

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.