WHAT THINGS WERE GAIN



- 2. Too oft my foolish heart has listened to the false world's siren voice, yet, Lord, thou knowest the eternal part is still, through grace, my choice.
- 3. O keep me, lest I stray;
 I see the love of many waxing cold;
 and fewer tread in faith the narrow way,
 than took that path of old.
- 4. One thing alone I'd do; I've but thyself, O blessèd Lord, to please: let me press forward, with the prize in view, nor dream of rest or ease.
- 5. "What things were gain to me," 'tis these I've cast aside and prize no more, 'tis the deep joy, O Christ, of knowing thee, that makes my cup run o'er.
- 6. How excellent, how dear, art thou, Lord, to the heart that owns thy worth no longer would I seek a portion here, or grasp the joys of earth.
- 7. If all should pass away, mine's an inheritance that will not fade: what men call loss, seen in the coming Day, to richest gain is made.
- 8. That day is drawing near:
 O welcome day! when Christ the Lord shall come;
 when He no more shall be "a stranger here,"
 but honoured as God's Son.

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