

God in Heaven Hath a Treasure

P. S.

Ballad melody.

God in heaven hath a treasure, riches none may count or tell;  
Hath a deep eternal pleasure, Christ, the Son, He loveth well.  
God hath here on earth a treasure, none but He its price may know  
Deep, unfathomable pleasure, Christ revealed in saints below.

Christ, the Light that fills the heavens, shining forth on earth beneath,  
Through His Spirit freely given, Light of life 'midst shades of death;  
Down from heaven's unclouded glory God Himself the treasure brought,  
Closing thus His love's sweet story with His sweetest, deepest thought.

God in tongues of fire descending, chosen vessels thus to fill  
With the treasure never ending, ever spentunfailing still.  
Still unwasted, undiminished, though the days of dearth wear on,  
Store eternally unfinished, fresh, as if but now begun.

Earthen vessels, marred, unsightly, but the treasure as of old,  
Fresh from glory, gleaming brightly, heaven's undimmed, unchanging gold.  
God's own hand the vessel filling from the glory far above,  
Longing hearts forever stilling with those riches of His love.

Thus, through earthen vessels only, shining forth in ceaseless grace,  
Reaching weary hearts and lonely, beams the light in Jesus' face.  
Vessels worthless, broken, bearing through the hungry ages on,  
Riches given with hand unsparing, God's great gift, His precious Son.

Thus though worn, and tried, and tempted, glorious calling, saint, is thine;  
Let the Lord but find thee emptied, living branch in Christ the Vine!  
Vessels of the world's despising, vessels weak, and poor, and base;  
Bearing wealth God's heart is prizing, glory from Christ's blessed face.

Oh, to be but emptier, lowlier, mean, unnoticed, and unknown.  
And to God a vessel holier, filled with Christ, and Christ alone!  
Naught of earth to cloud the glory, naught of self the light to dim.  
Telling forth His wondrous story, emptiedto be filled with Him.