



A

Repenting Sinner
IN SEARCH
OF THE LORD.

'TIS Jesus Christ I want to find,
Pray tell me where he dwells,
'Tis he alone can ease my mind,
And make my conscience well.

My pain is great and none can ease
My troubled breast but he :
Direct me friends then, if you please,
Where I may Jesus see.

If you'll go down to yonder fold,
And search among the sheep,
You'll find him there as I've been told.
For there he loves to keep.

What signal shall I have to know
Him from another man ?
You'll find salvation on his brow,
And in his arms a lamb.

I thank you, friends, for your advice,
I'll find him if I can :
'Tis he can make my heart rejoice,
The friend of sinful man.

I've found the Lord, I can rejoice,
He has fill'd me with his love,
His people they shall be my choice
We soon shall meet above.

I bid you all
FAREWELL.

I am a sinner quite undone,
I have a soul to save,
I doubt my glass is nearly run
My mind is on the grave.
Long time I have been wrestling here,
Which makes me very ill,
Now death is come, I must away,
I bid you all farewell.

If you have got a large estate,
When death comes you must go :
Repent before it is too late,
Death is an awful blow.
My heart is full of misery,
My sorrows none can tell.
Now death is come, I must away,
I bid you all farewell.

Repent while you are in your bloom,
Remember you must die,
For every sinner there is room,
That patiently will cry,
Lord ! I have long offended thee
I am ashamed to tell.
Now death is come, I must away,
I bid you all farewell.

Alas the time will surely come,
When we shall be no more :
If we can land with peace at home,
Our troubles will be o'er.
O Lamb of God thou died'st for all,
No love can thine excel.
Now death is come, I must away,
I bid you all farewell.

Help me O Lord to win the prize,
And dwell with thee above,
I pray to rise, and lift mine eyes,
Rejoicing in thy love.
Now give me grace, that I may feel
The works of God to tell.
Now death is come, I must away,
I bid you all farewell.

Saints and Angels they are blest
In heaven, with their dues :
Death or everlasting rest,
You may have which you choose.
Methinks I hear the angels sing,
With notes so clear and shrill,
Now death is come, I must away,
I bid you all farewell.

George Walker, Jun., Printer, Durham.

