

(WILTSHIRE. C.M.)

$\text{♩} = 100$

1. Lord Je - sus, when we think of Thee, Of all Thy
 2. And though the wil - der - ness we tread, A bar - ren,
 3. Yet in Thy love such depths we see, Our souls o'er-

love and grace, Our spi - rits long and
 thirs - ty ground, With thorns and bri - ars
 flow with praise — Con - tent our - selves, while,

fain would see Thy beau - ty, face to face.
 o - ver - spread, Where foes and snares a - bound,
 Lord, to Thee A joy - ful song we raise.

4. Our Lord, our Life, our Rest, our Shield,
 Our Rock, our Food, our Light ;
 Each thought of Thee doth constant yield
 Unchanging, fresh delight.

5. Blest Saviour, keep our spirits stayed,
 Hard following after Thee,
 Till we, in robes of white arrayed,
 Thy face in glory see.

Belmont, 184 ; Glasgow, 418.