EMMANUEL'S LAND



Amidst the burning desert drought
we learnt his watchful love;
streams from the flinty rocks he brought,
sent bread from Heaven above.
 Our God in weariness and need,
his love was measured there
by hunger which his hand would feed,
wants answered by his care.

3. Now know we in Emmanuel's land immeasurable grace;no longer looking to his Hand, but gazing on his Face.Our need, ourselves, forgotten there, himself our hearts adore;the fulness of his joy we share, his pleasures evermore:

4. His joy fulfilled in us who tread that land his love has given we followed where his footsteps led, and found ourselves in heaven.

No lower resting-place beseemed the well-belovèd Son, and on our wondering eyes has beamed the glory that he won.

5. Now lower resting-place; and we – are we content to stand and look afar from Pisgah's heights upon the goodly land?
There, where the Shepherd goes before, the sheep must follow on: how green, how fresh the pastures fair where Christ the Lord is gone!

6. One spirit with our glorious Lord, our joy to him is sweet,
as to his heart the love that poured the ointment on his feet.
How dear to him the fellowship that owned him in the tomb –
how dear to him the fellowship that shares his blessed Home!

7. That shares in glory, far above the waste so dark and dim, the sweetness of the Father's love in unison with him.

In him we tread those radiant heights, his endless joy our own; the full deep tide of God's delights he would not drink alone.

Words: Frances Bevan. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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