

# One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

*rall.*

slipping o'er the brink, For it may be I am near-er home, Near-er now than I think.

81

## O Paradise.

J. Barnby.

*mf Moderato.*

1. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, Who doth not crave for  
 2. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, I want to sin no  
 3. Lord Je - sus, King of Par - a - dise, Oh, keep me in Thy

rest? Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are  
 more, I want to be as pure on earth As on that spot - less  
 love, And guide me to that hap - py land Of per - fect rest a -

*mf*  
 blest? Where loy - al hearts and true,  
 shore, Where loy - al hearts and true, Stand ev - er in the  
 bove, Where loy - al hearts and true,

*f*  
 light, All rap - ture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight.

If God hath made this world so fair,  
 Where sin and death abound,  
 How beautiful beyond compare  
 Will Paradise be found.—Montgomery.