

WILTSHIRE C.M.

1. From thee, my God, my joys shall rise, And run e - ter-nal rounds, Beyond the limits of the skies, Beyond the lim-its of the skies, And all cre-a-ted bounds, And all cre - a - ted bounds.

2. The ho - ly tri-umphs of my soul Shall death itself out-brave, Leave dull mortality behind, Leave dull mor-ta-li - ty be-hind, And fly be-yond the grave, And fly be-yond the grave.

3. There, where my bless-ed Je - sus reigns In heav'n's unmeasured space, I'd spend a long eterni - ty, I'll spend a long e - ter-ni - ty, In pleas - ure and in praise, In pleas-ure and in praise.

4. Mil - lions of years my wan-d'ring eyes shall o'er thy beauties rove, And end-less ages I'll a-dore, And end-less a-ges I'll a - dore, The glo - ries of thy love, The glo-ries of thy love.