None other Lamb, none other Name





None other Lamb, none other Name, None other hope in Heav'n or earth or sea, None other hiding place from guilt and shame, None beside Thee!

My faith burns low, my hope burns low; Only my heart's desire cries out in me By the deep thunder of its want and woe, Cries out to Thee.

Lord, Thou art Life, though I be dead; Love's fire Thou art, however cold I be: Nor Heav'n have I, nor place to lay my head, Nor home, but Thee.

Christina Rossetti

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