

Edinburgh

John Gambold, 1742

55. 65.

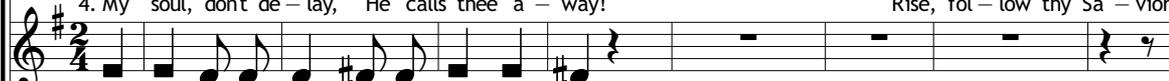
Transcribed from Kimball's *Rural Harmony*, 1793.

E minor

Jacob Kimball, 1793

Tr.  5

1. O tell me no more Of this world's vain store; The time for such tri - fles,
 2. A coun-try I've found, Where true joys a - bound; To dwell I'm de-ter-mined,
 3. The souls that be-lieve, In pa-ra - dise live: And me in that num-ber,
 4. My soul, don't de-lay, He calls thee a - way! Rise, fol - low thy Sa - vior,

C. 

T.  8

1. O tell me no more Of this world's vain store; The time for such tri - fles,
 2. A coun-try I've found, Where true joys a - bound; To dwell I'm de-ter-mined,
 3. The souls that be-lieve, In pa-ra - dise live: And me in that num-ber,
 4. My soul, don't de-lay, He calls thee a - way! Rise, fol - low thy Sa - vior,

B. 

5. No mortal doth know
 What He can bestow,
 What light, strength, and comfort:
 Go after Him, go!

6. Lo! onward I move,
 And but Christ above
 None guesses, how wondrous
 My journey will prove.

7. Great spoils I shall win
 From death, hell, and sin;
 'Midst outward afflictions
 Shall feel Christ within.

8. Perhaps for his name,
 Poor dust as I am,
 Some works I shall finish
 With glad loving aim.

9. I still (which is best)
 Shall in his dear breast
 As at the beginning,
 Find pardon and rest.

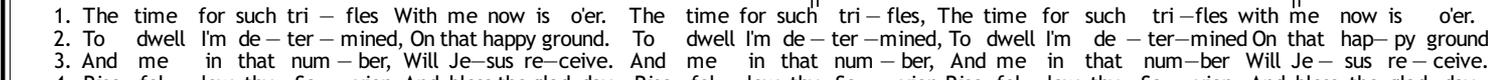
10. And when I'm to die,
 "Receive me," I'll cry,
 For Jesus hath loved me,
 I cannot say why.

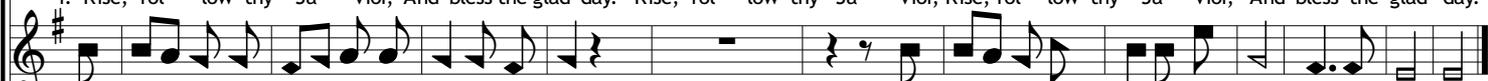
11. But this I do find,
 We two are so joined,
 He'll not live in glory
 And leave me behind.

Tr.  10 15 20

1. The time for such tri - fles With me now is o'er. The time for such tri - fles, The time for such tri - fles with me now is o'er.
 2. To dwell I'm de - ter - mined, On that happy ground. To dwell I'm de - ter - mined, To dwell I'm de - ter - mined On that hap - py ground.
 3. And me in that num - ber, Will Je - sus re - ceive. And me in that num - ber, And me in that num - ber Will Je - sus re - ceive.
 4. Rise, fol - low thy Sa - vior, And bless the glad day. Rise, fol - low thy Sa - vior, Rise, fol - low thy Sa - vior, And bless the glad day.

C. 

T.  8

B. 

12. Lo this is the race
 I'm running, through grace,
 Henceforth, till admitted
 To see my Lord's face.

13. And now I'm in care
 My neighbors may share
 These blessings: To seek them
 Will none of you dare?

14. In bondage, O why,
 And death will you lie,
 When one here assures you
 Free grace is so nigh?

Edited by B. C. Johnston, 2017

- Grace notes ignored in measures 5 (C,T), 15 (Tr,C), 17 (Tr,T), and 19 (C,T).
- The last four measures converted to 2:4 time from the original two measures of 4:4 time; notes and their values as written.