

The follies and the sins of him
For whom my Son has bled.

3 Not all my well-remembered sins
Can startle or dismay ;
The precious blood atones for all
And bears my guilt away.

4 Perhaps this feeble frame of mine
Will soon in sickness lie
But resting on the precious blood
How peacefully I'll die.

21. *Tune—G. H., No. 4, page 23.*

LORD, I care not for riches,
Neither silver nor gold ;
I would make sure of heaven,
I would enter the fold.
In the book of Thy kingdom,
With its pages so fair,
Tell me, Jesus, my Saviour,
Is my name written there ?

CHO.—Is my name written there,
On the page white and fair ?
In the book of Thy kingdom,
Is my name written there ?

2 Lord, my sins they are many,
Like the sands of the sea,
But Thy blood, oh, my Saviour !
Is sufficient for me ;
For Thy promise is written,
In bright letters that glow,
" Tho' your sins be as scarlet,
I will make them like snow."

3 Oh ! that beautiful city,
With its mansions of light,
With its glorified beings,
In pure garments of white :
Where no evil thing cometh,
To despoil what is fair ;