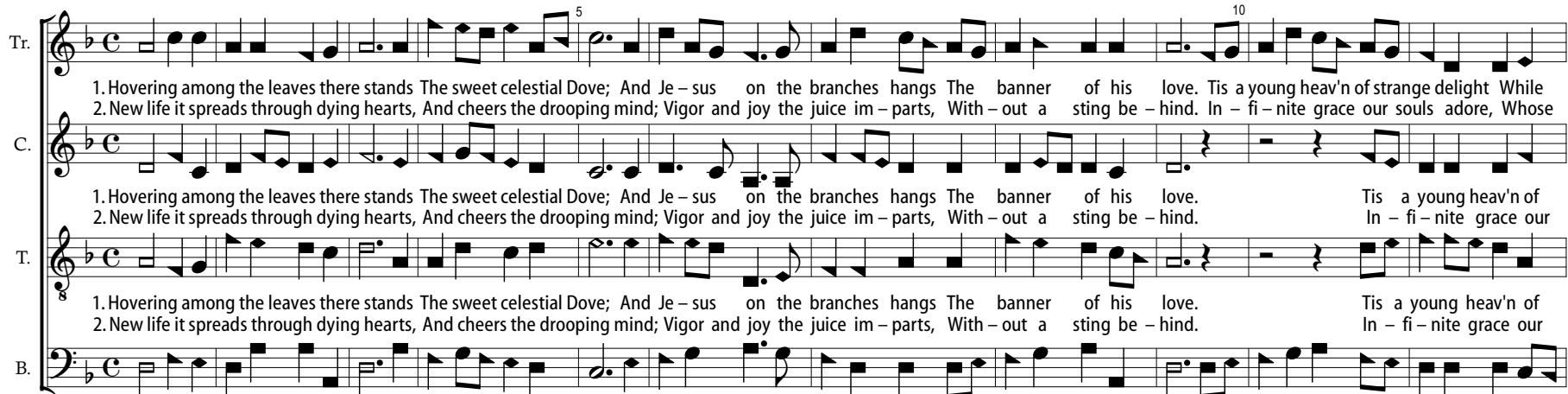


# Lark



Tr.  
C.  
T.  
B.

1. Hovering among the leaves there stands The sweet celestial Dove; And Je - sus on the branches hangs The banner of his love. Tis a young heav'n of strange delight While  
2. New life it spreads through dying hearts, And cheers the drooping mind; Vigor and joy the juice im - parts, With - out a sting be - hind. In - fi - nite grace our souls adore, Whose

1. Tis a young heav'n of strange delight While  
2. In - fi - nite grace our souls a - dore, Whose



Tr.  
C.  
T.  
B.

1. in his shade we sit; His fruit is pleasing to the sight, And to the taste as sweet, And to the taste as sweet.  
2. won - drous hand has made This living branch of sove - - reign power To raise and heal the dead, To raise and heal the dead.