

METRE 3 Philip Doddridge

LABAN S.M.

Lowell Mason

1. Dear Sa-rior, we are thine By ev-er-last-ing bonds; Our names, our hearts we would re-sign, Our souls are in thy hands.

2. To thee we still would cleave, With ev-er-grow-ing zeal; If mil-lions tempt us Christ to leave, Oh let them ne'er pre-vail.

3. Thy Spir-it shall u-nite, Our souls to thee our Head; Shall form us to thy im-age bright, That we thy paths may tread.

4. Death may our souls di-vide From these a-bodes of clay; But love shall keep us near thy side Through all the gloom-y way.