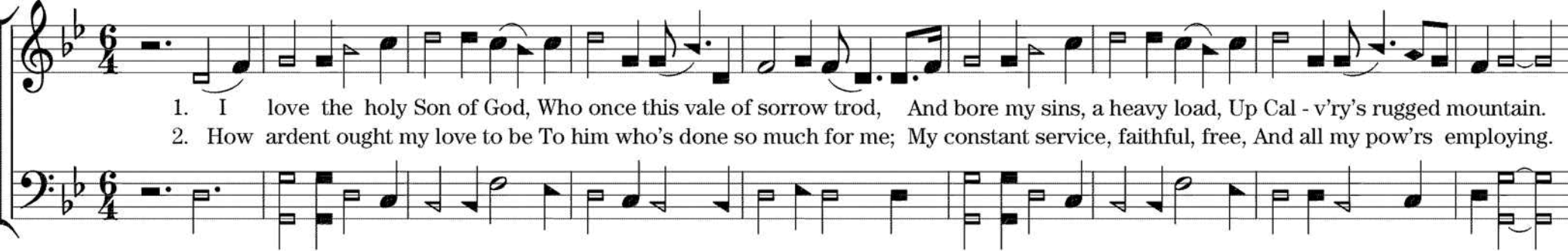
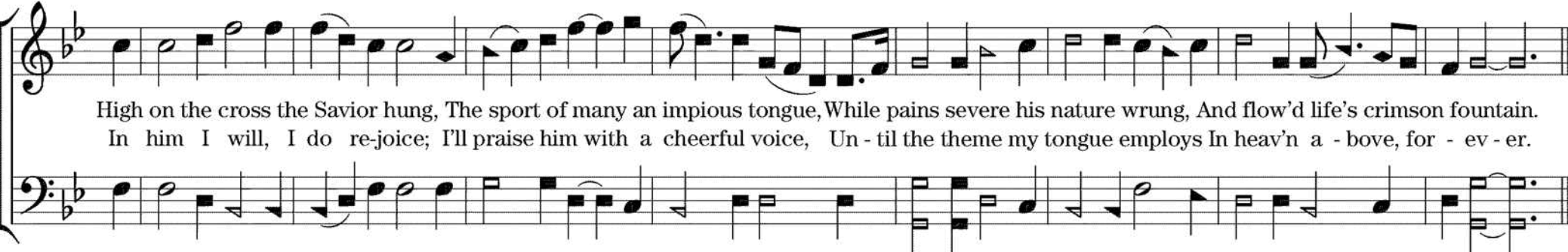


G Minor. Asa Abel, 1837.

Arr. D. H. Mansfield, 1848.

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1. I love the holy Son of God, Who once this vale of sorrow trod, And bore my sins, a heavy load, Up Cal - v'ry's rugged mountain.
2. How ardent ought my love to be To him who's done so much for me; My constant service, faithful, free, And all my pow'rs employing.



High on the cross the Savior hung, The sport of many an impious tongue, While pains severe his nature wrung, And flow'd life's crimson fountain.
In him I will, I do re-joice; I'll praise him with a cheerful voice, Un - til the theme my tongue employs In heav'n a - bove, for - ev - er.