

# Hinsdale

Transcribed from *Harmonia Americana*, 1791.

5 10 15 1. 2.

1. Thou wilt reveal the paths of life, And raise me to thy throne;  
2. My spirit, Lord, thou wilt not leave Where souls departed are;  
3. When shall my feet arise and stand On heav'n's eternal hills?

Thy courts immortal plea-sure give, Thy pre - - sence joys unknown.  
Nor quit my body to the grave, To see \_\_\_\_\_ cor-rup-tion there.  
There sits the Son at God's right hand, And there \_\_\_\_\_ the Fa - ther smiles.

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3. When shall my feet arise and stand On heav'n's eternal hills? There sits the Son at God's right hand, There sits the Son at God's right hand, And there \_\_\_\_\_ the Fa - ther smiles. There