THE SONG OF CHRIST



- 2. A joy of surpassing sweetness, of love no speech can tell;I hear, and my heart is broken, for the Voice I know full well.
- 3. That Voice that has called me ever, called through the years of sin; at my door beseeching and knocking "Let ME, even ME, come in."
- 4. And now in his joy he singeth, in his joy he singeth of me, and all the Heavens make music that the gladness of God they see –
- 5. "He was dead he was dead, and he liveth, he was lost, was lost, and is found!"
 This is the song he singeth, the marvellous joyful sound.
- 6. Through the open doors of Heaven afar through the starless night, is borne that hymn of rejoicing, the music of God's delight.

Words: Frances Bevan. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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