

fad - ed flow'r. 'Tis but a lit - tle fad - ed flow'r, But oh, how fond - ly
gold - en hair? 'Tis but a lit - tle fad - ed flow'r, But oh, how fond - ly

mf *p*

dear ! 'Twill bring me back one gold-en hour, Through ma - ny, thro' ma - ny a wea - ry year.

poco rit.
p colla voce

Old Hundred

Rev. ISAAC WATTS

GOUDIMEL

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 Throughev - 'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue.
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.