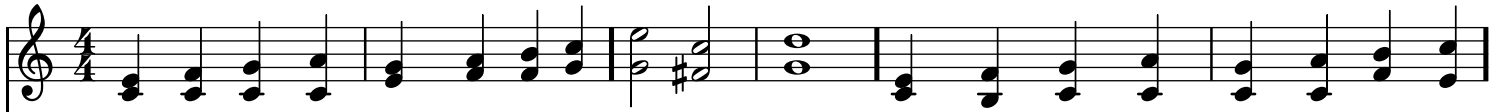


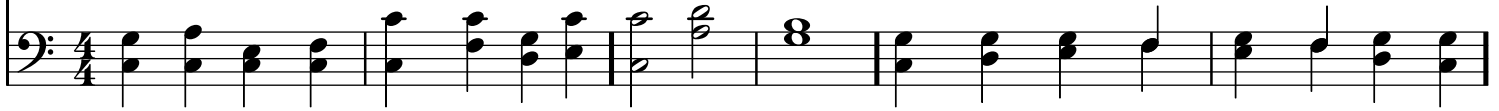
(P. M.)

Miss C. A. Wellesley

Mrs. E. Milne



1. Sat - is - fied with Thee, Lord Jesus, I am blest; Peace which pass - eth un - derstanding,
2. Oc - cu - pied with me, Lord Jesus, In Thy grace; All Thy ways and thoughts a - bout me,
3. Ta - ken up with Thee, Lord Jesus, I would be; Find - ing joy and sat - is - fac - tion
4. List'ning for Thy shout, Lord Jesus, In the air; When Thy saints shall rise, with joy, to



- On Thy breast; No more doubting, No more trembling, No more trembling, Oh, what rest!  
 On - ly trace Deep - er sto - ries Of the glo - ries, Of the glo - ries Of Thy grace.  
 All in Thee; Thou the near - est And the dear - est, And the dear - est Un - to me.  
 Meet Thee there. Oh, what gladness! No more sad - ness, No more sad - ness, Sin nor care.



- 5 Longing for the bride, Lord Jesus,  
 Of Thy heart;  
 To be with Thee in the glory,  
 Where Thou art.  
 Love so groundless,  
 Grace so boundless,  
 Grace so boundless  
 Wins my heart.

- 6 When Thy blood-bought church, Lord Jesus,  
 Is complete;  
 When each soul is safely landed  
 At Thy feet;  
 What a story  
 In the glory,  
 In the glory  
 She'll repeat.

- 7 Oh, to praise Thee there, Lord Jesus,  
 Evermore!  
 Oh, to grieve and wander from Thee  
 Nevermore!  
 Earth's sad story  
 Closed in glory,  
 Closed in glory  
 On yon shore.

- 8 Then Thy church will be, Lord Jesus,  
 The display  
 Of God's richest grace and kindness  
 In that day;  
 Marking pages,  
 Wondrous stages,  
 Wondrous stages,  
 O'er earth's way.