Be Comforted, My Heart

META P. M.

1. Be comforted, my heart! God lives for thee! Thy Father, in the light of heav'n on high. He chose thee ere the world began to be. He knows thy life, thy weal, thy misery! A father's love, a mother's care. He brought To thee, e'er yet to Him thou gav'st a thought: This is thy God! light Thy dead-ly wounds for thee He heal-eth quite: This is thy God! hour, To give to thee the vic-to-ry hath pow'r; This is thy God! raise! How rich art thou, thrice bless'd art thou al-ways! Thy God doth live!

2. Why dost thou sorrow, then? God lives for thee! Thy Savior! He is with thee ev'ry day. He Son of man became, with thee to be, To gain to Thee,— Art bow'd with care and with in-firm-ity? He free thee from the curse of sin for aye! At night He died, but in the morn-ing will re-vive thy faith and strength im-part; The life e-ter-nal, who in death's dark with the grace of son-ship bless e'en me: O ran-som'd soul, thy hal-le-lu-jahs

3. Why art thou weeping now? God lives for thee, Who comfort pours in-to thy heav-y heart;— Art bow'd with care and with in-firm-ity? He life Thou art the ground and spring, Thou hast the lost re-deem'd a-

4. My God! of life Thou art the ground and spring, Thou hast the lost re-deem'd a-