

METRE 2 Anne Steele

BARBY C.M.

William Tans'ur

1. The Sa-vior! O what end-less charms, Dwell in the bliss-ful sound! Its influence eve-ry fear dis-arms, And spreads sweet com-forts round.

2. Here par-don, life, and joys di-vine, In rich ef-fu-sion flow, For guilt-y reb-els, lost in sin, And doomed to end-less woe.

3. Th' Al-might-y Form-er of the skies Stooped to our vile a-bode; While angels viewed with wond'ring eyes, And hail'd th' in-car-nate God.

4. Oh, the rich depths of love di-vine, Of bliss, a bound-less store! Dear Sa-vior, let me call thee mine—I can-not wish for more.