

1. Sa-vior, I do feel thy mer-it, Sprinkled with re-deem-ing blood;
And my wea-ry troub-led spir-it, Now finds rest with thee my God! } I am safe and I am hap-py, While in thy dear arms I lie,

2. Now I'll sing a Sa-vior's mer-it, Tell the world of his dear name;
That if a-ny want his Spir-it, He is still the ver-y same; } He that ask-eth soon re-ceive-eth, He that seeks is sure to find;

Sin and Sa-tan can-not hurt me, While my Sa-vior is so nigh.

Whomso-e'er on him be-liev-eth, He shall nev-er cast be-hind.