

1. Oh for a sweet, in - spir - ing ray, To an - i - mate our feeble strains, From the bright realms of end - less day, The blissful realms where Je - sus reigns.

2. There low be - fore the glorious throne, A - do - ring saints and an - gels fall! And with de - light - ful worship own, His smile their bliss, their heav' n, their all.

3. Im - mor - tal glo - ries crown his head, While tune - ful hal - le - lu - jahs rise, And love, and joy, and triumph spread, Thro' all th' assem - blies of the skies.

4. He smiles, and se - raphs tune their songs, to boundless rapture while they gaze; Ten thousand thousand joy - ful tongues Re - sound his ev - er - lasting praise.