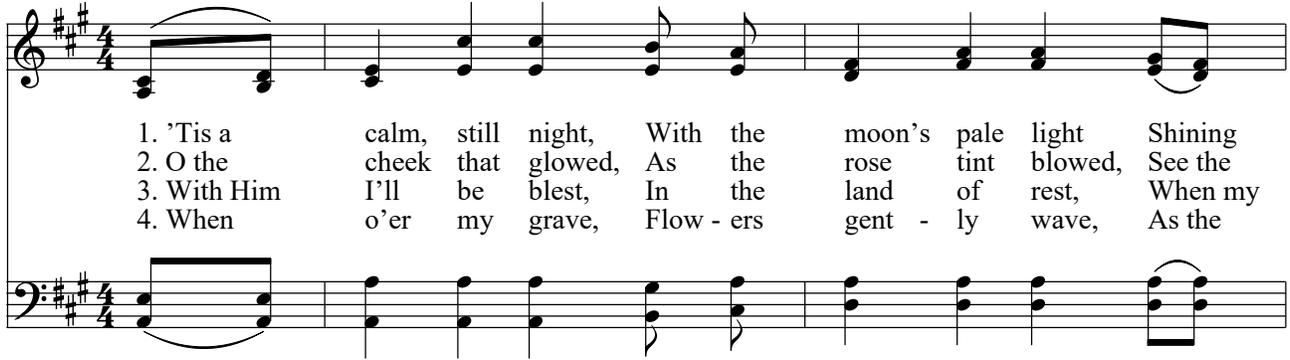


# Jesus Hail

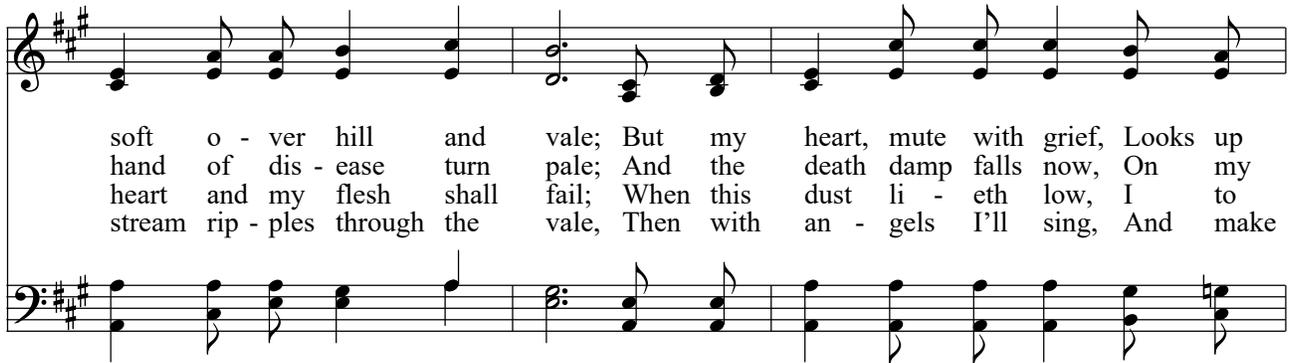
Lewis Conger Lockwood, 1858, alt.

Henry S. Thompson, 1852

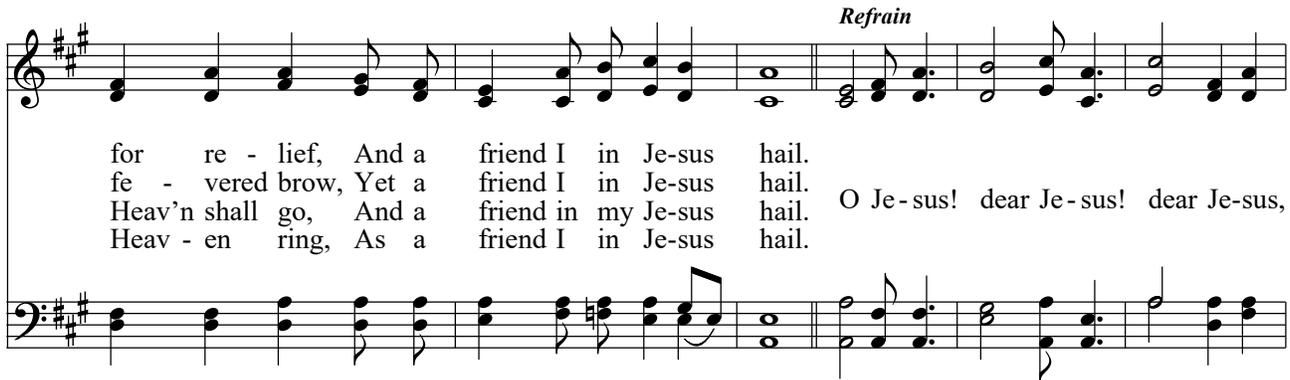
♩=108



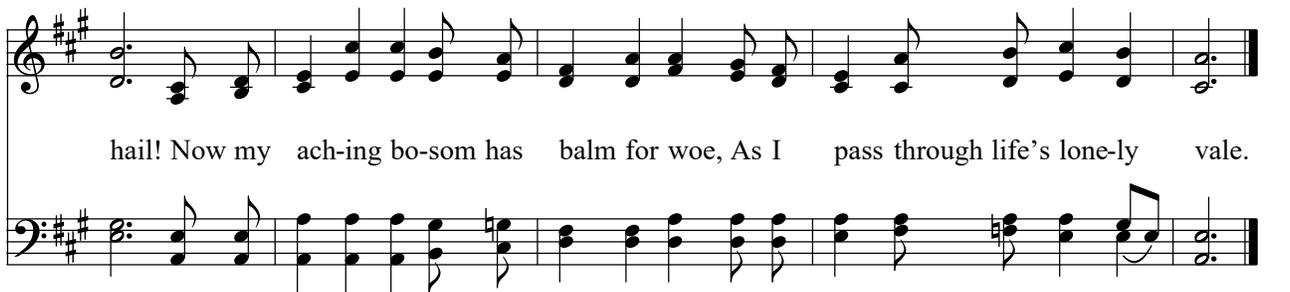
1. 'Tis a calm, still night, With the moon's pale light Shining  
2. O the cheek that glowed, As the rose tint blowed, See the  
3. With Him I'll be blest, In the land of rest, When my  
4. When o'er my grave, Flow - ers gent - ly wave, As the



soft o - ver hill and vale; But my heart, mute with grief, Looks up  
hand of dis - ease turn pale; And the death damp falls now, On my  
heart and my flesh shall fail; When this dust li - eth low, I to  
stream rip - ples through the vale, Then with an - gels I'll sing, And make



*Refrain*  
for re - lief, And a friend I in Je - sus hail.  
fe - vered brow, Yet a friend I in Je - sus hail. O Je - sus! dear Je - sus! dear Je - sus,  
Heav'n shall go, And a friend in my Je - sus hail.  
Heav - en ring, As a friend I in Je - sus hail.



hail! Now my ach - ing bo - som has balm for woe, As I pass through life's lone - ly vale.