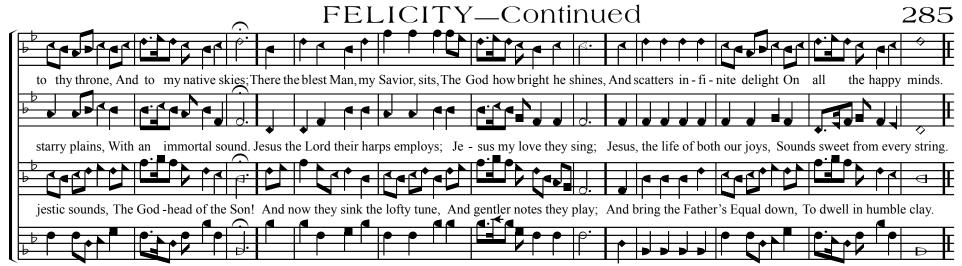


- 4. O sacred beauties of the man, (The God resides within:) His flesh all pure with-
- 5. Then all at once to living strains, They summon every chord; Tell how he triumph'd



out a stain; His soul without a sin. But when to Cal-va-ry they turn, Si-lent their harps abide; Suspended songs a moment mourn The God that lov'd and died. o'er his pains, And chant the rising Lord. Now let me mount and join their song, And be an angel too; My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue, Here's joyful work for you.