

[Season]

##. Come, Lord, Thyself with Thine Abounding Grace

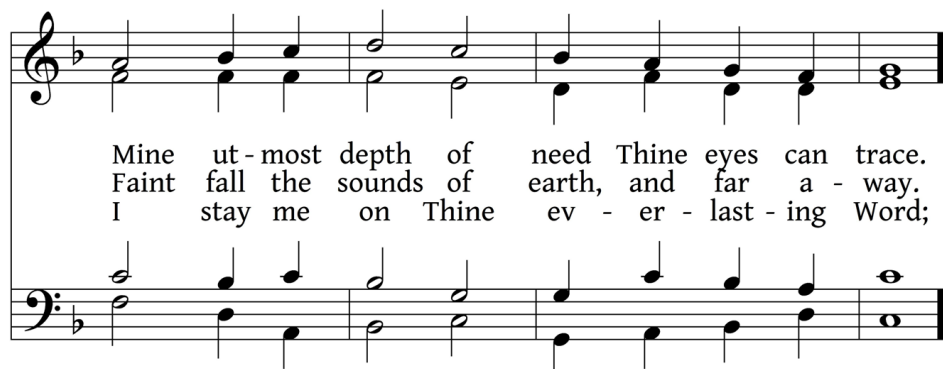
Hallgrimur Petursson

Old 124th

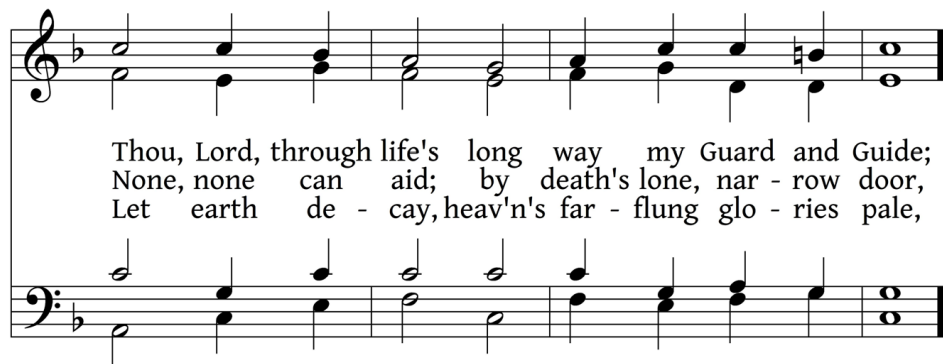
"Genevan Psalter," 1551



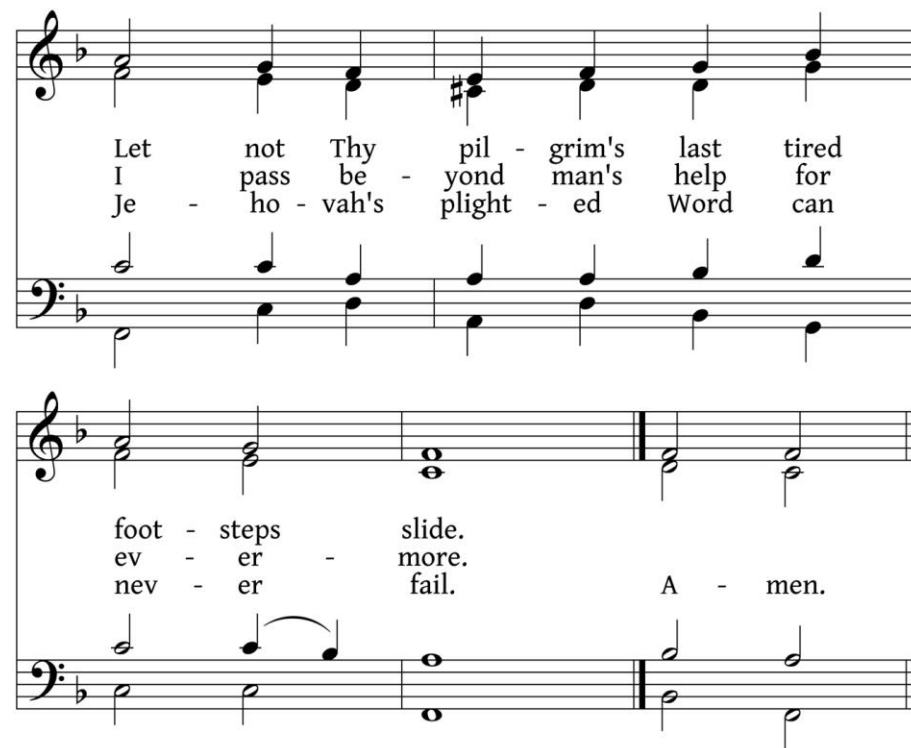
1. Come, Lord, Thy - self with Thine a - bound - ing grace;
2. Up - on my sight dark dawns the ris - ing day;
3. None, none can aid but Thou, Al - migh - ty Lord;



Mine ut - most depth of need Thine eyes can trace.
Faint fall the sounds of earth, and far a - way.
I stay me on Thine ev - er - last - ing Word;



Thou, Lord, through life's long way my Guard and Guide;
None, none can aid; by death's lone, nar - row door,
Let earth de - cay, heav'n's far - flung glo - ries pale,



Let not Thy pil - grim's last tired
I pass be - yond man's help for
Je - ho - vah's plight - ed Word can
foot - steps slide.
ev - er - more.
nev - er fail. A - men.

4. Within th' Eternal Arms I sink to rest,
Washed in the stream that flowed from Jesus' breast.
The life Thou gavest, Father, now defend;
Into Thine hands my spirit I commend.

5. Let the last psalm my dying voice can raise,
Extol Thy loving-kindness, hymn Thy praise.
Let the first notes my wak'ning lips can frame
Amid th' eternal glory, laud Thy name.

6. First, midst, and last, through that unclouded day,
I would my Saviour's boundless grace display,
And swell the anthems of the ransomed host,
Adoring Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.