



1. Thou sweet gli-ding Ked-ron, by thy sil-ver stream, Our Sa-vior at mid-night, when

2. How damp were the va-pors that fell on his head! How hard was his pil-low, how

3. Oh gar-den of O-li-vet! dear hon-or'd spot, The theme of thy won-ders shall

4. Come, saints, and a-dore him—come bow at his feet! Oh, give him the glo-ry, the

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moon-light's pale beam Shone bright on the wa-ters, would fre-quent-ly stray, And lose in thy mur-murs the toils of the day.

hum-ble his bed! The an-gels as-ton-ish'd grew sad at the sight, And fol-low'd their Mas-ter with sol-emn de-light.

ne'er be for-got— The theme most trans-port-ing to ser-aphs a-bove; The tri-umph of sor-row, the tri-umph of love.

praise that is meet! Let joy-ful ho-san-nas un-ceas-ing a-rise, And join the full cho-rus that glad-dens the skies.