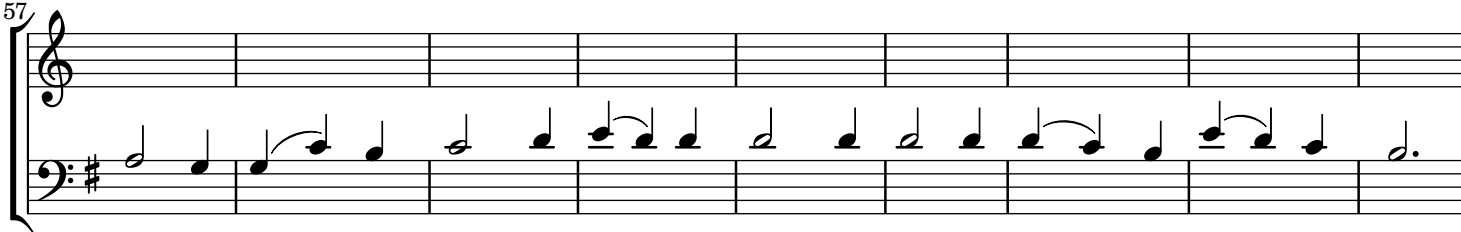
E- ter- nal are Thy mer- cies, Lord, E- ter- nal truth at- tends Thy word;

Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set

no more. Your lo-fty themes, ye mor- tals, bring, In songs of praise di- vine-

ly sing; God's great sal- va- tion loud pro- claim, And shout for joy His glo-

rious name. In e- very land be- gin the song, To e- very land the strains be-



long; In cheer- ful sounds all voi- ces raise, And fill the world with loud- est praise.