

O LAMB of God, still keep me
Close to Thy piercèd side:
'Tis only there in safety
And peace I can abide.

2 What foes and snares surround me,
What lusts and fears within!
The grace that sought and found me
Alone can keep me clean.

3 'Tis only in Thee hiding
I feel myself secure;
Only in Thee abiding,
The conflict can endure.

4 Soon shall my eyes behold Thee
With rapture face to face;
The half hath not been told me
Of all Thy power and grace.

5 Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of Thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all Thy saints above.

James George Deck, 1802-84