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THE SOWER.

LOVELY ART THOU TO ME.

JESUS, my Lord, who died on the cross,
Lovely art thou to me;
Silver and gold,—I count them but dross;
Nought can compare with thee.

What are earth's joys, so fleeting and vain,
Jesus, my Lord, to me!
Sweeter by far is the heavenly gain;
Lovely art thou to me.

Storms may assail, my bark may be tossed,
Voyaging o'er life's sea;
Thou, Lord, art near; I cannot be lost;
Refuge art thou to me.

Jesus, my Lord, 'twas sin's heavy load,
The curse, that was borne by thee;
Stroke upon stroke, as God's wrath awoke,
Fell upon thee for me.

Jesus, my Lord, what oceans of love
Stirred in thy heart for me!
Jesus, my Lord, in glory above,
Lovely art thou to me.