

God's Divine Compassion

Zion's Harp # 74

mel.

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In - to love's o - cean, all em - brac - ing.
 So in my heart, I will en - fold - Thee.
 Glad - ly I fol - low where Thou guid - est.
 O heart, of all, I make o - bla - tion.

5. I loved and lived in bondage weary,
 When for myself I lived apart.
 I knew Thee not through years so dreary,
 Yet Thou sought'st me with loving heart.
 O, could each sinner know this blessing,
 Thine would he be, his love confessing.

6. Now praise we all the name of Jesus,
 Bright fountain whence love's joy proceeds,
 The streams which here from sin's stain frees us
 And yonder, God's blest legions feeds.
 They bend the knee, Thy praise repeating;
 We fold our hands, Thy grace entreating.

7. O Jesus, may Thy name eternal
 Deep in our souls it's impress leave!
 May we of Thy sweet love supernal
 In heart and mind the stamp receive!
 Let all our words, let each endeavor,
 Jesus, naught else, proclaim forever!