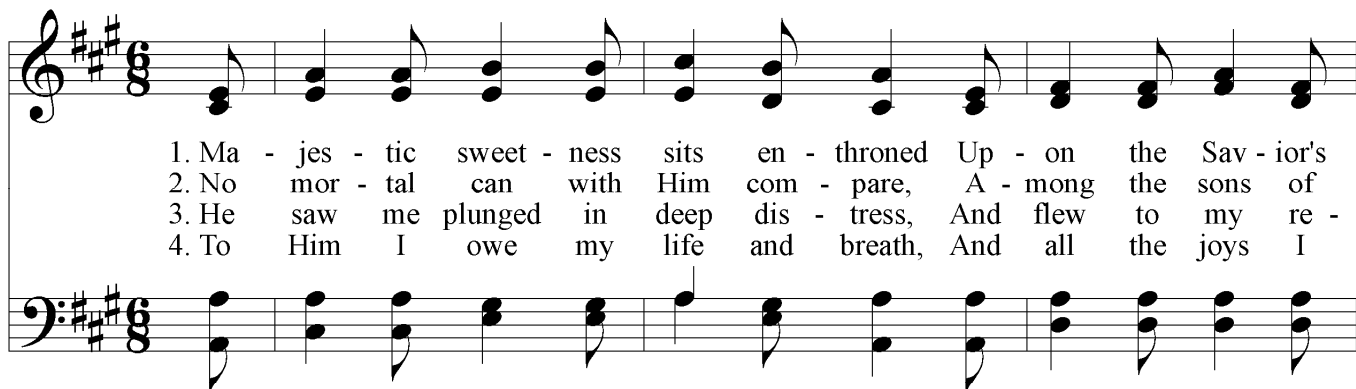
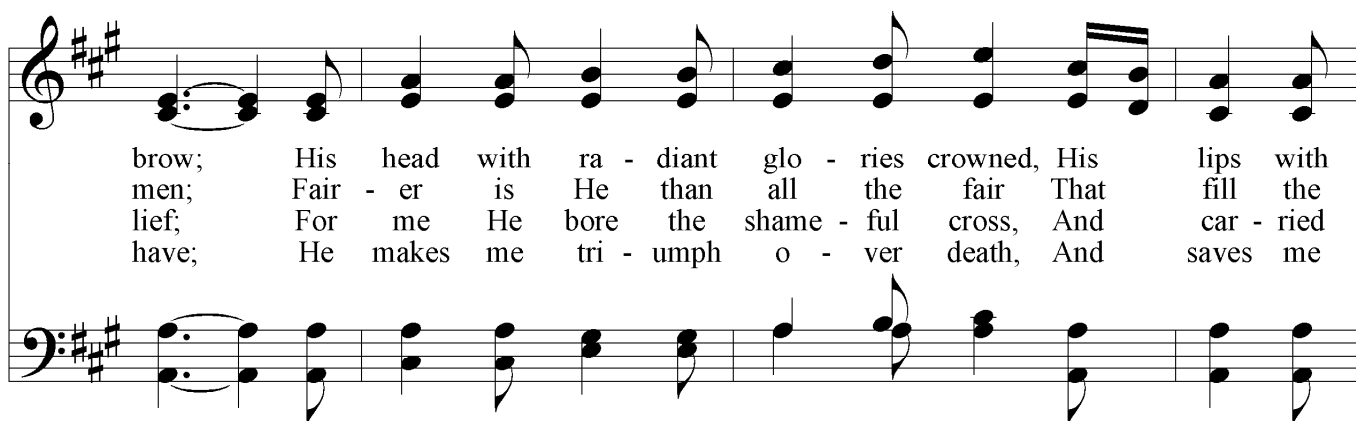


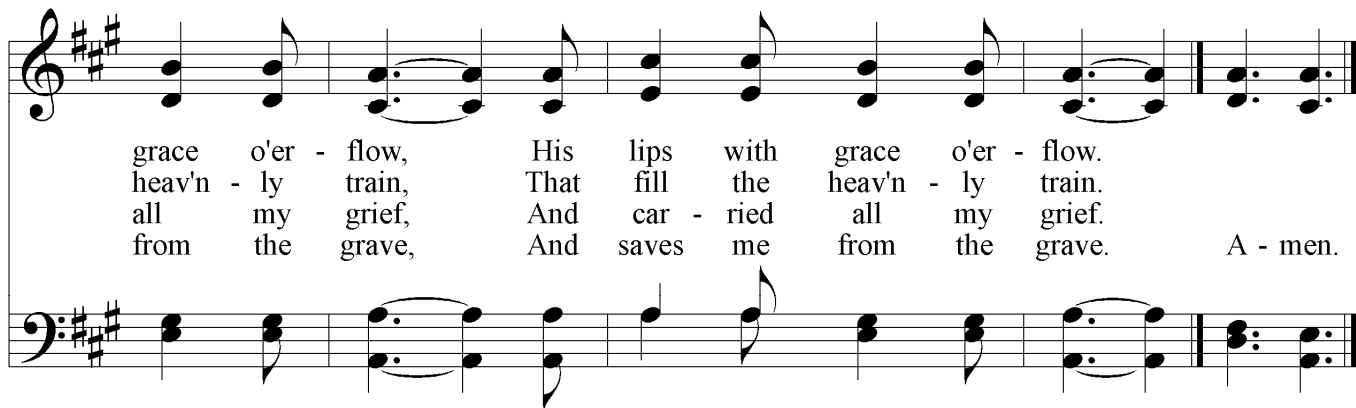
Ortonville C. M.



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.