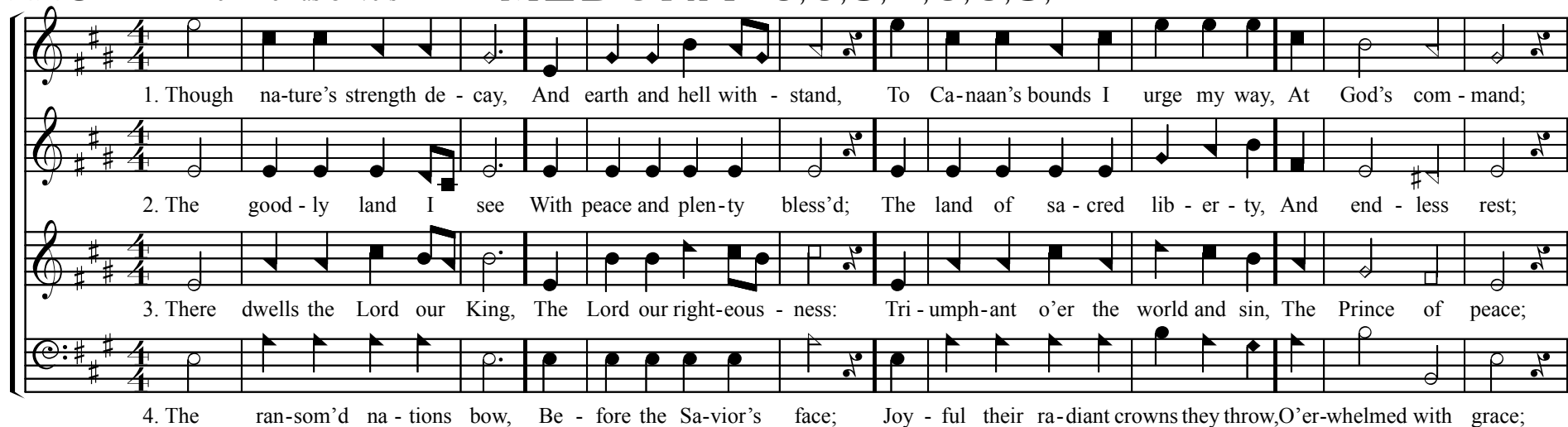


MEDORA 6,6,8,4,6,6,8,4

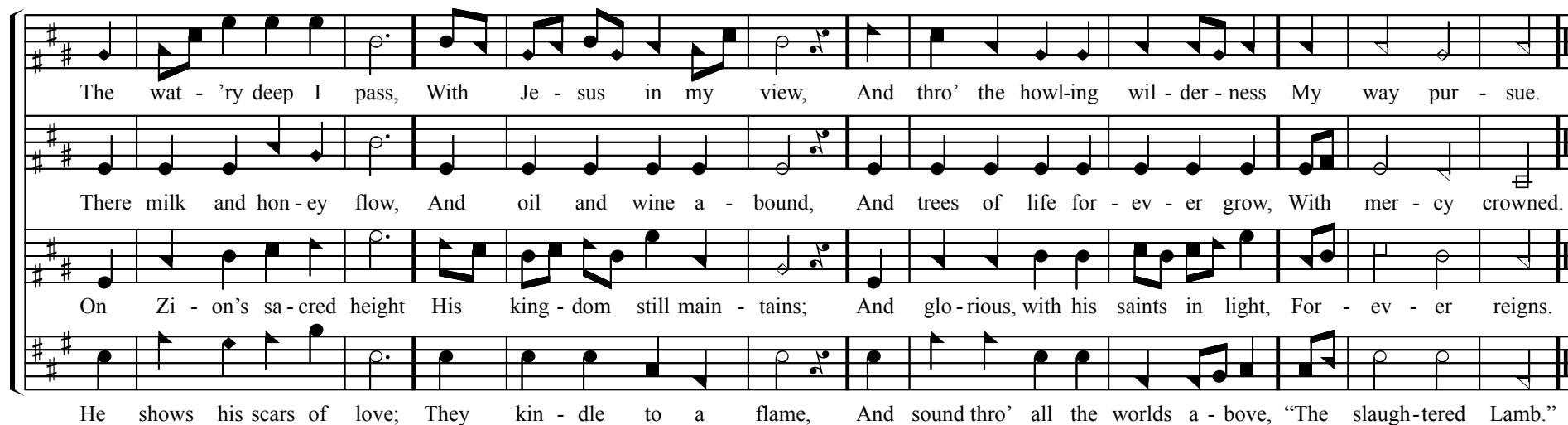


1. Though na-ture's strength de - cay, And earth and hell with - stand, To Ca-naan's bounds I urge my way, At God's com - mand;

2. The good - ly land I see With peace and plen-ty bless'd; The land of sa - cred lib - er - ty, And end - less rest;

3. There dwells the Lord our King, The Lord our right-eous - ness: Tri - umph-ant o'er the world and sin, The Prince of peace;

4. The ran-som'd na - tions bow, Be - fore the Sa-vior's face; Joy - ful their ra-diant crowns they throw, O'er-whelmed with grace;



The wat - 'ry deep I pass, With Je - sus in my view, And thro' the howl-ing wil - der - ness My way pur - sue.

There milk and hon - ey flow, And oil and wine a - bound, And trees of life for - ev - er grow, With mer - cy crowned.

On Zi - on's sa - cred height His king - dom still main - tains; And glo - rious, with his saints in light, For - ev - er reigns.

He shows his scars of love; They kin - dle to a flame, And sound thro' all the worlds a - bove, "The slaugh-tered Lamb."