



2. The Son, who in his bosom dwells in God's eternal rest — the Son to whom his Heart he tells, with him forever blessed — for that beloved Son he still a joy can keep in store; his cup of love, so sweet, so full shall yet be filled the more.

3. There is a pearl that shines not yet in radiance on his brow; there is a morn for which he waits amidst his glory now – the recompense for weary years, for shame and toil and scorn; for depths of sorrow, bitterest tears, that fair and cloudless morn.

6. All faultless in the light that shines full from the face of God; the witness, perfect and divine, to Christ's most precious Blood.

His own exceeding joy to be,

to such a shore as this!

his heart's delight and bliss –

oh, well to cross the midnight sea

5. And oh the grace divine that we,

the trees of God, should stand

all fair in Christ's own eyes to be,

the Father's love in fulness told

For him those courts of crystal gold,

in that eternal land!

for him that garden fair –

by us presented there.

4. The gladness of his heart to be, in that bright morning's gleam, for this thy hand has fashioned me, has made me meet for him.

The spikenard and the cinnamon, trees pleasant in thy sight, thy hand has planted for the Son, in whom is thy delight.

Words: Frances Bevan. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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