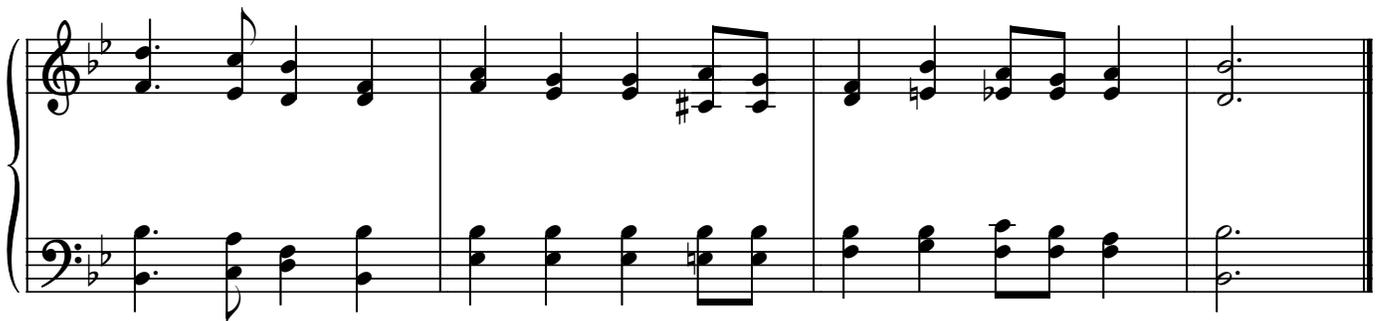
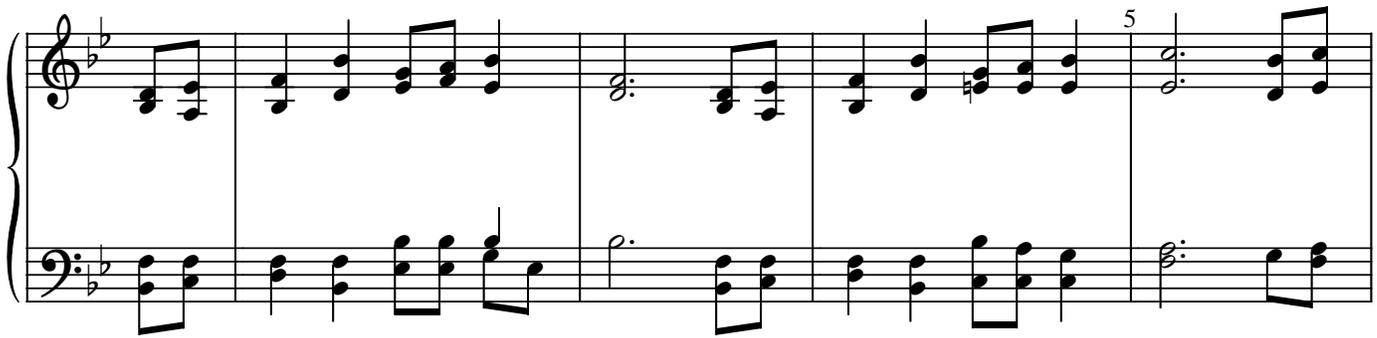


We hear the words of love



We hear the words of love;
We gaze upon the blood,
We see the mighty sacrifice,
And we have peace with God.

'Tis everlasting peace,
Sure as the Father's name;
'Tis stable as His steadfast throne,
For evermore the same.

Our love is oftentimes low;
Our joy still ebbs and flows;
But peace with Him remains the same,
No change the Father knows.

We change --- He changes not,
Though changing years roll by;
His love, not ours, the resting-place,
We on His truth rely.

The cross still stands unchanged,
Though heaven is now His home;
The mighty stone is rolled away,
For He has left the tomb.

That tomb has now become
The grave of all our woes;
We know the Son of God has come,
We know He died and rose.

We know He liveth now
At God's right hand above;
We know the throne on which He sits,
We know His truth and love.

Horatius Bonar