

# NEW CONCORD—Continued

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And have laid up their trea-sures a - bove; Oh! what tongue can ex - press The sweet com - fort and peace Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.

And the an - gels could do noth - ing more Than to fall at his feet, And the sto - ry re - peat, And the Sa - vior of sin - ners a - dore.

Oh! that more his sal - va - tion may see; He hath loved me I cried, He hath suf - fered and died, To re - deem such a reb - el as me.

Who hath died me from death to re - deem; Wheth - er ma - ny or few, All my days are his due,—May they all be de - vo - ted to him.