

J.W.M.

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1. Sweet riv - ers of re - deem - ing love Lie just be - fore mine eyes;
Had I the pin - ions of a dove, I'd to those riv - ers rise: I'd rise su - pe - rior to my pain,

2. While I'm im - pris - oned here be - low, In an - guish, pain and smart,
Oft - times my trou - bles I fore - go While love sur - rounds my heart: In dark - est shad - ows of the night,

3. A few more days, or years at most, My trou - bles will be o'er,
And I shall join the heav'n - ly host On Ca - naan's peace - ful shore: My hap - py soul shall drink and feast

4. I view the mon - ster death, and smile, For he has lost his sting;
And Sa - tan trem - bles all the while, Tri - um - phant I can sing: I hold my Sav - ior in my arms,

With joy out - strip the wind, And cross bold Jor - dan's storm - y main, And leave the world be - hind.

Faith mounts the up - per sky; I then be - hold my heart's de - light, And could re - jice to die.
On love's un - bound - ed sea: The glo - r'ous hope of end - less rest Is pleas - ing news to me.

And will not let Him go; I'm so de - light - ed with His charms, No oth - er good I know.