

1. Dear Sav-iour, we would know Thy love Which yet no meas-ure knows;
 2. Fain would we strike the gold - en harp, And wear the prom-ised crown,
 3. Then leave us not in this dark world, As stran-gers long to roam;

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 ...

HIS LOVE AND SYMPATHY

For us it led Thee once to die; From thence sal - va - tion flows.
 And at Thy feet, while bend - ing low, Would sing what grace hath done.
 Come, Lord, and take us to Thy - self, Come, Je - sus, quick - ly come!