

1. Ye hum-ble souls that seek the Lord, Chase all your fears a - way;

2. Thus low the Lord of life was brought; Such wonders love can do;

3. A moment give a-loose to grief, Let grate-ful sor - rows rise;

4. Then dry your tears and tune your songs, The Sa - vior lives a - gain;

## CARR'S LANE—Continued

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And bow with pleas - ure down to see The place where Je - sus lay, The place where Je - sus lay.

Thus cold in death that bo - som lay, Which throbbed and bled for you, Which throbbed and bled for you.

And wash the blood - y stains a - way, With tor - rents from your eyes, With tor - rents from your eyes.

Not all the bolts and bars of death The Conq'r - or could de - tain, The Conq'r - or could de - tain.