

Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned  
Samuel Stennett, 1787.  
Thomas Hastings, 1837.

Majestic sweetness sits enthroned  
Upon the Savior's brow;  
His head with radiant glories crowned,  
His lips with grace o'erflow,  
His lips with grace o'erflow.

To Christ, the Lord, let every tongue  
Its noblest tribute bring  
When He's the subject of the song,  
Who can refuse to sing?  
Who can refuse to sing?

Survey the beauties of His face,  
And on His glories dwell;  
Think of the wonders of His grace,  
And all His triumphs tell,  
And all His triumphs tell.

No mortal can with Him compare  
Among the sons of men;  
Fairer is He than all the fair  
Who fill the heav'nly train,  
Who fill the heav'nly train.

He saw me plunged in deep distress  
And flew to my relief;  
For me He bore the shameful cross  
And carried all my grief,  
And carried all my grief.

His hand a thousand blessings pours  
Upon my guilty head:  
His presence gilds my darkest hours,  
And guards my sleeping bed,  
And guards my sleeping bed.

To Him I owe my life and breath  
And all the joys I have;  
He makes me triumph over death  
And saves me from the grave,  
And saves me from the grave.

To Heav'n, the place of His abode,  
He brings my weary feet;  
Shows me the glories of my God,  
And makes my joys complete,  
And makes my joys complete.

Since from His bounty I receive  
Such proofs of love divine,  
Had I a thousand hearts to give,  
Lord, they should all be Thine,  
Lord, they should all be Thine.