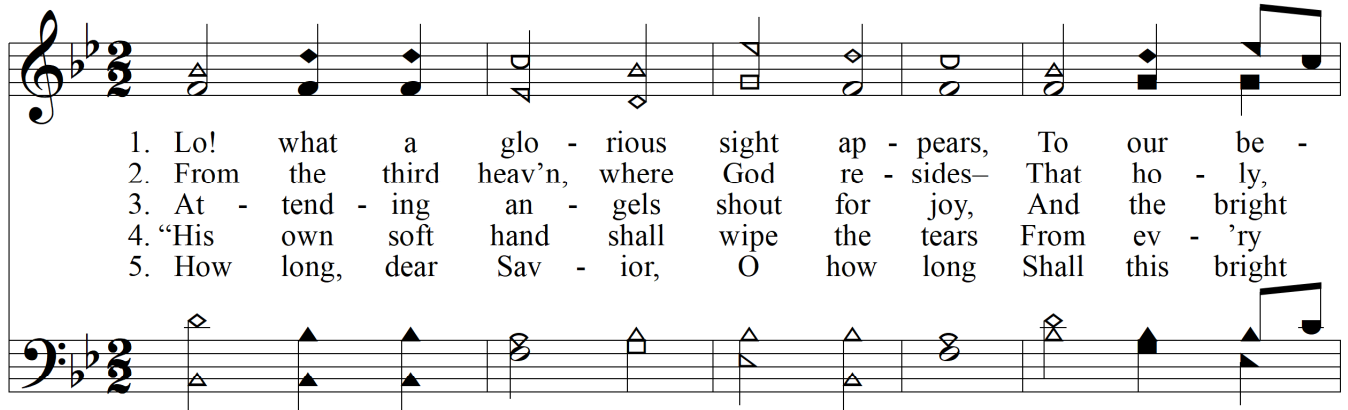
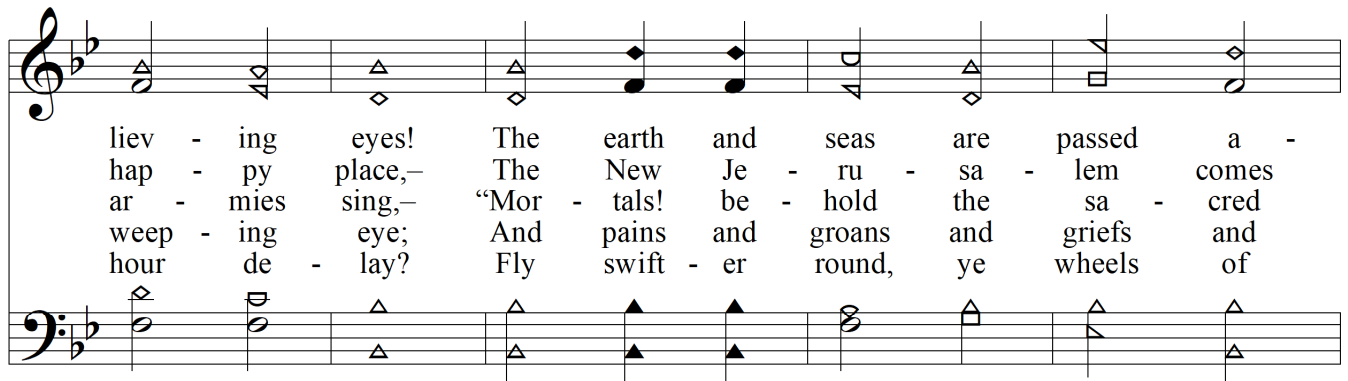


Lo! What A Glorious Sight Appears

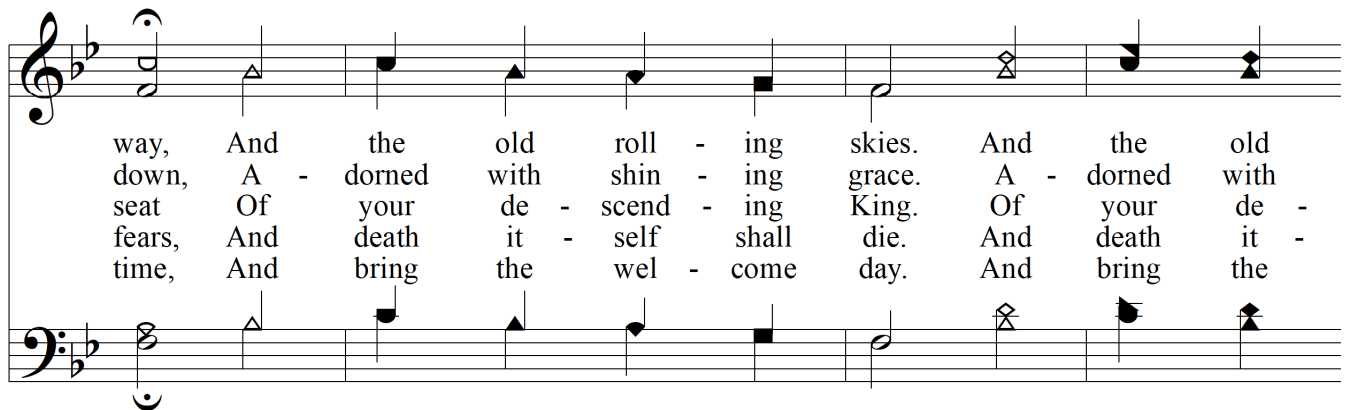
CAMBRIDGE C. M.



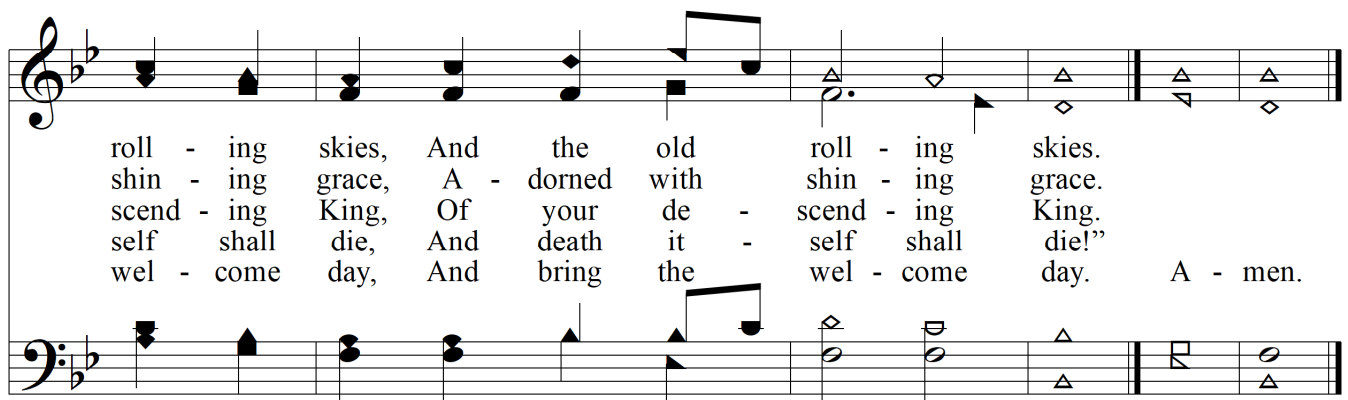
1. Lo! what a glo - rious sight ap - pears, To our be -
2. From the third heav'n, where God re - sides— That ho - ly,
3. At - tend - ing an - gels shout for joy, And the bright
4. "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears From ev - 'ry
5. How long, dear Sav - ior, O how long Shall this bright



liev - ing eyes! The earth and seas are passed a -
hap - py place,— The New Je - ru - sa - lem comes
ar - mies sing,— "Mor - tals! be - hold the sa - cred
weep - ing eye; And pains and groans and griefs and
hour de - lay? Fly swift - er round, ye wheels of



way, And the old roll - ing skies. And the old
down, A - dorned with shin - ing grace. A - dorned with
seat Of your de - scend - ing King. Of your de -
fears, And death it - self shall die. And death it -
time, And bring the wel - come day. And bring the



roll - ing skies, And the old roll - ing skies.
shin - ing grace, A - dorned with shin - ing grace.
scend - ing King, Of your de - scend - ing King.
self shall die, And death it - self shall die!"
wel - come day, And bring the wel - come day. A - men.

Words: Isaac Watts (1707)

Music: John Randall (1715-1799)