



2. All gone, all gone! for this life gone dear hopes most fondly nursed, – they glittered long around my path, till each bright bubble burst: I wept! but oh, the blessed despair has led me heaven's own joys to share; for JESUS, thou art more to me than hope's wild dreams fulfilled would be.

3. All gone, all gone! for this life gone the heart's elastic spring; of vigour stripped, I shrink aside, a crushed and useless thing: yes! this is gone, for thus I prove far more his patient, pitying love; and sweeter, safer this to me than self-reliant strength could be.

4. And going fast, while most are gone, loved friends of early days; the world grows poorer year by year, – I lose, but not replace; 'tis well, I'm cast the more on One – stars scarce are missed while shines the sun – and JESUS, thou art more to me than loved and loving hearts could be.

5. What grace! with thanks I kiss the hand that gently stripped me bare; and laid me on thy tender breast to lose my sorrows there: 'twas bitter when earth's cup was spilled, but now with thee 'tis over-filled; and thou, LORD, hast been more to me, than all earth's brimming cups could be.

6. What grace! to show to one so vile thy more than mother's care – and lead, through wreck of earth's poor joys, thy joys with thee to share; what grace! that thou to such hast given, the foretaste now of feast in heaven; a foretaste even now to me more than a thousand worlds could be.

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