

♩=70 Christ Dwells in Heaven, but Visits on Earth. Song. 6. 1 I. Watts

1 & 2 When mourn - ers stand and hear me tell What beaut - ies in my
 3 & 4 [In vine - yards, plant - ed by his hand, Where fruit - ful trees in
 5 & 6 [He takes my soul, ere I'm a - ware, And shows me where his

Sav - iour dwell, Where he is gone they fain would know, That
 or - der stand, He feeds a - mong the spic - y beds, Where
 glor - ies are; No char - iots of Am - min - a - dib The

they may seek and love him too. My best Be - lov - ed
 lil - ies show their spot - less heads.] He has en - grossed my
 heaven - ly rap - ture can de - scribe.] O may my spir - it

keeps his throne On hills of light, in worlds un - known; But
 warm - est love; No earth - ly charms my soul can move; I
 dai - ly rise On wings of faith a - bove the skies; Till

he de - scends and shows his face In the young gar - dens of his grace.
 have a man - sion in his heart, Nor death nor hell shall make us part.
 death shall make my last re - move, To dwell for ey - er with my Love.