

- Is by our beds of pain; We touch him in life's throng and press, And we are whole again.
- 6. Through him the first fond prayers are said Our lips of childhood frame; The last low whispers of our dead Are burdened with his name.
- Thy saving name is given
 To turn aside from thee is hell,
 To walk with thee is heaven.

7. Alone, O Love ineffable,

Text: John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-92) Music: BISHOPTHORPE, CM, Jeremiah Clark (1670-1707)