

INFINITE DELIGHT. C.M.D.

"Who remembered us in our low estate: for his mercy endureth for ever." -- Ps. 136:23.

T. B. McGraw, 1959.

E Minor

1. O may our hum-ble spir-its stand A-mong them clothed in white. The low-est place at

2. Be-hold, what heav'n-ly proph-ets sang Is now at last ful-filled, That death should yield his

His right hand Is in-fi-nite de-light.

And won-der rise When Her joy-ful voice, And

an-cient reign And van-quish quite the field.

How will our joy and won-der rise When Let faith ex-alt her joy-ful voice, And

How will our joy and won-der rise. When

our re-tum-ing to King thus be-gin to sing,

Shall O bear us home-ward thy through the skies On love's tri-um-phant wing; sting? where, O death, thy sting?

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Shall O bear us home-ward thy through the skies On love's tri-um-phant wing; sting? where, O death, thy sting?

Shall O bear us home-ward thy through the skies On love's tri-um-phant wing! sting? wing! sting?

um-phant wing, Shall death, thy sting? O bear us home-ward thy

Shall O bear us home-ward thy through the skies now, On love's tri-um-phant wing! sting? wing! sting?

um-phant wing, Shall death, thy sting? O bear us home-ward thy