ABOVE AND BELOW



- 2. Filling up his bitter sufferings, drinking of his cup of woe, and rejoicing as I do it, thus with Christ I walk below.
- 3. There above I rest, untroubled, all my service to adore; cross and shame and death and sorrow left behind for evermore.
- 4. Therefore am I never weary journeying onward through the waste; and the bitter Marah waters have but sweetness to my taste.
- 5. While he tells the wondrous secret of his perfect love to me, while his heart's exhaustless fulness in his blessed face I see;
- 6. can there be but joy and glory in his Cross and shame below?
 Sweet each mark of his rejection; where his steps are, I must go.
- 7. One the path, and one the sorrow path the angels cannot tread; sorrow giving sweet assurance we are members, he the Head,
- 8. blessed path that ends tomorrow in the place where he is gone; thus, the silver trumpets sounding, through the waste we journey on.

Words: Frances Bevan. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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