

(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 like 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.