

SIT down beneath His shadow,
And rest with great delight;
The faith that now beholds Him
Is pledge of future sight.

2 Our Master's love remember,
Exceeding great and free;
Lift up thy heart in gladness,
For He remembers thee.

3 Bring every weary burden,
Thy sin, thy fear, thy grief;
He calls the heavy-laden,
And gives them kind relief.

4 A little while, though parted,
Remember, wait, and love;
Until He comes in glory,
Until we meet above.

5 Till in the Father's kingdom
The heavenly feast is spread;
And we behold His beauty,
Whose blood for us was shed.

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1836-79