

Weston

Transcribed from *The Middlesex Harmony*, 1795.

Samuel Babcock, 1795

Tr. 1. Je - sus, the Sa - vior stands To court me from a - bove, And looks and

C. 2. Not all thine heav'n-ly charms, Nor ter - rors of thy hand, Could force me

T. 3. O shall I ne - ver feel the mel - tings of thy love! Am I of

B.

Tr. spreads his woun - ded hands, And shows the prints of love. But I, a stu - pid

C. to lay down my arms, And bow to thy com - mand, Lord, 'tis a - gainst thy

T. such hell-har - dened steel That mer - cy can - not move? Now for one power-ful

B.

Tr. fool, How long have I with - stood The bles - sings pur - chased with his soul, — And

C. face My sins like ar - rows rise, And yet, and yet (O match-less grace!) — Thy

T. glance, Dear Sa - vior, from thy face! This re - bel heart no more with - stands, — but

B.

Tr. paid for all in blood! But

C. thun - der si - lent lies. Lord,

T. sinks be - neath thy grace. Now

B.