

And as I sat gazing, sweet thoughts arose
 In my mind, which in measure resembled those.

JESUS, THE BRIGHT AND MORNING STAR.

I thought of Him who died for sin,
 That He eternal life might win
 For those who did in heart abhor Him.
 Who, though the Father's sole delight,
 Willingly left the glory bright
 With death and suffering before Him.

Of Him who render'd up His breath,
 Bowing beneath the stroke of death,
 Triumphant over death by dying,
 And who, though dead, yet strong to save,
 Arose victorious o'er the grave,
 Its dread and loathsome power defying.

I thought of Him in courts above,
 The object of the Father's love,
 By radiant angel hosts attended,
 Dwelling in glory's brightest blaze,
 The theme of heaven's exhaustless praise,
 His sufferings forever ended.

But though on high, He's still the same
 As when upon the cross of shame
 He prayed in love for them that slew Him.
 Though dwelling in the courts above
 He still retains His name of Love
 And welcomes all that still come to Him.