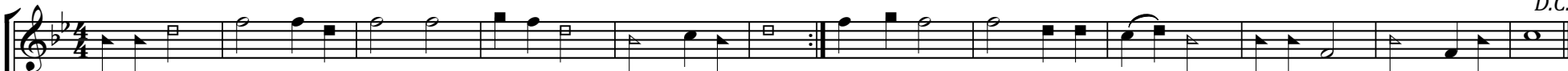


FAHRBACH. 8s & 7s

D.C.



1. Hear what God the Lord hath spoken, "Oh my peo - ple, faint and few;
Comfortless, af - flicted, broken, Fair abodes I built for you; Thorns of heart - felt tribu - la - tion, Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls sal - vation, And your gates shall all be praise.

D.C.



2. There, like streams that feed the garden, Pleasures with - out end shall flow;
For the Lord your faith re - warding, All his boun - ty shall be - stow: Still in un - disturb'd pos - session, Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Ne - ver shall you feel op - pression - hear the voice of war a - gain.

D.C.



3. Ye no more your suns de - scending, Waning moons no more shall see,
But, your griefs for e - ver ending, Find e - ter - nal noon in me, God shall rise, and shining o'er you, Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your glo - ry, God your e - ver - lasting light."

D.C.

