

NEW HAVEN. C.M. 8 lines.

433

Giardini

1. How hap - py ev - 'ry child of grace, Who knows his sins for - giv'n! "This earth," he cries, "is not my place, I
D.S. The land of rest, the saints' de - light, The

2. O what a bless - ed hope is ours! While here on earth we stay, We more than taste the heav'n - ly pow'rs, And
D.S. And with His glo - rious pres - ence here, Our

3. Oh, would He more of heav'n be - stow, And let the ves - sels break; And let our ran - somed spir - its go, To
D.S. And shout and won - der at His grace, To

Fine seek my place in heav'n: A coun - try far from mor - tal sight, Yet O! by faith I see,
 heav'n pre - pared for me." *D.S.*

an - te - date that day; We feel the res - ur - rec - tion near, Our life in Christ con - cealed,
 earth - en ves - sels filled.

grasp the God we seek! In rap - t'rous awe on Him to gaze, Who bought the sight for me;
 all e - ter - ni - ty.