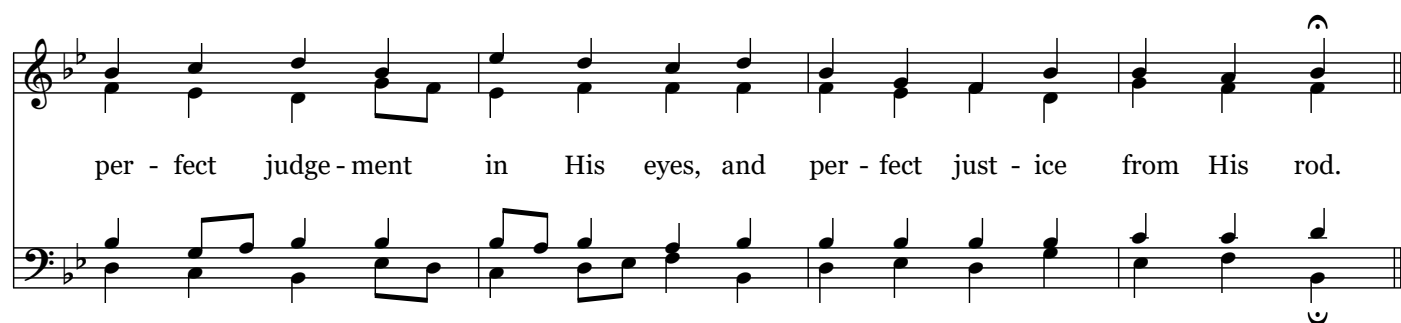
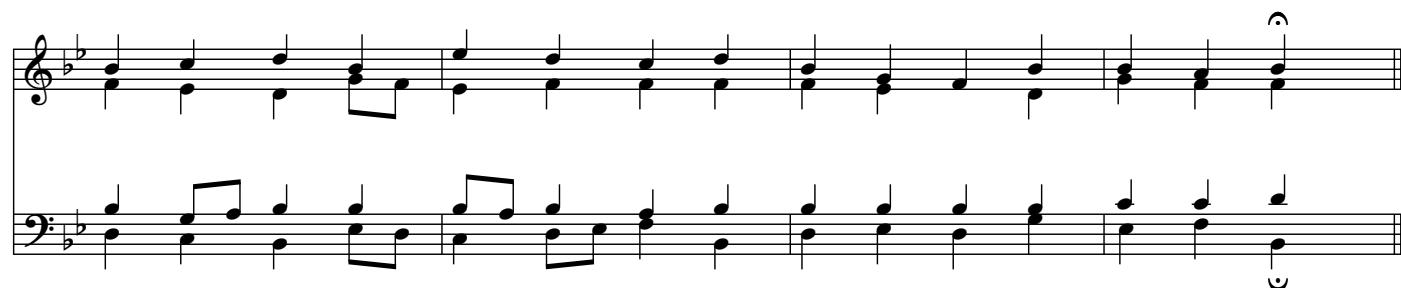


From ancient roots a shoot shall rise

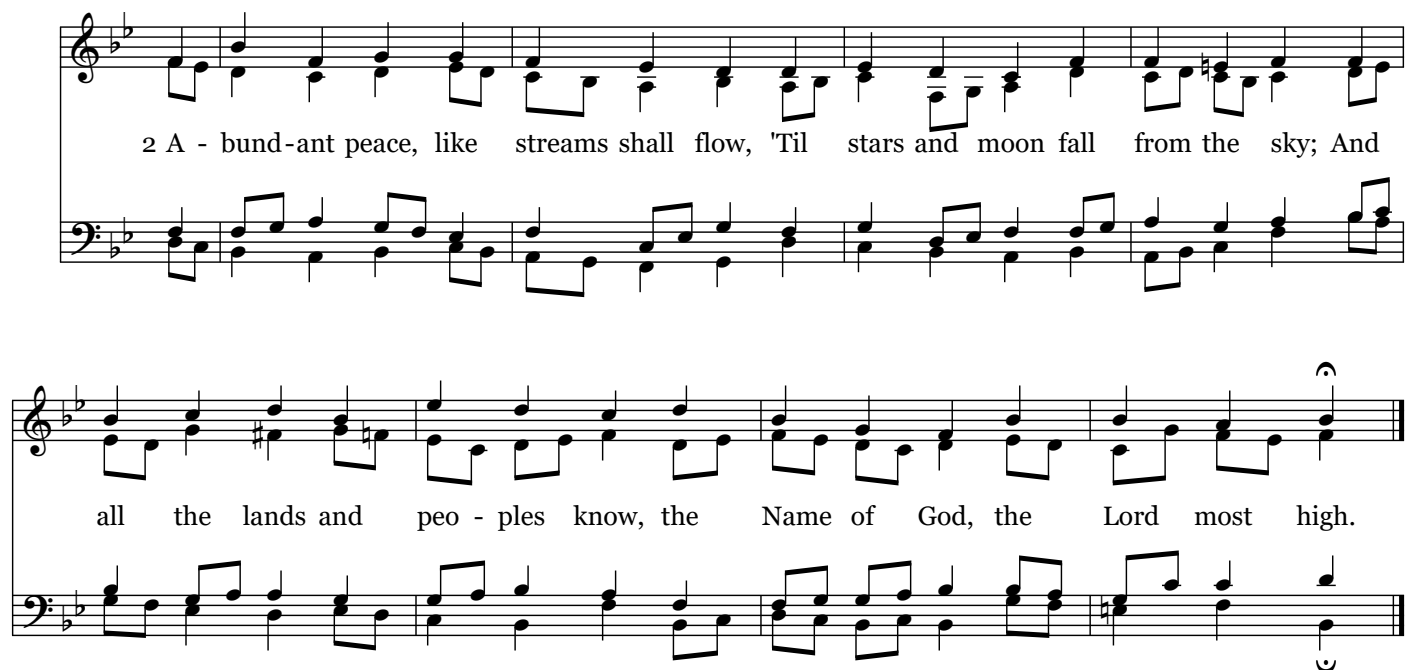
Text by
Adam Michael Wood

Winchester New L.M.
William Henry Monk (1823-1899), alt.
Descants and 2nd harm. by Charles H. Giffen

♩ = c.72



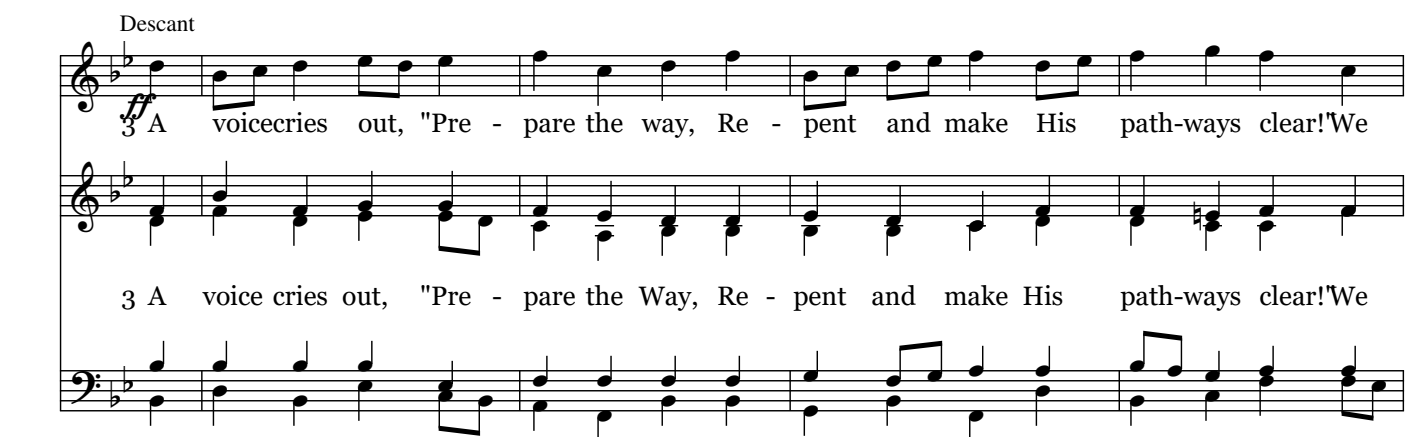
From ancient roots a shoot shall rise



2 A - bund-ant peace, like streams shall flow, 'Til stars and moon fall from the sky; And

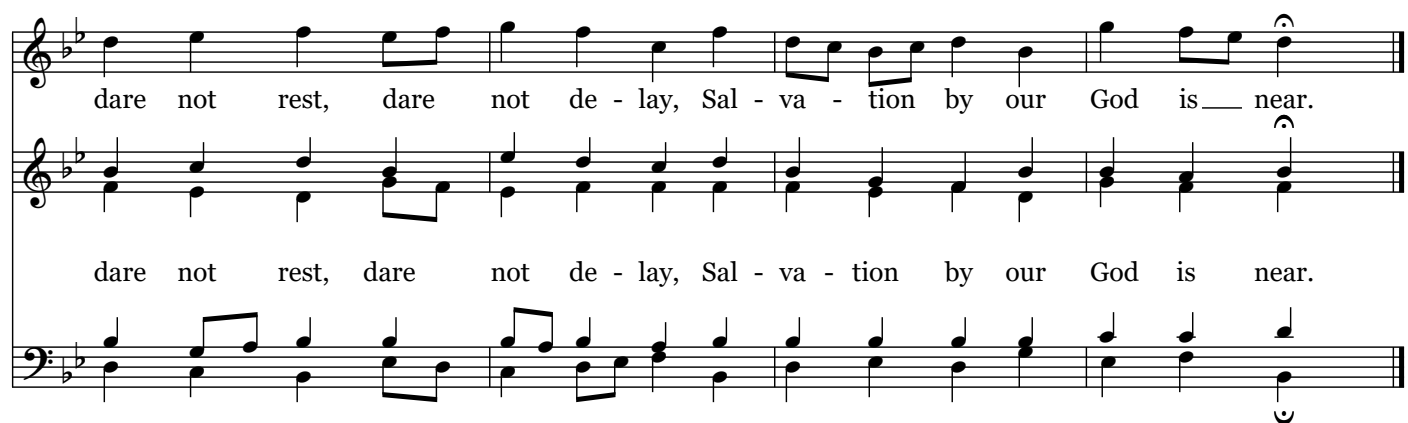
all the lands and peo - ples know, the Name of God, the Lord most high.

Descant



3 A voicecries out, "Pre - pare the way, Re - pent and make His path-ways clear!" We

3 A voice cries out, "Pre - pare the Way, Re - pent and make His path-ways clear!" We



dare not rest, dare not de - lay, Sal - va - tion by our God is near.

dare not rest, dare not de - lay, Sal - va - tion by our God is near.

4 The axe, as yet, a - waits the tree, The thresh-ing floor a - waits the fan. Be -

fore His just - ice none can flee; Be - neath His judge-ment none can stand.

Descant

5 Pre - pare then well, and swift - ly too, For swift - er still is God's own grace. Pre -

pare your heart to be made new, Pre - pare your eyes to see His face.