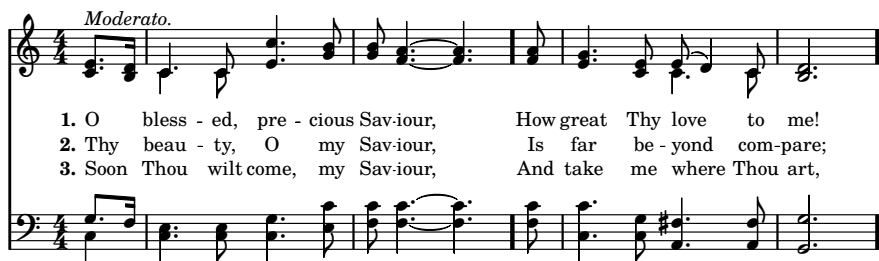



*Moderato.*



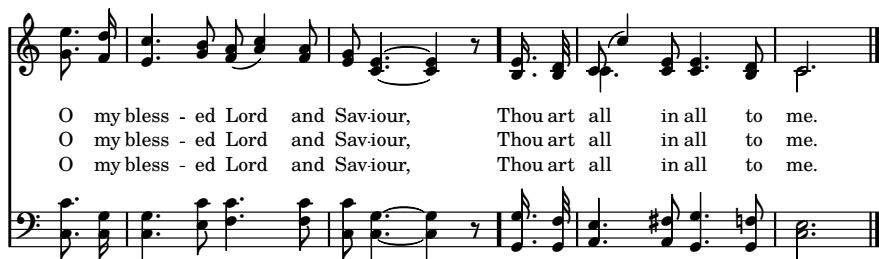
1. O bless - ed, pre - cious Sav-iour,      How great Thy love to me!  
 2. Thy beau - ty, O my Sav-iour,      Is far be - yond com-pare;  
 3. Soon Thou wilt come, my Sav-iour,      And take me where Thou art,



Thou for me, the guilt - y sin-ner,      Hast died up-on the tree,  
 Thou art chief - est of ten thousand,      Than sons of men more fair,  
 To gaze up-on Thy glo-ry,      And nev - er from Thee part,



Hast died up-on the tree,      That I may dwell with Thee:  
 Than sons of men more fair;      Thy beau - ty now I see:  
 And nev - er from Thee part,      Thine, ev - er Thine to be:



O my bless - ed Lord and Sav-iour,      Thou art all in all to me.  
 O my bless - ed Lord and Sav-iour,      Thou art all in all to me.  
 O my bless - ed Lord and Sav-iour,      Thou art all in all to me.