

GREENSVILLE. 8S.

135

G Major. *Rippon's Selections*, 1787.

Monday.

1. Shall Je - sus de - scend from the skies, To a - tone for our sins by his blood; He sav'd us, or we had been
 And shall we such good-ness de - spise, And re - bels still be to our God,
 2. The de - vils would laugh us to scorn, For fol - ly so shame-ful as this, Thro' him we forgiveness shall
 O let us to God then re - turn, Sure nev - er was good-ness like this,
 3. This world then with all its gay joy, That its thousands has snar'd and un - done, While here thro' the de - sert we
 May tempt, but shall nev - er de - stroy Whom Je - sus has mark'd for his own;
 4. Till the Jor - dan of death we have pass'd, We land on the hea - ven - ly shore, And there while his glo - ries we
 Where we the hid man - na shall taste, Nor hun - ger, nor thirst an - y more;

lost, Nor com - fort, nor hope had e'er know; Yet knew this sal - va - tion would cost No less than the blood of his Son.
 find, And taste the sweet blessings of peace, If, con - trite and hum - bly re - signed, We trust in his pro - mis - ed grace.
 stray, Our God shall be all our de - light, Our pil - lar of cloud in the day, And al - so of fire in the night.
 see, And feast on the joys of his love, We chang'd to his likeness shall be, And then shall all gra - ti - tude prove.