

# 254. THOU ART WORTHY, MY DEAR LORD

O SPASE TI SI VREDAN

1. { Thou art wor - thy, my dear Lord, to be praised by men on earth, To be  
No one's good - ness can com - pare, to my soul joy can now de - clare, My soul

tru - ly praised by men on earth. } From earth's bond - age grant re -  
great - est joy can now de - clare. } From earth's bond - age grant re - lease, from earth's

lease bond - age grant re - lease, and do Thou my faith in - crease, To be  
bond - age grant re - lease, and do Thou my faith in - crease, and do Thou my faith in - crease, To be

true true to Thee a - lone, to Thee a - lone, keep me  
true to Thee a - lone, to be true to Thee a - lone, keep keep me

Je Je - sus, as Thine own, sus as Thine own.  
Je - sus, as Thine own, keep me, Je - sus, as Thine own.

2. With Thy hands hast Thou me wrought, Wonderful to light has brought,  
Wonderfully to the light has brought. Through Thy blood was I redeemed,  
And eternal joy esteemed, That eternal hope is now esteemed.  
From earth's bondage...

## 255. O FOUNT OF LOVE, MINE OWN

VELIK EMANUIL

1. O Fount of love mine own, Bleed-ing and dy-ing One, Sav-ior a-bove! O my Im-man-u-el, Thou true life-giv-ing Well, Now let me ful-ly dwell with-in Thy love.  
 2. O Je-sus Christ, my Lord, Thou lov-ing, liv-ing Word, God's Lamb for me. Thou paidst what I did owe When in Thy love's deep glow, Thy blood for me did flow up-on the tree.  
 3. God's per-fect right-eous-ness is now my glo-rious dress, be-fore Thy throne. Thou free-ing me from sin, dost now re-store a-gain, Thine im-age true with-in, Thou Ho-ly One!

## 256. I AM SO SAD AND WEARY

O KAKO SAM U STRAHU

1. I am so sad and wea-ry! O Lord, look Thou on me! My days are long and drear-y, I care not here to be.  
 2. In Ke-dar's tents I'm dwell-ing, And that adds to my pain; The foe my doom is tell-ing, My heart doth ache with-in.

3. Still here in Mesech living, Where evil men hate peace,  
 (: ) To Satan homage giving, Oh how I seek release! (: )
4. My fatherland is heaven, A stranger I am here.  
 (: ) What praise shall Thee be given, O God, when I am there! (: )
5. O blessed Head, in anguish, with sorrow, shame weighed down,  
 (: ) Now mocked and scorned, rejected, with thorns Thine only crown! (: )
6. O forehead, from which flowed, in great agony, Thy blood.  
 (: ) I joy to call Thee mine, for I've risen from that flood! (: )
7. Great pain hast Thou endured, slain on the cruel tree,  
 (: ) Yet I this pain deservéd, but Thou hast set me free! (: )
8. In true repentance falling, before Thy holy face,  
 (: ) In mercy look Thou downward, I plead for Thy rich grace! (: )