

Harmony

Tr. 5 10 15

1. { A - way, my doubts, begone, my fears, The wonder of the Lord ap - pears, } The wonders of re - dee - ming love, When first my heart was drawn above;
The wonder that my Savior wrought, O how de - light - ful is the thought!

T. 8

2. { Pursue, my thoughts, this pleasing theme, Twas not a fan - cy nor a dream; } Long had I mourned, like one forgot, Long had my soul for comfort fought;
Twas grace descending from the skies, And shall be mar - velous in my eyes.

B.

3. { He cleansed my soul, he changed my dress, And clothed me with his righteousness: } How was I struck with sweet surprise, While glory shone before my eyes!
He spoke at once my sins fo - rgiven, And I re - joiced as if in heaven.

Tr. 20 25

When first I saw my Savior's face, And triumphed in his pardoning grace.

T. 8

Je - sus was wit - ness to my tears, And Je - sus sweetly calmed my fears.

B.

How did I sing from day to day, And wished to sing my soul a - way!

4. The world with all its pomp withdrew,
Twas less than nothing in my view;
Redeeming love was all my theme,
And life appeared an idle dream.
I gloried in my Savior's grace;
I sang my great Redeemer's praise;
My foul now longed to soar away,
And leave her tenement of clay.

5. The powers of hell in vain combined
To tempt or interrupt my mind;
I saw, and sung in joyful strains
The monster Satan held in chains.
These are the wonders I record,
The marvelous goodness of the Lord;
O for a tongue to speak His praise,
To tell the triumphs of His grace!