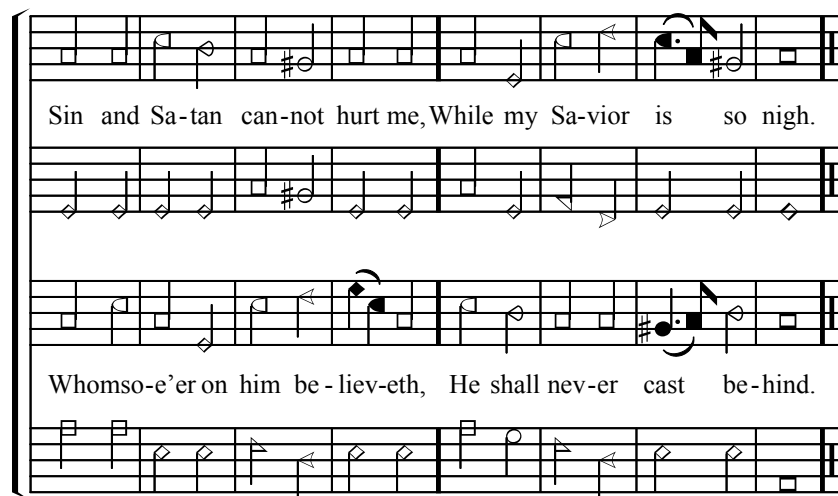


1. Sa - vior, I do feel thy mer - it, Sprinkled with re - deem - ing blood;
And my wea - ry troub - led spir - it, Now finds rest with thee my God! } I am safe and I am hap - py, While in thy dear arms I lie,

2. Now I'll sing a Sa - vior's mer - it, Tell the world of his dear name;
That if a - ny want his Spir - it, He is still the ver - y same; } He that ask - eth soon re - ceiv - eth, He that seeks is sure to find;



Sin and Sa - tan can - not hurt me, While my Sa - vior is so nigh.

Whomso - e'er on him be - liev - eth, He shall nev - er cast be - hind.