

G Major. John Gambold, 1748.

Arr. Amzi or Lucius Chapin, c.1810.

1. O tell me no more of this world's vain store, The time for such tri - fles with me now is o'er,

2. No mor-tal doth know what he can be - stow, What light, strength, and comfort—go af - ter him, go;

3. But this I do find, we two are so joined, He'll not live in glo - ry and leave me be - hind;

A country I've found where true joys a - bound, To dwell I'm de - ter-mined on that hap - py ground. ground.

Lo, on - ward I move to a cit - y a - bove, None guess-es how wondrous my jour-ney will prove. prove.

So this is the race I'm run-ning through grace, Hence-forth, till ad - mit - ted to see my Lord's face. face.