

FELLOWSHIP. C.M.

G Minor.

1. From all that's mor-tal, all that's vain, And from this earth - ly clod; A - rise my soul, and strive to gain, Sweet fel - low-ship with God.

2. Say, what is there be - neath the skies, Where ev - er thou hast trod; Can suit thy wish - es or thy joys, Like fel - low-ship with God?

3. Not life, nor all the toys of art, nor pleasures flow'r - y road; Can to my soul such bliss im-part, as fel - low-ship with God.

4. When I am made in love to bear af - flic - tion's need - ful rod, Light, sweet and kind the strokes ap-pear, thru fel - low-ship with God.

5. And when the i - cy hand of death shall chill my flow - ing blood, O, may I yield my lat - est breath in fel - low-ship with God.

6. When I at last to heav'n as - cend, and gain my blest a - bode, There an e - ter - ni - ty I'll spend in fel - low-ship with God.

SELDEN. L.M.

C Major. Isaac Watts, 1719.

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks and sing; To show thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truth at night.

2. Sweet is the day of sa - cred rest, No mor - tal cares shall seize my breast. O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of so-lemn sound!

3. My heart shall triumph in my Lord, and bless His works and bless His Word. Thy works of grace, how bright they shine! How deep Thy counsels, how divine!