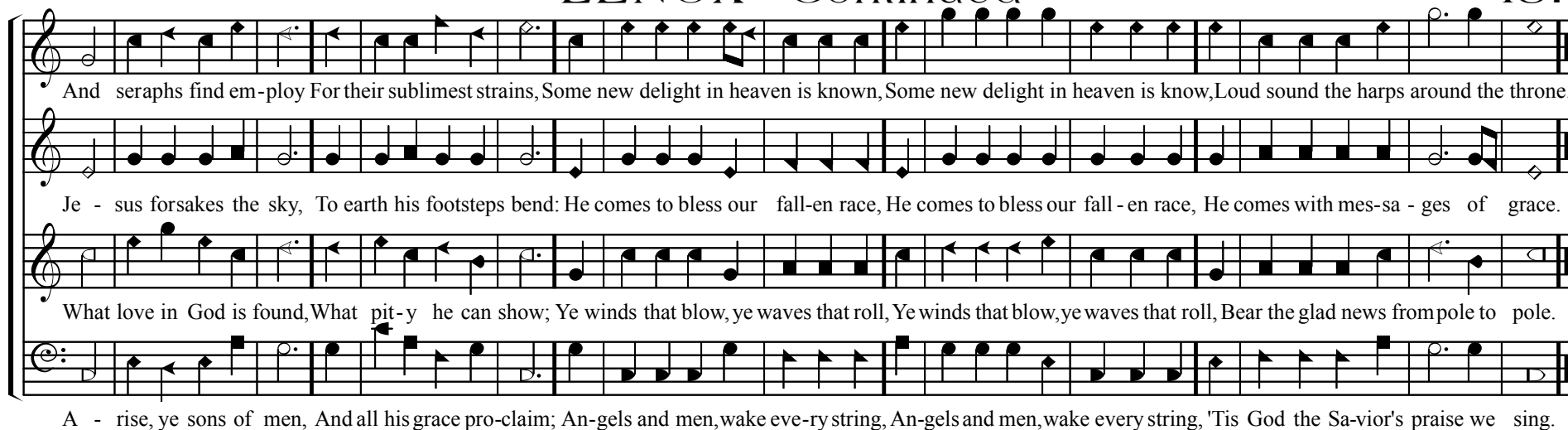


# LENOX—Continued

187



And seraphs find em-ploy For their sublimest strains, Some new delight in heaven is known, Some new delight in heaven is know, Loud sound the harps around the throne.

Je - sus forsakes the sky, To earth his footsteps bend: He comes to bless our fall-en race, He comes to bless our fall - en race, He comes with mes-sa - ges of grace.

What love in God is found, What pit-y he can show; Ye winds that blow, ye waves that roll, Ye winds that blow, ye waves that roll, Bear the glad news from pole to pole.

A - rise, ye sons of men, And all his grace pro-claim; An-gels and men, wake eve-ry string, An-gels and men, wake every string, 'Tis God the Sa-vior's praise we sing.