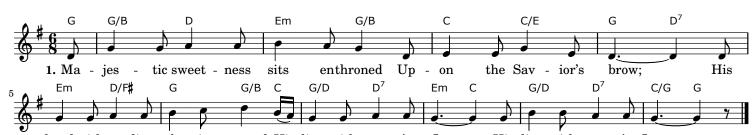
## Majestic sweetness sits enthroned

## Praise of the Lord — His Beauty

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- head with ra-diant glo-ries crowned, His lips with grace o'er-flow.
- His lips with grace o'er-flow.
- No mortal can with Him compare Among the sons of men;
  Fairer is He than all the fair That fill the heavenly train.
- 3. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me triumph over death, And saves me from the grave.
- 4. To God, the Father, my abode, He brings my weary feet; Shows me the glories of my God, And makes my joys complete.
- 5. Since from His bounty I receive Such proofs of love divine, Had I a thousand hearts to give, Lord, they should all be Thine.