







How happy are they Who the Savior obey, And have laid up their treasure above! Tongue can never express The sweet comfort and peace Of a soul in its earliest love.

H.J. Gauntlett

That sweet comfort was mine, When the Father divine I first found in the blood of the Lamb; When my heart first believed, What a joy I received, What heaven in Jesus' name!

Jesus all the day long Was my joy and my song: O that all His salvation might see! He hath loved me, I cried, He hath suffered and died, To redeem a poor rebel like me.

O the rapturous height Of that holy delight Which I felt in the life giving blood! By my Savior possessed, I was perfect blest, As if filled with the fullness of God.

Charles Wesley

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