

FROM EVERY PLACE

(Warren. L. M.)

John Pierpont

V. C. Taylor

1. O Thou to whom, in an - cient time,
 2. From ev - 'ry place, be - low the skies,
 3. To Thee shall age, with snow - y hair,

The psalm - ist's sa - cred harp was strung,
 The grate - ful song, the ty, fer - bent prayer—
 And strength, and beau - ty, bend the knee,

Whom kings a - dored in the songs sub - lime,
 The in - cense of the heart— may rise
 And child - hood lisp with rev - 'rent air

And pro - phets praised with glow - ing tongue,
 To heav'n, and find and ac - cep - tance there,
 Its prais - es and prayers to Thee.