

They come, God's messengers of love

They come, God's messengers of love,
they come from realms of peace above,
from homes of never-fading light,
from blissful mansions ever bright.

They come to watch around us here,
to soothe our sorrow, calm our fear:
ye heavenly guides, speed not away,
God willeth you with us to stay.

But chiefly at its journey's end
'tis yours the spirit to befriend,
and whisper to the faithful heart,
"O Christian soul, in peace depart."

Blest Jesus, thou whose groans and tears
have sanctified frail nature's fears,
to earth in bitter sorrow weighed
thou didst not scorn thine angels' aid;

To us the zeal of angels give,
with love to serve thee while we live;
to us an angel-guard supply,
when on the bed of death we lie.

To God the Father, God the Son,
and God the Spirit, Three in One,
from all above and all below
let joyful praise unceasing flow.

Words: Robert Campbell, 1850

Music: Church Triumphant, Woolmer's, Daniel

Meter: LM