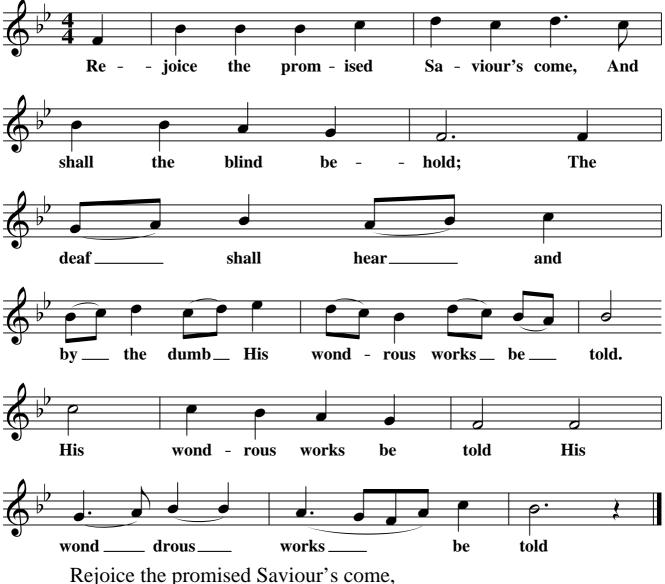
First Britford Carol



And shall the blind behold; The deaf shall hear and by the dumb His wondrous works be told. (x3)

Light from the sacred shore shall spread O'er all the world shall beam In pastures fair shall all be lead And drink of comforts stream. (x3)

The weary nations shall have rest The rage of war shall cease The earth with innocence be blest And plenty dwell with peace.