

WHO is this loved one in distress
Who travels through the wilderness,
And pressed with sorrows and with sins,
On her belovèd Lord she leans?

- 2 This is the bride of Christ our God,
Bought with the treasures of His blood;
And all her supplications there
Picture each saint in tender prayer.
- 3 O let my name engraven stand,
My Jesus, on Thy heart and hand:
Seal me upon Thine arm, and wear
That pledge of love for ever there.
- 4 Stronger than death Thy love is known,
Which many floods could never drown;
And hell and earth in vain combine
To quench a fire so much divine.
- 5 Till Thou hast brought me to Thy home
Where fears and doubts can never come,
Let me Thy count'nance often see
As daily I draw near to Thee.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748