

LOVE TO THE SAVIOUR.

(Index of Tunes, LXXXIX.)

153.

Tune.—"When the Lord recalls the banished."

Where - fore dost Thou long - er tar - - ry, Bleff - ed
Would it were Thy will to en - - ter To my

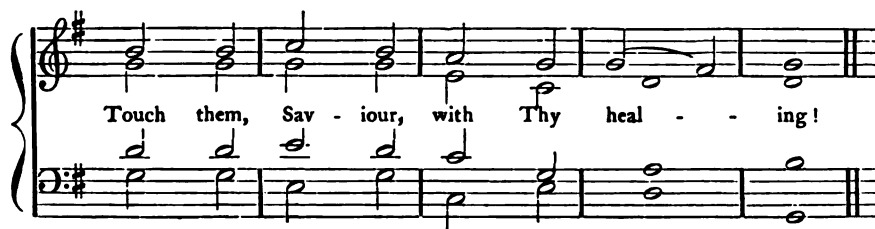
of the Lord, a - far? Thou my Je - sus,
heart, O Thou my Star,

Fount of pow'r, Help - er in the need - ful hour!

Sharp - eft wounds my heart is feel - - ing,

The musical score is written for a piano accompaniment. It features a treble and bass staff joined by a brace on the left. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with some words hyphenated across measures. The score consists of four systems of music, each with two staves. The first system has two lines of lyrics. The second system has two lines. The third system has one line. The fourth system has one line. The score ends with a double bar line.

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2

For I shrink beneath the terrors
Of the law's tremendous sway ;
All my countless crimes and errors
Stand before me night and day.
Oh the heavy, fearful load
Of the righteous wrath of God !
Oh the awful voice of thunder
Cleaving heart and soul asunder !

3

Would I then, to soothe my sorrow,
And my pain awhile forget,
From the world a comfort borrow,
I but sink the deeper yet ;
She hath comforts that but grieve,
Joys that stinging memories leave,
Helpers that my heart are breaking,
Friends that do but mock its aching.

4

All delight, all consolation
Lies in Thee, Lord Jesus Christ,
Feed my soul with Thy salvation,
O Thou Bread of Life unpriced.
Blessed Light, within me glow,
Ere my heart breaks in its woe ;
Oh refresh me and uphold me,
Jesus, come, let me behold Thee.

5

Joy, my soul, for He hath heard thee,
He will come and enter in ;
Lo ! He turns and draweth toward thee,
Let thy welcome-song begin ;
Oh prepare thee for such guest,
Give thee wholly to thy rest,
With an open'd heart adore Him,
Pour thy griefs and fears before Him.

6

What would seem to hurt or shame thee
Shall but work thy good at last ;
Since that Christ hath deign'd to claim thee,
And His truth stands ever fast ;
And if thine can but endure,
There is nought so fixed and sure,
As that thou shalt hymn His praises
In the happy heavenly places.

