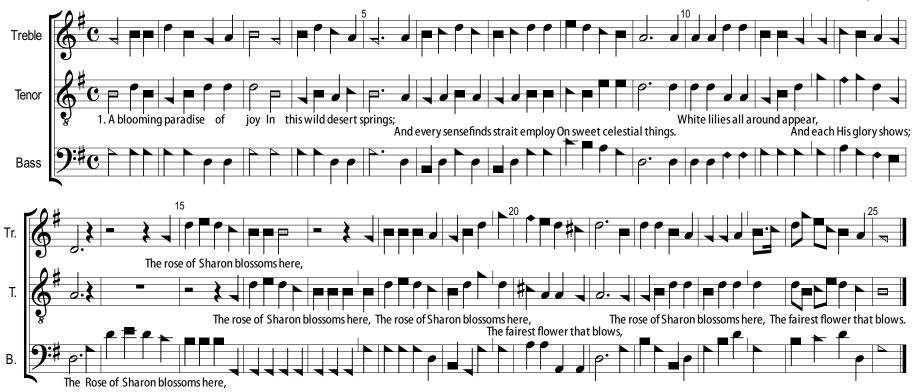
Mantua

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G Major Oliver Holden, 1800



2. Glory to God that walks the sky, And sends his blessings through; That tells his saints of joys on high, And gives a taste below.

Glory to God that stoops his throne That dust and worms may see And brings a glimpse of glory down Around his sacred feet. 3. When Christ, with all his graces crowned, Sheds his kind beams abroad, 'Tis a young heav'n on earthly ground, And glory in the bud.

Cheerful I feast on heav'nly fruit, And drink the pleasures down; Pleasures that flow hard by the foot Of the eternal throne. 4. When shall the time, dear Jesus, when The shining day appear, That I shall leave those clouds of sin, And guilt and darkness here?

Up to the fields above the skies My hasty feet would go, There everlasting flowers arise, And joys unwith'ring grow.