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I Love to Steal Awhile Away

Brown. C.M.

PHOEBE HINSDALE BROWN, 1818

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1844

1. I love to steal a - while a - way From ev - ery cumbering care,  
 2. I love in sol - i - tude to shed The pen - i - ten - tial tear;  
 3. I love to think on mer - cies past, And fu - ture good im - plore;  
 4. I love by faith to take a view Of bright - er scenes to come;

And spend the hours of set - ting day In hum - ble, grate - ful prayer.  
 And all His prom - is - es to plead, Where none but God can hear.  
 And all my cares and sor - rows cast On Him whom I a - dore.  
 The pros - pect doth my strength re - new While here a - way from home.

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Come, My Soul

Seymour. 7.7.7.7.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779

CARL M. VON WEBER (1786-1826)

1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre - pare! Je - sus loves to an - swer prayer;  
 2. With my bur - den I be - gin: Lord, re - move this load of sin;  
 3. Lord, I come to Thee for rest, Take pos - sess - ion of my breast;

He Him - self has bid thee pray, There - fore will not say thee nay.  
 Let Thy blood, for sin - ners spilt, Set my con - science free from guilt.  
 There, Thy sov - ereign right main - tain, And with - out a ri - val reign.