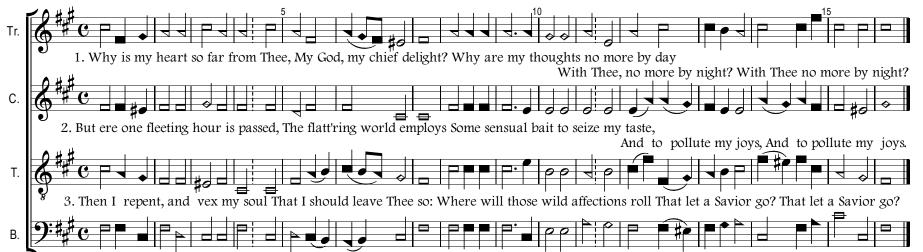
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F# minor Oliver Holden, 1803



4. Sin's promised joys are turned to pain, And I am drowned in grief; But my dear Lord returns again, He flies to my relief, He flies to my relief.

5. Seizing my soul with sweet surprise, He draws with loving bands Divine compassion in his eyes, And pardon in his hands, And pardon in His hands.

6. Wretch that I am, to wander thus In chase of false delight! Let me be fastened to thy cross, Rather than lose Thy sight, Rather than lose Thy sight.

7. Make haste, my days, to reach the goal, And bring my heart to rest On the dear center of my soul, My God, my Savior's breast, My God, my Savior's breast.