## PRECIOUS IN THE SIGHT OF THE LORD ...



2. Ah! our eyes are dim and blinded, mists of earth hang heavily;where the stream of life is flowing, only shades of death we see.Here, our stars of hope have vanished, all our music died away;while a welcome peal is ringing yonder, in eternal day.

3. Yes, for thee that welcome sounded, dear one, through the courts on high, when thy God and Saviour called thee to his presence in the sky.
Gentle, dove-like sister-spirit!
sweetly didst thou rise, and go,
where thy heart had long been dwelling, with the Lord, so loved below.

4. And as here that love celestial ever reigned within thy breast, surely earthly love continues in thy home among the blessed.
Surely we are still remembered!
All is past of grief and gloom; but, by founts of life eternal, love, a fadeless flower, shall bloom.

5. Joy of full and free salvation, all the joys of home are there!
Oh, thou gracious, great Redeemer!
when we hope such joys to share, shall not heart and soul united raise the hymn of praise to thee, for the countless blessings purchased by thy grief and agony?

6. Dear to thee, O Lord, and precious, is the death of all thine own!On our darkness hath the dawning of thine Easter morning shone.Through our tears the bow of promise shines around with cheering ray, while we journey to the country where all tears are wiped away.

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