THE HIDDEN LIFE



- My labouring spirit vainly seeks
 to tell but half the joy;
 with how much tenderness he speaks,
 and helps me to reply.
- 3. Nor were it wise, nor should I choose, such secrets to declare; like precious vines their tastes they lose, exposed to open air.
- 4. But this with boldness I proclaim, nor care if thousands hear, sweet is the ointment of his name, not life is half so dear.
- 5. And can you frown, my former friends, who knew what once I was; and blame the song that thus commends the Man who bore the cross?
- 6. Trust me, I draw the likeness true, and not as fancy paints; such honour may he give to you, for such have all his saints.

Words: William Cowper. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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