

ORTONVILLE C.M.

1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned, Up - on the Sa - vior's brow; His head with radiant glories crown'd, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow.

2. No mor - tal can with him compare, A - mong the sons of men; Fair - er is he than all the fair Who fill the heav'nly train, Who fill the heav'nly train.

3. He saw me plunged in deep distress, And flew to my re - lief; For me He bore the shameful cross, And car - ried all my grief, And car - ried all my grief.

4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me triumph o - ver death, And saves me from the grave, And saves me from the grave.