

ALBION S.M.

1. Mysoul, with joy at-tend, While Je-sus si-lence breaks; No an-gel's harp such mu - sic yields As what my Shep-herd speaks, As what my Shepherd speaks.

2. "I know mysheep," he cries, "My soul approves them well; Vain is the treach'rous world's dis-guise, And vain the rage of hell, And vain the rage of hell.

3. "I free-ly feed them now With to-kens of my love, But rich-er pas-tures I pre-pare, And sweet-er streams a -bove, And sweeter streams a-bove.

4. "Unnumbered years of bliss I to my sheep will give; And while my throne un-sha - ken stands, Shall all my cho-sen live, Shall all my cho-sen live."