

C Major. Isaac Watts, 1707.

Joseph Stone, 1793.

Je - sus, the vi - sion of thy face Hath o - ver - pow'r-ing charms. Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace If

Je - sus, the vi - sion of thy face Hath o - ver - pow'r-ing charms. Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace If Christ be in my

Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace If Christ be in my arms,

Christ be in my arms, Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace If Christ be in my arms.

cold embrace If Christ be in my arms, Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace If Christ be in my arms.

arms, Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace If Christ be in my arms, If Christ be in my arms.

Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace If Christ be in my arms, If Christ be in my arms.

Then while you hear my heartstrings break, How sweet the min - utes roll, How sweet the minutes

Then while you hear my heartstrings break, How sweet the min - utes roll, How sweet the minutes

Then while you hear my heartstrings break, How sweet the min - utes roll,

Then while you hear my heartstrings break, How sweet the min - utes roll, A

A mor - tal pale - ness on my cheek, And glo - ry in my soul, And glory in my soul. soul.

roll, A mor - tal pale - ness on my cheek, And glo - ry in my soul,

A mortal paleness on my cheek, And glo - ry in my soul, A mortal paleness on my cheek, And glory in my soul. soul.

mortal pale - ness on my cheek, And glo - ry in my soul,