Constance (8 7. 8 7. D. Iambic)  

I've found a friend, O such a friend!
He loved me ere I knew him;
He drew me with the cords of love,
And thus He bound me to Him:
And round my heart still closely twine
Those ties which nought can sever;
For I am His, and He is mine,
For ever and for ever.

2. I've found a friend, O such a friend!
He bled, He died to save me;
And not alone the gift of life
But His own self He gave me.
Nought that I have my own I call,
I hold it for the giver:
My heart, my strength, my life, my all
Are His, and His for ever.

3. I've found a friend, O such a friend!
So kind, and true, and tender,
So wise a counsellor and guide,
So mighty a defender.
From Him, who loves me now so well,
What power my soul can sever?
Shall life or death? shall earth or hell?
No! I am His for ever.