

SALINEVILLE. L.M.

Alexander Clark

1. Up to the fields, where an - gels lie, And liv - ing wa - ters gent - ly roll, Fain would my thoughts leap
 2. Thy won - drous blood, dear dy - ing Christ, Can make this world of guilt re - move; And Thou canst bear me

3. Oh might I once mount up and see The glo - ries of th'e - ter - nal skies; What lit - tle things these
 4. Great ALL IN ALL, E - ter - nal King, Let me but view Thy love - ly face; And all my pow'rs shall

out and fly, But sin hangs heav - y on my soul, But sin hangs heav - y on my soul.
 where Thou fly'st, On Thy kind wings, ce - les - tial Dove! On Thy kind wings, ce - les - tial Dove!

worlds would be, How de - spi - ca - ble to my eyes! How de - spi - ca - ble to my eyes!
 bow, and sing Thine end - less gran - deur and Thy grace, Thine end - less gran - deur and Thy grace.