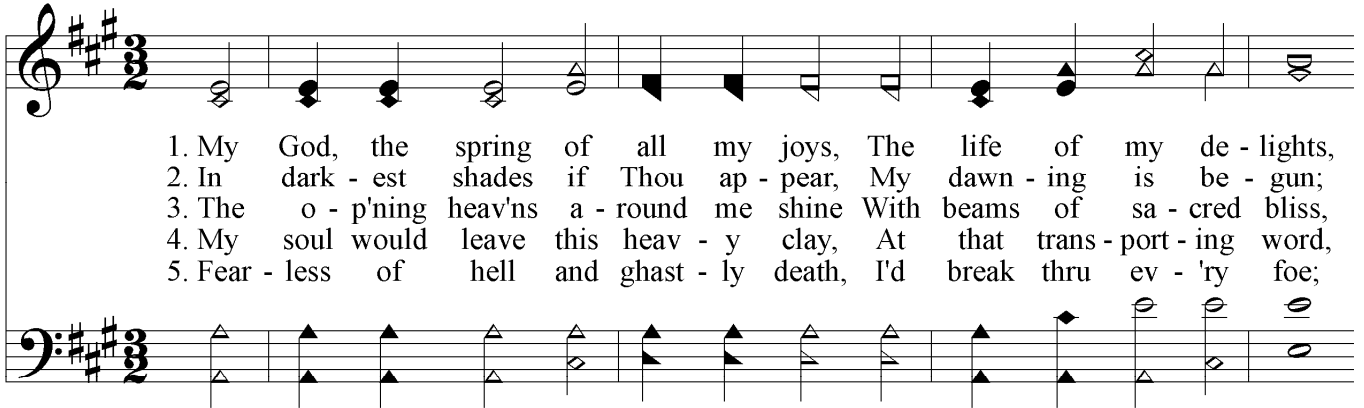


Helen C. M.



1. My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my de - lights,
2. In dark - est shades if Thou ap - pear, My dawn - ing is be - gun;
3. The o - p'ning heav'ns a - round me shine With beams of sa - cred bliss,
4. My soul would leave this heav - y clay, At that trans - port - ing word,
5. Fear - less of hell and ghist - ly death, I'd break thru ev - 'ry foe;



The glo - ry of my bright - est days, And com - fort of my nights! -
Thou art my soul's bright morn - ing star, And Thou my ris - ing sun.
If Je - sus show His mer - cy mine, And whis - per I am His.
Run up with joy the shin - ing way, To see and praise my Lord.
The wings of love and arms of faith Would bear me con - qu'ror thru.