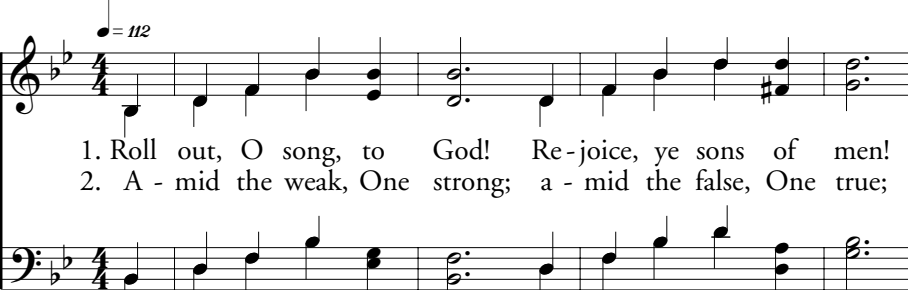


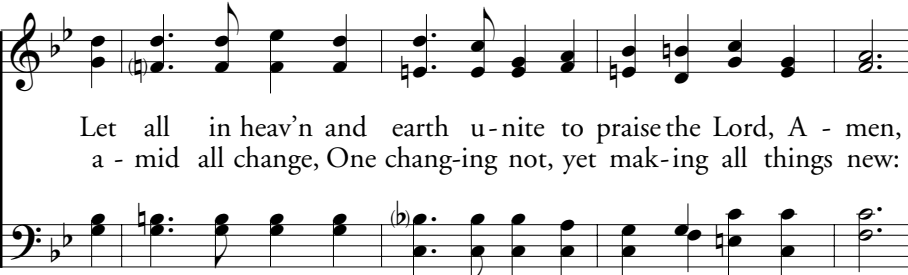
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ROLL OUT, O SONG, TO GOD!

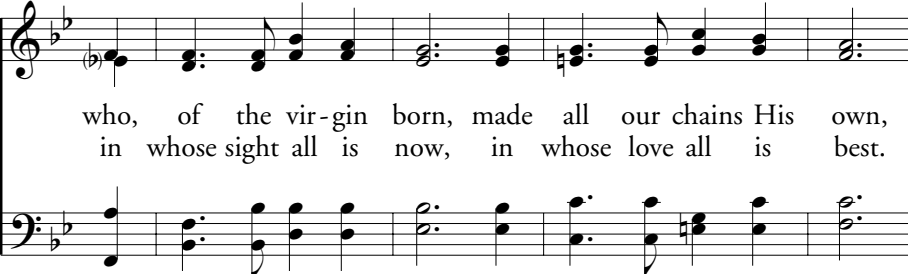
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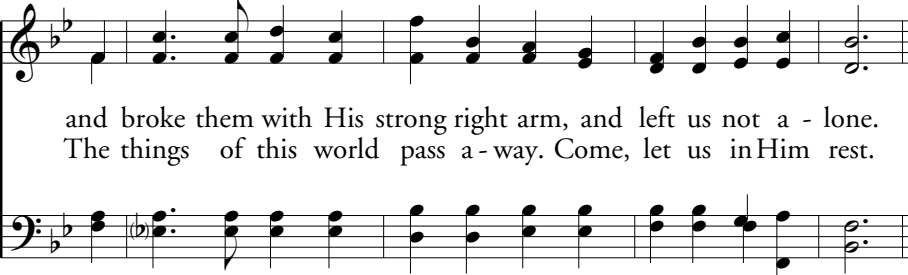
1. Roll out, O song, to God! Re-joyce, ye sons of men!
2. A - mid the weak, One strong; a - mid the false, One true;



Let all in heav'n and earth u-nite to praise the Lord, A - men,
a - mid all change, One chang-ing not, yet mak-ing all things new:



who, of the vir-gin born, made all our chains His own,
in whose sight all is now, in whose love all is best.



and broke them with His strong right arm, and left us not a - lone.
The things of this world pass a-way. Come, let us in Him rest.