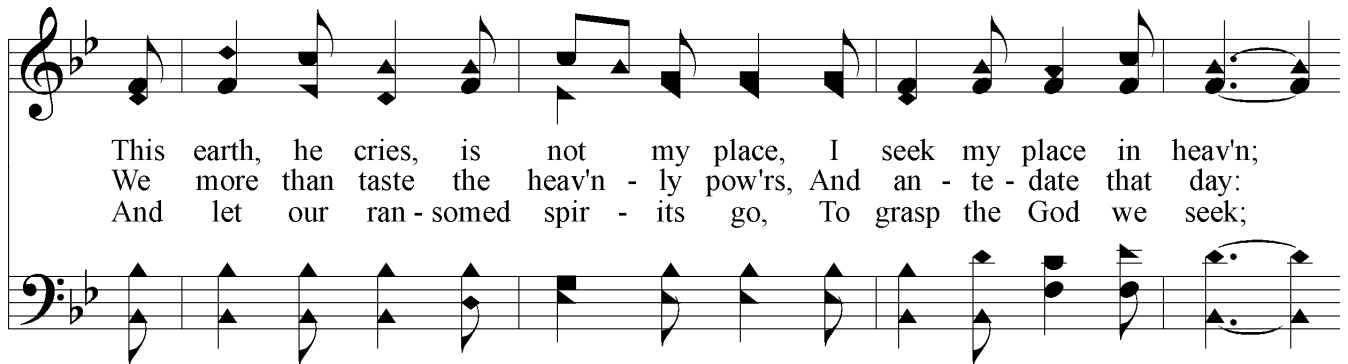


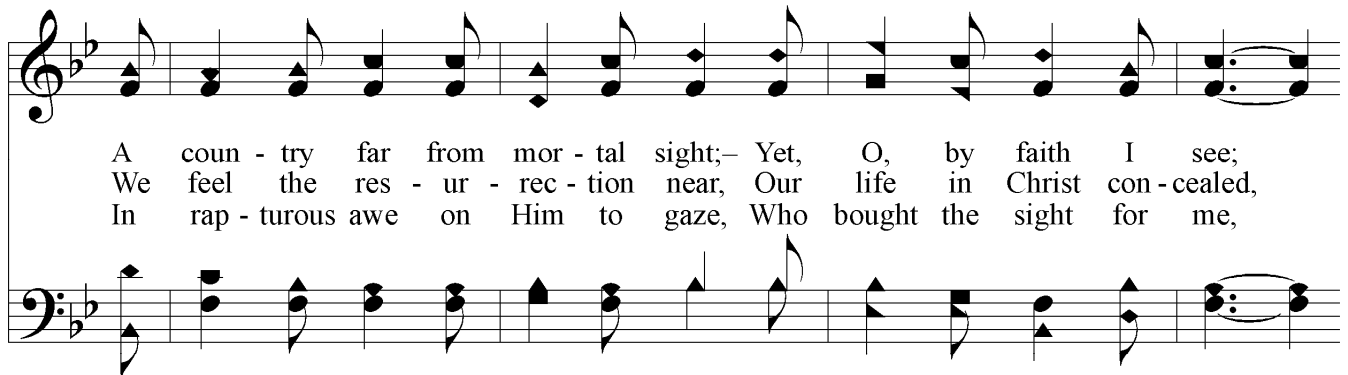
Hermon C. M.



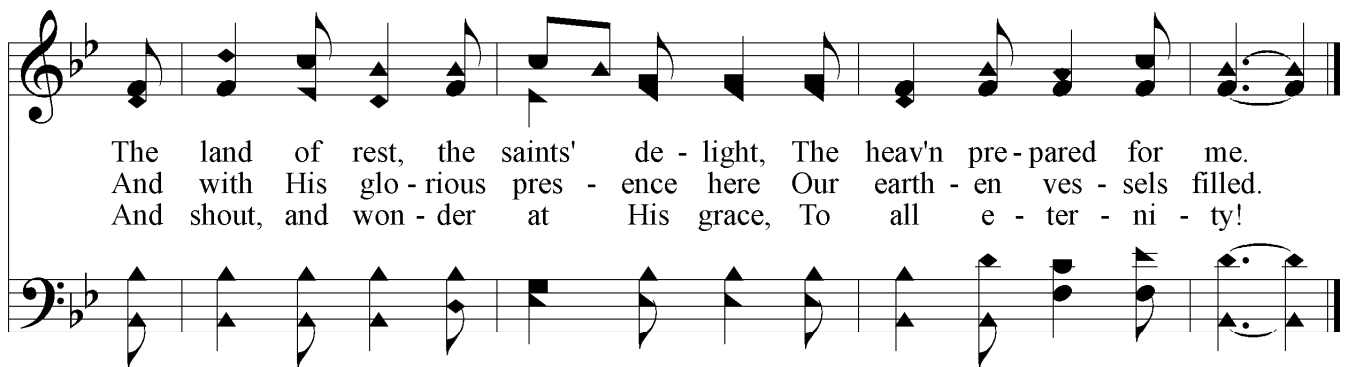
1. How hap - py ev - 'ry child of grace Who knows his sins for - giv'n;
2. O what a bless - ed hope is ours! While here on earth we stay,
3. O, would He more of heav'n be - stow, And let the ves - sels break,



This earth, he cries, is not my place, I seek my place in heav'n;
We more than taste the heav'n - ly pow'rs, And an - te - date that day:
And let our ran - somed spir - its go, To grasp the God we seek;



A coun - try far from mor - tal sight;— Yet, O, by faith I see;
We feel the res - ur - rec - tion near, Our life in Christ con - cealed,
In rap - turous awe on Him to gaze, Who bought the sight for me,



The land of rest, the saints' de - light, The heav'n pre - pared for me.
And with His glo - rious pres - ence here Our earth - en ves - sels filled.
And shout, and won - der at His grace, To all e - ter - ni - ty!