

# MOUNT PLEASANT C.M.

1. These glorious minds, how bright they shine! Whence all their white ar-ray? How came they to these hap-py seats Of everlasting day, Of ev-er-last-ing day.

2. From tor-turing pains to end-less joys, On fie-ry wheels they rode, And strangely wash'd their raiment white In Jesus' dying blood, In Je-sus' dy-ing blood.

3. Now they ap-proach a spot-less God. And bow be-fore his throne; Their warbling harps and sacred songs Adore the Holy One, A-dore the Ho-ly One.

4. The un-veil'd glo-ries of his face A-mong the saints re-side, While the rich treasures of his grace Sees all their wants supplied, Sees all their wants supplied.