My God, What Endless Pleasures Dwell

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: ST. FLAVIAN

| d - | d - t, - d - m - | r - r - d - d - |
My God, what endless pleasures dwell A-

| f - m - d - r - | m - - - - - m - |
bove at thy right hand! The

| m - f - s - m - | d - r - m - m - |
courts below, how amiable, Where

| r - d - d - t, - | d - - - - - |
all thy graces stand!

The other verses

2 The swallow near thy temple lies,
And chirps a cheerful note;
The lark mounts upward to thy skies,
And tunes her warbling throat:

3 And we, when in thy presence, Lord,
We shout with joyful tongues,
Or sitting round our Father's board,
We crown the feast with songs.

4 While Jesus shines with quickening grace,
We sing and mount on high;
But if a frown becloud his face,
We faint, and tire, and die.

5 Just as we see the lonesome dove
Bemoan her widow'd state,
Wandering she flies thro' all the grove,
And mourns her loving mate.

6 Just so our thoughts from thing to thing
In restless circles rove,
Just so we drop, and hang the wing,
When Jesus hides his love.

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