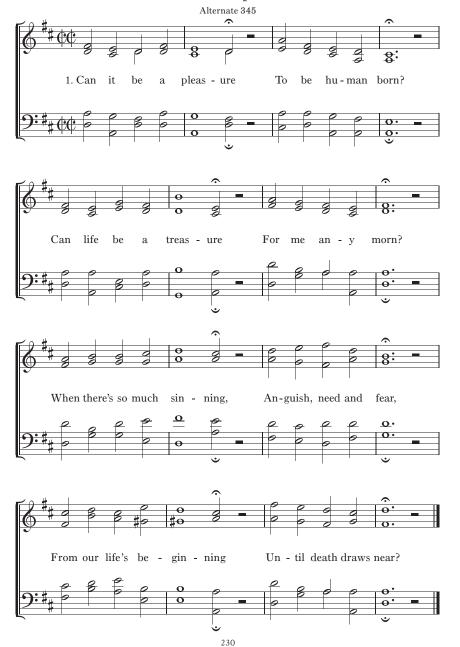
Can It Be a Pleasure



- 2. Nothing here could cheer us, If no Christ there were:
 He brought heaven near us
 When He did appear.
 Whosoe'er confess Him
 As their God and Lord,
 Ne'er should aught distress them;
 Peace is their reward!
- 3. Could for love be weeping, O Thou Son of Man; Safe within Thy keeping By Thy love's great plan; Thou my heart hast movèd, Thine it e'er shall be; Thou lead'st me, Belovèd, That I still have Thee!
- 4. Many a blessèd hour I have oft with Thee; I feel Thy great power When depressed I be; Hast me much forgiven, In Thy mercy mild, New grace sent from heaven For this slothful child.
- 5. Is it not a pleasure Here Christ's own to be! Pilgrims, try this treasure! Dare Christ's own to be! Knew men but the blessing Jesus can afford, Many, faith confessing, Would accept the Lord.
- 6. Though the Christian's gladness Mingled is with pain, Yet his eyes mid sadness, Look to heaven's gain; And the Lord looks downward On him, that he may Joyfully press onward On his pilgrim way.
- 7. Christ at length is coming; Shall with gentle hand Lead us from our roaming Home to fatherland. When the strife is over, Oh, then we shall be Where the Hallelujah Rings eternally!