

# RHODE ISLAND. 8.8.6.

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C Minor. H. Moore.

Foster.

1. My God! thy bound-less love we praise: How bright on high its glo-ries blaze— How sweet - ly bloom be - low!  
 2. 'Tis Love that gilds the ver-nal ray— A - dorns the flow' - ry robe of May— Per - fumes the brea-thing gale:

3. But, in thy gos-pel, it ap - pears In sweet-er, fair - er char-ac - ters, And charms the rav - ish'd breast;  
 4. There smiles a kind pro - pi-tious God— There flows a dy - ing Sav-ior's blood, The pledge of sins for - giv'n:

It streams from thy e - ter - nal throne; Thro' heav'n its joys for - ev - er run, And o'er the earth they flow.  
 'Tis Love that loads the plen-teous plain, With blush-ing fruits and gold - en grain, And smiles o'er ev - 'ry vale.

There, Love im - mor - tal leaves the sky To wipe the droop - ing mourn-er's eye, And give the wea - ry rest.  
 There faith, bright che-rub, points the way To re-gions of e - ter - nal day, And o - pens all her heav'n.