

Hanover

John Gambold, 1742

55. 11.

Transcribed from *Songs of Zion*, 1821

F# minor

James P. Carrell, 1821

Tr. 5 10 15

1. { O tell me no more Of this world's vain store; The time for such trifles with me now is o'er. } The souls that believe, In pa-ra-dise live: And me in that
{ A country I've found Where true joys abound; To dwell I'm determined on that happy ground. }

C.

2. { No mortal doth know What He can bestow, What light, strength, and comfort: go after Him, go! } Great spoils I shall win Midst outward af-
{ Lo! onward I move, And but Christ above None guesses, how wondrous my journey will prove. } From death, hell, and sin;

T.

3. { And when I'm to die, "Receive me," I'll cry, For Je-sus hath loved me, I cannot say why. } Lo, this is the race Henceforth, till ad-
{ But this I do find, We two are so joined, He'll not live in glo-ry and leave me behind. } I'm running, through grace,

B.

Tr. 20 25

num-ber will Je-sus re-ceive. My soul, don't de-lay, He calls thee a-way! Rise, follow thy Savior, and bless the glad day.

C.

-flic-tions shall feel Christ within. Per-haps for his name, Poor dust as I am, Some works I shall finish with glad loving aim.

T.

-mit-ted to see my Lord's face. And now I'm in care My neighbors may share These blessings: To seek them will none of you dare?

B.