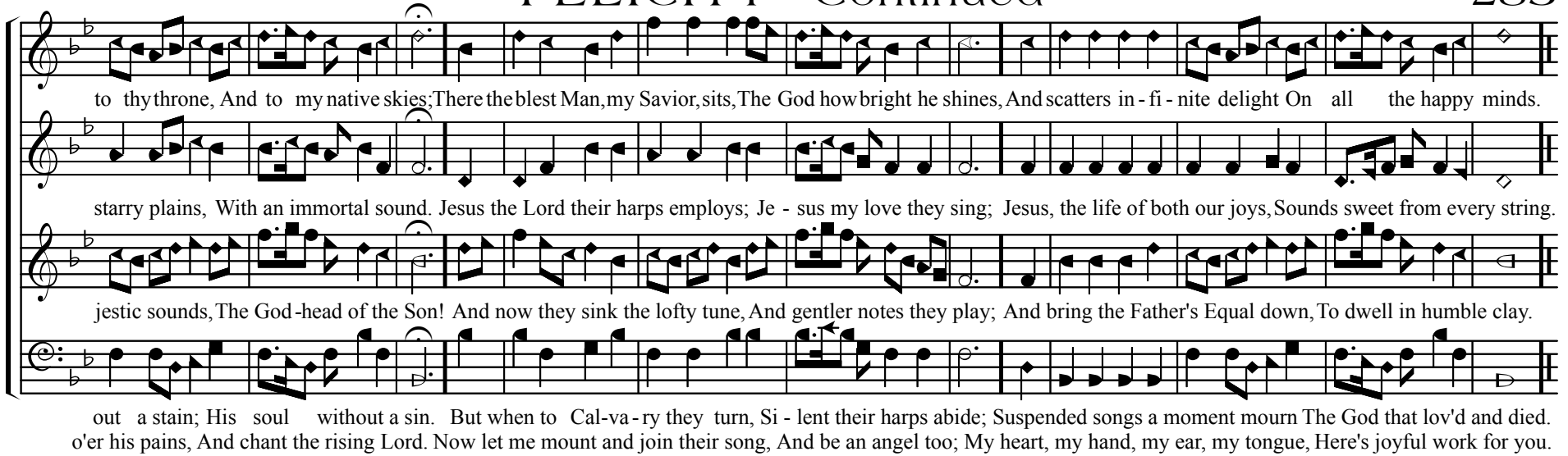


FELICITY—Continued

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to thy throne, And to my native skies; There the blest Man, my Savior, sits, The God how bright he shines, And scatters in - fi - nite delight On all the happy minds.

starry plains, With an immortal sound. Jesus the Lord their harps employs; Je - sus my love they sing; Jesus, the life of both our joys, Sounds sweet from every string.

jestic sounds, The God-head of the Son! And now they sink the lofty tune, And gentler notes they play; And bring the Father's Equal down, To dwell in humble clay.

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.