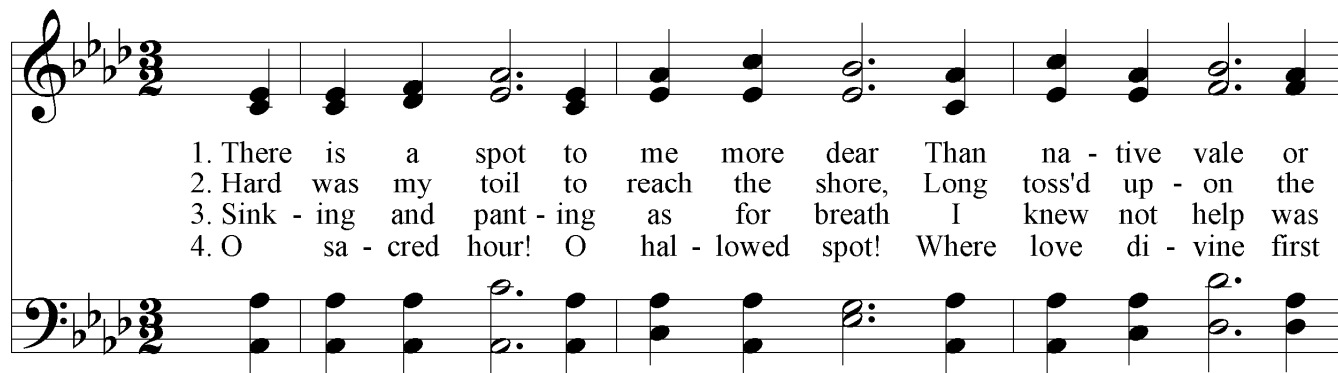


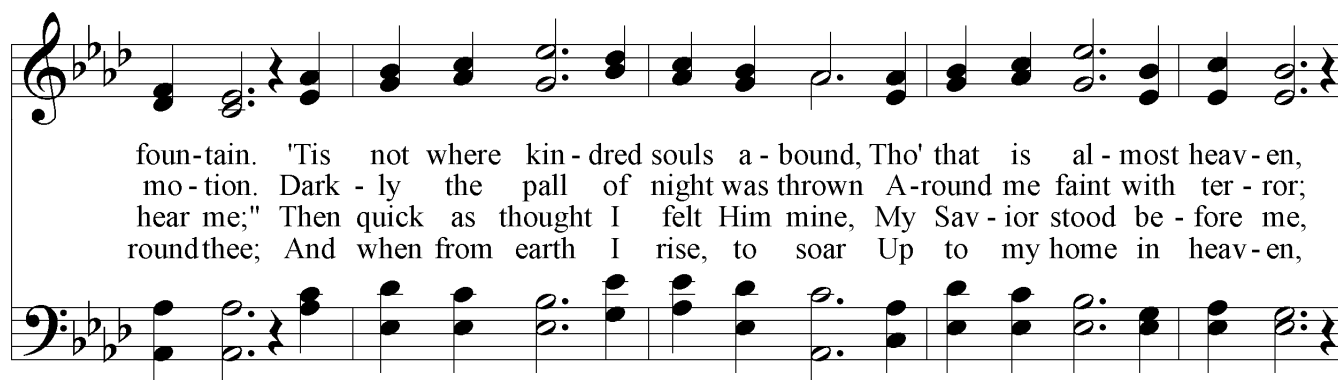
The Hallowed Spot



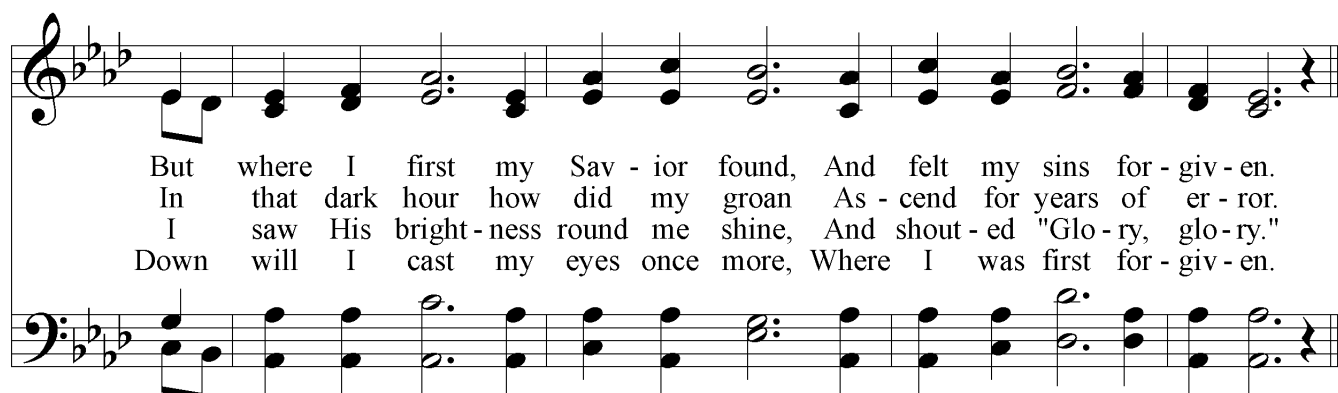
1. There is a spot to me more dear Than na - tive vale or
2. Hard was my toil to reach the shore, Long toss'd up - on the
3. Sink - ing and pant - ing as for breath I knew not help was
4. O sa - cred hour! O hal - lowed spot! Where love di - vine first



moun - tain; A spot for which af - fec - tion's tear Springs grate - ful from its
o - cean: A - bove me was the thun - der's roar, Be - neath the waves' com -
near me; I cried, "O save me, Lord, from death, Im - mor - tal Je - sus,
found me; Wher - ev - er falls my dis - tant lot My heart shall lin - ger



foun-tain. 'Tis not where kin - dred souls a - bound, Tho' that is al - most heav - en,
mo - tion. Dark - ly the pall of night was thrown A-round me faint with ter - ror;
hear me;" Then quick as thought I felt Him mine, My Sav - ior stood be - fore me,
round thee; And when from earth I rise, to soar Up to my home in heav - en,



But where I first my Sav - ior found, And felt my sins for - giv - en.
In that dark hour how did my groan As - cend for years of er - ror.
I saw His bright - ness round me shine, And shout - ed "Glo - ry, glo - ry."
Down will I cast my eyes once more, Where I was first for - giv - en.