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H. G. GANSS.

Maestoso.

1. Long live the Pope! His prais-es sound A - gain and yet a -
2. Be - leaguered by the foes of earth, Be - set by hosts of

gain: His rule is o - ver space and time; His throne the hearts of
hell, He guardsthe loy - al flock of Christ, A watch - ful sen - ti -

men: All hail! the Sphepherd - King of Rome, The theme of lov - ing
nel: And yet, a - mid the din and strife, The clash of mace and

song: Let all the earth his glo - ry sing, And heav'n the strain pro -
sword, He bears a - lone the shep - herd staff, This cham - pion of the

rit. > a tempo.
long. Let — all the earth his glo - ry sing, And heav'n the strain pro - long.
Lord. He — bears a - lone the shepherd staff, This cham - pion of the Lord.
rit. > a tempo.

3.
His signet is the Fisherman's;
No sceptre does he bear;
In meek and lowly majesty
He rules from Peter's Chair:
And yet from ev'ry tribe and tongue,
From ev'ry clime and zone,
Three hundred million voices sing } twice.
The glory of his throne. }

4.
Then raise the chant, with heart and voice,
In church and school and home:
"Long live the Shepherd of the flock!
Long live the Pope of Rome!"
Almighty Father, bless his work,
Protect him in his ways,
Receive his prayers, fulfil his hopes } twice
And grant him "length of days?" }