

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 - lives, thou dear honored spot, The fame of thy

lin - ger in moonlight's soft beam; And by thy bright waters till midnight would stay,
 pil - low, 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 transporting to seraphs a - bove,

Chorus.
 And lose in thy murmurs 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!

For,
 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.