

# Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned



1. Ma - jes - tic sweet - ness sits en - throned Up - on the  
2. No mor - tal can with Him com - pare, A - mong the  
3. He saw me plunged in deep dis - tress, And flew to  
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the



Sa - vior's brow; \_\_\_\_\_ His head with ra - diant  
sons of men; \_\_\_\_\_ Fair - er is He than  
my re - lief; \_\_\_\_\_ For me He bore the  
joys I have; \_\_\_\_\_ He makes my tri - umph



glo - ries crowned, His \_\_\_\_\_ lips with grace o'er -  
all the fair Who \_\_\_\_\_ fill the heav'n - ly  
shame - ful cross, And \_\_\_\_\_ car - ried all my  
o - ver death, And \_\_\_\_\_ saves me from the



flow, \_\_\_\_\_ His lips with grace o'er - flow.  
train, \_\_\_\_\_ Who fill the heav'n - ly train.  
grief, \_\_\_\_\_ And car - ried all my grief.  
grave, \_\_\_\_\_ And saves me from the grave.