

George Coles Stebbins

J. Berridge

♩=100 Christ altogether lovely. Ps. 45. 2; Song 5. 16

1. Soon as faith the Lord can see, Bleed-ing on the cross for me, Quick my
 2. [None a - mong the sons of men, None a - mong the heav-en-ly train, Can with
 3. Then my tongue would fain ex - press All his love and love - li - ness; But I
 4. Vexed, I try and try a - gain; Still my ef - forts all are vain; Liv - ing

i - dols all de - part, Jes - us gets and fills my heart.
 Je - sus then com - pare; None so sweet and none so fair.]
 lisp and fal - ter forth Bro - ken words, not half his worth.
 tongues are dumb at best; We must die to speak of Christ.

5. [Blessèd is the upper saint,
 Who can praise and never faint,
 Gazing on thee evermore,
 And with flaming heart adore.]

6. [Let the Lord a smile bestow
 On his lisping babes below,
 That will keep their infant tongue
 Prattling of him all day long.]