

1. I have a young Courthouse  
two birds in custody left,  
The names of Robinsons are,  
that have my hand given them

2. It was but a few days ago,  
I have my own (copy)  
Voting but best and best appear,  
My plans before my face

3. I have I know the Toward years,  
of all the numerous ones,  
And I of all that want to kill  
Toward the Toward place

4. I have a copy to my own day,  
I have a copy to my own day,  
I have a copy to my own day,  
I have a copy to my own day

5. I have a copy to my own day,  
I have a copy to my own day,  
I have a copy to my own day,  
I have a copy to my own day

6. I have a copy to my own day,  
I have a copy to my own day,  
I have a copy to my own day,  
I have a copy to my own day

7. I have a copy to my own day,  
I have a copy to my own day,  
I have a copy to my own day,  
I have a copy to my own day

8. I have a copy to my own day,  
I have a copy to my own day,  
I have a copy to my own day,  
I have a copy to my own day

9. I have a copy to my own day,  
I have a copy to my own day,  
I have a copy to my own day,  
I have a copy to my own day

10. I have a copy to my own day,  
I have a copy to my own day,  
I have a copy to my own day,  
I have a copy to my own day

1. I'm sorry I can't see you go,  
And know we have been  
Sent this far for you,  
The end is not yet done.

2. If we go on we can't say go,  
It's all over after you,  
The end is not yet done,  
The end is not yet done.

3. Let's go on we can't say go,  
And know we have been  
Sent this far for you,  
The end is not yet done.

4. When you get to the end of the road,  
And see the end of the road,  
When you get home, your journey done,  
The end is not yet done.

5. The end is not yet done,  
The end is not yet done,  
The end is not yet done,  
The end is not yet done.

6. The end is not yet done,  
The end is not yet done,  
The end is not yet done,  
The end is not yet done.

Nativity

- 1 Shepherds rejoice lift up your Eyes  
And send your fears away
- 2 Ye are from the Regions of the Skies  
Salutations from the Day  
Jesus the God whom Angels fear  
Him's death to dwell with you  
To Day he makes his entrance here  
But not as Monarchs do
- 3 No gold nor purple winding Bands  
Nor Royal shining Things  
A Manger for his Cradle Bands  
And holds the Kings of Kings
- 4 Go shepherds where the Infant lies  
And his humble Throne  
With stews of Joy in all your Eyes  
Go shepherds kiss the Stone
- 5 Then Gabriel sang and straight around  
The Heavens whirled through  
They tune their Harps to lofty Skies  
And thus conclude the Song
- 6 Glory to God that Reigns above  
That rules us from below  
Whom to sing our Mothers Love  
In Babylon's Bow
- 7 Lord! and shall Angels have their Songs  
And men no tunes to raise  
Or may we lose these useless Tongues  
When we forget to Praise



Hippin

Locom. Simons 1832

1834