

LOUELLA L.M.

1. There is a pure and peaceful wave, That issues from the throne of grace; Whose waters gladden as they lave The bright and heavenly dwelling place.

2. In living streams behold that tide, Thro' Christ, the Rock, profusely burst, And in his word behold supplied, The fount for which our spirits thirst.

3. The Pilgrim, faint, who seems to sink Beneath the sultry sky of Time, May here repose and freely drink The waters of that better clime.