

Anne Steele, 1760
88. 88. (L. M.)

Bright Reversion

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C minor
Oliver Holden, 1800

Treble

Tenor

Bass

1. When conscious grief laments sincere, And pours the pen - i - ten - tial tear, Hope points to your dejected eyes The bright reversion in the skies, The

Tr.

T.

B.

15

20

The glorious friend that died for you,

bright re - ver - sion in the skies. There shall your eyes with rapture view That died to ransom, died to raise To crowns of joy and

25

Tr.

T.

B.

songs of praise, To crowns of joy, and songs of praise.

2. In vain the sons of wealth and pride
Despise your lot, your hopes deride:
In vain they boast their little stores,
Trifles are theirs, a kingdom yours.

A kingdom of immense delight,
Where health, and peace, and joy unite,
Where undecaying pleasures rise,
And every wish hath full supplies.

3. A kingdom which can ne'er decay,
While time sweeps earthly thrones a way ;
The state which power and truth sustain,
Unmoved forever must remain.

Ye humble souls, complain no more,
Let faith survey your future store;
How happy, how divinely blest,
The sacred words of truth attest.

4. Jesus, to thee I breathe my prayer,
Reveal, confirm my interest there:
Whatever my humble lot below,
This, this my soul desires to know.

O let me hear that voice divine
Pronounce the glorious blessing mine !
Enrolled among thy happy poor,
My largest wishes ask no more.