RIVERS IN THE DESERT



2. O for words divine to tell it, how along that River's brink, come the weak, the worn, the weary, there the tides of joy to drink!

 "Drink abundantly, belovèd," speaks the Voice so sweet and still;
 "of the life, and love, and glory, freely come and drink your fill."

4. Every longing stilled for ever, as the face of God we see – whom besides have we in heaven, or desire on earth but thee?

5. All the weariness, the sorrow of the way that we have gone, passed away in his bright presence, as the night before the sun.

6. Nor alone the gloom and darkness – earlier joys have passed away, as the stars in glowing sunrise lose themselves in golden day.

7. And alone – alone before us, Christ in cloudless radiance stands, on his head the crowns of glory, and the nail-prints in his hands.

8. There the mystery of thy passion, there thy Cross, O Lord, we see, whence the River of God's pleasures flows, a fountain fresh and free.

 9. Waters of eternal gladness won for us at countless price;
 Lo! the desert is God's garden, and the wastes are Paradise.

10. From that Cross and glory turning, can our eyes see aught beside? strangers here – the desert round us, there, for ever satisfied.

Words: Frances Bevan. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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