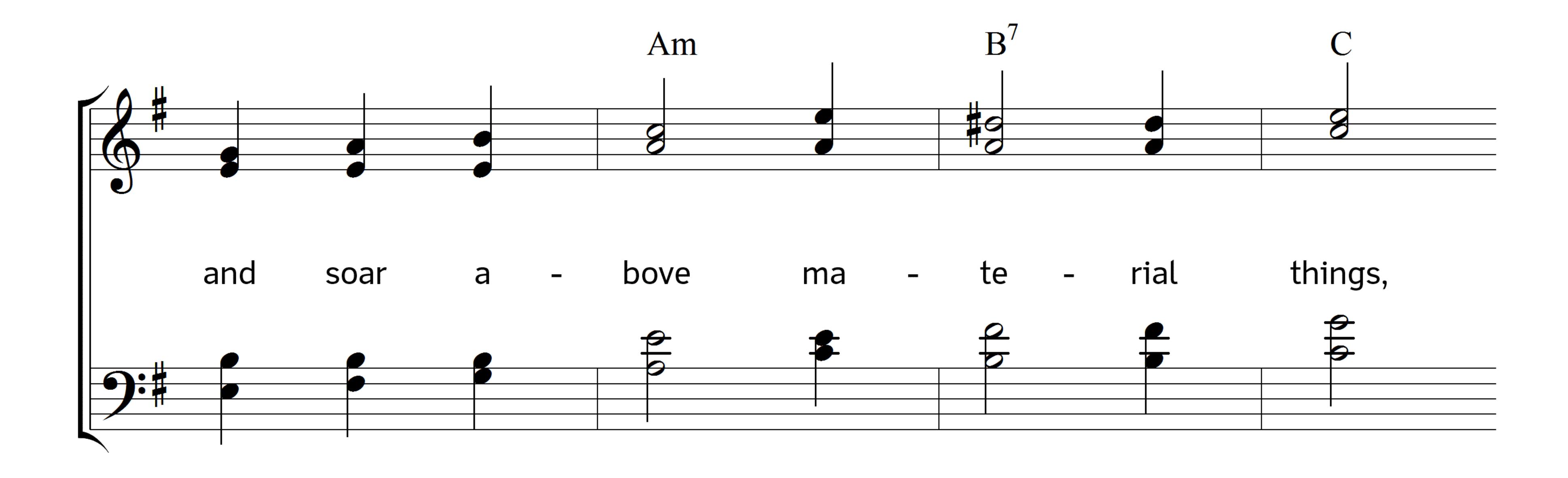
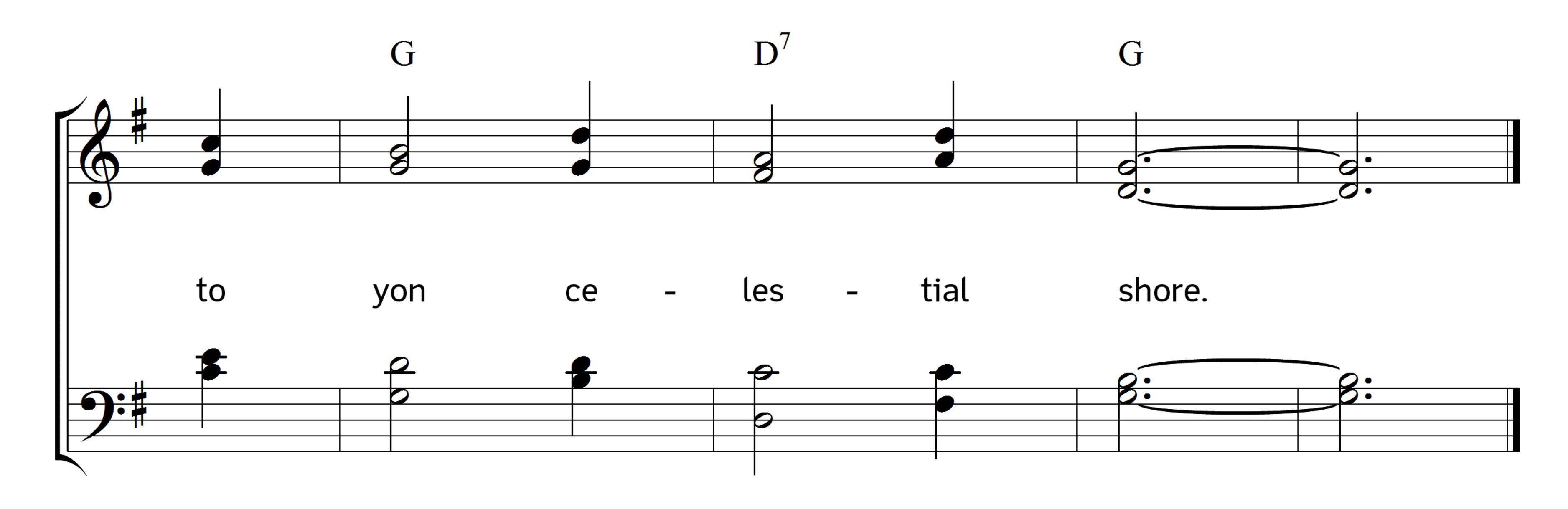
## WHEN A BELIEVER YIELDS HIS BREATH







- 2. No tongue can tell, no fancy paint, what transport fills th' enraptured saint, of paradise possessed; his wants abundantly supplied! his wishes fully satisfied! himself supremely blessed.
- 3. But what occasions so much joy? Or what can now his pow'rs employ, that yields him such delight? 'Tis Jesus on his heav'nly throne. who saved and claimed him for his own; what object half so bright?
- 4. How far is what he saw below, or all he had the pow'r to know, by what he sees, excelled! The clouds that interposed before obstruct his clearer view no more, and Jesus stands revealed.

- 5. But see! he joins the ransomed throng, and swells the grand triumphant song "of Moses and the Lamb"; JESUS, the object of their praise, the LORD, who deigned such worms to raise, th' unsearchable "I A M!"
- 6. O may we know the Saviour's grace, and then in heav'n behold his face, on wings angelic borne! For this let men our hope contemn! Well pleased we smile and pity them, and haste beyond their scorn.

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