

Wishing, Hoping, Knowing
Words and Music: Philip Bliss, 1874

A long time I wandered in darkness and sin,
And wondered if ever the light would shine in;
I heard Christian friends tell of raptures divine,
And wished, how I wished, that their Savior were mine.
I wished He were mine, yes, I wished He were mine;
I wished, how I wished, that their Savior were mine.

I heard the glad Gospel of "good will to men";
I read "whosoever" again and again;
I said to my soul, "Can that promise be thine?"
And then began hoping that Jesus were mine.
I hoped He was mine, yes, I hoped He was mine;
I then began hoping that Jesus was mine.

Oh, mercy surprising, He saves even me!
"Thy portion forever," He says, "I will be."
On His word I'm resting-assurance divine-
I'm "hoping" no longer-I know He is mine!
I know He is mine, yes, I know He is mine;
I'm "hoping" no longer-I know He is mine!