Sweet the moments, rich in blessings





Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, which before the cross we spend, life and health and peace possessing from the sinner's dying Friend.

Here I stay, forever viewing mercy streaming in his blood; precious drops, my soul bedewing, plead and claim my peace with God.

Truly blessèd is the station, low before his cross to lie, while I see divine compassion floating in his languid eye.

Lord, in ceaseless contemplation fix our hearts and eyes on thee, till we taste thy full salvation, and thine unveiled glory see.

Walter Shirley