

# LYDIA. C.M.

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*Spirited, but not too fast.*

1. Bright glo - ries rush up - on my sight, And charm my won - d'ring eyes - The re - gions

2. All hail, ye fair, ce - les - tial shores, Ye lands of end - less day! A rich de -

3. There's a de - light - ful clear sun now, My clouds of doubt are gone; Fled is my

of im - mor - tal light, The beau - ties of the skies, The beau - ties of the skies.

light your pros - pect pours, And drives my griefs a - way, And drives my griefs a - way.

for - mer dark - ness too, My fears are all with - drawn, My fears are all with - drawn.