

DOWNING PLACE S.M.

James Relly, 1776

William Cleary, 2020

1. Blest are the eyes that see; The ears are blest that hear The trum - pet of the Ju - bi - lee, The great sab - ba - tic year.

2. We plough, nor sow no more, Nor toil for li - ving bread; For we've a never failing store, A table plent'ous spread.

3. The servant now is free; The hateful, heavy yoke (That all might taste true li - ber - ty) From ev' - ry neck is broke.