

Mercer's Cluster

J. Robertson

1. Earth has en-grossed my love too long, 'Tis time I lift mine eyes Up-ward, dear Fa-ther, to Thy throne, And to my na-tive skies.
2. Ser-aphs, with el-e-e-vat-ed strains, Cir-cle the throne a-round, And move and charm the star-ry plains With an im-mor-tal sound.

3. Hark! how be-yond the nar-row bounds Of time and space they run, And ech-o in ma-jes-tic sounds The God-head of the Son!
4. O sa-cred beau-ties of the main, The God re-sides with-in: His flesh all pure, with-out a stain, His soul with-out a sin.

There the blest man, my Sav-ior sits, The God! how bright He shines! And scat-ters in-fi-nite de-lights On all the hap-py minds.
Je-sus, the Lord, their harps em-ploys: Je-sus, my love they sing! Je-sus the life of both our joys, Sounds sweet from ev-'ry string.

And now they sink the loft-y tune, And gent-ler notes they play; And bring the Fa-ther's e-equal down To dwell in hum-ble clay.
But when to Cal-va-ry they turn, Si-lent their harps a-bide, Sus-pend-ed songs, a mo-ment mourn The God that loved and died.