

- 3 But saints, undaunted and serene,
 Your eyes shall view the dreadful scene!
 Your Saviour lives, the worlds expire,
 And earth and skies dissolve in fire.
- 4 Jesus, the helpless sinner's friend,
 To thee my all I dare commend;
 Thou canst preserve my feeble soul,
 When lightnings blaze from pole to pole.

740

The glory of Christ in Heaven.

C. M.

- O** THE delights, the heavenly joys,
 The glories of the place
 Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
 Of his o'erflowing grace!
- 2 Sweet majesty and awful love
 Sit smiling on his brow,
 And all the glorious ranks above
 At humble distance bow.
- 3 Archangels sound his lofty praise
 Through ev'ry heav'nly street,
 And lay their highest honors down
 Submissive at his feet.
- 4 This is the man, th' exalted man
 Whom we unseen adore;
 But when our eyes behold his face,
 Our hearts shall love him more.
- 5 Lord how our souls are all on fire
 To see thy bless'd abode!
 Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise
 To our incarnate God.
- 6 And whilst our faith enjoys the sight
 We long to leave our clay,
 And wish thy fiery chariots, Lord,
 To bear our souls away.

748

Heaven.

P. M. 7s.

HIGH in yonder realms of light
 Dwell the raptur'd saints above,
 Far beyond our feeble sight,
 Happy in Immanuel's love!