WHAT TONGUE CAN TELL, WHAT FANCY PAINT



- 2. He feels no pain, he fears no want; his portion all that God can grant; to see the Saviour as he is, and dwell in heav'n with him and his.
- 3. No darkness now obscures his mind: the darkness all is left behind: and objects lately half concealed, in full resplendence stand revealed.
- 4. His love, so cold, so mixed before, in heav'n is cold and mixed no more; it gains the region whence it came, and lives a pure eternal flame.
- 5. He dwells exempt from all alarm: no world is there to fright or charm; no foes to plot against his peace; no sin to give their schemes success.
- 6. O may I reach that blessed abode, where saints obtain their rest in God! For this, let every conflict here as nothing in my sight appear.

Words: Thomas Kelly. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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