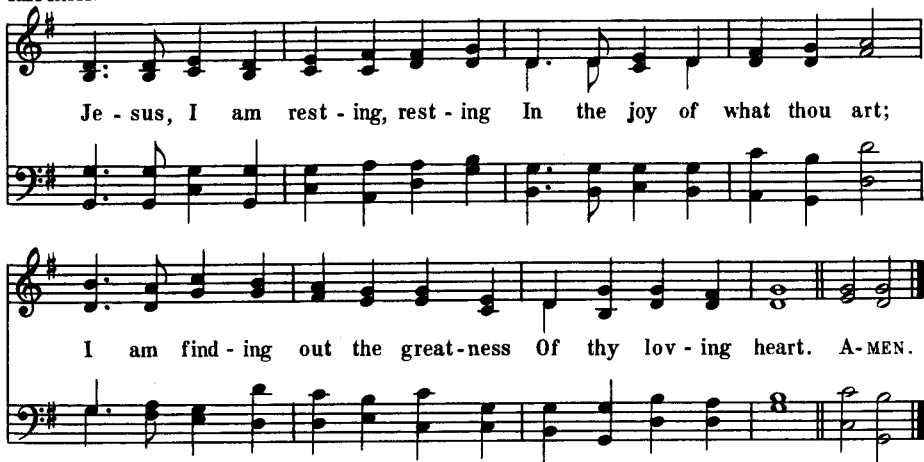


HIS LOVE AND GRACE

REFRAIN



Je - sus, I am rest - ing, rest - ing In the joy of what thou art;

I am find - ing out the great - ness Of thy lov - ing heart. A - MEN.

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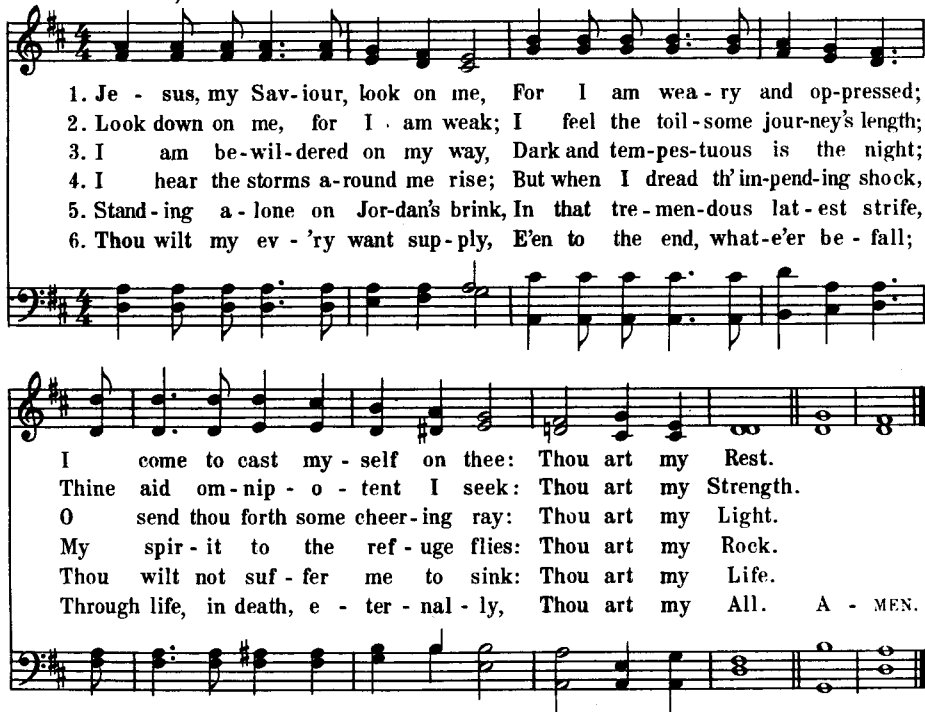
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But when he saw the multitudes, he was moved with compassion on them, because they fainted, and were scattered abroad... Matt. 9:36

HANFORD 8. 8. 8. 4.

Charlotte Elliott, 1848

Sir Arthur S. Sullivan, 1874



1. Je - sus, my Sav-iour, look on me, For I am wea - ry and op-pressed;
 2. Look down on me, for I . am weak; I feel the toil - some jour-ney's length;
 3. I am be-wil-dered on my way, Dark and tem-pes-tuous is the night;
 4. I hear the storms a-round me rise; But when I dread th'im-pend-ing shock,
 5. Stand - ing a - lone on Jor-dan's brink, In that tre-men-dous lat - est strife,
 6. Thou wilt my ev - 'ry want sup - ply, E'en to the end, what-e'er be - fall;

I come to cast my - self on thee: Thou art my Rest.
 Thine aid om-nip - o - tent I seek: Thou art my Strength.
 O send thou forth some cheer-ing ray: Thou art my Light.
 My spir - it to the ref - uge flies: Thou art my Rock.
 Thou wilt not suf - fer me to sink: Thou art my Life.
 Through life, in death, e - ter - nal - ly, Thou art my All. A - MEN.