

## 1. ALABAMA

C.M.D.

Counter by William Walker

1. An- gels in shin- ing or- der stand A- round the sav- ior's throne; They

1. An- gels in shin- ing or- der stand A- round the sav- ior's throne; They

1. An- gels in shin- ing or- der stand A- round the sav- ior's throne; They

1. An- gels in shin- ing or- der stand A- round the sav- ior's throne; They

6

bow with rev'r- ence at his feet, And make his glo- ries known.

bow with rev'r- ence at his feet, And make his glo- ries known.

bow with rev'r- ence at his feet, And make his glo- ries known.

bow with rev'r- ence at his feet, And make his glo- ries known. Those hap- py

11

Those hap- py spir- its sing his praise. To all e- ter- ni- ty;

Those hap- py spir- its sing his

Those hap- py spir- its sing his praise To all e- ter- ni- ty;

spir- its sing his praise To all e- ter- ni- ty; But I can

## 73. TENDER THOUGHT

Philip Doddridge, L.M.

Ananias Davisson

1. A- rise, my ten- der thoughts, a- rise; To tor- rents melt my stream- ing eyes;

1. A- rise, my ten- der thoughts, a- rise; To tor- rents melt my stream- ing eyes;

1. A- rise, my ten- der thoughts, a- rise; To tor- rents melt my stream- ing eyes;

1. A- rise, my ten- der thoughts, a- rise; To tor- rents melt my stream- ing eyes;

(7) And thou, my heart, with an- guish feel Those e- vils which thou canst not heal. heal.

And thou, my heart, with an- guish feel Those e- vils which thou canst not heal. heal.

And thou, my heart, with an- guish feel Those e- vils which thou canst not heal. heal.

And thou, my heart, with an- guish feel Those e- vils which thou canst not heal. heal.

2. See human nature sunk in shame;  
See scandals pour'd on Jesus' name,  
The father wounded through the son,  
The world abus'd, the soul undone.

3. See the short course of vain delight  
Closing in everlasting night—  
In flames, that no abatement know,  
Though briny tears forever flow.

4. My God, I feel the mournful scene;  
My bowels yearn o'er dying men;  
And fain my pity would reclaim  
And snatch the firebrands from the flame.

5. But feeble my compassion proves,  
And can but weep where most it loves;  
Thy own all-saving arm employ,  
And turn these drops of grief to joy.