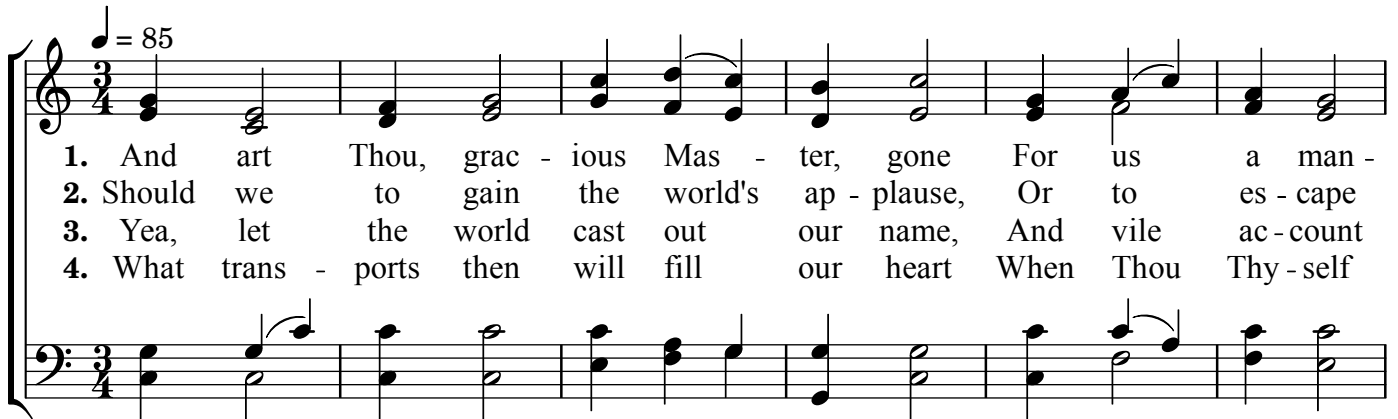


Thomas Kelly (1769-1854)

Dimitri Bortniansky (1751-1825)

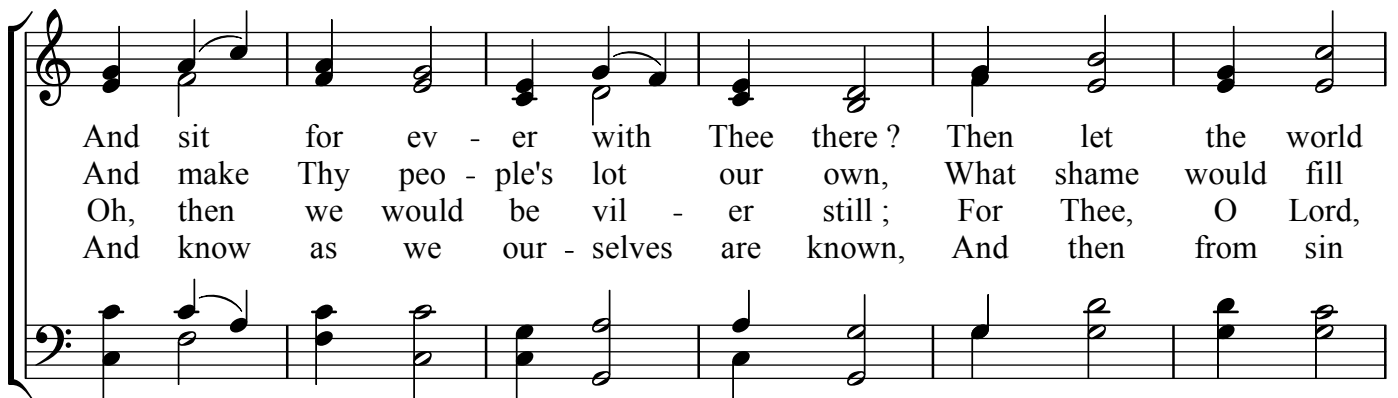
$\text{♩} = 85$



1. And art Thou, grac - ious Mas - ter, gone For us a man -
 2. Should we to gain the world's ap - plause, Or to es - cape
 3. Yea, let the world cast out our name, And vile ac - count
 4. What trans - ports then will fill our heart When Thou Thy - self



sion to pre - pare? Shall we be - hold Thee on Thy throne,
 its harm - less frown, Re - fuse to coun - te - nance Thy cause,
 us if it will; If to con - fess our Lord be shame,
 our names wilt own, When we shall see Thee as Thou art



And sit for ev - er with Thee there? Then let the world
 And make Thy peo - ple's lot our own, What shame would fill
 Oh, then we would be vil - er still; For Thee, O Lord,
 And know as we our - selves are known, And then from sin



ap - prove or blame, We'll tri - umph in Thy glor - ious name.
 us in that day, When Thou Thy glo - ry wilt dis - play!
 we all re - sign, Con - tent that Thou dost call us Thine.
 and sor - row free Find our e - ter - nal rest with Thee.

Alternate Tunes : Stella, 173 ; Melita, 219.