TREASURETROVE





- 2. Oh sweet the rays we borrow, beforehand, from the light; a few brief hours of sorrow,"Joy cometh on the morrow," far spent is now the night.
- 3. Oh rich and rare the treasure, enwrapped in Jesus' name!Oh who his love can measure?Or who describe the pleasure that faith is bold to claim?
- 4. Oh short the time remaining, for pilgrim service here; then, then no more restraining, no more a thought of paining the heart that holds us dear.
- 5. Oh fair anticipation!Oh bliss beyond alloy!Oh perfected salvation,when, Lord, thy revelationo'erfills our cup of joy!

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