

And Is It So

John Darby, 1872.

William Monk, 1861.

And is it so shall be like Thy Son?  
Is this the grace which He for me has won?  
Father of glory (thought beyond all thought!)  
In glory, to His own blest likeness brought!

Oh, Jesus, Lord, who loved me like to Thee?  
Fruit of Thy work, with Thee, too, there to see  
Thy glory, Lord, while endless ages roll,  
Myself the prize and travail of Thy soul.

Yet it must be: Thy love had not its rest  
Were Thy redeemed not with Thee fully blest.  
That love that gives not as the world, but shares  
All it possesses with its loved co-heirs.

Nor I alone; Thy loved ones all, complete  
In glory, round Thee there with joy shall meet,  
All like Thee, for Thy glory like Thee, Lord,  
Object supreme of all, by all adored.

The heart is satisfied; can ask no more  
All thought of self is now forever o'er:  
Christ, its un-mingled object, fills the heart  
In blest adoring love the endless part.

Father of mercies, in Thy presence bright  
All this shall be unfolded in the light;  
Thy children all, with joy Thy counsels know  
Fulfilled; patient in hope, while here below.