
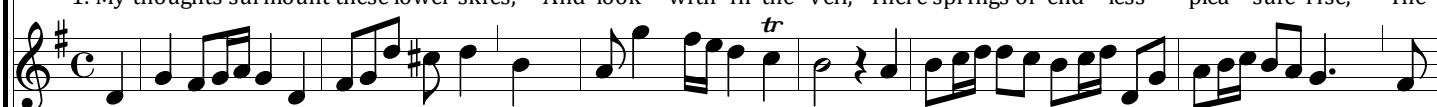



# Ringe

Transcribed from *The Columbian Repository*, 1803.

Tr.   
1. My thoughts surmount these lower skies, And look with-in the veil; There springs of end - less plea - sure rise, The

T.   
2. His promise stands for ev - er firm, His grace shall ne'er de-part; He binds my name up - on his arm, And

B. 

Tr.   
1. wa - ters ne - ver fail. There I be-hold, with sweet de-light, The bles - sed Three in One; And strong affections

T.   
2. seals it on his heart. I would not be a stran - ger still To that ce - les - tial place, Where I for ev - er

B. 

Tr.   
1. fix my sight On God's in - car - nate Son.

T.   
2. hope to dwell Near my Re - dee - mer's face.

B. 