

BARTHOLDAY. L.M.

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Philip Doddridge

Arr. from Mendelssohn

1. All - glo - rious God, what hymns of praise Shall our trans - port - ed voi - ces raise?
 2. Once we were fall'n, and oh how low — Just on the brink of end - less woe,
 3. Scat - tered the shades of death and night, And spread a - round His heav'n - ly light;
 4. He shows be - yond these mor - tal shores, A bright in - her - i - tance as ours,

What ar - dent love and zeal are due, While heav'n stands o - pen to our view!
 When Je - sus from the realms a - bove, Borne on the wings of bound - less love,
 By Him what won - drous grace is shown To souls im - pov - 'rished and un - done!
 Where saints in light our com - ing wait, To share their ho - ly, hap - py state.