

MOUNT OLIVE. L.M.D.

G Major. Isaac Watts.

1. The King of saints, how fair his face, A - dorn'd with maj-es - ty and grace! He comes with blessings from a - bove, And

2. He forms her beau - ties like his own; He calls and seats her near his throne: Fair stranger, let thine heart for - get The

3. O hap - py hour, when thou shalt rise To his fair pal - ace in the skies, And all thy sons, a num'rous train, Each

wins the na - tions to his love.

1. The queen ar -

2. In thee, the

3. Let ev - 'ry

i - dols of thy na - tive state.

1. At his right hand our eyes be - hold The

2. So shall the King the more re - joice In

3. Let end - less ho - nors crown his head; Let

like a prince in glo - ry reign!

1. At his right hand our eyes be - hold At his right hand our eyes be - hold The

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3. Let end - less ho - nors crown his head; Let end - less ho - nors crown his head; Let

MOUNT OLIVE. Concluded.

143A

ray'd in pur - est gold; The world ad - mires her heav'n-ly dress, Her robe of joy and right-eous - ness; The
 fa - v'rite of his choice; Let him be lov'd, and yet a-dor'd, For he's thy Mak - er and thy Lord; In
 age his praise - es spread; While we with cheer - ful songs ap-prove The con - de - scen - sions of his love. Let

queen ar - ray'd in put - est gold; The world ad - mires her heav'n-ly dress, Her robe of joy and right-eousness;
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