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- 2. Lord, when I quit this earthly stage, Where shall I fly but to thy breast? For I have sought no other home; For I have learned no other rest.
- 3. I cannot live contented here Without some glimpses of thy face; And heav'n, without thy presence there, Would be a dark and tiresome place.
- 4. Christ is my light, my life, my care, My blessed hope, my heav'nly prize; Dearer than all my passions are, My limbs, my bowels, or my eyes.
- 5. The strings that twine about my heart, Tortures and racks may tear them off But they can never, never part With their dear hold of Christ my love.
- 6. My God! And can an humble child, That loves thee with a flame so high. Be ever from thy face exiled, Without the pity of thine eye?
- 7. Impossible! For thine own hands Have tied my heart so fast to thee; And in thy book the promise stands, That where thou art thy friends must be.