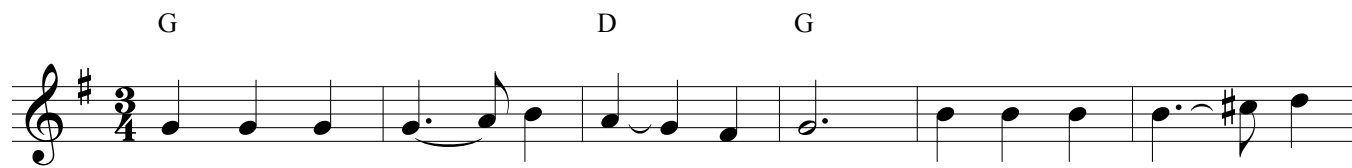



Unmoved by fear, my praise is due

G D G




Un - moved by fear, my praise is due To thee, thou gra - cious
Com - passed by love, my heart's best thought I raise in grat - i -
I fear but that I may not gain A place be - side my

A7 D G D7 G E7



God of saints; Thy mer - cies great, thy coun - sel true; My prayers are
tude to thee; Nor wait to thank thee; all un - taught, Thy love's best
no - blest Friend; I love, but ah, the sweet re - frain, "On thee, my

A^m D G D G C G



heard and my com - plaints; My prayers are heard and my com - plaints.
gift hath taught it me; The love's best gift hath taught it me.
Sav - ior I di - pend; On thee, my Sav - ior I de - pend." A - men."

Text: Joseph Smith III, 1832-1914

Tune: Frederick M. A. Vena, 1788-1872