

(Materna. C. M. D.)

S. A. Ward



1. Not all the gold of all the world, And all its wealth combined, Could give re - lief, or
 2. Gold could not give the heart re - lief The mal - e - fac - tor craved, Ah, no! 'twas Christ, the
 3. O, what can e - qual joy di - vine? And what can sweet - er be Than knowing that this



com - fort yield, To one distract - ed mind; 'Tis on - ly to the pre - cious blood Of
 Christ of God, That dy - ing sin - ner saved; Faith's view of Him Who bleed - ing hung A
 Christ is mine To all e - ter - ni - ty? Safe in the Lord, with - out a doubt, By



Christ the soul can fly, There on - ly can a sin - ner find A flow - ing full sup - ply.
 vic - tim by his side. He saw, he knew, the Lord was there, The Lord for him had died.
 vir - tue of the blood; For nothing can de - stroy the life That's hid with Christ in God.

