

1. My soul would fain in-dulge a hope, To reach the heaven-ly shore, And when I drop this dy-ing flesh, That I shall sin no more;

2. I hope to hear and join the song, That saints and an-gels raise; And while e-ter-nal a-ges roll, To sing e-ter-nal praise;

3. But oh— this dread-ful heart of sin, It may de-ceive me still, And while I look for joys a-bove, May plunge me down to hell;

4. Come, then, O bless-ed Je-sus, come, To me thy Spir-it give; Shine thro' a dark, be-night-ed soul, And bid a sin-ner live;

That I shall sin no more, That I shall sin no more; And when I drop this dy-ing flesh, That I shall sin no more.

To sing e-ter-nal praise, To sing e-ter-nal praise; And while e-ter-nal a-ges roll, To sing e-ter-nal praise.

May plunge me down to hell, May plunge me down to hell; And while I look for joys a-bove, May plunge me down to hell.

And bid a sin-ner live, And bid a sin-ner live; Shine thro' a dark, be-night-ed soul, And bid a sin-ner live.