Gibraltar

Richard Herring Ms



- 2. To him shall endless prayer be made, and praises throng to crown his head; his Name like sweet perfume shall rise with every morning sacrifice.
 - People and realms of every tongue Dwell on his love with sweetest song, |:And infant voices shall proclaim {Their early blessings on his name.}:|
- Blessings abound where'er he reigns; The prisoner leaps to loose his chains, |:The weary find eternal rest, {And all the sons of want are blest.}:
 - Let ev'ry creature rise and bring Peculiar honours to our King;
 |;Angels descend with songs again, {And earth repeat the long Amen}: