

Lubec

Transcribed from *The Middlesex Harmony*, 1803.

Tr. 5 10

1. Let all our tongues be one To praise our God on high, Who from his bosom sent his Son To fetch us strangers nigh. Nor
2. It cost him cries and tears To bring us near to God; Great was our debt, and he appears To make the payment good. My

T. 8

3. Infinite was our guilt, But he, our Priest, atones; On the cold ground his life was spilt, And offered with his groans. Look up, my soul, to
4. There, on the cursed tree, In dying pangs he lies, Ful-fils his Father's great decree, And all our wants supplies. Thus the Redeemer

B.

5. While the eternal Three Bear their record above, Here I believe he died for me, And seal my Savior's love. Lord, cleanse my soul from sin _____

Tr. 15 20 1. 2.

1. let our voices cease To sing the Savior's name; Je - sus, th'ambassador of peace, How cheerfully he came! Nor
2. Savior's pierc-ed side Poured out a double flood; By water we are pu-ri-fied, And pardoned by the blood. My

T. 8

3. him _____ Whose death was thy desert, And humbly view the living stream Flow from his breaking heart. Look
4. came _____ By water and by blood; And when the Spirit speaks the same, We feel his witness good. Thus

B.

5. _____ Nor let thy grace de-part; Great Com-for-ter, abide within, And witness to my heart. Lord,