





# Needham

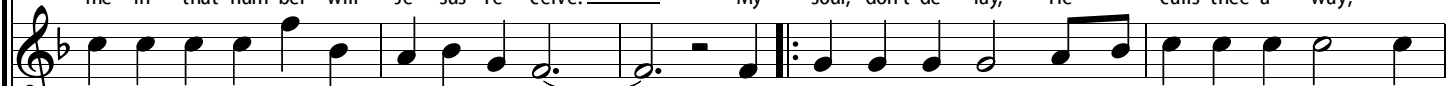
Transcribed from *The Middlesex Harmony*, 1795.


Tr.  5  
1. O tell me no more Of this world's vain store; The time for such tr - fles, such tri - fles, The  
2. The souls that be - lieve In pa - ra - dise live; And me in that num - ber, that num - ber, And

T.  8  
1. O tell me no more Of this world's vain store; The time for such tri - fles, The  
2. The souls that be - lieve In pa - ra - dise live; And me in that num - ber, And

B. 

Tr.  10  
time for such tri - fles with me is now o'er; A coun - try I've found Where true joys a - bound;  
me in that num - ber will Je - sus re - ceive. My soul, don't de - lay, He calls thee a - way;

T.  8  
time for such tri - fles with me is now o'er; A coun - try I've found Where true joys a - bound; To  
me in that num - ber will Je - sus re - ceive. My soul, don't de - lay, He calls thee a - way; Rise,

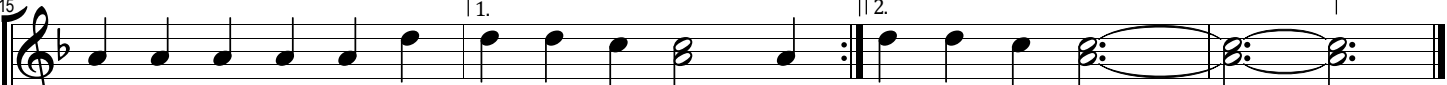
B. 

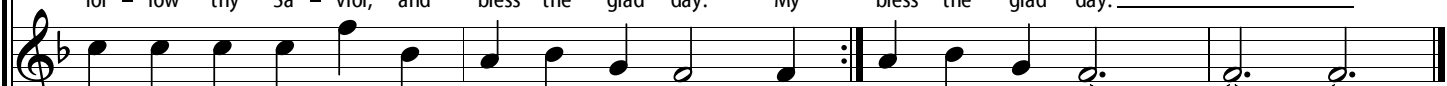
Tr.  To dwell I'm de - ter - mined on that hap - py ground; To  
Rise, fol - low thy Sa - vior, and bless the glad day; Rise,

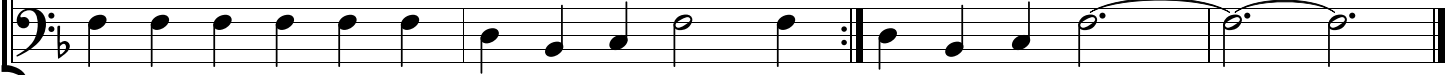
T.  8  
dwell I'm de - ter - mined on that hap - py ground; To  
fol - low thy Sa - vior, and bless the glad day; Rise,

B. 

To dwell I'm de - ter - mined  
Rise, fol - low thy Sa - vior,

Tr.  1. dwell I'm de - ter - mined on that hap - py ground. A that hap - py ground.  
fol - low thy Sa - vior, and bless the glad day. My that hap - py ground.

T.  8  
dwell I'm de - ter - mined on that hap - py ground. A that hap - py ground.  
fol - low thy Sa - vior, and bless the glad day. My that hap - py ground.

B. 

3. No mortal doth know What he can bestow;  
What life, strength, and comfort, go after him go.  
Lo, onward I move, And but Christ above,  
None guesses how wonderous my journey will prove.

4. Great spoils I shall win, From death, hell and sin;  
Midst outward afflictions, shall feel Christ within.  
Perhaps for his name, Poor dust as I am  
Some works I shall finish with glad loving aim.

5. I still (which is best) Shall in his dear breast  
As at the beginning find pardon and rest.  
And when I'm to die, Receive me, I'll cry,  
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot say why.

6. But this I do find, We two are so joined,  
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind.  
Lo this is the race I'm running through grace,  
Henceforth till admitted to see my Lord's face.

7. And now I'm in care, My neighbors may share  
These blessings to seek them will none of you dare!  
In bondage, oh why, And death will you lie,  
When one here assures you free grace is so nigh?