

G Minor. Sarah Jones.

Lowry.

1. Bright scenes of glo - ry strike my sense, And all my pass - ions cap - ture, I live in plea - sures deep and full, In swelling waves of glo - ry,
E - ter - nal beauties round me shine, In - fu - sing war - mest rap - ture,

2. I feast on ho - ney, milk and wine, I drink per - pe - tual sweet - ness; No mor - tal tongue can show my joys, Nor can an an - gel tell them;
Mount Zi - on's o - dours cheer my mind, While Christ un - folds his glo - ry,

3. My cap - ti - va - ted spi - rits fly Thro' shi - ning worlds of beau - ty; And here I'll sing and swell the strains Of har - mo - ny, de - ligh - ted;
Dis - solv'd in blushes, loud I cry, In prai - ses loud and mighty,

I feel my Sav - ior in my soul, And groan to tell my sto - ry, I feel my Sav - ior in my soul, And groan to tell my sto - ry.
Ten thousand times sur - pas - sing all Ter - res - trial worlds or em - blems, Ten thousand times sur - pas - sing all Ter - res - trial worlds or em - blems.
And with the mil - lions learn the notes Of saints in Christ u - ni - ted, And with the mil - lions learn the notes Of saints in Christ u - ni - ted.

4. The bliss that rolls through heav'n above,
Through those in glory seated,
Which causes them loud songs to sing,
Ten thousand times repeated;

Goes through my soul in radiant flame,
Constraining loudest praises;
O'erwhelming all my pow'rs with joy,
While all within me blazes.