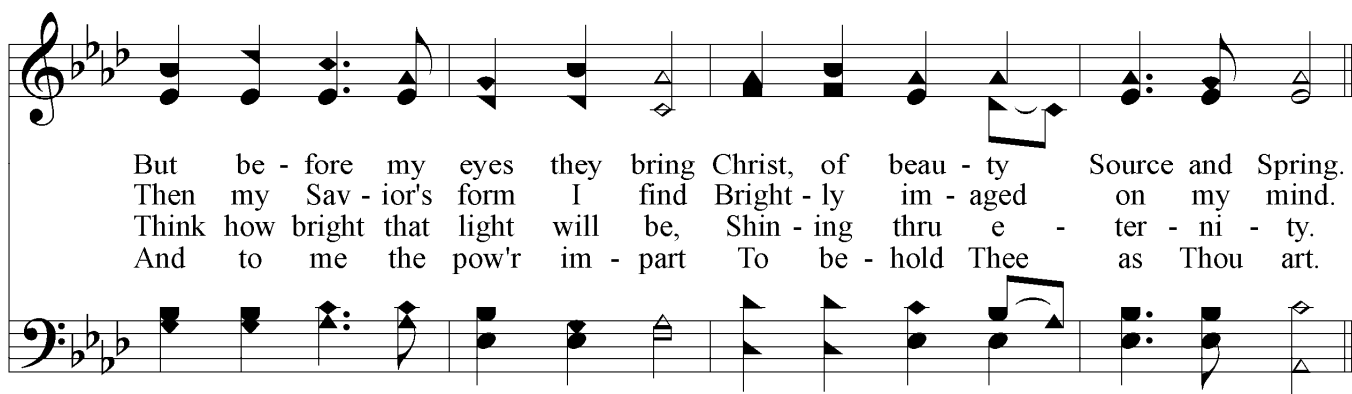


Earth Has Nothing Sweet Or Fair

ST. BEES



1. Earth has noth - ing sweet or fair, Love - ly forms or beau - ties rare,
2. When the morn - ing paints the skies, When the gold - en sun - beams rise,
3. When the star - beams pierce the night, Oft I think of Je - sus' light;
4. Come, Lord Je - sus! and dis - pel This dark cloud in which I dwell,



But be - fore my eyes they bring Christ, of beau - ty Source and Spring.
Then my Sav - ior's form I find Bright - ly im - aged on my mind.
Think how bright that light will be, Shin - ing thru e - ter - ni - ty.
And to me the pow'r im - part To be - hold Thee as Thou art.