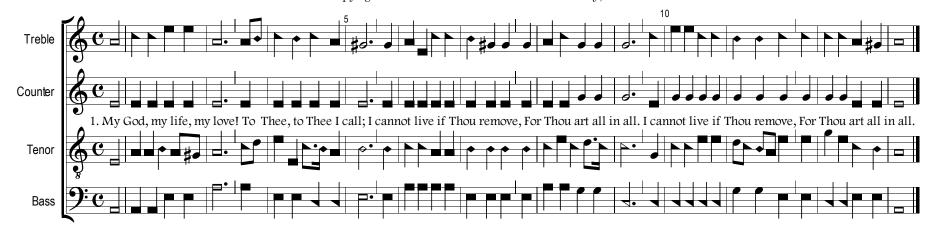
Medina

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A minor Oliver Holden, 1796



- 2. Thy shining grace can cheer This dungeon where I dwell: Tis paradise when thou art here; If thou depart, 'tis hell.
- 3. The smilings of thy face, How amiable they are! 'Tis heav'n to rest in thine embrace, And no where else but there.
- 4. To thee, and thee alone, The angels owe their bliss They sit around thy gracious throne, And dwell where Jesus is.
- 5. Not all the harps above Can make a heav'nly place, If God his residence remove, Or but conceal his face.
- 6. Nor earth, nor all the sky, Can one delight afford, No, not a drop of real joy, Without thy presence, Lord.
- 7. Thou art the sea of love Where all my pleasures roll, The circle where my passions move, And center of my soul.

8. To thee my spirits fly With infinite desire; And yet how far from thee I lie! Dear Jesus, raise me higher.