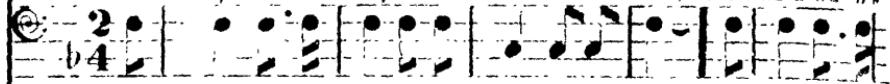


THOU SWEET GLIDING KEDRON. (SWEET HOME.)



1. Thou sweet glid - ing Ke - dron, by thy sil - ver stream, Our Saviour would

2. How damp were the va - pors that fell on his head; How hard was his

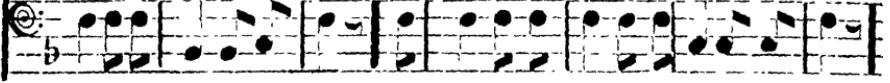


3. O gar - den of O - lyes, thou dear honored spot, The fane of thy

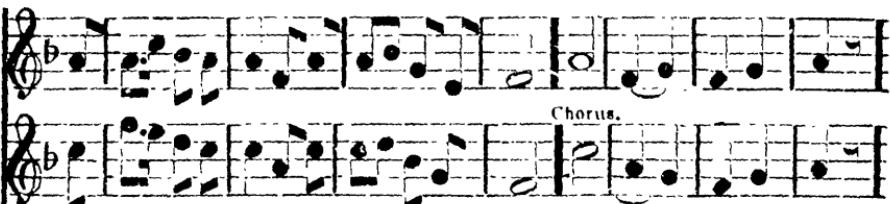


lin - ger in moonlight's soft beam; And by thy bright waters till midnight would stay,

pillow, how hum - ble his bed; The an - gels be - holding, a - mazed at the sight,



wonders shall ne'er be for - got; The theme most transpor - ting to seraphs a - bove,



And lose in thy murmur the toils of the day. Peace, peace, welcome guest!

At - tend ed their Master with so - lemn de - light. Grace, grace, grace di - vine!

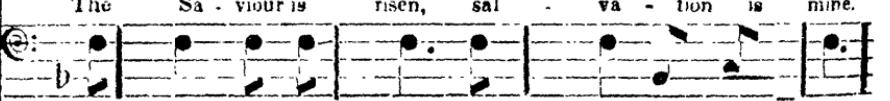


The triumph of sorrow the triumph of love. Love, love, matchless love!



May the peace of my Saviour a - bide in my breast.

The Sa - viour is risen, sal - va - tion is mine.



There's no love like this but in hea - ven a - bove.