













- Happy they who call him "Master", and his servants truly are; time they wish to move still faster, while they see his day afar.
 Him they look for, and await, coming in his royal state.
- 3. Here they suffer, but object not:
 'tis his people's lot, they know;
 ease and honour they expect not,
 where their master found a foe.
 It was here their master died,
 and by man was crucified.
- 4. 'Tis our shame, O Lord, whenever we lose sight of things like these; yet we do it, and endeavour an ungodly world to please.Often we decline the cross: thus incurring shame and loss.

- 5. Yet we would not wish to shun it,
 Saviour, we would rather die;
 all our hope is founded on it;
 'tis our life, and 'tis our joy.
 Though it should a burden prove,
 'tis the cross of him we love.
- 6. Only give us strength to bear it: strength according to our day; then we need not shun or fear it, bear it gladly then we may.

 'Tis a pleasure, not a pain, and our loss, indeed, is gain.

Words: Thomas Kelly. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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