

REVIVAL HYMNS

Not a burden we bear,
Not a sorrow we share,
But our toil He doth richly repay;
Not a grief nor a loss,
Not a frown nor a cross
But is blest if we trust and obey.

6

ABIDING, oh, so wondrous sweet!
I'm resting at the Saviour's feet;
I trust in Him, I'm satisfied,
I'm resting in the Crucified.

Abid...ing, abid...ing,
Oh! so wondrous sweet!
I'm rest...ing, rest...ing,
At the Saviour's feet.

He speaks, and by His word is
given,
His peace, a rich foretaste of
heaven!
Not as the world He peace doth
give,
'Tis thro' this hope my soul shall
live.

I live; not I; thro' Him alone
By whom the mighty work is done;
Dead to myself, alive to Him,
I count all loss His rest to gain.

7

O LOVE, that will not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee;
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its
flow
May richer, fuller be.

O Light, that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to
Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed
ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its
day,
May brighter, fairer be.

Oh Joy, that seeketh me thro' pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow thro' the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

8

WHAT a fellowship, what a joy
divine,
Leaning on the everlasting
arms;
What a blessedness, what a peace
is mine.
Leaning on the everlasting arms.

Lean...ing, lean...ing,
Safe and secure from all alarms
Lean...ing, lean...ing,
Leaning on the everlasting
arms.