

OUT OF THE MIRE.

H. TAYLOR. (By permission of the Composer.)

The streets of the ci - ty are full Of poor lit - tle perishing souls, Who

wander a - way from the light, In places that Sa - tan con - trols;

They see not the snare at their feet; They know not the danger they're in; Dear

Saviour! can these be Thy lambs, So changed and dis - fig - ured by sin?

CHORUS. *Slower.*

Famishing, perishing ev - er - y day: Lambs of Thy flock, how they go astray.

Each day there are victories won,
By thousands and thousands they fall;
Shall Satan continue his war,
Until he has conquer'd them all?
No! no! with the armour of God,
His darts you may safely defy;
And oh! you must seek for the lambs
Where Satan has left them to die.

Chorus.—Famishing, &c.

3 Then out of the mire of sin,
And out of the darkness of night,
Go, bring the dear lambs to the flock,
And lead them up into the light,
Their natures with tenderness train,
Their wilfulness strive to subdue,
Be patient and tender with them,
As Christ has been patient with you.

Chorus.—Famishing, &c.