

Glories of Christ
Thomas Nelson, 1899.
Arranged.

When I gave all to Jesus,
He gave Himself to me;
And now my joy is perfect,
While His blest smile I see;
All my works of death are done,
And thro' Christ the vict'ry's won,
And I walk in constant triumph
With our God's incarnate Son.

Joy past all understanding,
I find in Christ the Lord;
And my soul's at rest forever,
Thro' His atoning blood;
Every foe was forced to flee,
And I found sweet victory,
When I met the glorious victim
Of the cross of Calvary.

My treasure's over yonder,
In that blest land of light,
Where sin nor pain ne'er enter,
Nor day-beams end in night;
Where the blood-washed millions dwell,
And their glorious anthem swell,
There my soul shall rest forever
Where is heard no funeral knell.

I'm worn with constant warring,
Where fiery darts still fly;
My weary soul is longing
To soar to realms on high,
For I long to see Christ come
And take all His ransomed home,
To the house of many mansions,
There to rest in peace at home.

O blest and happy country,
O land so glad and free;
When shall I reach thy borders,
And thy sweet grandeur see?
I shall see Christ's glorious face,
And shall feel His blest embrace,
As I help to swell the anthem
To the glories of His grace.