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1 Ye who trace with weary hearts and sad  
Those blest scenes of Galilee,  
O rejoice and be forever glad!  
"We have found Him - come and see!"

**"We have found Him! - Joy of the Ages!"**  
**And our song with heaven's gladness rings:**  
**"We have found the Christ of whom the**  
**prophets spake;**  
**We have found Him, King of kings."**

2 Ye who hunger for the living word,  
Ye who thirst for living springs,  
Come, each waiting heart with joy is stirred  
By the song the herald sings.  
**"We have found Him! - Joy of the Ages!..."**

3 This same Christ who taught beside the sea  
Walks upon the earth today,  
And He comes in lowliness to thee,  
Templed still in mortal clay.  
**"We have found Him! - Joy of the Ages!..."**

4 "We have found Him!" Bear the tidings far,  
Wheresoever men are found,  
Until all who seek the Guiding Star  
Shall in light and peace abound.  
**"We have found Him! - Joy of the Ages!..."**

1 If we but knew the cost at which He came,  
The price whereby the veil was rent in twain,  
Would we not praise as angels praise His name?  
If we but knew! If we but knew!

2 If we but knew the sorrow and the loss,  
The lonely hours, the garden, yea, the cross,  
Before such love all else would be as dross,  
If we but knew! If we but knew!

3 If we but knew the joy His heart has planned,  
The strength and mercy of the outstretched  
hand,  
Not long would He rejected waiting stand,  
If we but knew! If we but knew!

4 If we but knew! O Jesus, Lord of all,  
Before whom angels bow and nations fall,  
Lest we resist Thy sweet insistent call,  
Help us to know, help us to know.

1 Sweet is the rest that comes with dawn at last,  
After the night of dark defeat is past,  
And breaks the day: the triumph of Thy will -  
Thy purpose in my life, Lord, to fulfil.

**This blessed rest, O Master, give to me,**  
**That I may find my peace, my all in Thee.**

2 Sweet is the rest in bearing of the cross:  
Death to a life that brings me only loss;  
But from this death a resurrection sure:  
A Christfilled life, acceptable and pure.  
**"This blessed rest, O Master, give to me,..."**

3 Sweet is the rest when after weary toil,  
I do not glory in the battle's spoil.  
The victor's crown, all honours, let them be  
To Thee alone who gives the victory.  
**"This blessed rest, O Master, give to me,..."**

4 Sweet is the rest that comes at close of day,  
When life departs, the spirit flies away  
To be with Thee, the One whom I adore,  
And live with Thee and Thine forevermore.  
**"This blessed rest, O Master, give to me,..."**