

FIDUCIA C.M.

1. Fa-ther, I long, I faint to see The place of thine a - bode } Here I be - hold thy dis - tant face, And 'tis a pleas - ing sight;
 I'd leave these earth - ly courts and flee Up to thy seat, my God;

2. I'd part with all the joys of sense, to gaze up - on thy throne; } There all the heav'n - ly hosts are seen - In shi - ning ranks they move.
 Pleasure springs fresh for ev - er thence, Un - speak - a - ble, un - known!

But to a - bide in thy em-brace, Is in - fi - nite de - light.

And drink im - mor - tal vig - or in, With won - der and with love.