All Praise To Thee

Charlotte G. Homer

From "Tannhauser"
(arr. meas. 36 - 53 by C. H. G.)

All praise to Thee, God of our home, land and na- tion! A King art Thou,

wor - thy of high - est ad - or- a - tion; Un - to Thee do we cry, Thou Su-

preme, Thou most High! We laud Thee, Fath - er, for Thy great sal - va - tion.

When out on the moun - tains of sin, sore op- pressed, With - out hope for the

dawn of a day of peace and rest, to us from the bright - ness of glo - ry a

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-bove Thou didst fly on the wings of Thy won-der-ful love. No pow'r on

earth or in the heav-ens can sev-er From us Thy love, e-ven Thy

love that fail-eth nev-er! Might-y One, un-to Thee praise and glor-y shall

be, To Thee hence-forth and for-ev-er, for-ev-er.

Ho-san-na! ho-san-na! A-men, a-men, a-men, a-men, a-men, a-men.