

Treble

1. Now let the Lord my Savior smile, And show my name up - on his heart, I would for-get my pains a-

Tenor

2. My name is prin-ted on his breast; His book of life con - tains my name; I'd rather have it there im-

Bass

Tr.

1. -while, And in the pleasure lose the smart. But O, it swells my sorrows high To see my blessed Je-sus

T.

2. -pressed Than in the bright re-cords of fame. When the last fire burns all things here, Those letters shall se - cu - rely

B.

Tr.

1. frown; My spirits sink, my comforts die, And all the springs of life are down. Yet why, my soul, why these complaints?

T.

2. stand, And in the Lamb's fair book appear, Writ by th'e - ter - nal Father's hand. Now shall my min - utes smoothly run,

B.

Tr.

1. Still while he frowns com-pas-sion moves; Still on his heart he bears his saints, And feels their sor - rows and his love.

T.

2. While here I wait my Fa - ther's will; My rising and my setting sun Roll gent - ly up and down the hill.

B.