

## Come, come, then glorious object of my sight

Come, come, then glor-ious ob-ject of my sight, O my Joy, my life, my on-ly de light! may this glad

7

min-ute be blest to e-ter - ni - ty. See how the glim-ring Ta-pers of the sky do gaze and won-der

13

at our con - stan - cy! how they crowd to be-hold what our Arms do en-fold! how all do en - vy our fe

18

li - ci-ty, and grudge the tri-umph of Sel-in - draseyes! how Cin - thiaseeks to shrowd her cresc-ent in yond

24

cloud, where sad night puts her sab - le man - tle on, thy light mis - tak - ing, hast-eth to be gone, her

30

gloom - y shades give way as at th'eapp-roach of day, and all the Plan - etsshrink for fear to be ecc-lips'd

36

by a bright-er De - i - ty. Look, O look how the pale lights do fall & a-dore what be-fore the Heav-ens have not

42

shown, nor their God - head known, such a faith, such a love, as may move\_\_\_\_\_

46

— might-y Jove from a-bove, to disc-end and re-main a-mong Mor - tals a- gain.\_\_\_\_\_