

HOW blest is life if lived for Thee,
My loving Saviour and my Lord:
No pleasures that the world can give
Such perfect gladness can afford.

- 2 To know I am Thy ransomed child,
Bought by Thine own most precious blood,
And from Thy loving hand to take
With grateful heart each gift of good.
- 3 All day to walk beneath Thy smile,
Watching Thine eye to guide me still,
To rest at night beneath Thy care,
Guarded by Thee from every ill.
- 4 To feel that though I journey on
By stony paths and rugged ways,
Thy blessed feet have gone before,
And strength is given for weary days.
- 5 Such love shall ever make me glad,
Strong in Thy strength to work or rest,
Until I see Thee face to face,
And in Thy light am fully blest.