

$\text{♩} = 115$ The Believer's Treasure. Col. 1. 5, 6; Matt. 6. 20, 21 Gospel Mag., 1796

1. In heav'n my choic-est trea - sure lies, My hopes are placed a - bove the skies; 'Tis
 2. O that my anx - ious mind were free From this vile ten - e - ment of clay, That
 3. Then should I see, and feel, and know, What 'tis to rest from sin and woe; And
 4. [Hail, bless - ed time! Lord, bid me come, And ent - er my cel - es - tial home, And

Christ, the bright and Morn - ing Star, Draws my af - fec - tions from a - far.
 I might view the im - mor - tal Word, And live and reign with Christ my King.
 all my soul be tuned to sing The prais - es due to Christ my King.
 drown the sor - rows of my breast, In seas of un - mol - es - ted rest.]