

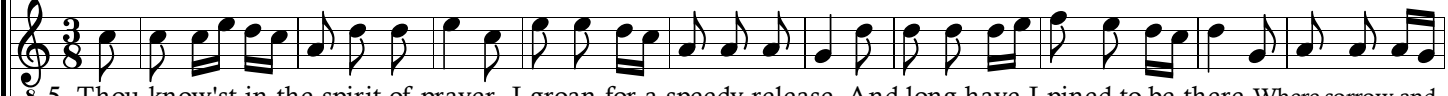



Franklin

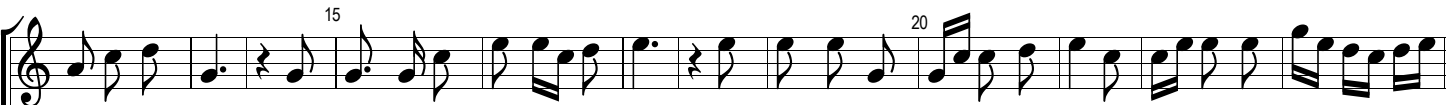
Transcribed from Swan's *New England Harmony*, 1801.


Tr. 
1. Ho-san-na to Jesus on high! A-no-ther is entered his rest, A-no-ther is 'scaped to the sky, And lodged in Im-
2. What fullness of rapture is there, While Jesus his glory displays, And purples the heavenly air, And scatters the


C. 
3. How hap-py the angels that fall, Transported at Je-su-s's name! The saints whom he soonest shall call To share in the
4. O Je-sus, if this be thy will That suddenly I should depart, Thy counsel of mercy re-veal, And whisper the


T. 
5. Thou know'st in the spirit of prayer I groan for a speedy release, And long have I pined to be there Where sorrow and
6. Come thento my rescue (I pray For this, and for nothing beside) Make ready, and bear me away, Thy weary dis-

B. 

Tr. 
1. -ma-nu-el's breast: The soul of a sis-ter is gone To heighten the triumph a-bove, Ex-al- ted to Je - sus - 's
2. o-dors of grace! He looks, and his servants in light, The blessing in-ef-fa-ble meet! He smiles, and they faint at the

C. 
3. feast of the Lamb! No longer imprisoned in clay, Who next from his dungeon shall fly, Who first shall be summoned a-
4. call to my heart: O give me a sig-nal to know If soon thou would have me re-move, And leave the dull bo-dy be-

T. 
5. mi-se-ry cease: Where all the temptation is past, And loss and af-flic-tion is o'er, And anguish is en-ded at
6. -con-so-late bride: The days of my mousing and pain Cut short, and in pi-ty set free, And give me to rest, and to

B. 

Tr. 
1. throne, And clasped in the arms of his love.
2. sight, And fall o-ver-whelmed at his feet!

C. 
3. -way? My mer-ci-ful God — is it I?
4. -low, And fly to the re-gions of love.

T. 
5. last, And trou-ble and death are no more.
6. reign For ev-er, and ev-er in thee.

B. 