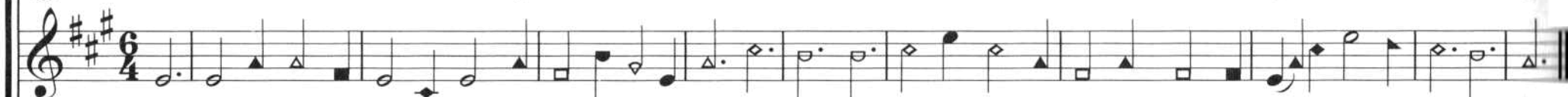
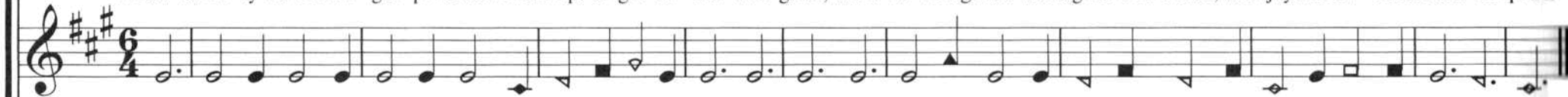


John Bowring



1. How sweet-ly flowed the gos-pel sound From lips of gen-tle-ness and grace, When lis-t'ning thou-sands gath-ered round, And joy and rev-'rence filled the place!



2. From heav'n He came, of heav'n He spoke, To heav'n He led His fol-lower's way; Dark clouds of gloom-y night He broke; Un-veil-ing an im-mor-tal day.

