


"The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants: and none of them that trust in him shall be desolate." -- Ps. 34:22.

G Major Charles Wesley, 1759.

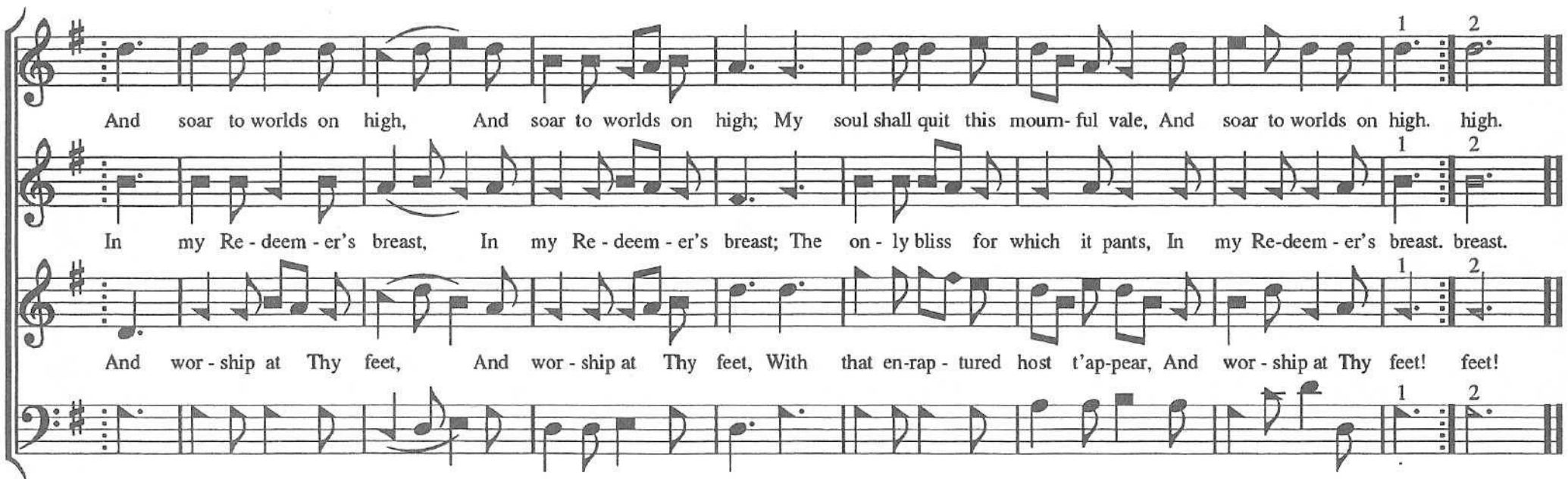
Southern Harmony, 1835.



1. And let this fee - ble bod - y fail, And let it faint or die; My soul shall quit this mourn - ful vale, And soar to worlds on high.

2. Shall join the dis - em - bod - ied saints, And find its long-sought rest, The on - ly bliss for which it pants, In my Re-deem-er's breast.

3. O what are all my suf-f'rings here, If, Lord, Thou count me meet With that en-rap - tured host t'ap-pear, And wor-ship at Thy feet!



And soar to worlds on high, And soar to worlds on high; My soul shall quit this mourn-ful vale, And soar to worlds on high. high.

In my Re-deem-er's breast, In my Re-deem-er's breast; The on - ly bliss for which it pants, In my Re-deem-er's breast. breast.

And wor-ship at Thy feet, And wor-ship at Thy feet, With that en-rap - tured host t'ap-pear, And wor-ship at Thy feet! feet!