Sweet the moments, rich in blessing

Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
which before the cross we spend,
life and health and peace possessing
from the sinner's dying Friend.

Here I stay, forever viewing
mercy streaming in his blood;
precious drops, my soul bedewing,
plead and claim my peace with God.

Truly blessèd is the station,
low before his cross to lie,
while I see divine compassion
floating in his languid eye.

Lord, in ceaseless contemplation
fix our hearts and eyes on thee,
till we taste thy full salvation,
and thine unveiled glory see.