

Immortal honours - Huntingdon

William Gadsby

S Wellens

Im - mor-tal ho - nours
He is my re - fuge
My eve-ry need he
O that my soul could

rest on Je - sus' head My God, my por - tion, and my li - ving bread. In him I
in each deep di - stress, The Lord my strength and glo - rious righ - teous - ness Through floods and
ri - chly will su - pply Now will his mer - cy e - ver let me die. In him there
love and praise him more, His beau-ties trace, his ma - je - sty a - dore, Live near his

live, u - pon him cast my care He saves from death de - stru - ction and de - spair.
flames he leads me safe-ly on And dai - ly makes his so - vereign good-ness known.
dwells a trea - sure - all di - vine, And match-less grace has made that trea - sure mine.
heart, u - pon his bo - som lean, O - bey his voice and all his will e - steem.

-steem