(PRIORY. 6.6.8.4.D.)

Mary Bowley (Mrs Peters) (1813-1856)

Anonyme



Our earthen vessels break;
 The world itself grows old;
 But Christ our precious dust will take,
 And freshly mould:
 He'll give these bodies vile
 A fashion like His own;
 He'll bid the whole creation smile,
 And hush its groan.

3. Thus far, by grace preserved,
Each moment speeds us on;
The crown and kingdom are reserved
Where Christ is gone.
When cloudless morning shines,
We shall His glory share;
In pleasant places are the lines;
The home how fair!

4. To Him our weakness clings Through tribulation sore, And seeks the covert of His wings Till all be o'er. And when we've run the race, And fought the faithful fight, We then shall see Him face to face, With saints in light.