

Weston

Transcribed from *The Middlesex Harmony*, 1795.

Tr. 1. Jesus, the Sa- vior, stands To court me from above, And looks and spreads his wounded hands, And shows the prints of love. But

C. 2. Not all thine heavenly charms, Nor terrors of thy hand, Could force me to lay down my arms, And bow to thy com- mand. Lord,

T. 3. O shall I ne- ver feel The ___ mel- tings of thy love! Am I of such hell- har- dened steel That mer- cy can- not move? Now,

B.

5 10

Tr. I, a stupid fool, How long have I withstood The blessings purchased with his soul, ___ And paid for all in blood! But

C. 'tis against thy face My sins like ar- rows rise, And yet, and yet (O matchless grace!) Thy thunder silent lies. Lord,

T. for one powerful glance, Dear Sa- vior, from thy face! This re- bel heart no more withstands, But sinks beneath thy grace. Now,

B.

15 20 1. 2.