

Immanuel's Land

Verse 1

O Christ, He is the Fountain,
The deep, sweet Well of Love!
The streams of earth I've tasted
More deep I'll drink above:
There to an ocean fullness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

Verse 2

The King there in His beauty,
Without a veil is seen:
It were a well spent journey,
Though seven deaths lay between:
The Lamb with His fair army,
Doth on Mount Zion stand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

Verse 3

O I am my Beloved's
And my Beloved's mine!
He brings a poor vile sinner
Into His "house of wine."
I stand upon His merit-
I know no other stand,
I'll have no Rock beside Him
In Immanuel's land.

Verse 4

The Bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear Bridegroom's face
I will not gaze at glory
But on my King of Grace.
Not at the crown He giveth
But on His pierced hand;
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.