

Isaac Watts

Lawrence Beveridge

1. The Lord the sov - 'reign King, Hath fix'd His throne on high; O'er all the heav'n - ly world He rules, And
 2. While all His won - d'rous works, Through His vast king - dom show Their Mak - er's glo - ry, thou my soul, Shall

all sing be - neath the sky. His gra - ces too. And all be - neath the sky. Shall sing His gra - ces too. And all be - neath the sky. Shall sing His gra - ces too.

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