

The curse shall change to blessing,  
The name on earth that's banned,  
Be graven on the white stone  
In Immanuel's land.

## XV.

Oh, I am my Beloved's  
And my Beloved's mine  
He brings a poor vile sinner  
Into His 'house of wine' !  
I stand upon His merit  
And know no safer stand,  
Not e'en where glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

## XVI.

I shall sleep sound in Jesus  
Filled with His likeness rise,  
To live and to adore Him,  
To see Him with these eyes :  
'Tween me and resurrection  
But Paradise doth stand ;  
Then,—thien for glory dwelling  
In Immanuel's land.

## XVII.

The bride eyes not her garments,  
But her dear bridegroom's face,  
I will not gaze at glory  
But on my King of Grace,  
Not at the crown he giveth  
But on His pierced hand ;  
The Lamb is all the glory  
Of Immanuel's land.

## XVIII.

I have borne scorn and hatred,  
I have borne wrong and shame ;  
Earth's proud ones have reproached me,  
For Christ's thrice blessed name :  
Where God's seal set the fairest,  
They've stamped their foulest brand ;  
But judgment shines like noonday  
In Immanuel's land.