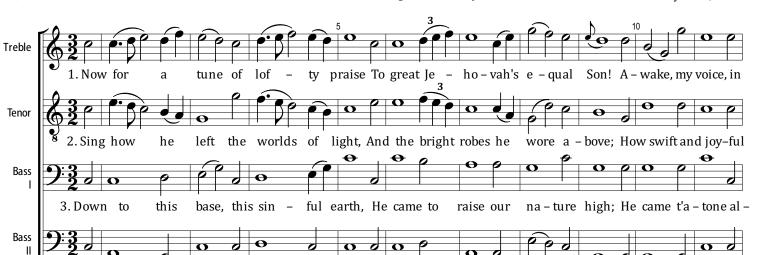
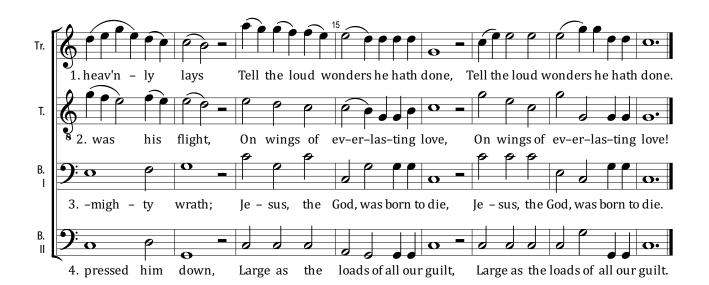
88. 88. (L. M.)

Transcribed from Swan's New England Harmony, 1801.





5. Deep in the shades of gloomy death Th'al-migh-ty Captive prisoner lay, Th' almighty Captive left the earth, And rose to everlasting day.

4. Hell and

its

li - ons roared

- 6. Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light, Up to his throne of shining grace; See what immortal glories sit Round the sweet beauties of his face!
- 7. Among a thousand harps and songs, Jesus, the God, exalted reigns; His sacred name fills all their tongues, And echoes through the heav'nly plains.

a - round, His pre-cious blood the monsters spilt; While weighty sorrows