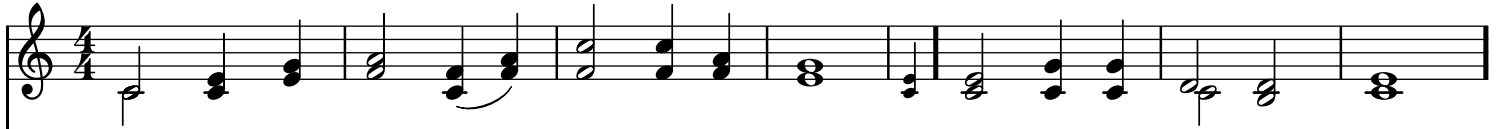


Mrs. A. H. Rule

David Baridon



1. Je - sus, my Lord, who died on the cross, Love - ly art Thou to me;
 2. What are earth's joys, so fleet - ing and vain, Je - sus, my Lord, to me!
 3. Storms may as - sail, my bark may be tossed, Voy - ag - ing o'er life's sea;
 4. Je - sus, my Lord, 'twas sin's heav - y load, Th' curse that was borne by Thee;
 4. Je - sus, my Lord, what o - ceans of love Stirred in Thy heart for me!



Sil - ver and gold - I count them but dross; Naught can com - pare with Thee.
 Sweet - er by far is the heav - en - ly gain; Love - ly art Thou to me.
 Thou, Lord, art near, I can - not be lost, Ref - uge art Thou to me.
 Stroke up - on stroke, as God's wrath a - woke, Fell up - on Thee for me.
 Je - sus, my Lord, in glo - ry a - bove, Love - ly art Thou to me.

