

The Savior's Merits

Transcribed from Ingalls' *Christian Harmony*, 1805.

C Major

Jeremiah Ingalls, 1805

Tr.  5

1. Sa vior, I do feel thy me - rit, Sprin - kled with re - dee - ming blood, And my wea - ry
2. Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high, Glo - ry, glo - ry,
3. Now I'll sing my Sa - vior's me - rit, Tell the world of his dear name, That if a - ny

T.  8

4. Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - rious Christ of heav'n - ly birth, Glo - ry, glo - ry,
5. Now our Ad - vo - cate is plea - ding With his Fa - ther and our God; And for us is
6. Wor - thy, wor - thy, wor - thy, wor - thy, Wor - thy is the Lamb of God, Wor - thy, wor - thy,

B.  8

7. Soon we hope to sing most sweet - ly, At the mar - riage of the Lamb, When his bride is
8. Glo - ry, ho - nor, and thanks - gi - ving, Be un - to the Lord our King; O let eve - ry
9. Bles - sed, bles - sed, bles - sed, bles - sed, Bles - sed be the God of heav'n, Bles - sed, bles - sed,

Tr.  10

trou - bled spi - rit Now finds rest with thee, my God; I am safe, and I am hap - py, While in thy dear
glo - ry, glo - ry, Sing his prai - ses through the sky; Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry to the
wants his spi - rit, He is still the ve - ry same; He that as - keth, soon re - cei - veth, He that seeks is

T.  8

glo - ry, glo - ry, Sing his prai - ses through the earth; Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry to the
in - ter - ce - ding, As the pur - chase of his blood; Now me - thinks I hear him pray - ing, Fa - ther! save them,
wor - thy, wor - thy, Loved and washed us in his blood; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Ho - ly is the

B.  8

dressed com - plete - ly, Fit to cel - e - brate the same; O what shouts shall then be ring - ing Round the throne of
crea - ture li - ving The Re - dee - mer's prai - ses sing; Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah! Now the Lord Je -
bles - sed, bles - sed, Who has all our sins for - giv'n; Prai - sed, prai - sed, prai - sed, prai - sed, Prai - sed be his

Tr.  15

arms I lie; Sin nor Sa - tan can - not hurt me, While my Sa - vior is so nigh.
Fa - ther give; Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, Sing his prai - es, all that live.
sure to find, Who - so - e'er on him be - lie - veth, He will ne - ver cast be - hind.

T.  8

Spi - rit be; Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, To the sa - cred One in Three.
I have dies, And the Fa - ther an - swers, say - ing, They are free - ly jus - ti - fied.
Lord of hosts, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

B.  8

God most high, And what sweet, me - lo - dious sing - ing Then shall e - cho through the sky.
ho - vah reigns; Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah! Sing his praise in high - est strains.
ho - ly name, Prai - sed, prai - sed, prai - sed, prai - sed, Now and ev - er more. A - men.