

TRIUMPH L.M.

James Leach

1. Lord, what a heav'n of sav - ing grace Shines through the beau - ties of thy face, And lights our pas - sions to a flame—Lord,
 2. When I can say, my God is mine, When I can feel thy glo - ries shine, I tread the world be - neath my feet, And

3. While such a scene of sa - cred joys Our rap - tured eyes and souls em-ploys, Here we could sit and gaze a - way A
 4. Well, we shall quick - ly pass the night, To the fair coasts of per - fect light; Then shall our joy - ful sen - ses rove O'er

5. There shall we drink full draughts of bliss, And pluck new life from heav'n - ly trees, Yet now and then, dear Lord, be - stow A

how we love thy charm - ing name.
 all that earth calls good or great.

long and ev - er - last - ing day.
 the dear ob - jects of our love.

drop of heav'n on worms be - low.