

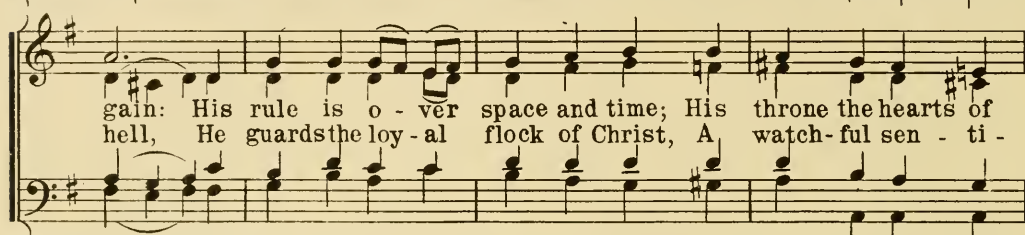
Rev. H. T. HENRY, Litt. D

H. G. GANSS.

Maestoso.



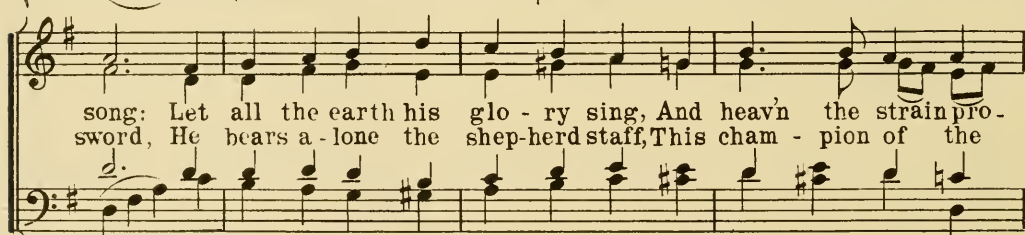
1. Long live the Pope! His prais-es sound A - gain and yet a -
2. Be - leaguered by the foes of earth, Be - set by hosts of



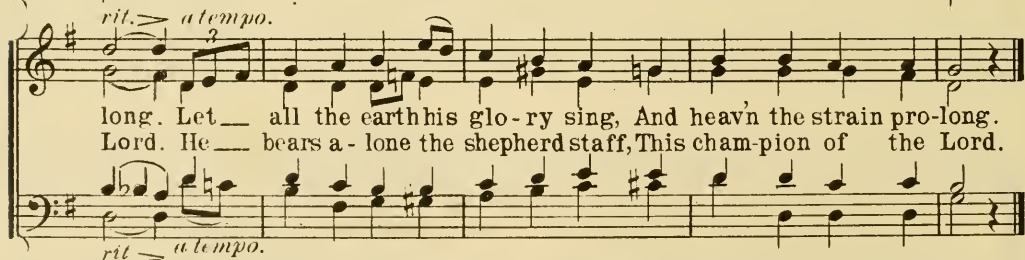
gain: His rule is o - ver space and time; His throne the hearts of
hell, He guards the loy - al flock of Christ, A watch - ful sen - ti -



men: All hail! the Sphepherd-King of Rome, The theme of lov - ing
nel: And yet, a - mid the din and strife, The clash of mace and



song: Let all the earth his glo - ry sing, And heav'n the strain pro -
sword, He bears a - lone the shep - herd staff, This cham - pion of the



long. Let all the earth his glo - ry sing, And heav'n the strain pro-long.
Lord. He bears a - lone the shepherd staff, This cham - pion of the Lord.

3.
His signet is the Fisherman's;
No sceptre does he bear;
In meek and lowly majesty
He rules from Peter's Chair:
And yet from ev'ry tribe and tongue,
From ev'ry clime and zone,
Three hundred million voices sing } twice.
The glory of his throne.

4.
Then raise the chant with heart and voice,
In church and school and home:
"Long live the Shepherd of the flock!
Long live the Pope of Rome!"
Almighty Father, bless his work,
Protect him in his ways,
Receive his prayers, fulfil his hopes } twice
And grant him "length of days?"

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