

Anonymous author
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76. 76. 76. 76.

Lebanon

Transcribed from Moore's *Columbian Harmony*, 1826

A minor

William Moore, 1826
Alto by William Hauser, 1848

Tr. 1. { Drooping souls, no longer grieve, Heaven is propitious;
If in Christ you do believe, You will find him precious. } Jesus, he is passing by. Calling mourners to him; He has died for you and me. Now look up and view him.

A. 2. { From his hands, his feet, his side, Runs the healing lotion;
See the con-so-la-ting tide, Boundless as the ocean: } See the healing waters move For the sick and dying; Now resolve to gain his love, Or to perish trying.

T. 3. { Grace's store is always free. Drooping souls to gladden;
Jesus calls, Come unto me, Ye weary, heavy laden: } Though your sins like mountains high Rise, and reach to heaven, Soon as you on me rely, All shall be forgiven.

B. 4. { Now methinks I hear one say, I will go and prove him;
If he takes my sins away, Surely I shall love him: } Yes! I see the Father smile, Now I lose my burden; All is grace, for I am vile, Yet he seals my pardon.

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!

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 declare 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)