

1. Now let the Lord my Savior smile, And show my name upon his heart, I would forget my pains awhile, And in the pleasure, in the pleasure lose the smart.

2. But O, it swells my sorrows high To see my blessed Jesus frown; My spirits sink, my comforts die, And all the springs, and all the springs of life are down.

3. Yet why my soul why these complaints? Still while he frowns his bowels move; And feels their sorrows, Still on his heart he bears his saints, feels their sorrows and his love.

4. My name is printed on his breast; His book of life contains my name; I'd rather have it there impressed Than in the bright records, bright records of fame.

5. When the last fire burns all things here, Those letters shall securely stand, And in the Lamb's fair book appear, Writ by th' eternal, by th' eternal Father's hand.

6. Now shall my minutes smoothly run, While here I wait my Father's will; My rising and my setting sun Roll gently up and down, roll up and down the hill.

Edited by B. C. Johnston, 2020

1. Converted from four staves, Treble-Counter-Tenor-Bass to two staves, Soprano Alto-Tenor Bass.
2. Measure 4, *Soprano*: sharp on second C assumed.