

A Love Song

Neil Barham, 2005.

John Roberts, 1839.

In holiness brilliant, in righteousness bright,
Yet sweet in compassion with touch soft and light,
My Father in ravishing love now draws nigh,
To cherish my soul as the gem of His eye.

His covenant promise, His mighty right arm,
Embrace me securely and keep me from harm.
His faithful, longsuffering, infinite grace
Will bring me home safe, where He'll show me His face.

Till then, my days pass in the palm of His hand;
His Word whispers comfort in every command.
His Promise sustains me; my triumph is won:
My mansion is bought with the blood of His Son.

The work of His Spirit goes on in my heart,
Restoring His image within by His art,
His workmanship Godlike, His skill so divine,
His voice speaks within me: "Be still, and be Mine."

Though dark be the valley, though steep be the hill,
My comfort, my refuge, is my Father's will!
His sweet, soft compassion will fit me aright
For holiness brilliant and righteousness bright.