

PLEYEL'S SECOND C.M.

1. O joy-ful sound of gos-pel grace, Christ shall in me ap-pear; I, e-ven I shall see his face, I shall be ho-ly here.

2. The prom-ised land from Pis-gah's top, I now ex-ult to see; My hope is full (O glorious hope!) Of im-mor-tal-i-ty.

3. With me I know, I feel thou art, But this can-not suf-fice, Un-less thou pant-est in my heart A con-stant par-a-dise.

4. Come, oh my God! thy-self re-veal, Fill all this might-y void; Thou on-ly canst my spir-it fill—Come oh my God! my God!

The glo-rious crown of right-eous-ness, To me reach'd out I view; Conq'-ror thro' him, I soon shall seize, And wear it as my due.

He vis-its now this house of clay, He shakes his fu-ture home; O wouldst thou, Lord, in this glad day, In-to thy tem-ple come.

My earth thou wat-'rest from on high, But make it all a pool; Spring up, oh well, I ev-er cry, Spring up with-in my soul.

Ful-fill, ful-fill my large de-sires, Large as in-fin-i-ty; Give, give me all my soul re-quires, All, all that is in thee.