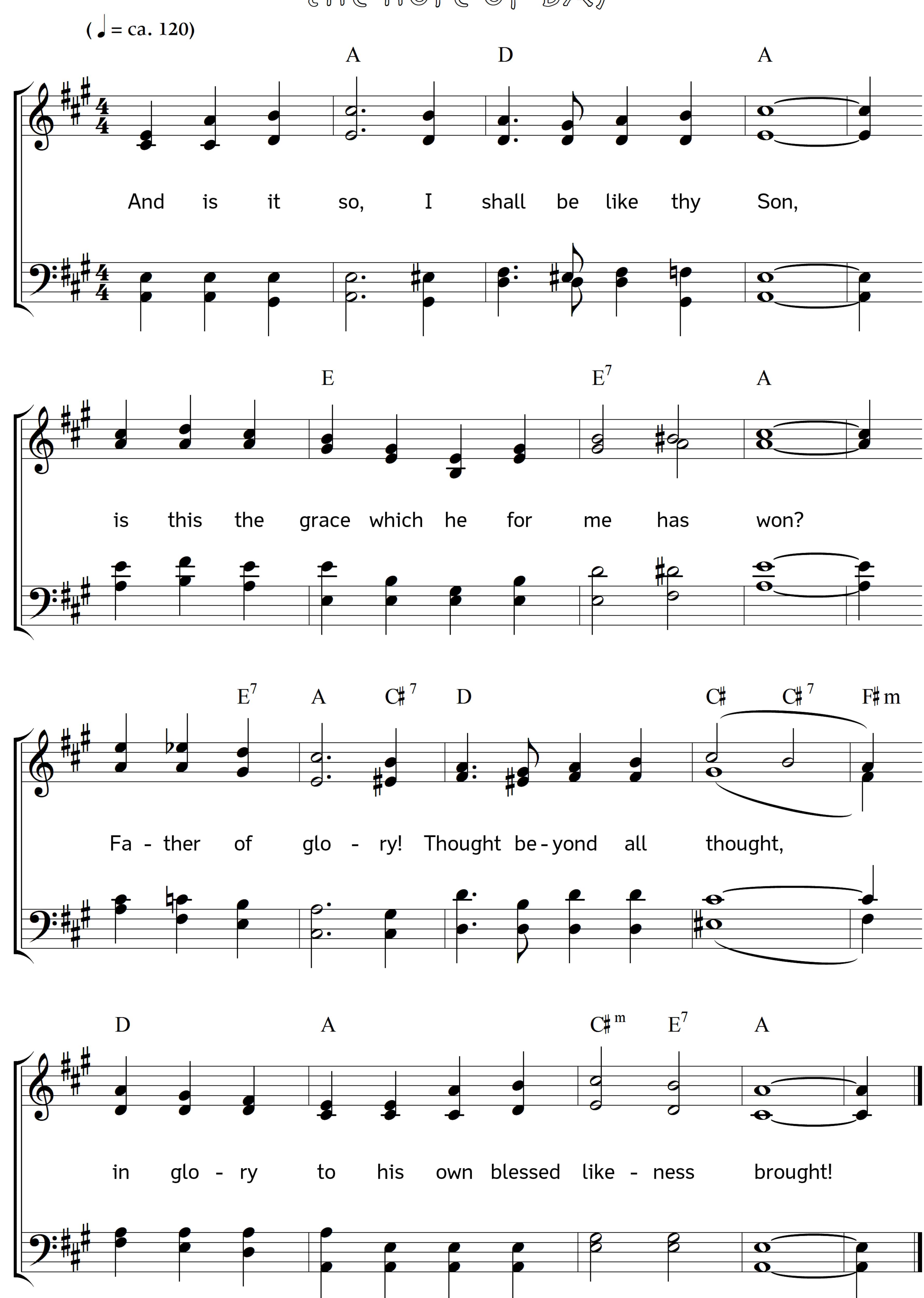
THE HOPE OF DAY



- 2. O Jesus, Lord, who loved me like to thee? Fruit of thy work! With thee, too, there to see thy glory; Lord, while endless ages roll, myself the prize and travail of thy soul.
- 3. Yet it must be! Thy love had not its rest were thy redeemed not with thee fully blessed that love that gives not as the world, but shares all it possesses with its loved co-heirs!
- 4. Nor I alone; thy loved ones all, complete, in glory around thee with joy shall meet; all like thee, for thy glory like the, Lord!

 Object supreme of all, by all adored!
- 5. And yet it must be so! A perfect state, to meet Christ's perfect love what we await; the Spirit's hopes, desires, in us inwrought, our present joy with living blessing fraught.
- 6. The heart is satisfied, can ask no more; all thought of self is now for ever o'er; Christ, its unmingled Object, fills the heart in blessed adoring love its endless part.
- 7. Father of mercies, in thy presence bright all this shall be unfolded in the light; thy children, all, with joy thy counsels know fulfilled; patient in hope while here below.

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