## I bless the Christ of God

Eric H. Thiman, 1900 Shere SM





I bless the Christ of God, I rest on love divine, And with unfaltering lip and heart, I call the Savior mine.

His cross dispels each doubt; I bury in His tomb Each thought of unbelief and fear, Each lingering shade of gloom.

I praise the God of peace, I trust His truth and might; He calls me His, I call Him mine, My God, my Joy, my Light In Him is only good, in me is only ill; My ill but draws His goodness forth, And me He loveth still.

'Tis He Who saveth me, and freely pardon gives; I love because He loveth me; I live because He lives;

My life with Him is hid, my death has passed away, My clouds have melted into light, My midnight into day.

**Horatius Bonar**