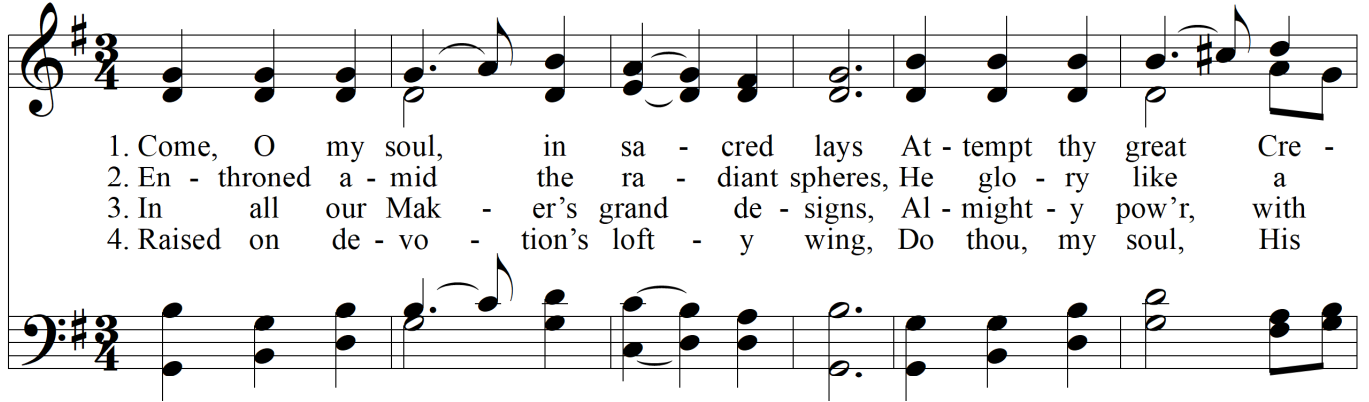
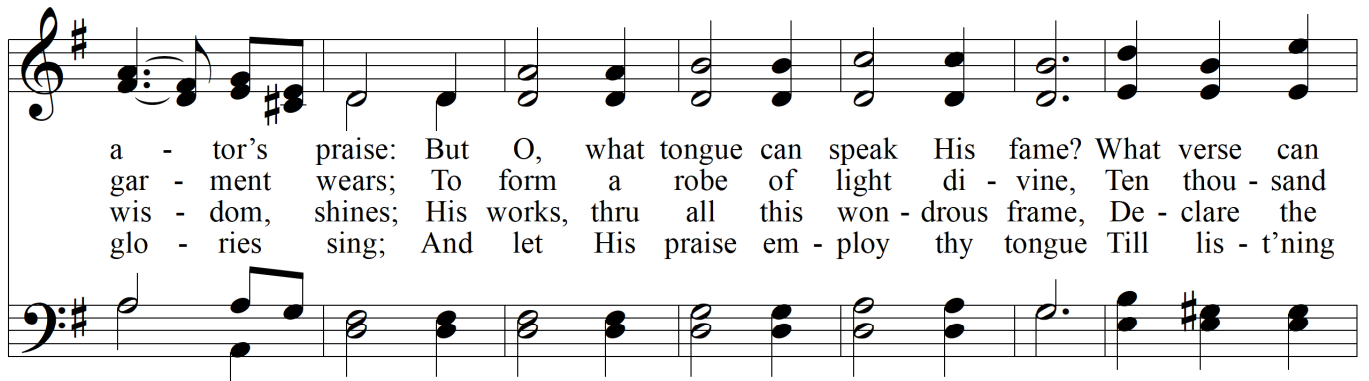


# Come, O My Soul, In Sacred Lays

PARK STREET L. M.



1. Come, O my soul, in sa - cred lays At - tempt thy great Cre -  
2. En - throned a - mid the ra - diant spheres, He glo - ry like a  
3. In all our Mak - er's grand de - signs, Al - might - y pow'r, with  
4. Raised on de - vo - tion's loft - y wing, Do thou, my soul, His



a - tor's praise: But O, what tongue can speak His fame? What verse can  
gar - ment wears; To form a robe of light di - vine, Ten thou - sand  
wis - dom, shines; His works, thru all this won - drous frame, De - clare the  
glo - ries sing; And let His praise em - ploy thy tongue Till lis - t'ning



reach the loft - y theme? What verse can reach the loft - y theme?  
suns a - round Him shine, Ten thou - sand suns a - round Him shine.  
glo - ry of His name, De - clare the glo - ry of His name.  
worlds shall join the song, Till list - 'ning worlds shall join the song. A - men.