





Their off - rings round thy throme;

Lord, I would walk with hobly feet; Teach meethic a dae and nly aways, And may poorsometered the bughts write In God my Hatther's privaise.

Greatisthlymmery, analodymyntgungue Shall those sweet wuderderstell, How by thy gracery y iskikinspabul Roseffrom the despos belhell.





