

1 Ma - jes - tic sweet-ness sits en-throned Up - on the Sav - ior's  
 2 No mor - tal can with Him com-pare A - mong the sons of  
 3 He saw me plunged in deep dis - tress, And sped to my re -

brow; His head with ra - dant glo - ries crowned, His  
 men; Fair - er is He than all the fair Who  
 lief; For me He bore the shame - ful cross And

lips with grace o'er - flow, His lips with grace o'er - flow.  
 fill the heaven - ly train, Who fill the heaven - ly train.  
 car - ried all my grief, And car - ried all my grief.

4 To Him I owe my life and breath,  
 And all the joys I have;  
 He makes me triumph over death,  
 And saves me from the grave.

Samuel Stennett, 1787