

Edenvale

Henry Alline, 1786

886. 886.

Transcribed from *Harmonia Americana*, 1791.

A minor

Samuel Holyoke, 1791

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Tr. 1. Too mean this little globe for me, Nor will I e'er con - ten - ted be To feed on things so vain; Its greatest pleasures are but dross, Its

C. 2. But resting in my Savior's arms My soul enjoys transporting charms In ev - er - las - ting love; There's life, there's joy and solid peace; There's

3. Soar then my soul stretch every thought; To reach within the heavenly court; A - bove this mo - rtal orb; There let me with arch - an - gels rise; And

T. 4. There with an ev - er - las - ting band Of kindred saints at God's right hand My hap - py lot shall be; To soar, to shout, to reign, to rest For -

B.

10

Tr. 1. grandeur short, its pleasures cursed, Its joys all mixed with pain, Its joys all mixed with pain.

C. 2. friendship that can ne - ver cease, A rock that can - not move, A rock that can - not move.

3. find my seat a - bove the skies, Where sins no more dis - turb, Where sins no more dis - turb.

T. 4. -ev - er and for - ev - er blest, With thee, O God, with thee, With thee, O God, with thee.

B.

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Edited by B. C. Johnston, 2019

1. (I) replaced with (II) throughout.

2. Counter part written.



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