

Solid Pleasures

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Treble

Tenor

Bass

And mount and take us far above The reach of these inferior things.

1. Descend from heav'n, immortal Dove, Stoop down and take us on Thy wing; Beyond, beyond this lower sky, Up

And mount and take us far above The reach of these inferior things.

Tr.

T.

B.

where eternal ages roll, Where solid pleasures never die, And fruits immortal feast the soul. Where solid pleasures ne - ver die, And fruits immortal feast the soul.

2. O for a sight, a pleasing sight
Of our Almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Savior crowned with light,
Clothed in a body like our own.
Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall;
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.

3. O what amazing joys they feel.
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on every heav'nly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King!
When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow amongst them there,
And view thy face, and sing, and love?