

# Bliss. C.M.D.

D Major.

Supply Belcher, 1794.

1. My thot's sur - mount these lo-wer skies, And look with-in the veil; There springs of endless plea-sure rise, The wa-ters ne-ver fail:  
 2. His pro-mise stands for - ev-er firm, His grace shall ne'er de - part; He binds my name u - pon his arm, And seals it on his heart.

*Maestoso.*

There I behold with sweet de-light, The blessed three in one, And strong affections fix my sight, On God's e - ter - nal Son. Son.  
 I would not be a stranger still To that ce - les - tial place, Where I forev - er hope to dwell Near my Re - dee - mer's face. face.