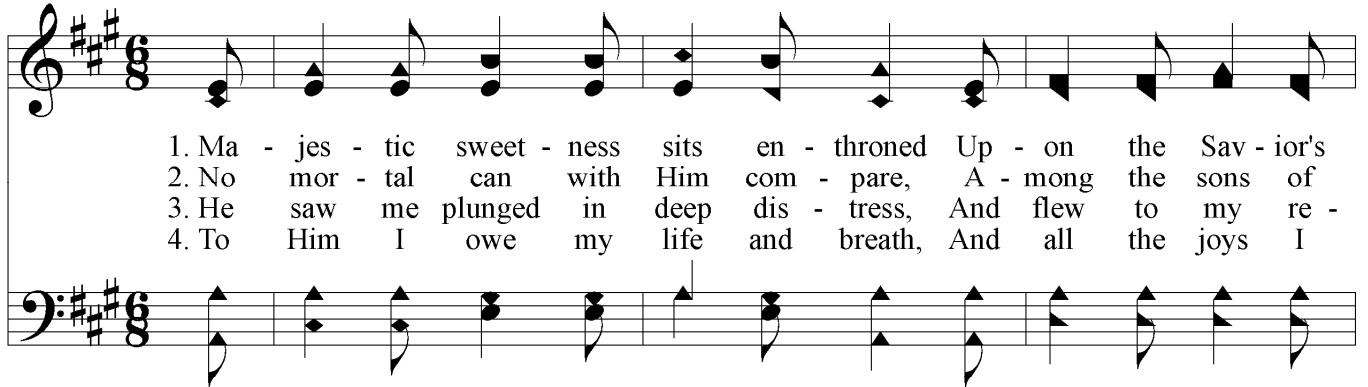
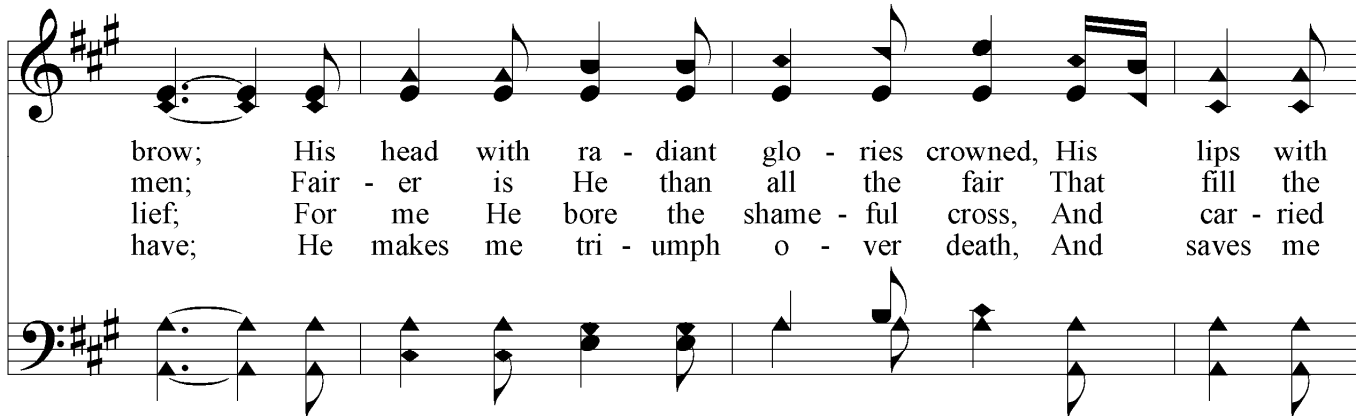


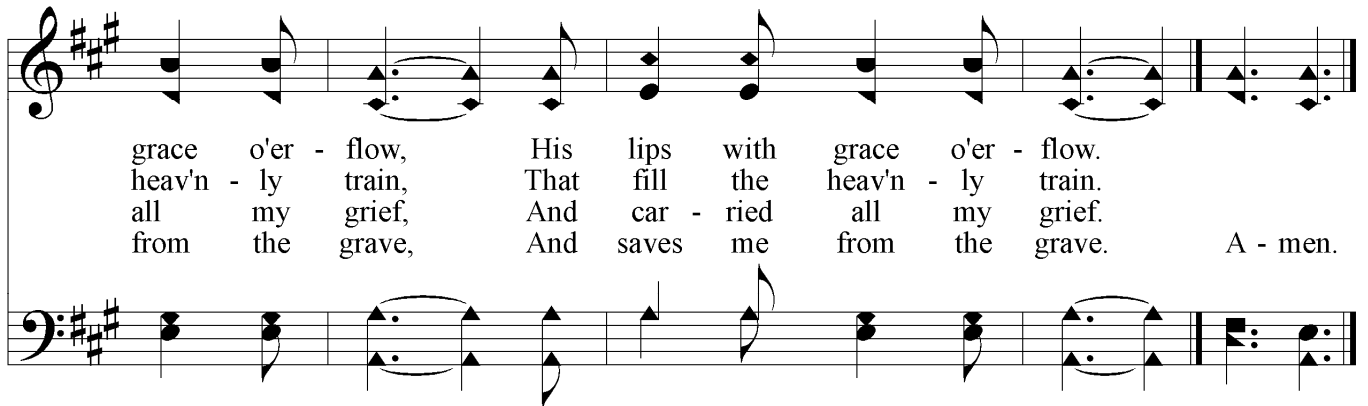
# Ortonville C. M.



1. Ma - jes - tic sweet - ness sits en - throned Up - on the Sav - ior's  
2. No mor - tal can with Him com - pare, A - mong the sons of  
3. He saw me plunged in deep dis - tress, And flew to my re -  
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I



brow; His head with ra - diant glo - ries crowned, His lips with  
men; Fair - er is He than all the fair That fill the  
lief; For me He bore the shame - ful cross, And car - ried  
have; He makes me tri - umph o - ver death, And saves me



grace o'er - flow, His lips with grace o'er - flow.  
heav'n - ly train, That fill the heav'n - ly train.  
all my grief, And car - ried all my grief.  
from the grave, And saves me from the grave. A - men.