

1. Oh! that I could for-ev-er dwell, De-light-ed, at the Sa-vior's feet, Be-hold the form I love so well, And all his ten-der words re-peat.

2. The world shut out from all my soul, And heav'n brought in with all its bliss:-Oh! is there aught from pole to pole, One moment to com-pare with this?

3. This is the hidden life I prize,—A life of pen-i-ten-tial love: When most my fol-lies I des-pise, And raise my highest thoughts a-bove.