

Tr. C. T. B.

1. { Still out of the deepest abyss Of trouble I mournfully cry, And pine to recover my peace, To see my Redeemer, and die: } I cannot, I cannot forbear These

2. { Thy nature I long to put on, Thine image on earth to regain, And then in the grave to lay down My burden of body and pain: } O Jesus, in pity draw near, And

3. { To take a poor fugitive in, The arms of thy mercy display, And give me to rest from all sin, And bear me triumphant a - - way; } Away from a world of distress, A -

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1. passionate longings for home: O when will my spirit be there? O when will the messenger come?

2. lull me to sleep on thy breast, Appear, to my rescue ap - pear, And gather me in - to thy rest.

3. -way to the mansions above, The heaven of seeing thy face, The heaven of feeling thy love.