AN AGED PILGRIM



- 2. I know thy poverty, but thou art rich, for I myself am thine; and thou, for whom I gave my life, yes, thou thyself art mine.
- 3. Think'st thou I could not give thee earthly gold from royal stores above?Is my eternal fulness drained?Or have I ceased to love?
- 4. 'Twas better that thou shouldst be poor on earth, and thus I chose thy lot.Canst thou misdoubt a love like mine, or deem thyself forgot?
- 5. This passing world is poor, but thou art rich; 'tis rich, but thou art poor; thy poverty is but a day, thy riches evermore.
- 6. I know thy poverty, but not the less art thou my chosen one.Heir of eternal riches, think how soon there comes the throne.
- 7. All things are thine, belovèd, life or death, or wealth or poverty; the blood of him who died and rose has bought them all for thee;
- 8. things present or to come, thy Father's house, with all its bright abodes: claim thou thy heritage, for thou art Christ's, and Christ is God's.
- 9. The things that eye hath never seen, nor ear hath heard, are all in sight.The day of gladness comes apace; tears are but for a night.

Words: Horatius Bonar. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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