

To My Redeemer

(Zion's Harp # 182)

(Mel.)

1.) As I think of Thee, A gen - tle rap - ture O - ver - welms the
2.) One long train of dark and trou - bled ho - urs Shroud - ed me in
3.) Ere I knew Thee and Thy sweet com - pas - sion, My un - hap - py
4.) Full of youth - ful zeal, I was pur - su - ing No - thing but de -

8: -

soul that Thou dost love; This is one of those bright pre - cious
youth - ful days gone by; Since I've felt Thy great, al - might - y
heart sought peace in vain; For a thou - sand lusts of e - vil
ceit and va - ni - ty; Sham and sha - dow I was e - ver

(Mel.)

mo - ments Gran - ted Thy be - lo - ved from a - bove.
pow - ers, Light and strength flow on me from on high.
fash - ion Burnt with - in me, yield - ing naught but pain.
woo - ing, And the truth re - mained un - known to me.