

TRANQUILITY. 7s.

1. High in yon-der realms of light Dwell the rap-tured saints a - bove; Far be - yond our fee - ble sight, Hap - py in Im-man-u'l's love.

2. Oft the big un - bid - den tear, Steal - ing down the fur - rowed cheek, Told in el - o - quence sin - cere, Tales of woe they could not speak;

3. Mid the cho - rus of the skies, Mid th'an - gel - ic lyres a - bove, Hark! their songs me - lo - d'ous rise, Songs of praise to Je - sus' love.

Once they knew, like us be - low, Pil - grims in this vale of tears, Tor - t'ring pain and heav - y woe, Gloom - y doubts, dis - tress - ing fears.

But these days of weep - ing o'er, Passed this scene of toil and pain, They shall feel dis - tress no more, Nev - er, nev - er weep a - gain.

Hap - py spir - its, ye are fled Where no grief can en - trance find; Lulled to rest the ach - ing head, Soothed the an - guish of the mind.