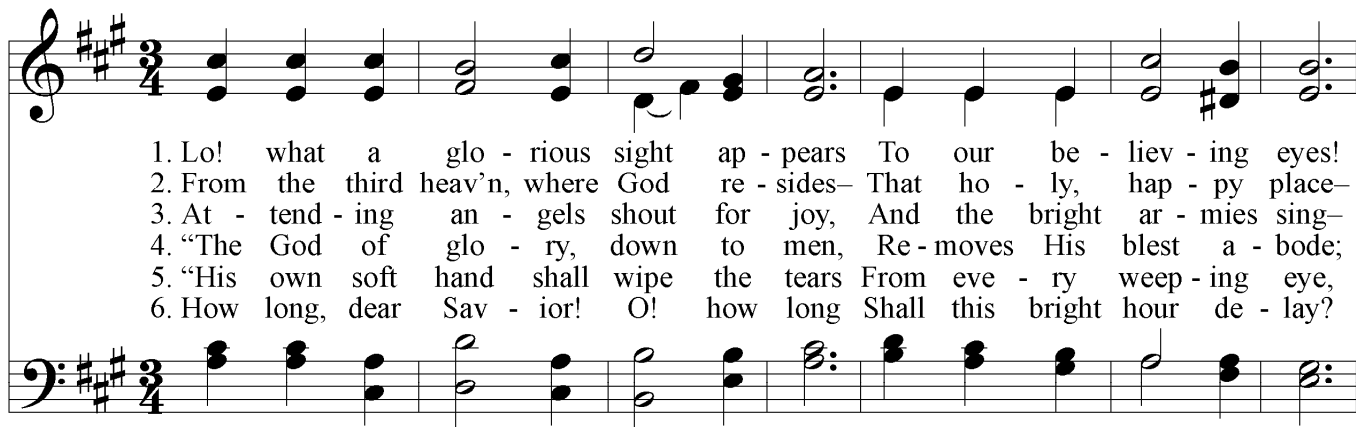
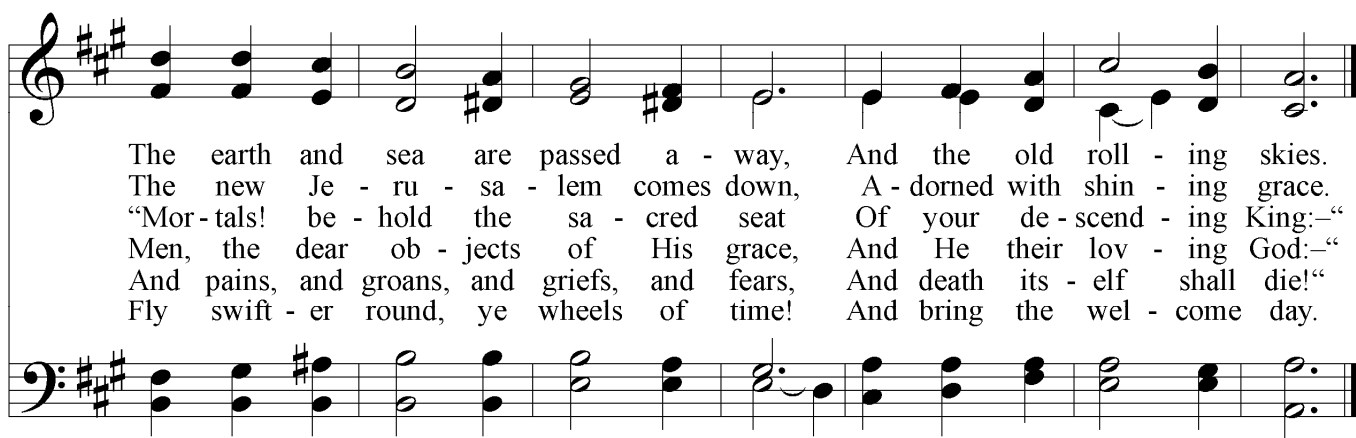


Lo! What A Glorious Sight



1. Lo! what a glo - rious sight ap - pears To our be - liev - ing eyes!
2. From the third heav'n, where God re - sides— That ho - ly, hap - py place—
3. At - tend - ing an - gels shout for joy, And the bright ar - mies sing—
4. “The God of glo - ry, down to men, Re - moves His blest a - bode;
5. “His own soft hand shall wipe the tears From eve - ry weep - ing eye,
6. How long, dear Sav - ior! O! how long Shall this bright hour de - lay?



The earth and sea are passed a - way, And the old roll - ing skies.
The new Je - ru - sa - lem comes down, A - dorned with shin - ing grace.
“Mor - tals! be - hold the sa - cred seat Of your de - scend - ing King:—“
Men, the dear ob - jects of His grace, And He their lov - ing God:—“
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears, And death its - elf shall die!—“
Fly swift - er round, ye wheels of time! And bring the wel - come day.