

I HEAR the words of love,
I gaze upon the blood,
I see the mighty Sacrifice,
And I have peace with God.

2 'Tis everlasting peace!
Sure as Jehovah's name,
And stable as His steadfast throne,
For evermore the same.

3 The clouds may go and come,
And storms may sweep my sky—
This blood-sealed friendship changes not:
The Cross is ever nigh.

4 My love is oft-times low,
My joy still ebbs and flows;
But peace with Him remains the same—
No change Jehovah knows.

5 I change, He changes not,
The Christ can never die;
His love, not mine, the resting-place,
His trust, not mine, the tie.

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89