

Geo. W. Doane.
Moderato.

C. M. von Weber.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;
 2. Thou, whose all - per - vad - ing eye Naught es - capes, with - out, with - in,
 3. Soon for me the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;
 4. Thou who, sin - less, yet hast known All of man's in - firm - i - ty;

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would com - mune with Thee.
 Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault and se - cret sin.
 Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.
 Then, from thine e - ter - nal throne, Je - sus, look with pit - ying eye.

Charles Wesley.

S. B. Marsh.

FINE

1. { Je - sus! Lov - er of - my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly, }
 { While the bil - lows o'er me roll, While the tem - pest still is high; }
 2. { Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hang my help - less soul on Thee; }
 { Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Stil' sup - port and com - fort me. }

D. C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh, re - ceive my soul at last!
D. C.—Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.

Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
 All my trust on Thee is stayed; All my help from Thee I bring;

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 More than all in Thee I find:
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is Thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness;
 Vile, and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,—
 Grace to pardon all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee;
 Spring Thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

I would rather have written that hymn of Wesley's than have the fame of all the kings that ever sat upon the thrones of power.—Henry Ward Beecher.