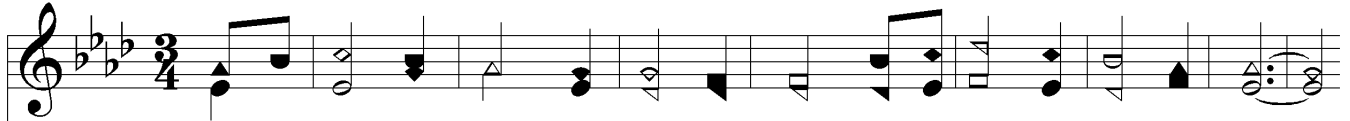
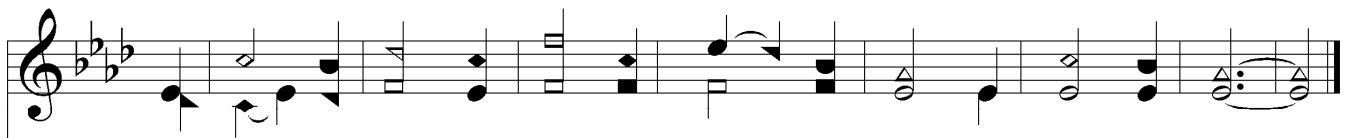


Majestic Sweetness



1. Ma - jes - tic sweet - ness sits en - throned Up - on the Sav - ior's brow;
2. No mor - tal can with Him com - pare A - mong the sons of men;
3. He saw me plunged in deep dis - tress, And flew to my re - lief;
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have;
5. Since from Thy boun - ty I re - ceive Such proofs of love di - vine,



His head with ra - diant glo - ries crowned, His lips with grace o'er - flow.
Fair - er is He than all the fair Who fill the heav'n - ly train.
For me He bore the shame - ful cross, And car - ried all my grief.
He makes me tri - umph o - ver death, And saves me from the grave.
Had I a thou - sand hearts to give, Lord, they should all be Thine.

