

UNITIA. 10, 11.

G Major. John Gambold, 1748.

Chapin.

1. O tell me no more of this world's vain store, The time for such tri - fles with me now is o'er,
 2. The souls that be - lieve, In pa - ra - dise live, And me in that num - ber will Je - sus re - ceive;

3. No mor - tal doth know what He can be - stow, What light, strength, and com - fort— go af - ter Him, go;
 4. Great spoils I shall win from death, hell, and sin, 'Midst out - ward af - flic - tions shall feel Christ with - in;

5. But this I do find, we two are so joined, He'll not live in glo - ry and leave me be - hind;
 6. And now I'm in care my neigh - bors may share These bles - sings: to seek them will none of you dare?

A coun - try I've found where true joys a - bound, To dwell I'm de - termined on that hap - py ground. ground.
 My soul, don't de - lay— He calls thee a - way; Rise, fol - low Thy Sav - ior and bless the glad day. day.

Lo, on - ward I move to a city a - bove, None guess - es how wondrous my jour - ney will prove. prove.
 And when I'm to die, "Re - ceive me," I'll cry, For Je - sus hath loved me, I can - not tell why. why.

So this is the race I'm run - ning through grace, Hence - forth, till ad - mit - ted to see my Lord's face. face.
 In bon - dage, O why, and death will you lie, When One here as - sures you free grace is so nigh? nigh?