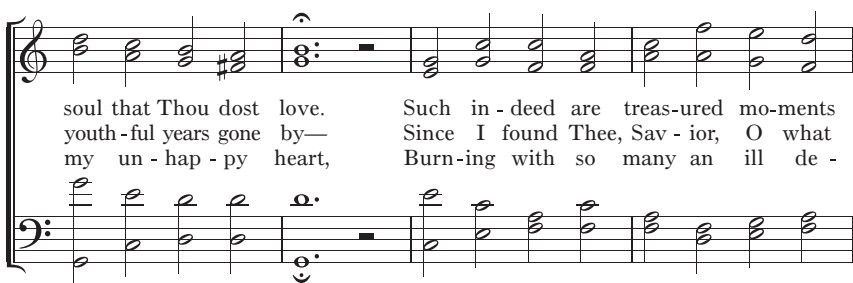
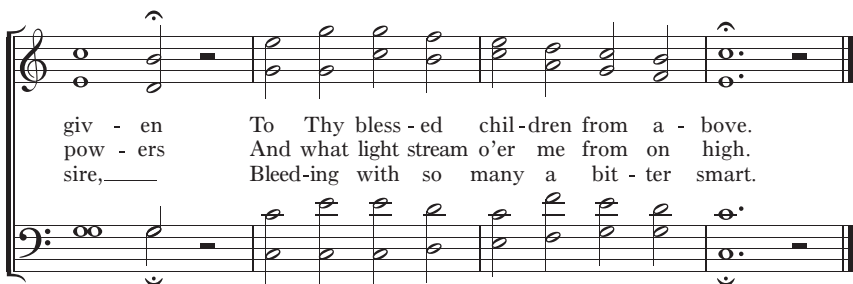


1. Lord, I think of Thee, and joy of heav - en O - ver-whelms the
 2. What a train of dark and drear-y hours— Followed me in
 3. Ere I knew Thee and the life that's high - er, Peace was far from



soul that Thou dost love. Such in - deed are treas-ured mo-ments
 youth-ful years gone by— Since I found Thee, Sav - ior, O what
 my un - hap - py heart, Burn-ing with so many an ill de -



giv - en To Thy bless - ed chil-dren from a - bove.
 pow - ers And what light stream o'er me from on high.
 sire, Bleed-ing with so many a bit - ter smart.

4. Full of youthful zeal I was pursuing
 Nothing but deceit and vanity;
 Sham and shadow I was ever wooing,
 And the truth remained unknown to me.

5. Filled with false ambition, pride, and cunning,
 Wanting meekness, sense of right, and light,
 Into error's mazes I was running,
 Oft unwilling, slave to sin's dread might.

6. Were I loved—thought I—or glory earning,
All my inner longing would be stilled;
Though I found these richly, yet the yearning
In my heart and soul remained unfilled.

7. Shepherdless, and in a desert wand'ring,
I did stray, a lost and erring sheep,
Finding nowhere aught to still my hung'ring,
Nor a spring of water, cool and deep.

8. In my need I surely would have perished,
Pain and anguish would have smothered me—
Had I not perceived Thy call so cherished,
Shepherd, had I not found rest in Thee!

9. What a struggle faced me, and moreover
Doubt and fear bound me on every side!
Till at last, the bitter conflict over,
My poor soul in Thee, Lord, did confide!

10. Long a downcast spirit did depress me—
Now Thou cheerest both my heart and mind;
Only peace and happiness possess me
Since my blessed lot in Thee I find.

11. Since that sacred day when I did find Thee,
O'er desire I now can victor be;
Anger, discontent I leave behind me—
Heaven came into my heart through Thee!

12. Nor will there be dreary clouds above me,
That will overcast my heaven's blue—
If I evermore, O Lord, will love Thee,
Without discontent, to Thee be true.

13. Woe unto the world, such love despising,
That such joy in Jesus casts away;
For, its value never realizing,
It is led by vanity astray!

14. O forsake me not, my faithful Savior,
Though at times Thy face I fail to see!
As the gold by fire, purge me ever,
Till I am as Thou wouldst have me be!

15. When at last these bitter trials are ended,
And I finish this my earthly race,
There within the land of joys unblended—
Dare I hope it?—I shall see Thy face!

16. Purified in heart, enraptured, Savior,
With my song I'll praise Thy Name most blest,
That Thou, all earth's anguish past forever,
Hast bestowed on me Thine endless rest!