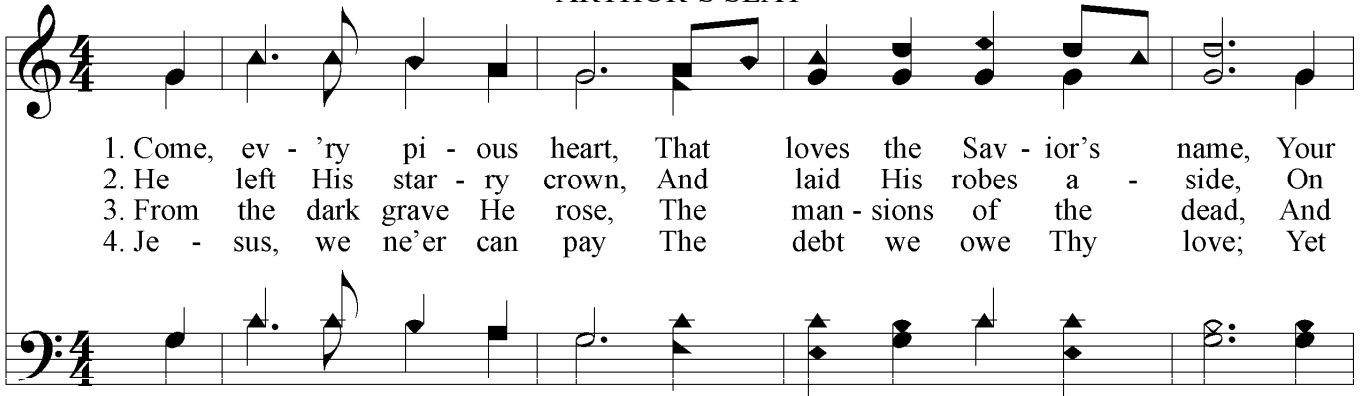
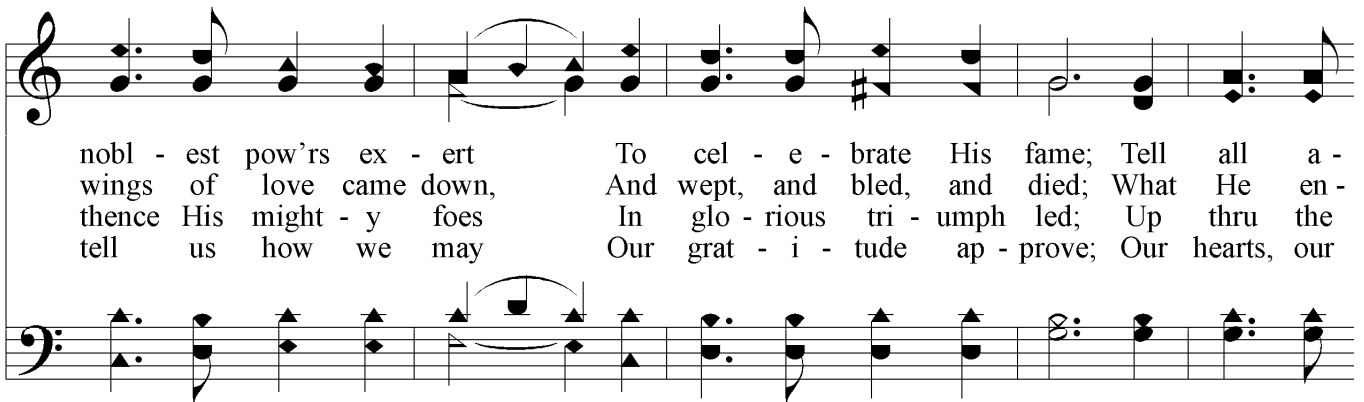


Come, Every Pious Heart

ARTHUR'S SEAT



1. Come, ev - 'ry pi - ous heart, That loves the Sav - ior's name, Your
2. He left His star - ry crown, And laid His robes a - side, On
3. From the dark grave He rose, The man - sions of the dead, And
4. Je - sus, we ne'er can pay The debt we owe Thy love; Yet



nobl - est pow'rs ex - ert To cel - e - brate His fame; Tell all a -
wings of love came down, And wept, and bled, and died; What He en -
thence His might - y foes In glo - rious tri - umph led; Up thru the
tell us how we may Our grat - i - tude ap - prove; Our hearts, our



bove, and all be - low, The debt of love to Him you owe.
dured, oh, who can tell, To save our souls from death and hell?
sky the Con - q'erer rode, And reigns on high, the Sav - ior God.
all to Thee we give; The gift, tho' small, Thou wilt re - ceive.