

Unitia

John Gambold, 1742

55. 65.

Transcribed from *Wyeth's Repository, Part Second*, 1813.

G Major

Lucius Chapin, 1812

5 10 15 1. 2.

1. O tell me no more Of this world's vain store; The time for such trifles With me now is o'er. A country I've found, Where true joys abound; To dwell I'm determined On that happy ground. A
2. The souls that believe In paradise live: And me in that number Will Jesus receive. My soul, don't delay, He calls thee away! Rise, follow thy Savior, And bless the glad day. My
3. No mortal doth know What he can bestow, What light, strength, and comfort: Go after him, go! Lo, onward I move, And but Christ above None guesses how wondrous My journey will prove. Lo,
4. Great spoils I shall win From death, hell, and sin; 'Midst outward afflictions Shall feel Christ within. Perhaps for his name, Poor dust as I am, Some works I shall finish With glad loving aim. Per-
5. And when I'm to die, "Receive me," I'll cry, For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot say why. But this I do find, We two are so joined, He'll not live in glory And leave me behind. But
6. Lo this is the race I'm running, through grace, Henceforth till admitted To see my Lord's face. In bondage, O why And death will you lie, When one here assures you Free grace is so nigh? In

A folk hymn (Lowens 1964).