

Tr.  5 10

1. Lord, how secure and blest are they Who feel the joys of pardoned sin! Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea, Their minds have heav'n and peace within.
2. How oft they look to heav'n - ly hills, Where groves of living pleasure grow! And longing hopes and cheerful smiles Sit un - dis - turbed up - on their brow.

T. 

B. 

Tr.  15 20

The day glides sweetly o'er their heads, Made up of in - no - cence and love; And soft and si - lent as the shades Their nightly minutes gently move.
They scorn to seek our golden toys, But spend the day and share the night In numbering o'er the richer joys That heav'n prepares for their delight.

T. 

B. 

Tr.  25 30

Quick as their thoughts their joys come on, But fly not half so swift a - way; Their souls are ever bright as noon, And calm as summer evenings be.
While wretched we, like worms and moles, Lie grov'ling in the dust be - low: Almighty grace, re - new our souls, And we'll as - pire to glory too.

T. 

B. 