If Love, the Noblest, Purest, Best

Doh is Eb · 4/4 Tune: MELCOMBE

| s - | s - f - m - r - | d - l - s - s - |
If love, the noblest, purest, best, If

| d' - t - l - s - | s - fe - s - m - |
truth, all other truth above, May

| m - f - s - m - | r - m - f - f - |
claim return from every breast, O,

| m - r - s - f - | m - r - d - |
surely Jesus claims our love!

The other verses

2 There's not a hope with comfort fraught,
Triumphant over death and time,
But Jesus mingles in that thought,
Forerunner of our course sublime.

3 His image meets us in the hour
Of joy, and brightens every smile;
We see him, when the tempests lower,
Each terror soothe, each grief beguile.

4 We see him in the daily round
Of social duty, mild and meek;
With him we tread the hallowed ground,
Communion with our God to seek.

5 We see his pitying, gentle eye,
When lonely want appeals for aid;
We hear him in the frequent sigh,
That mourns the waste that sin has made.

6 We meet him at the lowly tomb,
And weep where Jesus wept before;
And there, above the grave's dark gloom,
We see him rise, — and weep no more.

Tune MELCOMBE by Samuel Webbe (1740–1816); words by Emily Taylor (1795–1872). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.