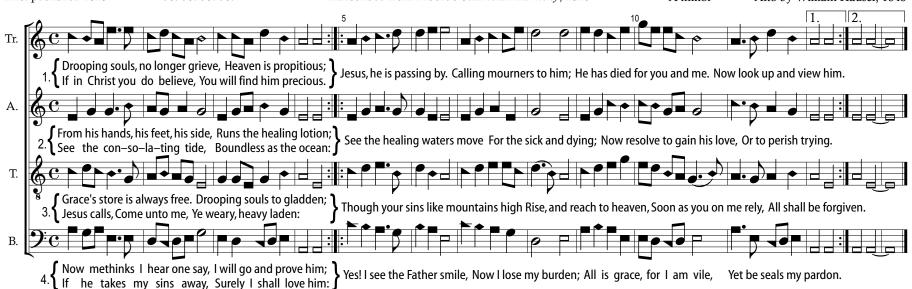
A minor

William Moore, 1826 Alto by William Hauser, 1848



5. Streaming mercy, how it flows: Now I know I feel it: Tongue cannot the half disclose, Yet I long to tell it. Jesus' blood has healed my wound; O the wondrous story! I was lost, but now am found; Glory: glory: glory!

76, 76, 76, 76,

6. Glory to my Savior's name!
Saints are bound to love him;
Sinners, you may do the same,
Only come and prove him.
Hasten to the Savior's blood,
Feel it and deciare it:
O that I could sing so loud,
That all the world might hear it.

7. If no greater joys are known In the upper region, I will try to follow on In this pure religion: Heaven's here, and heaven's there, Glory's here and yonder; Brightest seraphs shout his praise, While all the angels wonder.

A folk hymn (Jackson 1953a, No. 66)