
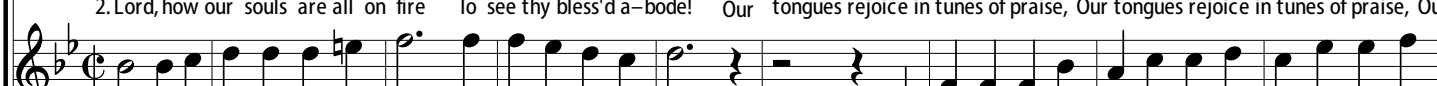
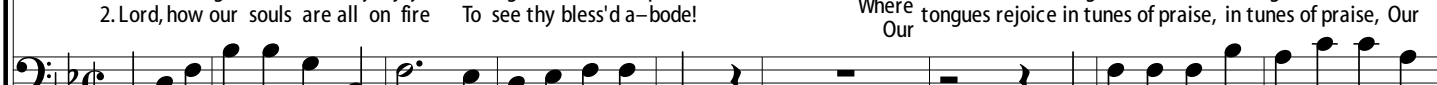



# Malabar

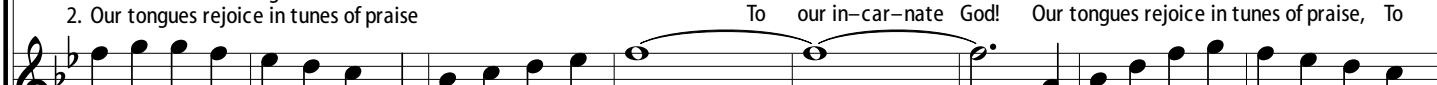
Transcribed from *The Columbian Repository*, 1803.

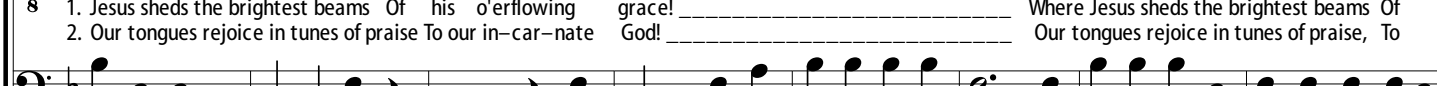
Tr.  5  
 1. O! the delights, the heav'nly joys, The glories of the place, Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams, Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams, Where  
 2. Lord, how our souls are all on fire To see thy bless'd a-bode! Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise, Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise, Our


T.   
 1. O! the delights, the heav'nly joys, The glories of the place, Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams, the brightest beams, Where  
 2. Lord, how our souls are all on fire To see thy bless'd a-bode! Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise, in tunes of praise, Our

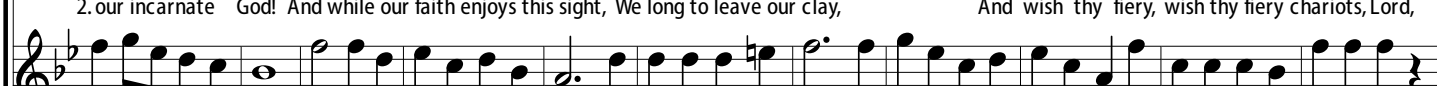
B.   
 1. Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams, Where  
 2. Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise, Our

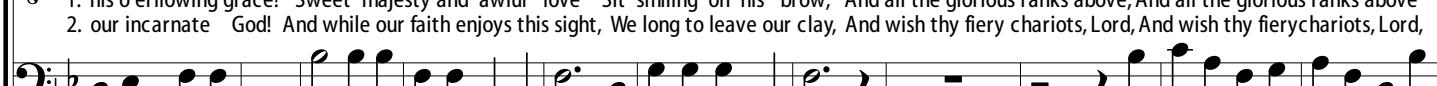
Tr.  15  
 1. Jesus sheds the brightest beams Of his o'erflowing grace! Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams Of  
 2. Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise To our in-car-nate God! Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise, To

T.   
 1. Jesus sheds the brightest beams Of his o'erflowing grace! Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams Of  
 2. Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise To our in-car-nate God! Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise, To

B.   
 1. Jesus sheds the brightest beams Of his o'erflowing, his o'erflowing grace! Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams Of  
 2. Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise To our incarnate, our in-car-nate God! Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise, To

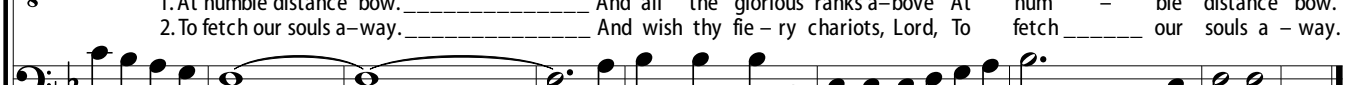
Tr.  25  
 1. his o'erflowing grace! Sweet majesty and awful love Sit smiling on his brow; And all the glorious, all the glorious ranks above  
 2. our incarnate God! And while our faith enjoys this sight, We long to leave our clay, And wish thy fiery, wish thy fiery chariots, Lord,

T.   
 1. his o'erflowing grace! Sweet majesty and awful love Sit smiling on his brow; And all the glorious ranks above, And all the glorious ranks above  
 2. our incarnate God! And while our faith enjoys this sight, We long to leave our clay, And wish thy fiery chariots, Lord, And wish thy fiery chariots, Lord,

B.   
 1. his o'erflowing grace! Sweet majesty and awful love Sit smiling on his brow; And all the glorious ranks above At  
 2. our incarnate God! And while our faith enjoys this sight, We long to leave our clay, And wish thy fiery chariots, Lord, To

Tr.  35  
 1. At humble dis-tance bow. And all the glorious ranks a-bove At hum-ble distance bow.  
 2. To fetch our souls a-way. And wish thy fie-ry chariots, Lord, To fetch our souls a-way.

T.   
 1. At humble distance bow. And all the glorious ranks a-bove At hum-ble distance bow.  
 2. To fetch our souls a-way. And wish thy fie-ry chariots, Lord, To fetch our souls a-way.

B.   
 1. humble distance bow. And all the glorious ranks a-bove At hum-ble distance bow.  
 2. fetch our souls a-way. And wish thy fie-ry chariots, Lord, To fetch our souls a-way.