

Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned

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

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

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