

Alone with Jesus ! ye who weep,
And round my bed your vigils keep,
My love was never half so strong,
And yours—oh, I have proved it long,
But when had earthly friend the power
To comfort in a dying hour !

Alone with Jesus ! oh, how sweet
In health to worship at his feet !
But sweeter far when day by day
We droop, and pine, and waste away,
To feel his arms around us close,
And in his bosom find repose !

Alone with Jesus ! how secure,
Vile in myself, in him how pure ;
The tempests howl, the waters beat,
They harm me not in my retreat ;
Night deepens—'mid its gloom and chill
He draws me nearer to him still.

Alone with Jesus ! what alarms
The infant in its mother's arms ?
Before me death and judgment rise,—
I turn my head and close mine eyes,
There's naught for me to fear or do,
I *know* that he will bear me through !

Alone with Jesus ! earth grows dim,—
I even see my friends through him ;
Time, space, all things below, above,
Reveal to me one Life, one Love,—
That One in whom all glories shine,
All beauties meet—that One is mine !.