

(Materna. C. M. D.)

S. A. Ward



1. Not all the gold of all the world, And all its wealth com-bined,  
 2. Gold could not give the heart-re-lief, The mal-e-fac-tor craved,  
 3. Oh, what can e-qual joy di-vine, And what can sweet-er be



Could give re-lief, or com-fort yield, To one dis-tract-ed mind;  
 Ah, no! 'twas Christ, the Christ of God, That dy-ing sin-ner saved;  
 Than know-ing that this Christ is mine To all e-ter-ni-ty?



'Tis on-ly to the pre-cious blood Of Christ the soul can fly,  
 Faith's view of Him who bleed-ing hung A vic-tim by his side.  
 Safe in the Lord, with-out a doubt, By vir-tue of the blood;



There on-ly can a sin-ner find A flow-ing full sup-ply.  
 He saw, he knew the Lord was there, The Lord for him had died.  
 For noth-ing can de-stroy the life That's hid with Christ in God.

