

(Priory. 6. 6. 8. 4. D.)

Mary Bowley

1. We are by Christ re-deemed; The cost - His pre - cious blood;
 2. Our earth - en ves - sels break; The world it - self grows old;
 3. Thus far by grace pre - served, Each mo - ment speeds us on;
 4. To Him our weak - ness clings Thro' trib - u - la - tion sore,

Be noth - ing by our souls es - teemed Like this great good.
 But Christ our pre - cious dust will take And fresh - ly mold.
 The crown and king - dom are re - served Where Christ is gone.
 And seeks the cov - ert of His wings Till all be o'er.

Were the vast world our own With all its va - ried store,
 He'll give these bod - ies vile A fash - ion like His own;
 When cloud - less morn - ing shines, We shall His glo - ry share;
 And when we've run the race, And fought the faith - ful fight,

rall.
 And Thou, Lord Je - sus, wert un - known, We still were poor.
 He'll bid the whole cre - a - tion smile, And hush its groan.
 In pleas - ant pla - ces are the lines; The home how fair!
 We then shall see Him face to face, With saints in light.