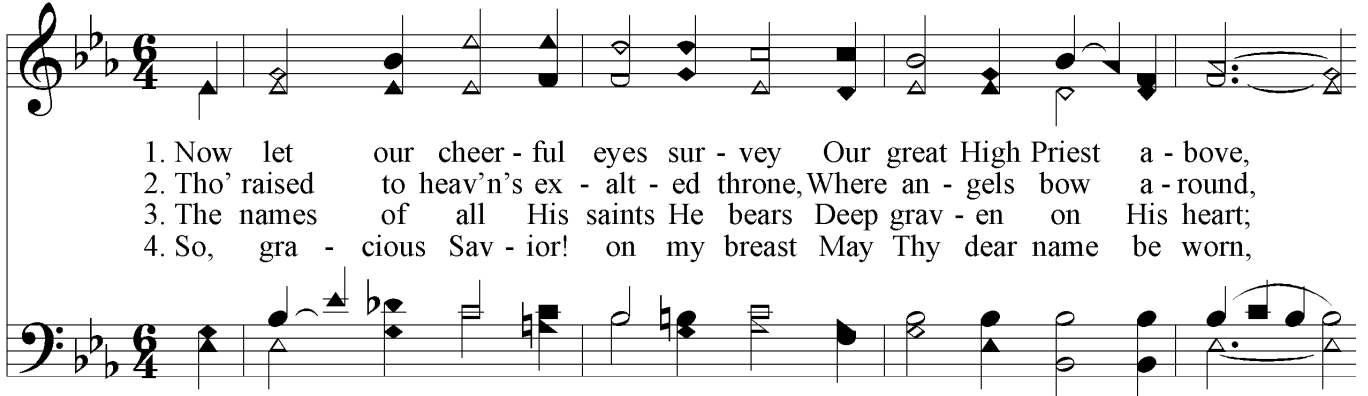
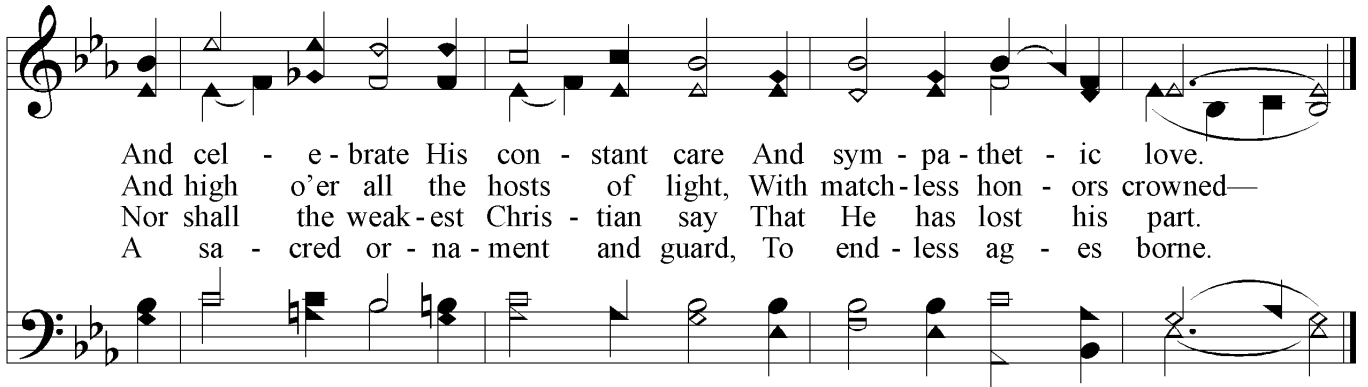


# Now Let Our Cheerful Eyes Survey

CLAREMONT



1. Now let our cheer - ful eyes sur - vey Our great High Priest a - bove,  
2. Tho' raised to heav'n's ex - alt - ed throne, Where an - gels bow a - round,  
3. The names of all His saints He bears Deep grav - en on His heart;  
4. So, gra - cious Sav - ior! on my breast May Thy dear name be worn,



And cel - e - brate His con - stant care And sym - pa - thet - ic love.  
And high o'er all the hosts of light, With match - less hon - ors crowned—  
Nor shall the weak - est Chris - tian say That He has lost his part.  
A sa - cred or - na - ment and guard, To end - less ag - es borne.