

LET me be with Thee where Thou art,
My Saviour, my eternal rest!
Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and for ever blest.

2 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Thy unveiled glory to behold;
Then only will this wandering heart
Cease to be faithless, treacherous, cold.

3 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where spotless saints Thy name adore;
Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more.

4 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where none can die, where none remove;
Where life nor death my soul can part
From Thy blest presence and Thy love.

Charlotte Elliott, 1789-1871