

Mary Bowley (Mrs Peters) (1813-1856)

Anonyme

$\text{♩} = 100$

1. We are by Christ re - deemed : The cost — His prec - ious blood ; Be  
2. Our earth-en ves - sels break ; The world it - self grows old ; But

noth - ing by our souls es - teemed Like this great good. Were  
Christ our prec - ious dust will take, And fresh - ly mould : He'll

the vast world our own, With all its va - ried store, And  
give these bo - dies vile A fa - shion like His own ; He'll

Thou, Lord Je - sus, wert un - known, We still were poor.  
bid the whole cre - a - tion smile, And hush its groan.

3. Thus far, by grace preserved,  
Each moment speeds us on ;  
The crown and kingdom are reserved  
Where Christ is gone.  
When cloudless morning shines,  
We shall His glory share ;  
In pleasant places are the lines ;  
The home how fair !

4. To Him our weakness clings  
Through tribulation sore,  
And seeks the covert of His wings  
Till all be o'er.  
And when we've run the race,  
And fought the faithful fight,  
We then shall see Him face to face,  
With saints in light.

Alternate Tune : Westland, 385.