

1. Oh, Christ, He is the foun - tain, The deep, sweet well of love!
 2. With mer - cy and with judg - ment My web of time He wove,
 3. *I've wres - tled on towards Heav - en, A - gainst storm, wind and tide,*
 4. Oh, I am my Be - lov - ed's And my Be - lov - ed's mine!
 5. The bride eyes not her gar - ment, But her dear bride-groom's face;

The streams on earth I've tast - ed; More deep I'll drink a - bove:
 And aye* the dews of sor - row Were lus - tered with His love;
 Now, *like a wea - ry trav - 'ler That lean - eth on his guide,*
 He brings a poor vile sin - ner In - to His house of wine.
 I will not gaze at glo - ry But on my King of grace.

* "Aye" rhymes with "day" and means "ever."

There to an o - cean full - ness His mer - cy doth ex - pand,
 I'll bless the hand that guid - ed, I'll bless the heart that planned
 A - mid the shades of eve - ning, While sinks life's lin - g'ring sand,
 I stand up - on His mer - it— I know no oth - er stand,
 Not at the crown He giv - eth But on His pierc - ed hand;

And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.
 When throned where glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.
 I hail the glo - ry dawn - ing From Im - man - uel's land.
 Not ev'n where glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.
 The Lamb is all the glo - ry Of Im - man - uel's land.