



progress to the seats of bliss. No more con - fin'd to grov'ling scenes of  
 progress to the seats of bliss. No more con - fin'd to grov'ling scenes of

night, No more a tenant pent in mortal clay; Now should we rather  
 night, No more a tenant pent in mortal clay; Now should we rather  
 No more a tenant pent in mortal clay; Now should we rather

*pp* *cres.*  
*pp* *cres.*  
*pp* *cres.*

hail thy glorious flight, And trace thy jour - ney to the realms of  
 hail thy glorious flight, And trace thy jour - ney to the realms of  
 hail thy glorious flight, And trace thy jour - ney to the realms of

*p* *cres.*  
*p* *cres.*  
*p* *cres.*

day, And trace thy journey to the realms of day.  
 day, And trace thy journey to the realms of day.  
 And trace thy journey