COMPANIONSHIP



- 2. Days when beneath the desert sun, along the toilsome road, o'er roughest ways we walked with One, that One the Son of God.
- 7. The touch that heals the broken heart is never felt above; his Angels know his blessedness, his way-worn saints his love.

3. We thank thee for that rest in him the weary only know – the perfect, wondrous sympathy we needs must learn below:

8. When in the glory and the rest we joyfully adore, remembering the desert way we yet shall praise him more.

4. the sweet companionship of One who once the desert trod; the glorious fellowship with One upon the throne of God;

9. Remembering how, amidst our toil, our conflict, and our sin, he brought the water for our thirst it cost his blood to win.

5. the joy no desolation here can reach, or cloud, or dim — the present Lord, the living God, and we alone with him.

10. And now in perfect peace we go along the way he trod, still learning from all need below depths of the heart of God.

6. We know him as we could not know through Heaven's golden years; we there shall see his glorious Face, but Mary saw his tears.

Words: Frances Bevan. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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