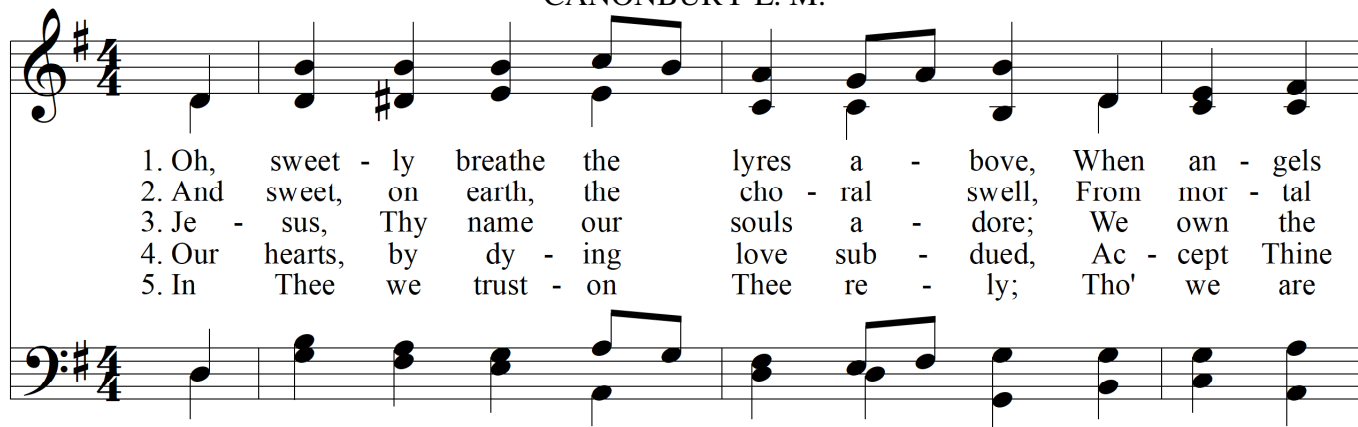
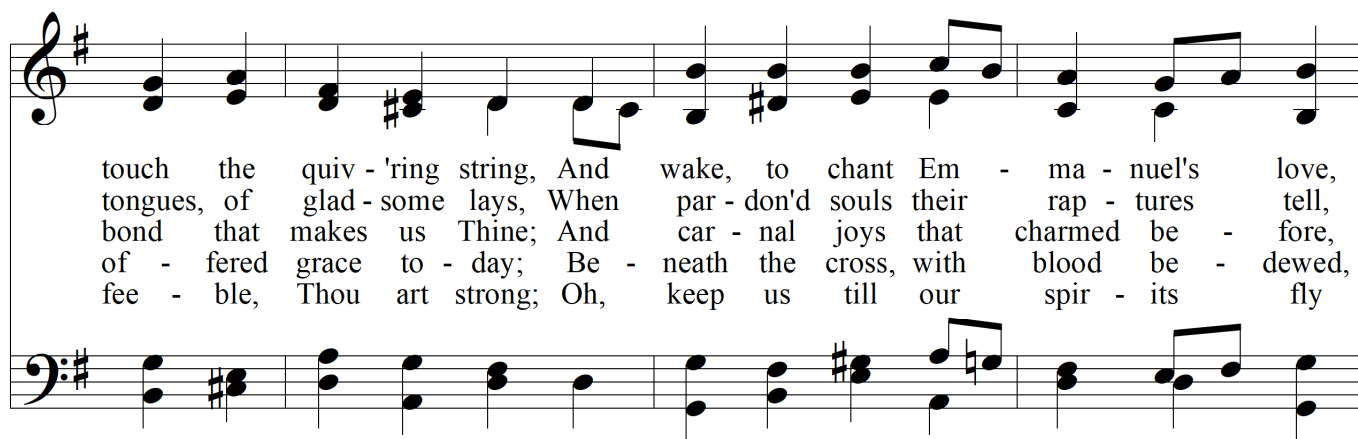


Oh, Sweetly Breathe The Lyres Above

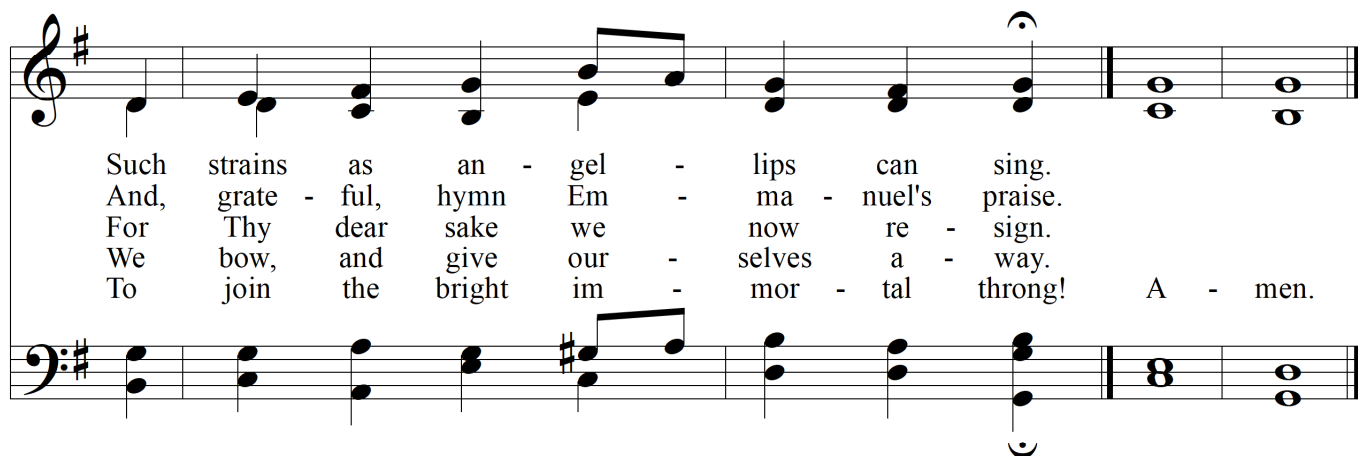
CANONBURY L. M.



1. Oh, sweet - ly breathe the lyres a - bove, When an - gels
2. And sweet, on earth, the cho - ral swell, From mor - tal
3. Je - sus, Thy name our souls a - dore; We own the
4. Our hearts, by dy - ing love sub - dued, Ac - cept Thine
5. In Thee we trust - on Thee re - ly; Tho' we are



touch the quiv - 'ring string, And wake, to chant Em - ma - nuel's love,
tongues, of glad - some lays, When par - don'd souls their rap - tures tell,
bond that makes us Thine; And car - nal joys that charmed be - fore,
of - fered grace to - day; Be - neath the cross, with blood be - dewed,
fee - ble, Thou art strong; Oh, keep us till our spir - its fly



Such strains as an - gel - lips can sing.
And, grate - ful, hymn Em - ma - nuel's praise.
For Thy dear sake we now re - sign.
We bow, and give our - selves a - way.
To join the bright im - mor - tal throng! A - men.