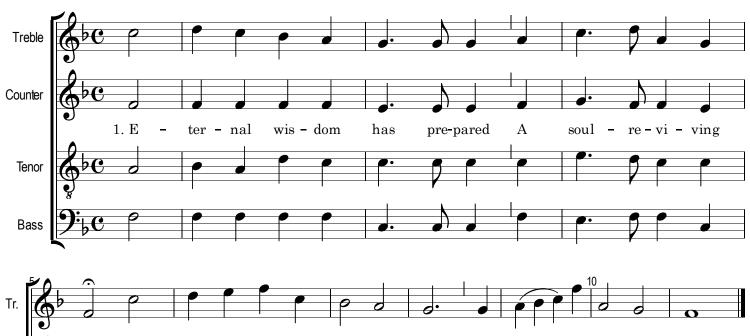
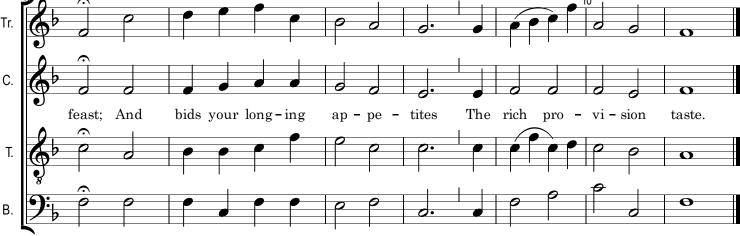
## Kamalia

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F Major Oliver Holden, 1800





- 2. Let every mortal ear attend, And every heart rejoice; The trumpet of the gospel sounds With an inviting voice.
- 3. Lo! all ye hungry, starving souls. That feed upon the wind, And vainly strive with earthly toys To fill an empty mind.
- 4. Ho! ye that pant for living streams, And pine away and die, Here you may quench your raging thirst With springs that never dry.
- 5. Rivers of love and mercy here In a rich ocean join; Salvation in abundance flows, Like floods of milk and wine.

- 6. Ye perishing and naked poor, Who work with mighty pain To weave a garment of your own That will not hide your sin,
- 7. Come naked, and adorn your souls In robes prepared by God, Wrought by the labors of his Son, And dyed in his own blood.
- 8. Dear God! the treasures of thy love Are everlasting mines, Deep as our helpless miseries are, And boundless as our sins.
- 9. The happy gates of gospel grace Stand open night and day; Lord, we are come to seek supplies, And drive our wants away.