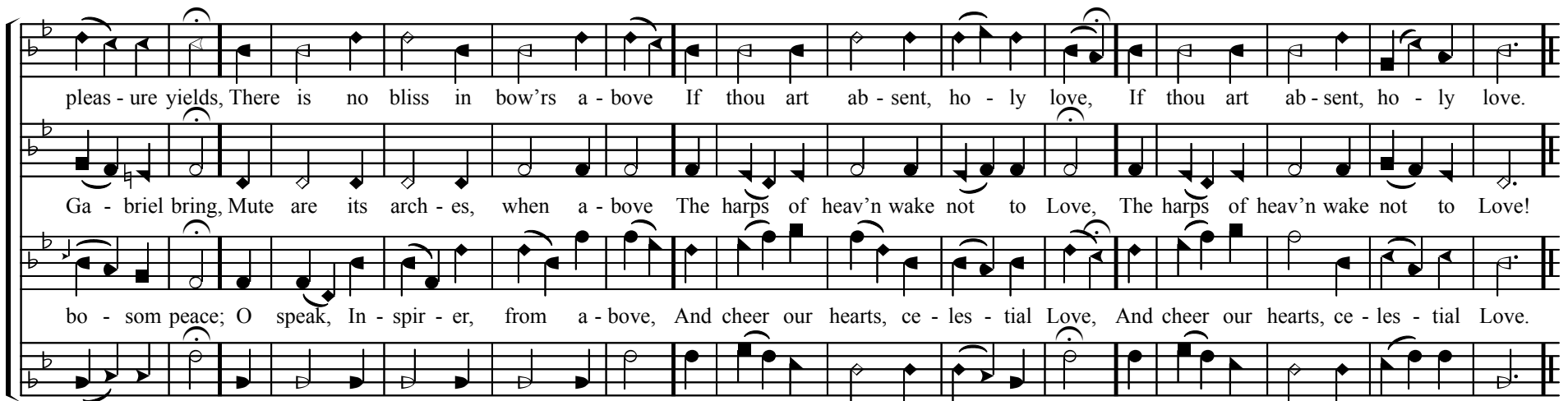


1. The ran-som'd spir - it to her home, The clime of cloud-less beau-ty flies;  
No more on storm-y seas to roam, She hails her ha-ven in theskies;

2. The cher-ub near the view-less throne Hath smote the harp with trembling hand;  
And One with in-cense-fire hath flown To touch with flame th'an-gel-ic band:

3. Earth, sea, and sky one lan-guage speak, In har - mo - ny that soothes the soul;  
'Tis heard when scarce the zeph-yrs wake, And when on thun-ders, thun-ders roll;



pleas - ure yields, There is no bliss in bow'rs a - bove If thou art ab - sent, ho - ly love, If thou art ab - sent, ho - ly love.

Ga - briel bring, Mute are its arch - es, when a - bove The harps of heav'n wake not to Love, The harps of heav'n wake not to Love!

bo - som peace; O speak, In - spir - er, from a - bove, And cheer our hearts, ce - les - tial Love, And cheer our hearts, ce - les - tial Love.