

Immortal Love, Within Whose Righteous Will
Stopford Brooke, 1881.
Albert Peace, 1885.

Immortal Love, within whose righteous will
Is always peace;
Oh pity me, storm-tossed on waves of ill;
Let passion cease;
Come down in power within my heart to reign,
For I am weak, and struggle has been vain.

The days are gone, when far and wide my will
Drove me astray;
And now I fain would climb the arduous hill,
That narrow way
Which leads through mist and rocks to Thine abode;
Toiling for man, and Thee, Almighty God.

Whate'er of pain Thy loving hand allot
I gladly bear;
Only, O Lord, let peace be not forgot,
Nor yet Thy care,
Freedom from storms, and wild desires within,
Peace from the fierce oppression of my sin.

So may I, far away, when evening falls
On life and love,
Arrive at last the holy, happy halls,
With Thee above;
Wounded yet healed, sin-laden yet forgiven,
And sure that goodness is my only heaven.