

# COVENTRY. C.M.

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1. Oh, could our thoughts our wish - es fly A - bove these gloom - y shades, To those bright worlds a - bove the sky, Which sor - row ne'er in - vades.



2. There joys un - seen by mor - tal eyes, Or rea - son's fee - ble ray, In ev - er bloom - ing pros - pect rise, Ex - pos'd to no de - cay.



3. Lord, send a beam of light di - vine, To guide our up - ward aim; With one re - viv - ing look of Thine Our lan - guid hearts in - flame!

