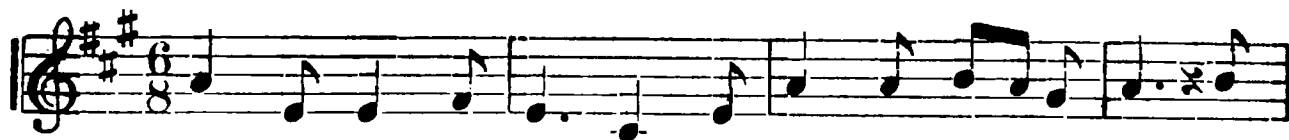


ENFIELD, N. H.



1. Bless - ed In - spi - ra - tion That el - e - vates the soul, That
 2. Waft, O waft me on - ward, My vi - sion would expand, I
 3. When this life is o - ver, And earth re - ceives her own, My



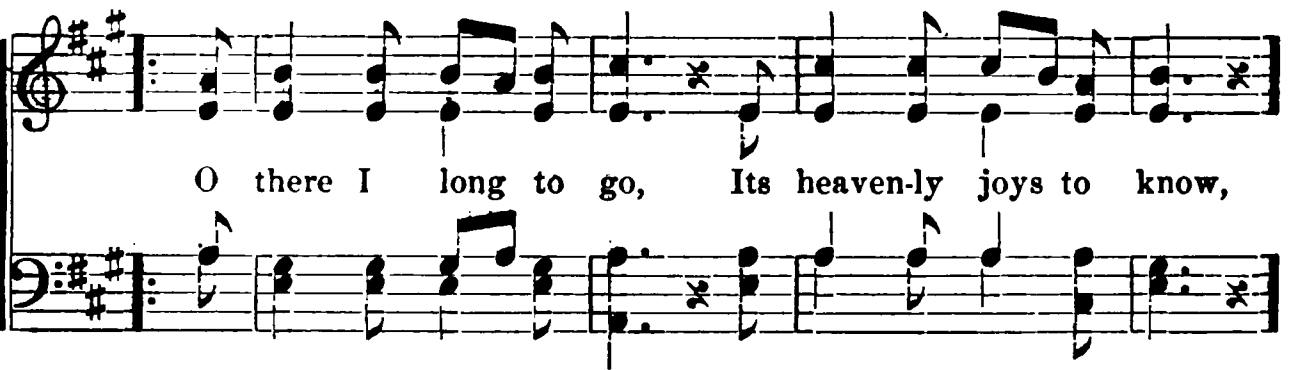
draw - eth out from dark - ness, A - way from earth's control, That
 long to range in spir - it, That bles - sed Sum - mer Land; With
 spir - it then would en - ter My glo - rious heavenly home; No



lead - eth to the fountain, Where crys - tal streamlets flow, Re -
 an - gel choirs to min - gle In mus - ic's sweetest flow, On
 more a toil - ing stranger, With - in this vale be - low, I'll



fresh - ing life sus - tain - ing, O there I long to go.
 wings of in - spi - ra - tion, O there I long to go.
 range the realms su - per - nal, O there I long to go.



O there I long to go, Its heaven - ly joys to know,



It is a ha - ven of repose, My blest and heavenly home.