
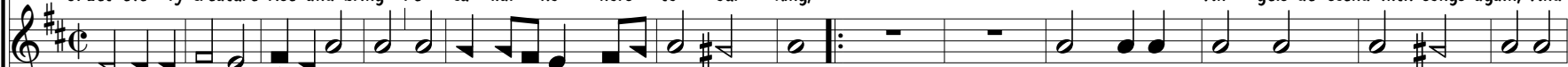

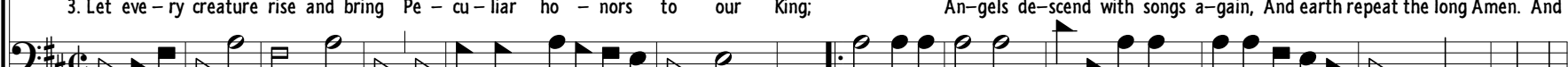


Rowley

Tr.  5 10


C. 


T. 

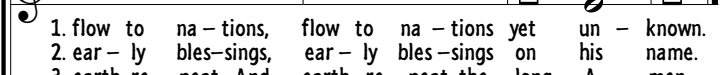
B. 

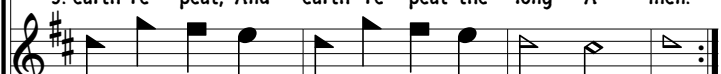
1. The saints shall flourish in his days, Dressed in the robes of joy and praise. Peace, like a river from his throne, Shall
 2. Peo-ple and realms of every tongue Dwell on his love with swee-test song; And in-fant voices shall proclaim Their
 3. Let eve-ry creature rise and bring Pe-cu-liar ho-nors to our King; An-gels de-scend with songs again, And

1. Peace, like a ri-ver from his throne, Shall flow to na-tions yet un-known. Shall
 2. And in-fant voi-ces shall pro-claim Their ear-ly bles-sings on his name. Their
 3. An-gels de-scend with songs a-gain, And earth re-peat the long A-men. And

Tr.  15

C. 

T. 

B. 

1. flow to na-tions, flow to na-tions yet un-known.
 2. ear-ly bles-sings, ear-ly bles-sings on his name.
 3. earth re-peat, And earth re-peat the long A-men.