

The Bread of Life, the living waters give ;—
 Lord, I believe, I drink, I feed, I live !

And oh, Thou art the Lamb, the Holy One :
 I see Thee on the cross for sin atone ;
 That precious stream of water and of blood,
 Which from Thy opened side so freely flowed,
 Has put away my sins of scarlet dye,
 And washed my every stain, and brought me nigh ;
 So clean, that through the veil I enter in,
 For there Thy blood appears, and not my sin.
 And Thou art now my great High Priest on high,
 No more like Aaron's carnal line to die :
 The Lord has sworn that Thou His Priest shall be
 Through the long ages of eternity,—
 The King of Righteousness, the King of Peace ;
 We upward look and all our terrors cease.
 Our names are on Thy shoulders and Thy heart ;
 Thou hast been tempted, and with faithful art
 Thou dost the succour grant that now we need,
 As on our weary way, Thy saints proceed :
 There's not one step of all the desert road,
 There's not a sorrow, or a heavy load,
 But with a human heart and pitying eyes,
 Thou dost in tenderest mercy sympathize.

I am a stranger here ; I do not crave
 A home on earth, that gave Thee but a grave ;
 I wish not now its jewels to adorn
 My brows, which gave Thee but a crown of thorn.
 Thy cross has severed ties which bound me here,—
 Thyself my treasure in a heavenly sphere.
 No earthly city (by man's labour built,
 Whose greatness is but congregated guilt ;
 Where mammon holds its toiling myriads bound,
 And sordid slaves are pleasure's votaries found ;
 In whose foul streets walk closely, side by side,
 Most abject want and rank luxurious pride ;