

MOUNT PLEASANT C.M.

1. These glorious minds, how bright they shine! Whence all their white ar-ray? How came they to these hap-py seats Of everlasting day, Of ev - er - last - ing day.

2. From tor - turing pains to end-less joys, On fie - ry wheels they rode, And strangely wash'd their raiment white In Jesus' dying blood, In Je-sus' dy - ing blood.

3. Now they ap-proach a spot-less God. And bow be - fore his throne; Their warbling harps and sacred songs Adore the Holy One, A - dore the Ho - ly One.

4. The un - veil'd glo-ries of his face A-mong the saints re-side, While the rich treasures of his grace Sees all their wants supplied, Sees all their wants supplied.