

Charles Wesley

William Walker

1. Oh how hap - py are they, Who their Sav - ior o - bey, And whose trea - sures are laid up a - bove; Tongue can nev - er ex - press The sweet

2. That sweet com - fort was mine, When the fa - vor di - vine, I first found in the blood of the Lamb; When my heart first be - lieved, Oh what

3. 'Twas a heav - en be - low, The Re - deem - er to know, And the an - gels could do noth - ing more; Than to fall at His feet And the

com - fort and peace Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.

joy I re - ceived, What a heav - en in Je - sus' dear name.

sto - ry re - peat, And the Sav - ior of sin - ners a - dore.

4. Jesus all the day long, Was my joy and my song; Oh that all His salvation might see,
He hath loved me, I cried, He hath suffered and died, To redeem such a rebel as me.

5. On the wings of His love, I was carried above, Free from sin and temptation and pain,
And I could not believe That I ever should grieve, That I ever should suffer again.

6. I then rode in the sky, Freely justified I, Neither envied Elijah his seat;
My soul mounted up high'r, In a char'ot of fire, And the world was put under my feet.

7. On the rapturous height Of that holy delight Which I felt in the life-giving blood,
Of my Savior possessed, I was perfectly blessed, Overwhelmed with the fullness of God.

8. What a mercy is this, What a heaven of bliss, How unspeakably favored am I,
Gathered into the fold, With believers enrolled, With believers to live and to die.

9. Now my remnant of days Would I spend to His praise, Who hath died my poor soul to redeem,
Whether many or few, All my days are His due; May they all be devoted to Him.