



2. I'll tell you of him who hath spoken sweet peace to my weary heart, and healed it, though withered and broken, with love's all-availing art. It was he, 'twas the Lord of Glory, who died on the cursed tree, on Calvary, stricken and gory, a suffering Lamb for me.

3. Alone on the desolate mountains, with tangled and sullied fleece, I wandered afar from the fountains of holiness, life, and peace; 'till he o'er the hills, like a shepherd, in quest of his stray one, passed, and saved from the lion and leopard the life of my soul at last.

4. Ye who dwell, like a trembling sparrow, alone on a leafless bough, from the point of the archer's arrow defenceless, unsheltered now, fly, fly to the Saviour – come hither, from sorrow, from fear and strife, to a branch that will never wither – come dwell in the tree of life.

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