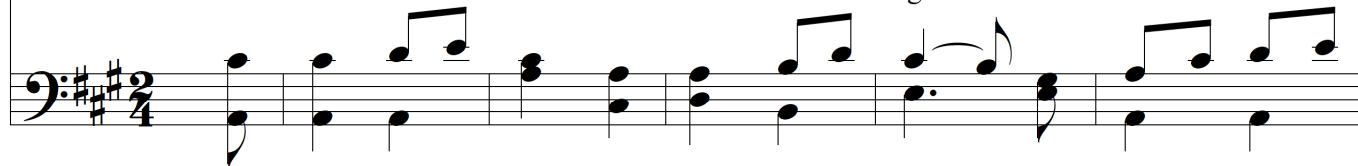


# All Praise To Thee, Eternal Lord

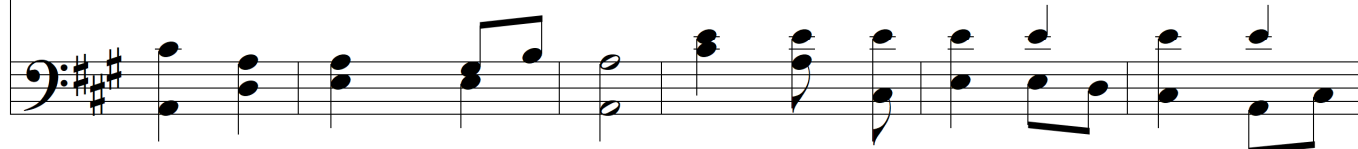
WIMBORNE



1. All praise to Thee, e - ter - nal Lord, Cloth'd in the  
2. Once did the skies be - fore Thee bow; A vir - gin's  
3. A lit - tle Child, Thou art our guest, That wea - ry  
4. Thou com - est in the dark - some night To make us



garb of flesh and blood; Choos - ing a man - ger for Thy  
arms con - tain Thee now: An - gels who did in Thee re -  
ones in Thee may rest; For - lorn and low - ly is Thy  
chil - dren of the light, To make us, in the realms di -



throne, While worlds on worlds are Thine a - lone.  
joice Now list - en for Thine in - fant voice.  
birth, That we may rise to heav'n from earth.  
vine, Like Thine own an - gels round Thee shine.

