THE BORDER OF HIS SANCTUARY



- 2. And before us, ever stretching in its golden sheen, lies the fair, the blessed country where our hearts have been where our hearts have been whilst wandering through the desert bare; for the soul's adored, beloved One, he abideth there.
- J. Clad in love and glory stands he on that glowing shore, there to speak the blessed welcome, all our journeying o'er.Now at last our eyes behold him, at his feet we fall; two and three have we adored him, now are gathered all.
- 4. All his saints from all the ages, every clime and tongue, all together now we worship in a faultless song.
 In the song no discord troubles and no weakness mars, sound we loud his Name belovèd far beyond the stars.
- 5. That blessed song, first sung in glory by his lips divine, now, in chorus deep and endless all his ransomed join.Glorious and solemn hour, on the verge to stand of that endless day of worship, of that blessed land!

- 6. Not our sorrow we remember, all is lost in bliss but our shame gives deeper sweetness to the Father's kiss.

 Shame that all that desert journey nothing more could prove than the marvels of his patience, how divine his love.
- 7. Tale of weakness, sin, and folly, tale of wandering feet tale of strength, and grace, and wisdom, victory complete.
 Sin and death and Satan trodden 'neath those feet at length, in the glory of h i s triumph, greatness of his strength.
- 8. Solemn hour thus on the margin of that wondrous day, when the former things have vanished, old things passed away.

 Nothing but himself before us, every shadow past sound we loud our word of witness, for it is the last.
- 9. One last word of solemn warning to the world below –
 one loud shout, that all may hear us hail him ere we go!
 Once more let that Name be sounded with a trumpet tone –
 here, amidst the thickening darkness, then, before the throne.

Words: Frances Bevan. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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