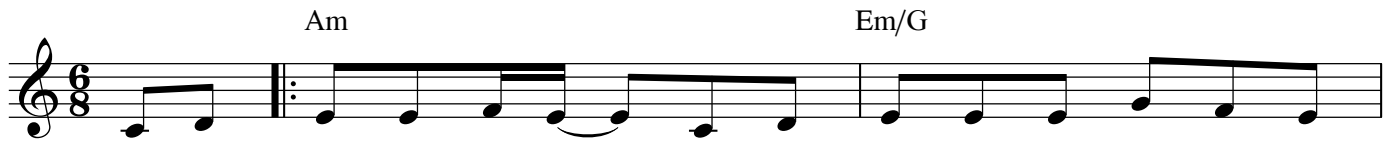


# Near the gate of the town

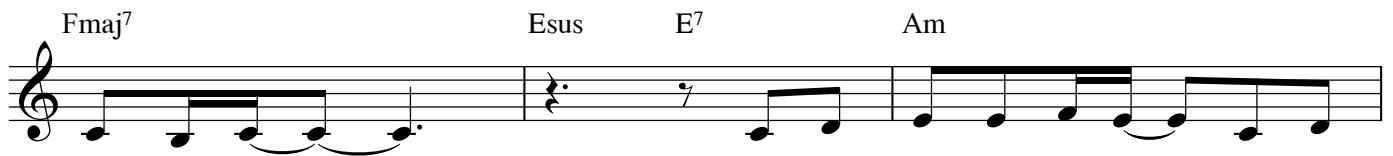
10th Sunday Year C  
The widow of Naim. Luke 7: 11-17

Moderato

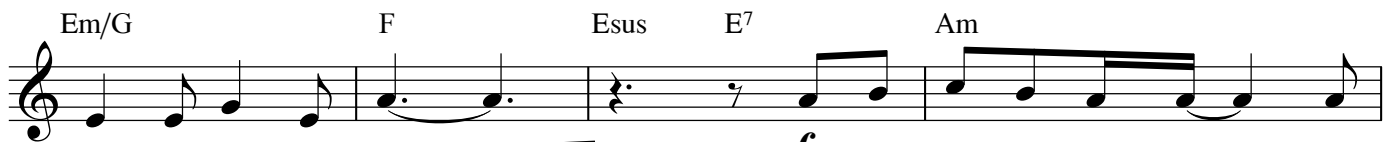
Michael Herry



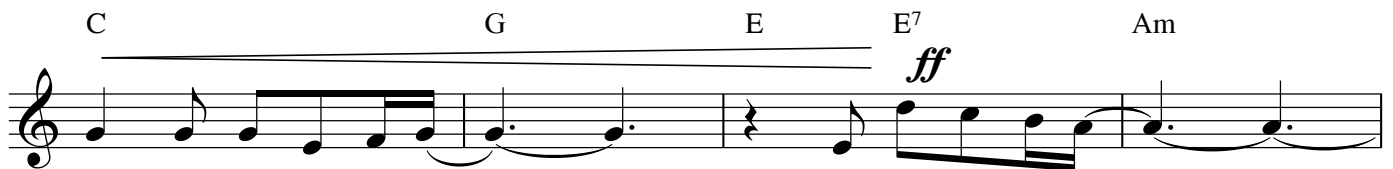
Near the gate of the town, moist-ened eyes saw a moth-er, one



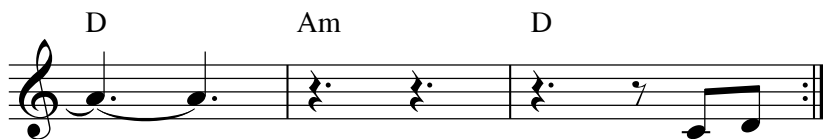
crushed in grief\_\_\_\_\_ She was mourn-ing the loss\_ of her



son, her on - ly son,\_\_\_\_\_ *f* 'Wo-man cease now your tears. Young

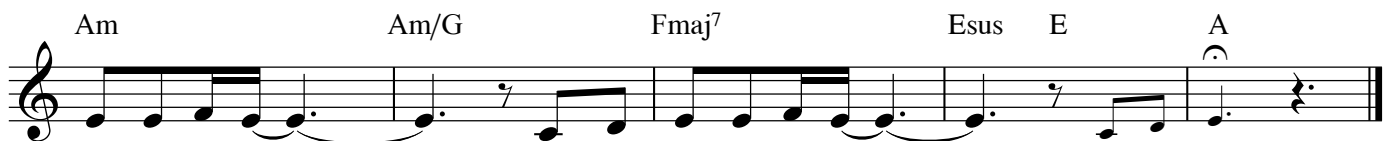


man, I tell you a- rise\_\_\_\_\_ I tell you a- rise\_\_\_\_\_



Near the

Coda



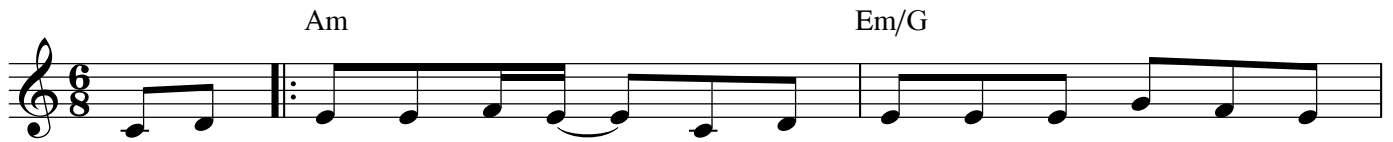
gate of the town,\_\_\_\_\_ Near the gate of the town,\_\_\_\_\_

# Near the gate of the town

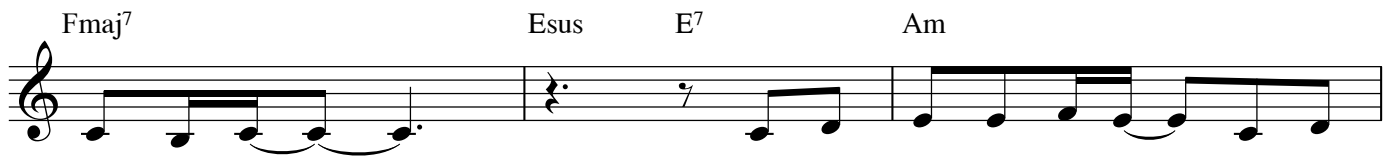
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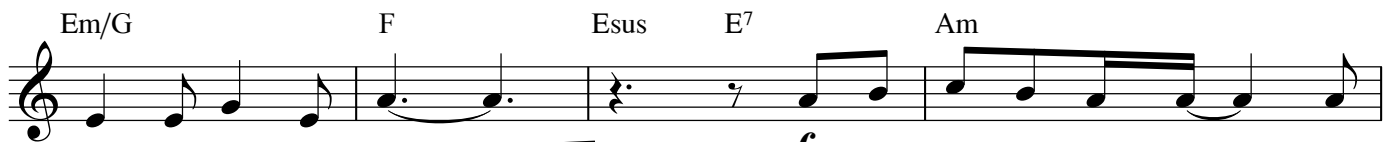
Michael Herry



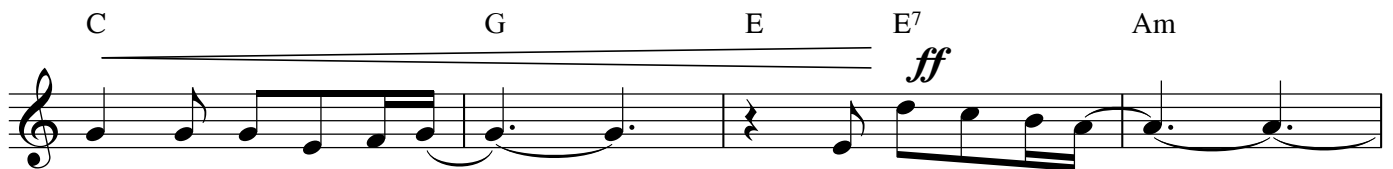
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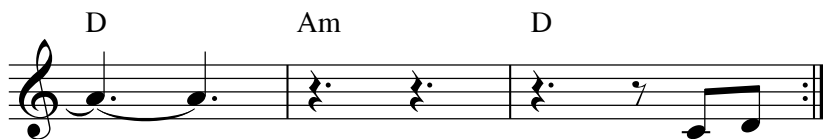
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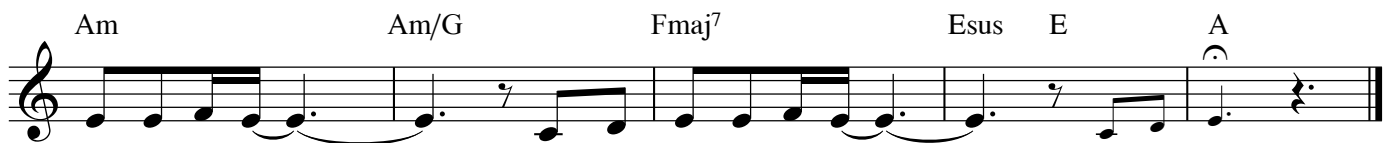


man, I tell you a- rise\_\_\_\_\_ I tell you a- rise\_\_\_\_\_



Near the

Coda



gate of the town,\_\_\_\_\_ Near the gate of the town,\_\_\_\_\_