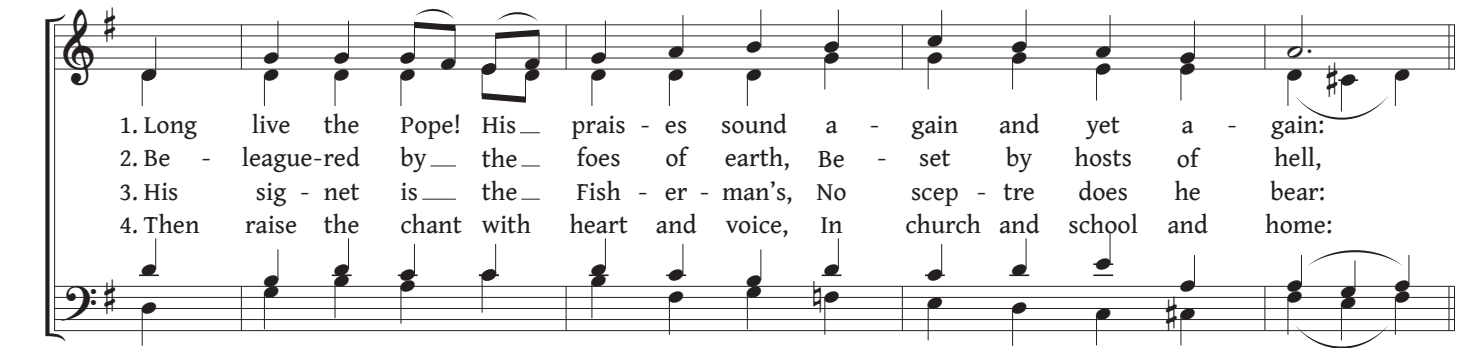
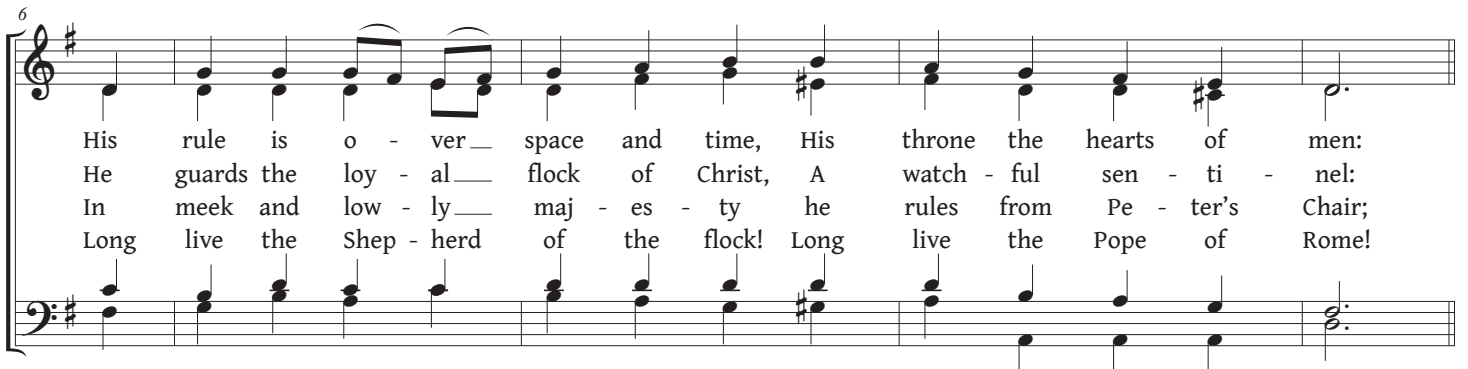


Long Live the Pope! His Praises Sing

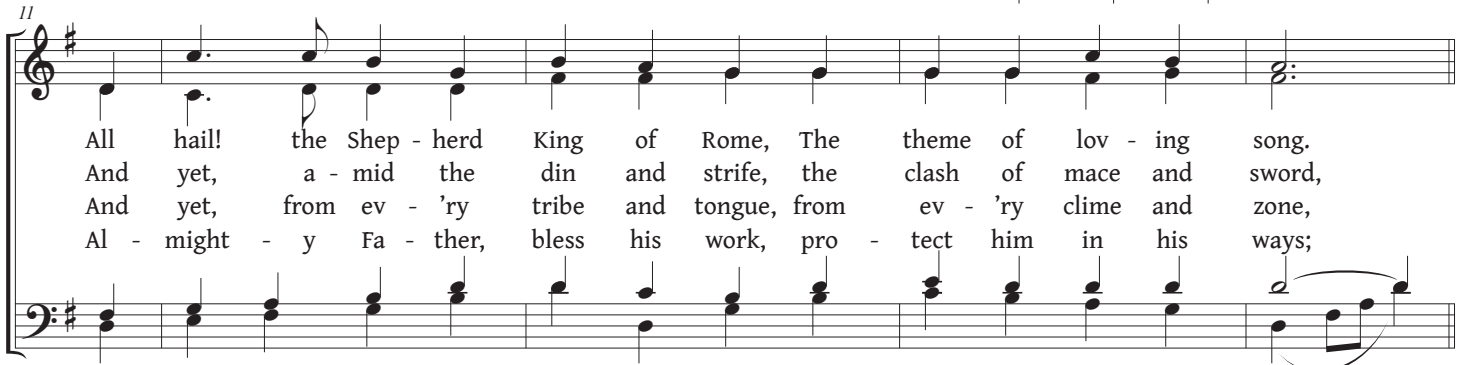
Text: Rev. H. T. Henry, Litt. D.
Music: H. G. Ganss.



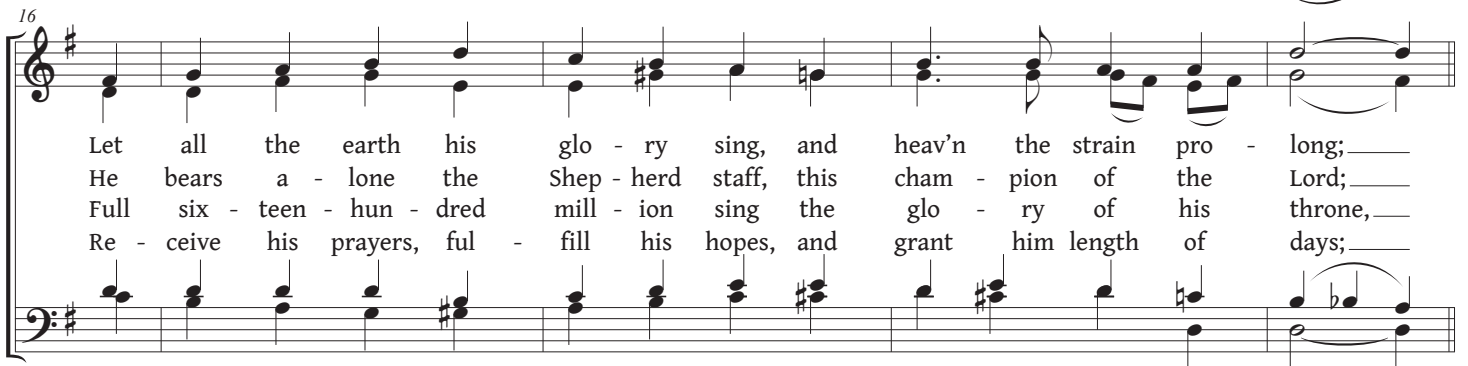
1. Long live the Pope! His prais - es sound a - gain and yet a - gain:
2. Be - league-red by the foes of earth, Be - set by hosts of hell,
3. His sig - net is the Fish - er - man's, No scep - tre does he bear:
4. Then raise the chant with heart and voice, In church and school and home:



His rule is o - ver space and time, His throne the hearts of men:
He guards the loy - al flock of Christ, A watch - ful sen - ti - nel:
In meek and low - ly maj - es - ty he rules from Pe - ter's Chair;
Long live the Shep - herd of the flock! Long live the Pope of Rome!



All hail! the Shep - herd King of Rome, The theme of lov - ing song.
And yet, a - mid the din and strife, the clash of mace and sword,
And yet, from ev - 'ry tribe and tongue, from ev - 'ry clime and zone,
Al - might - y Fa - ther, bless his work, pro - tect him in his ways;



Let all the earth his glo - ry sing, and heav'n the strain pro - long;
He bears a - lone the Shep - herd staff, this cham - pion of the Lord;
Full six - teen - hun - dred mill - ion sing the glo - ry of his throne,
Re - ceive his prayers, ful - fill his hopes, and grant him length of days;



Let all the earth his glo - ry sing, and heav'n the strain pro - long!
He bears a - lone the Shep - herd staff, this cham - pion of the Lord.
Full six - teen hun - dred mill - ion sing the glo - ry of his throne.
Re - ceive his prayers, ful - fill his hopes, and grant him length of days!