## AMBASSADORS FOR CHRIST



2. We are come from a far country, from a land beyond the sun; we are come from that great glory round our God's eternal throne: thence we come, and thither go; here no resting place we know.

3. Far within the depth of glory, in the Father's house above, we have learnt his wondrous secret, we have learnt his heart of love: we have seen and we have shared that bright joy he hath prepared.

- 4. We have seen the golden city shining as the jasper stone; heard the song that fills the heavens of the Man upon the throne; well that glorious One we know he hath sent us here below.
- 5. We have drunk the living waters, on the Tree of Life we fed; therefore deathless do we journey 'midst the dying and the dead; and unthirsting do we stand here amidst the barren sand.
- 6. Round us, as a cloud of glory lighting up the midnight road, falls the light from that bright city, showing us where he has trod; all that here might please the sight lost in that eternal light.
- 7. "Wherefore are ye come amongst us from the glory to the gloom?"
  Christ in glory breathed within us life, h i s life, and bid us come.
  Here as living springs to be fountains of that life are we.
- 8. Fountains of the life that floweth ever downward from the throne, witnesses of that bright glory where, rejected, he is gone, sent to give the blind their sight, turn the darkness into light.

- 9. There, amidst the joy eternal, is the Man who went above, bearing marks of all the hatred of the world he sought in love. He has sent us here to tell of his love unchangeable.
- 10. He hath sent us, that in sorrow, in rejection, toil, and loss, we may learn the wondrous sweetness, learn the mystery of his cross learn the depth of love that traced that blessed path across the waste.
- of his cross and shame to win, bear his light through deepest darkness, walk in white 'midst foulest sin; sing amidst the wintry gloom, sing the blessed songs of home.
- 12. From the dark and troubled waters many a pearl to him we bear; golden sheaves we bring with singing, fulness of his joy we share; and our pilgrim journey o'er, praise with him for evermore.

Words: Frances Bevan. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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