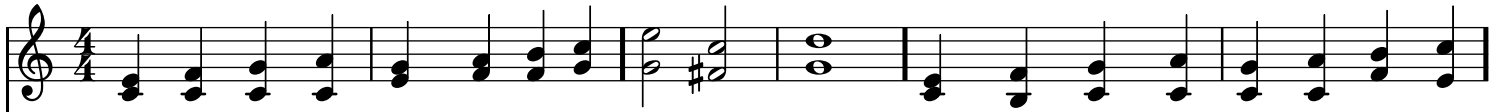


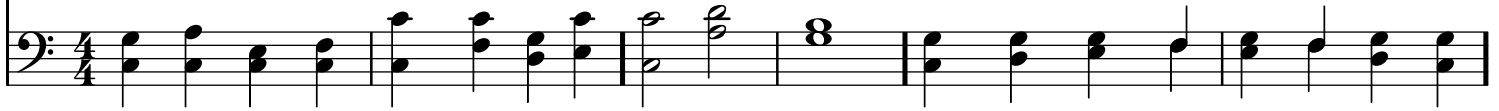
(P. M.)

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 tho'ts 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.