

The Son of Consolation

Maud Coote, 1871.

Samuel Wesley, 1864.

The Son of Consolation!
Of Levi's priestly line,
Filled with the Holy Spirit,
And fervent faith divine,
With lowly self-oblation,
For Christ an offering meet,
He laid his earthly riches
At the apostles' feet.

The Son of Consolation!
O name of soothing balm!
It fell on sick and weary
Like breath of Heaven's own calm!
And the blest Son of Comfort
With fearless loving hand
The Gentiles' great apostle
Led to the faithful band.

The Son of Consolation!
Drawn near unto his Lord,
He won the martyr's glory,
And passed to his reward;
With him is faith now ended,
For ever lost in sight,
But love, made perfect, fills him
With praise, and joy, and light.

The Son of Consolation!
Lord, hear our humble prayer,
That each of us Thy children
This blessed name may bear;
That we, sweet comfort shedding
O'er homes of pain and woe,
'Midst sickness and in prisons,
May seek Thee here below.

The Sons of Consolation!
O what their bliss shall be
When Christ the King shall tell them,
"Ye did it unto Me"
The merciful and loving
The Lord of life shall own,
And as His priceless jewels,
Shall set them round His throne.