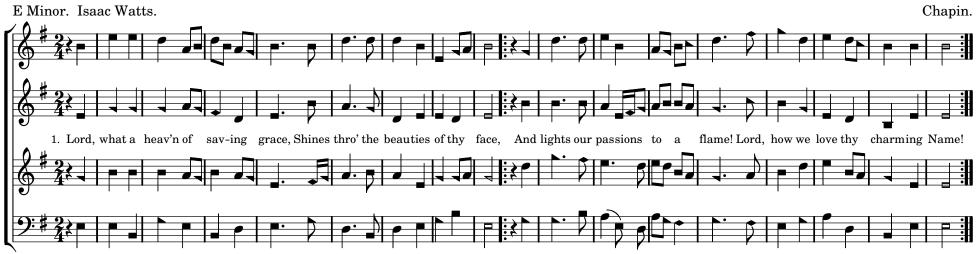
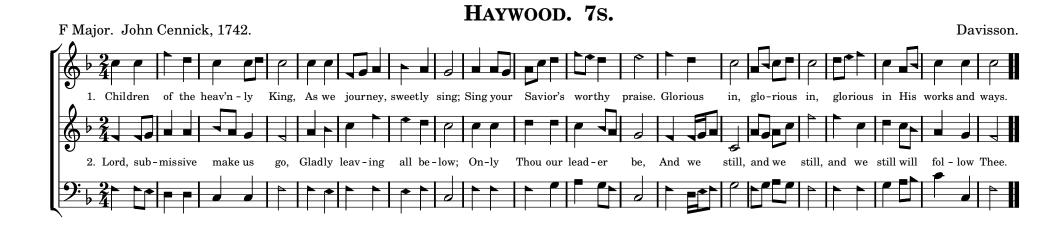
VERNON. L.M.



When I can say, my God is mine, When I can feel thy glories shine, I tread the world beneath my feet, And all that earth calls good or great.
While such a scene of sacred joys Our raptur'd eyes and souls employs, Here we could sit, and gaze away A long, an everlasting day.
Well, we shall quickly pass the night To the fair coasts of perfect light; Then shall our joyful senses rove O'er the dear object of our love.



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