
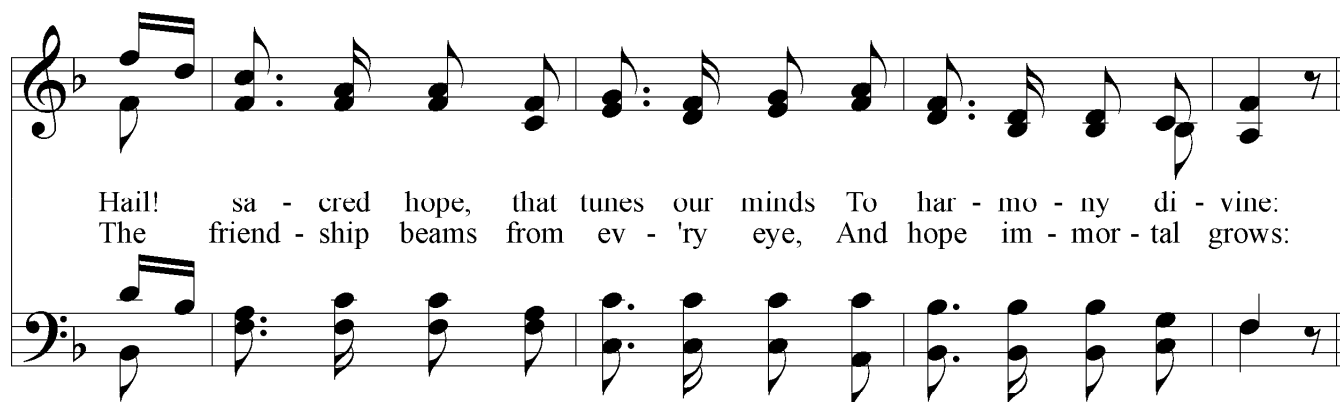


Fair Haven

Slow



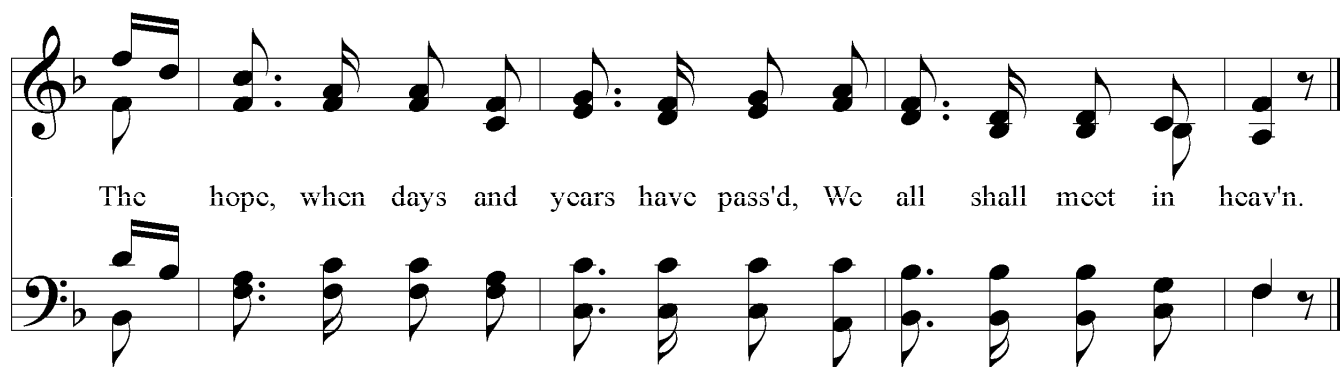
1. Hail! sweet - est, dear - est tie that binds Our glow - ing hearts is one;
2. No ling - 'ring hope, no part - ing sigh, Our fu - ture meet - ing knows;



Hail! sa - cred hope, that tunes our minds To har - mo - ny di - vine:
The friend - ship beams from ev - 'ry eye, And hope im - mor - tal grows:



It is the hope, the bliss - ful hope Which Je - sus' grace has giv'n;
Oh, sa - cred hope, oh, bliss - ful hope, Which Je - sus' grace has giv'n;



The hope, when days and years have pass'd, We all shall meet in heav'n.