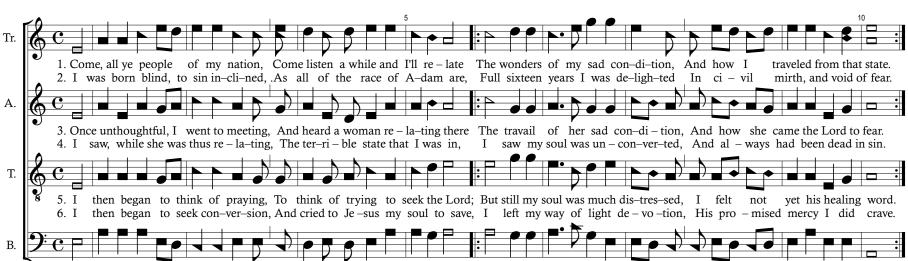
Experience

Transcribed from Southern and Western Pocket Harmonist, 1846

Alto by B. C. Johnston, 2018.



7. My sins began, like pointed mountains. To stand up against me every day, Their number I was oft re-coun - ting. But all in vain my grief t'a - lay.

99.98

Anonymous, before 1834

- 8. One night, while thinking of the Savior, And what he has done for sinful man, I thought my soul was out of fa vor. Oh, how his mer cy I longed to gain.
 - 9. Mount Sinai's thunder rolled against me, Not only for my outward sin, But in my heart I saw the fountain Which made my actions so unclean.
 - 10. I felt how just the condemnation. Though my spirit to hell should go: When lo! the gospel consolation Freed my soul from its load of woe.

- 11. I saw, by faith, the blessed Savior Extended on the accursed tree: Praise him, my soul, praise him for ever; Adore the God who died for thee.
- 12. Come, Christians, join with me in praising The blessed Lord, who died for me: I hope to praise him while I'm living, And after death, eternally.

A minor

William Walker, 1866