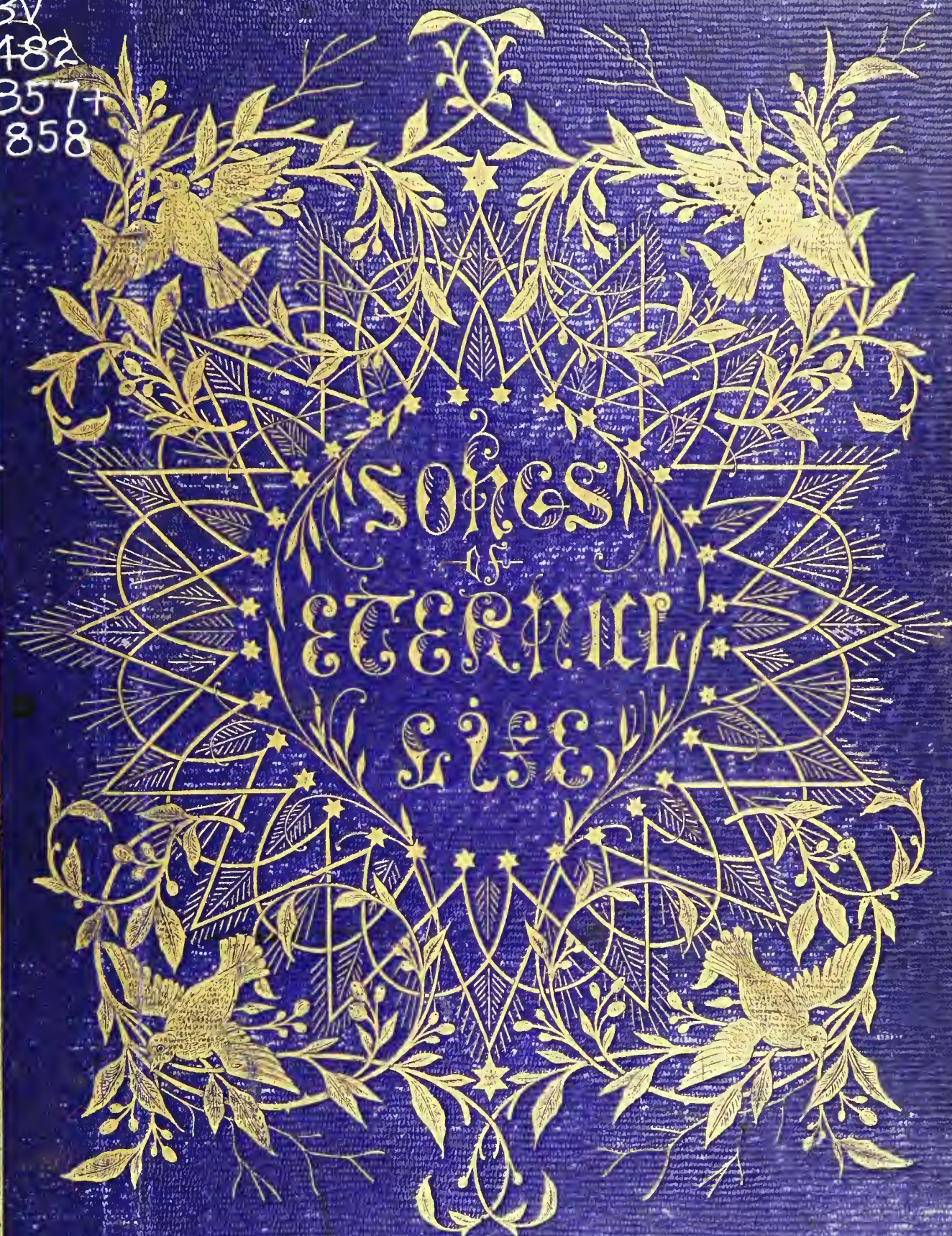
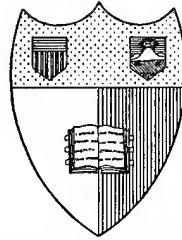


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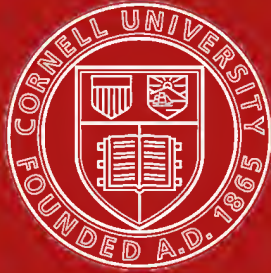
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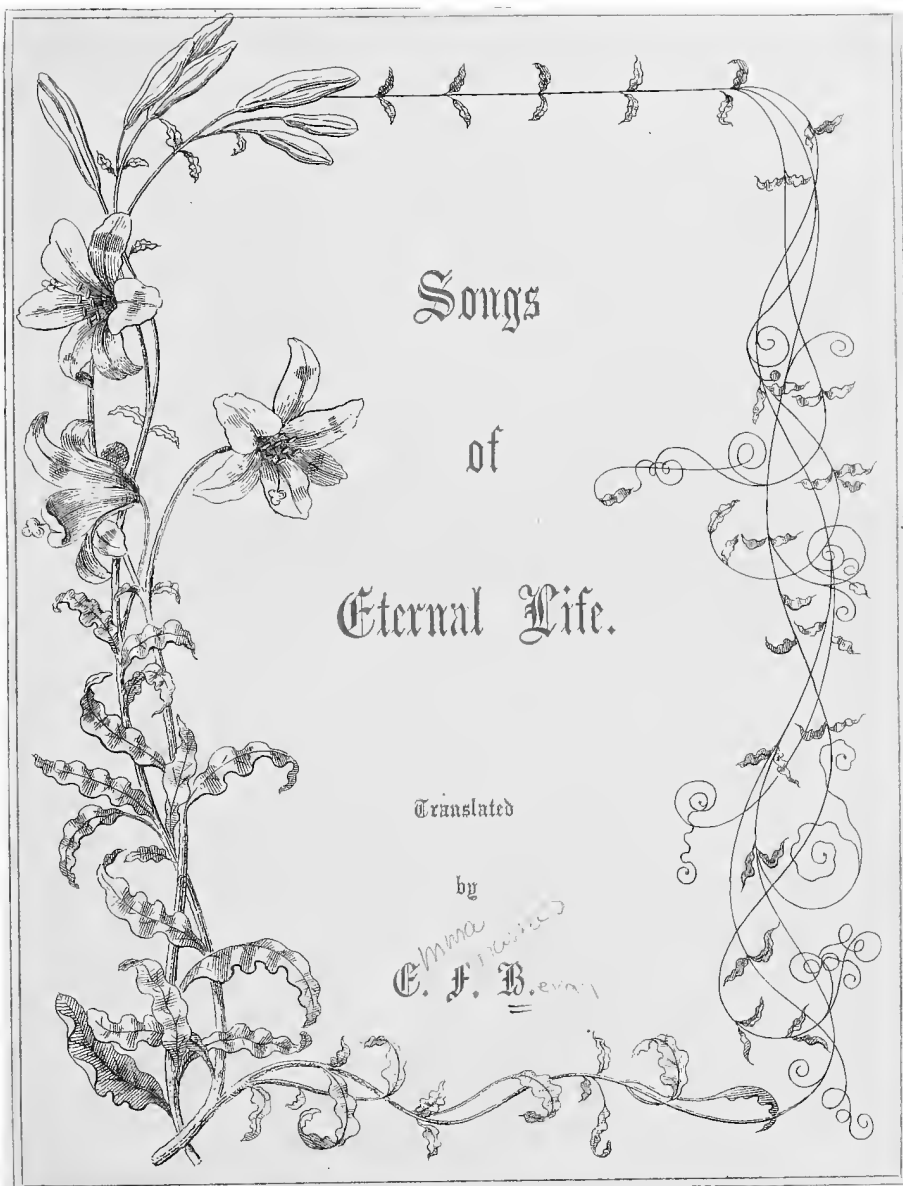
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Songs
of
Eternal Life.



Songs
of
Eternal Life.

Translated
by
Emma
E. J. Beverly

Songs of Scripture.

IN order to lead Christians to determine the place which Songs should occupy in the worship of God, the following List is inserted of the principal Songs mentioned in Scripture, with the occasions to which they are referred :—

Song of the morning-stars and of the sons of God, when the foundations of the earth were fixed.	Job xxxviii. 7.
Song of Moses at the Red Sea.	Exodus xv.
Song of Israel when the Lord gave them water.	Numb. xxi. 17, 18.
Song to witness for the Lord against the children of Israel.	Deut. xxxii.
Song of Deborah and Barak	Judges v.
Song of Hannah at the birth of Samuel	1 Sam. ii.
Song of the women of Israel when Saul and David returned victorious.	1 Sam. xviii. 7.

SONGS OF DAVID.

When Saul sent, and they watched the house to kill him.	Psalms lix.
When Doeg betrayed him.	Psalms lii.
When the Philistines took him in Gath.	Psalms lvi.

When Achish drove him away.	Psalm xxxiv.
When the Ziphims betrayed him to Saul.	Psalm liv.
When he fled from Saul in the cave.	Psalm lvii. cxlii.
When he was in the wilderness of Judah.	Psalm lxiii.
At the death of Saul and Jonathan.	2 Sam. i.
When the Lord had delivered him out of the hand of all his enemies.	2 Sam. xxii. Ps. xviii.
When he removed the ark.	1 Chron. xvi.
At the dedication of his house.	Psalm xxx. <i>title</i> .
At the remembrance of the Lord's holiness.	Psalm xxx. 4.
When the Lord had put off his sackcloth and girded him with gladness.	Psalm xxx. 11, 12.
When he fought with Edom.	Psalm lx.
When Nathan had reproved him.	Psalm li.
When he fled from Absalom.	Psalm iii.
When Shimei had cursed him.	Psalm vii.
New song of deliverance.	Psalm xl.
When the Lord had dealt bountifully with him.	Psalm xiii.
When his head was lifted up above his enemies round about.	Psalm xxvii. 6.
When his heart had trusted in the Lord, and he was helped.	Psalm xxviii. 7.
When he came to the altar of God.	Psalm xliii. 4.
Every day in fulfilment of his vows.	Psalm lxi.
When his greatness was increased, and he was comforted on every side.	Psalm lxxi. 22, 23.
When he was poor and sorrowful.	Psalm lxxix. 29, 30.
Song of mercy and judgment.	Psalm ci.
Songs of victory.	Psalm cviii. cxliv.

Song for every day. Psalm cxlv.
 Other Psalms on unknown occasions.

SONGS BY OTHER WRITERS.

Song of the righteous. Psalm xxxiii.
 Of the afflicted when he is overwhelmed. Psalm cii.
 Songs in the night. Psalm xlii. lxxvii.
 At the new moon. Psalm lxxxii.
 Song of Heman when his soul was full of trouble. Psalm lxxxviii.
 Song of Ethan, of the mercies of the Lord. Psalm lxxxix.
 Song for the Sabbath-day. Psalm xcii.
 Song of the people of the Lord's pasture. Psalm xcv.
 Song at entering the Lord's gates. Psalm c.
 Song of the wondrous works of God. Psalm cv.
 Song of praise. Ps. cxlvi. cxlvii.
 Song of the Creation. Psalm cxlviii.
 Song of all that have breath. Psalm cl.
 Songs of the marriage of Solomon. Canticles. Psalm xlv.
 Song of the Levites, during which the glory of the
 Lord filled the house of the Lord. 2 Chron. v. 13, 14.
 Song when Jehoshaphat went to battle and
 returned in victory. 2 Chron. xx.
 Song at the anointing of Joash. 2 Chron. xxiii.
 Song of the Levites at Hezekiah's Passover. 2 Chron. xxix. 30.
 Song of Isaiah about the Lord's vineyard. Isaiah v.
 Song at Josiah's Passover, and Song of Lamenta-
 tion for Josiah. 2 Chron. xxxv.
 When they laid the foundation of the second
 temple. Ezra iii.

At the dedication of the wall of Jerusalem. . . .	Neh. xii. 27—43.
Song of Mary.	Luke i.
Song of Zacharias.	Luke i.
Song of the angels at Bethlehem.	Luke ii.
Song of Simeon.	Luke ii.
Song of Christ and his Apostles after the Last Supper.	Mark xiv.
Song of Paul and Silas in prison.	Acts xvi.

SONGS OF THE FUTURE.

Song of the whole earth when the Lord shall give his people rest from sorrow and fear. (Compare the Song of the heaven and earth at the fall of Babylon, Jer. li. 48, and Rev. xix. 1—7.)	Isaiah xiv.
Song when the Lord shall set his hand the second time to recover the remnant of his people.	Isaiah xii.
Song of the remnant during the time of Judgment.	Isaiah xxiv. 13—16.
Song sung in the land of Judah when the Lord shall swallow up death in victory, shall wipe away tears from off all faces.	Isaiah xxvi.
Song of the Lord's people as in the night when a holy solemnity is kept; in the day when the name of the Lord cometh from far, burning with anger against the wicked.	Isaiah xxx. 29—32.
Song of the wilderness when it shall blossom as the rose, and of the ransomed of the Lord when they return to Zion.	Is. xxxv. 2-10, li. 11.
Songs from the end of the earth, from the sea, the islands, the wilderness, cities, and villages, from the rocks, from the top of the moun-	

tains, when the Lord shall go forth as a mighty man, and shall prevail against his enemies.	Isaiah xlii. 10—13.
When the Lord has redeemed Jacob, and glorified himself in Israel.	Is. xliv. 23, xlviii. 20.
When the Lord has comforted his people, and had mercy on his afflicted.	Isaiah xlix. 13.
Song of the watchmen when they see eye to eye, when the Lord has brought again Zion, has redeemed Jerusalem.	Isaiah lii. 8, 9.
Song of Jerusalem when her seed shall inherit the Gentiles, and make the desolate cities to be inhabited.	Isaiah liv. 1.
Song of the mountains and hills, when instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree.	Isaiah lv. 12, 13.
Song of the Lord's servants for joy of heart in the day of the judgments upon the wicked.	Isaiah lxxv. 14.
Song in the height of Zion, in the day when they shall not sorrow any more at all.	Jer. xxxi. 7—12.
Song of the Lord's people in the valley of Achor.	Hosea ii. 15.
Song of the daughter of Zion when the King of Israel, the Lord, is in the midst of her, when she shall not see evil any more.	Zeph. iii. 14.
Song of the Lord over Israel when he shall rest in his love.	Zeph. iii. 17.
Song of the daughter of Zion when the Lord shall come and dwell in the midst of her, and choose Jerusalem again.	Zech. ii. 10—12.
When the Lord is exalted in his own strength.	Psalms xxi. 13.
Song of all people when God is King of all the earth.	Psalms xlvi.
Song of the pastures and valleys when the Lord shall visit the earth.	Psalms lxxv. 13.

Song of all lands when the enemies of the Lord have submitted themselves to him. . . .	Psalm lxvi. 2.
Song of all nations when the Lord shall judge the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.	Psalm lxvii. 4.
Song of the kingdoms of the earth when God arises, and his enemies are scattered . . .	Psalm lxviii. 32.
Song of Asaph when the wicked drink the dregs of the Lord's cup.	Psalm lxxv. 8, 9.
New song of all the earth when the Lord comes to judge.	Psalm xcvi. xcviiii.
Song of the reapers who have sown in tears. . .	Psalm cxxvi. 5.
Song of all the kings of the earth when they hear the words of the Lord.	Psalm cxxxviii. 4, 5.
New song when the saints execute vengeance on the heathen.	Psalm cxlix.
New song of the four beasts and twenty-four elders, when the Lamb had taken the book..	Rev. v. 9.
Of the angels	Rev. v. xii.
Of all creatures.	Rev. v. 13.
Song of the great multitude with white robes and palms.	Rev. vii. 10.
Of the angels.	Rev. vii. 12.
New song of the hundred forty and four thousand on Mount Zion.	Rev. xiv. 3.
Song of those who have gotten the victory over the beast, called the Song of Moses and of the Lamb.	Rev. xv. 3, 4.
Song of much people in heaven, of the twenty-four elders and four beasts, and of a great multitude, as the voice of many waters, and of mighty thunderings.	Rev. xix. 1—7.

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Song of the Watchman.

“BEHOLD, THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH, GO YE OUT TO MEET HIM.”

WAKEN! From the Tower it soundeth
Suddenly, whilst Night surroundeth—
Waken, O Jerusalem!
In the deep, dark, silent hour
Rings that shout upon the Tower:
Virgins, rise to welcome Him—
At the gate the Bridegroom stands;
Take your bright lamps in your hands—
Hallelujah!
Haste along with light and song,
To join the saintly marriage throng.

Zion hears the mighty singing ;
Joyfully, her heart upspringing,
Sees Him shining through the gloom—
Sees Him come from Heaven most glorious,
Strong in grace, in truth victorious.
Her star is risen, her light is come—
Hail, Thou Crown, Thou great Reward,
Jesus, Son of God, the Lord,
The conquering King :
His palace Home for all hath room,
The marriage of the Lamb is come.

Glorious is the song ascending,
Tongues of men and angels blending,
Harps and cymbals clear and sweet :
Through the twelve pearl gates we enter
With the angels, in the splendour
High around the Throne we meet :
Never yet did eye behold,
Never unto ear was told,
The like before.
We shout and sing that the Lord is King,
With the voice of a mighty thundering.

PHILIP NICOLAI. 1556—1608.

Song of the Eternal Sabbath.

“THERE REMAINETH THEREFORE A REST TO THE PEOPLE OF GOD.”

THERE is a day of rest before thee,—
Thou weary soul, arise and shine !
Awhile the clouds hang darkly o'er thee,
Awhile the captive's chains are thine.
Behold the Lamb of God will lead thee
To still green pastures round the throne.
Cast off thy burden, rise and speed thee,
For soon the battle-storm is done,—
For soon the weary race is past,
And thou shalt rest in Love at last.

God 'stablished ere the days of Heaven
Rest, gentle rest, for evermore ;
Men long have wept, and toiled, and striven,
But rest was ordered long before.

For this the Saviour left the skies,
The Home beyond the thousand suns ;—
He stretches forth his hands, and cries,
“ Come, come to me, ye weary ones !
Ye long have laboured, come and rest,
Lie still, beloved, on My breast.”

Then come, ye sorrowful and weary,
Ye heavy-laden, come to Him,
From desert places, lone and dreary,
With fainting heart and aching limb !
For ye have borne the heat of day,
And now the hour of rest is come ;
To you the Lord doth call, and say—
“ My people, I will be your home !
Fear not for devil, world, and sin,
But saved and pardoned enter in !”

Come in, the sheaves of glory bringing,
The seed-time of our tears is past ;
More sweet than dreams of joy the singing
That fills our Father's house at last :
 And grief, and fear, and death, and pain
 Are fled, and are forgotten things :
 We see the Lamb that once was slain,—
 He leads us to the living springs ;
Himself He wipes our tears away—
Such blessedness no words can say.

The day of deep refreshing dawneth,
No sun lights on us, and no heat :
No longer is there one who mourneth,
And there the long, long severed meet—
 And God Himself shall be with them.
 They who the weary desert trod
 Shall be a Royal Diadem
 For ever in the Hand of God ;
All hail ! thou glorious Sabbath-day,
When toil and strife are passed away !

And peace is round us as a river,
And glory as a flowing stream ;
With Christ our Lord we dwell for ever,
For ever lean in love on Him.

Oh, had we wings to flee away,
Afar into that holy home !
Why seek we still on earth to stay ?
The Spirit and the Bride say, " Come !"
Arise ! Salvation draweth near,
The everlasting Sabbath-year !

JOHANNES SIEGMUND KUNTH. 1700—1.

Sung of Pentecost.

“ WHERE THE SPIRIT OF THE LORD IS, THERE IS LIBERTY.”

O God, O Spirit, Light of life
Amidst the darkness of the dead,
Thou Star, whereby through scorn and strife,
The Children of the Lord are led,
Thou Dawn amidst the deepest gloom,
Bewildered, dark, to Thee I come.

Consume in me, Thou Fire of Heaven,
The evil seen by Thee alone,
Nor spare, though heart and flesh be riven,
For joy shall dawn when grief is gone :
Within my soul shall be restored
The glorious Image of my Lord.

A deadly venom is my sin,
Anoint Thou me and I shall live;
Renew me from my heart within,
And give the life I cannot give.
Be Thou my life, O life Divine—
I cannot save, the work is Thine.

Thou Breath from still Eternity,
Breathe o'er my spirit's barren land :
The pine-tree and the myrtle-tree
Shall spring amidst the desert sand ;
And where Thy living water flows,
The waste shall blossom as the rose.

May I, in will and deed and word,
Obey Thee as a little child !
And keep me in Thy love, O Lord,
For ever holy, undefiled.
Within me teach, and strive, and pray,
Lest I should choose my own wild way.

O Spirit, Stream that by the Son
Is opened to us crystal-pure,
Forth-flowing from the Heavenly Throne
To patient hearts and spirits poor :
Athirst and weary do I sink
Beside Thy waters, there to drink.

My spirit turns to Thee, and elings,
All else forsaking, unto Thee ;
Forgetting all created things,
Remembering only, " God with me."
O God, O Spirit ! gracious rain,
None wait for Thee and wait in vain.

GERHARDT TERSTEEGEN. 1697—1769.

Song of the Soldier.

“WHO IS ON THE LORD'S SIDE?”

Rise, ye children of Salvation,
All who cleave to Christ the Head :
Wake, arise ! O mighty nation,
Ere the foe on Zion tread—
 He draws nigh, to defy
 All the hosts of God most high.

Follow Christ and fear no evil,
Trust His arm and all is well ;
Face to face with every devil,
With the mighty hosts of hell :
 More than they the bright array
 Guarding us by night and day.

Conquerors by the blood of Jesus,
Fearless in our faith and prayer ;
He from every terror frees us—
Makes us strong to do and dare :
 In His Cause is no loss,
 Victory is in His Cross.

Saints and heroes long before us,
Firmly on this ground have stood :
See their banners waving o'er us—
“ Conquerors through the Saviour's blood !”
 Ground we hold, where of old
 Fought the faithful and the bold.

He who loveth slavery better,
Slavery now and evermore :
He who loves sin's galling fetter,
Follows not the shout of war :
 Lost in night, Satan's might
 Holds him slumbering lest he fight.

But the man to whom is given
Light to know his freedom's worth,—
All whose treasure is in Heaven,
God his ALL in Heaven and earth,—
 Joys to be Christ's servant free ;
 Serving Christ is liberty !

He whose fetters are not riven,
Lives a life that is not life ;
Hearts but half to Jesus given,
Know of nought but care and strife :
 He alone goes bravely on
 Whose desire and aim are one.

Therefore we will fight, victorious
By the Blood of Christ our Lord ;—
On our foreheads bright and glorious
Shines the witness of His word :
 Spur and shield on battle field
 His great name ; we will not yield.

Deathless, we are all unfearing,
Life laid up with Christ in God
In the morn of His appearing
Floweth forth a glory-flood ;—
 Tears we sow, but joys shall grow
 Where those living waters flow.

When His servants stand before Him,
Each receiving his reward ;
When His Saints in light adore Him,
Giving glory to the Lord—
 Victory ! our song shall be
 Like the thunder of the sea !

JUSTUS FALCKNER. 1723.

Song of Resignation.

“IT IS THE LORD, LET HIM DO AS SEEMETH HIM GOOD.”

THOU sweet beloved Will of God,
My anchor-ground, my fortress-hill,
The Spirit's silent fair abode,
In Thee I hide me and am still.

O Will, that willest good alone,
Lead Thou the way, Thou guidest best ;
A silent child, I follow on,
And trusting lean upon Thy Breast.

God's will doth make the bitter sweet,
And all is good when it is done ;
Unless His will doth hallow it,
The glory of all joy is gone.



Gods will doth make the bitter sweet
And all is good when it is done

When Sin and World and Devil rave,
I think "God wills that it should be,
And He will strengthen, He will save :"
So trust Him calmly, joyfully.

Self, Sense, and Reason, they may scorn
That hidden way that leads on high,—
Still be my deepest will uptorn,
And so the will of Nature die.

And if in gloom I see Thee not,
I lean upon Thy love unknown ;—
In me Thy blessed Will is wrought,
If I will nothing of my own.

O spirit of a little child,
Of will bereft, all angel pure,
I seek Thy glory undefiled ;
Lord, take my will, Thy love is sure.

O Will of God, my soul's desire,
My bread of Life in want and pain ;—
O Will of God, my guiding fire,
Unite my will to Thine again.

O Will, in me Thy work be done,
For time and for eternity ;
Give joy or sorrow, all is one,
To that blest soul who loveth Thee.

Lord, help me, kill this will of mine—
The evil power that lingers still ;
That I may be for ever Thine,
And live for ever to Thy Will.

GERHARDT TERSTEEGEN. 1697—1769.

Song of Heaven.

“THESE ARE THEY WHICH CAME OUT OF GREAT TRIBULATION.”

I go from grief and sighing, the valley and the clod,
To join the chosen people, in the palace-halls of God—
There sounds no cry of battle, amidst the shadowing palms,
But the mighty song of victory, and glorious golden psalms.

The army of the conquerors, a palm in every hand,
In robes of state and splendour, in rest eternal stand :
Those marriage-ropes of glory, the righteousness of God—
He bought them for His people with His most precious blood.

The Lamb of God has led them from Hell's deep sea of fire,—
The Lamb of God adorns them in spotless white attire :
The Lamb of God presents them as kings in crowns of light,—
As priests in God's own temple to serve Him day and night.

Salvation, strength, and wisdom, to Him whose works and ways
Are wonderful and glorious—eternal is His praise :
The Lamb who died and liveth, alive for evermore,
The Saviour who redeemed us, for ever we adore.

JOHN HEERMAN. 1585—1647.

Song of the New Jerusalem.

“THE NATIONS OF THEM THAT ARE SAVED SHALL WALK IN THE LIGHT OF IT.”

JERUSALEM! thou glorious City-height,
O might I enter in!
My spirit wearieth for thy love and light
Amidst this world of sin.—

Far over the dark mountains,
The moorlands cold and gray,
She looketh with sad longing,
And fain would flee away.

O fair sweet day! and hour yet more fair!
When wilt thou come to me?—
My spirit, safe within my Saviour's care,
Made glad, and pure, and free;—

And calmly, surely trusting
His faithful loving Hand,
Shall she be led in safety
To Heaven, her Fatherland.—

One moment ere she is aware, she treads
The glorious shore that lies
Beyond the stars, beyond the midnight shades,
Beyond the stormy skies.
The chariot of Elijah,
The shining angel-throng,
Shall bear her through the Heavens
With triumph and with song.

O City, beautiful ! Thy light appears,—
The gates by grace set wide,—
The Home for which, through long, long exile years,
My weary spirit sighed,—
The false and empty shadows,
The life of sin, are past,—
God gives me mine inheritance,
Eternal life, at last.

But who are they that come,—the glorious ones,
As stars along the way,—
A Royal Diadem of pleasant stones?
My Lord's elect are they:
He sent them forth to meet me
Where dark with mist of fears
The land of gloom lay round me,
My distant land of tears.

The Patriarchs and Saints of olden days,
The Christians all unknown,
Who bore the heat of persecution-blaze
Or nameless Cross alone,—
I see them crowned with glory,
And shining from afar,—
To them the Lord, their Saviour,
Has given the Morning-Star.

O when at last I reach that City fair,
That beauteous Paradise,
To sing unto the Love that led me there,
Eternal melodies,—

Then only can I give Thee
The praises that are meet,
With Hallelujah-thunder,
Hosannas clear and sweet.

Before the emerald-encircled throne
The thousand choirs fall ;
Their song of praises echoing ever on
Through Heaven's high palace-hall.
The throng that none can number,
Of every race and tongue,
Join like the mighty waters
In that Eternal Song.

JOHN MATTHEW MEYFART. 1590—1642.

Song of Welcome.

“ HIM THAT COMETH UNTO ME, I WILL IN NO WISE CAST OUT.”

SINNERS Jesus will receive,—
Say this word of grace to all,
Who the heavenly pathway leave,
All who linger, all who fall !—
This can bring them back again,—
Christ receiveth sinful men.

We deserve no help, no love,
Yet His changeless word is given,
That His grace shall not remove :
No man at the gate of Heaven
In His name shall knock in vain—
Christ receiveth sinful men.

Shepherds seek their wandering sheep
O'er the mountains bleak and cold,—
Jesus such a watch doth keep
O'er the lost ones of His fold ;—
 Seeking them o'er moor and fen :
 Christ receiveth sinful men.

Come, and He will give you rest,
Sorrow-stricken, sin-defiled—
He can make the sinfullest
God the Father's blessed child :
 Trust Him, for His word is plain,
 Christ receiveth sinful men.

Sick, and sorrowful, and blind,
I with all my sins draw nigh,—
O my Saviour, Thou canst find
Help for sinners such as I.
 Speak that word of love again :
 Christ receiveth sinful men.



He is the truest
God of the world

Yea, my soul is comforted,
For Thy Blood hath washed away
All my sins, though crimson-red,
And I stand in white array,
Purged from every spot and stain :
Christ receiveth sinful men.

Now my heart condemns me not,
Pure before the Law I stand ;
He who cleansed me from all spot,
Satisfied its last demand.
Who shall dare accuse me then ?
Christ receiveth sinful men.

Christ receiveth sinful men—
Even me with all my sin ;
Openeth to me Heaven again,
With Him I may enter in.
Death hath no more sting nor pain,
Christ receiveth sinful men.

ERDMANN NEUMEISTER. 1671—1756.

Song of the People of God.

“ IF ANY MAN BE IN CHRIST JESUS, HE IS A NEW CREATURE ; OLD THINGS ARE
PASSED AWAY, BEHOLD ALL THINGS ARE BECOME NEW.”

ALL fair within those Children of the Light,
Though dark their brows beneath the desert-sun,
Mysterious joys, far-hidden from all sight,
The King of Glory giveth to each one.
No thought of man has pictured them,
No hand may touch that diadem ;
Within God's light His own abide,
With hidden glory glorified.

To earthly eyes they are as Adam's race,—
They wear the earthly form, and scars of pain
On them as on all sinners leave their trace ;
Their outward needs are those of other men,—

And theirs the forms of earthly life,
Theirs sleeping, waking, want and strife ;
Yet this they have, that they despise
What fairest seems to earthly eyes.

And inwardly their life is from above,
The Lord's Almighty Word hath quickened them ;
Flames kindled from the everlasting Love,
The Children of the New Jerusalem ;—
Their brethren are the Angels bright,
And songs of sweetness infinite
They sing with them to God Most High
A deep and wond'rous melody.

They walk upon the earth, and dwell in Heaven !
Though powerless, guard the world with arms unseen ;
Deep peace to them in midst of strife is given,
And all they wish they have, though poor and mean.
Storms beat them, but may not destroy :
Fast rooted in eternal joy,
They walk as in the shade of Death,
Yet living on in silent faith.

When Christ their Life shall be made manifest,
When He shall come with all His power to rule,
Their glory hidden long shall be confessed.
Arise and shine! O bright and beautiful!
With Christ ye shall ascend on high,
Victorious in His victory.
The hidden Light shall shine afar,
Each Saint an everlasting star.

Rejoice, thou Earth; be glad, O field and hill;
That ye are for a little while their home:
The Lord Jehovah thus doth set His Seal
In token of His blessing yet to come.
And when to make his Diadem,
He bringeth forth each hidden gem,
He then shall hear thy weary sighs,
The Earth shall be as Paradise.

Thou hidden Life of every soul,—Thou Light
Of that mysterious inner world of thought,
O give us grace to follow Thee aright,
From cross and toil, and sorrow shrinking not.



Rejoice thou Earth, be glad (field and hill
That ye are for a little while their home. -

Content to be but little known,
Content to wander on alone :
Here—hidden inwardly in Thee,
There—Light in Thine own light to be.

CHRISTIAN FREDERICK RICHTER. 1676—1711.

Song of the Latter Days.

"THE NIGHT IS FAR SPENT, THE DAY IS AT HAND."

AWAKEN, O chosen and faithful!
And see that your lamps burn bright,
For thick fall the evening shadows,
Then follows the deep dark night.
The train hath set forth for the marriage,
The Bridegroom is on His way,
And silently cometh the midnight,—
Awaken, and watch, and pray.

O see that your lamps are still burning,—
O see that the oil last out :
Behold ! your Salvation cometh :
The Watchmen of Zion shout,—

“The Bridegroom is come to the marriage,—
The glorious bridal throng!
Arise! go ye forth to receive Him
With deep Hallelujah song!”

Awaken, O Virgins, He cometh!
Go forth in His train, and stand
With shout and with song of rejoicing
Amidst the white Angel band.
To the Feast of the marriage all nations
Their honour and glory bring;
Arise O ye sons of the kingdom,
There cometh the Bridegroom King!

He cometh! He tarries no longer:
Who would be slumbering now?
The light of the Spring is in Heaven,
The blossom upon the bough.
There cometh the time of refreshing,
For red was the evening sky,
Fair dawns, when the last night is over,
The day of Eternity.

O ye who have sorrowed with Zion,
Rejoice! for her King draws near;
Past by is the seed-time of sorrow,
The Lord is amongst us here.
The harvest of gladness is ripened,
The wars and the wanderings past;—
Thou, Bride of the Lord, overcamest,
Thy Crown hast thou gained at last.

O ye who have wept with the Saviour,
Have suffered and died with Him,
Your eyes that behold Him in glory,
Tears never again may dim.
Ye now of His throne are partakers,
As once of His cross and shame;
Ye stand in His presence victorious,
Ye sing and exalt His name.

Lo! here are the palms of the Victors,
And here is the white array,
Full corn in the ear, no more scattered
By storms of the wintry day.

And here stand the death-stricken army,
A living and glorious host,
They pour out the wine of rejoicing,—
The son hath been found who was lost.

Lord Jesus, Thou Light everlasting !
O when shall Thy glory arise ?
Appear, Thou desire of the nations,
To our longing and sorrowful eyes.
Lord, raise up Thy standard of victory,
And lead us from battle and war—
To that hope of the Day of Redemption
We stretch forth our hands evermore.

LAURENTIUS LAURENTI. 1660—1722.

Song of the City of God.

“GOD HATH GIVEN TO US ETERNAL LIFE, AND THIS LIFE IS IN HIS SON.”

IN FAITH we sing this song of thankfulness
For that deep comfort Christ's beloved share,
The blessed Hope of everlasting Peace,—
Our Home in God's high glory bright and fair :
Awhile we wander in the wilderness,
But that eternal Home awaits us there.

True is it that no heart may comprehend
The glory God prepareth for His own,
And what will happen when the world shall end ;
But yet, in measure Jesus hath made known
How fair and holy shall His Church descend,
Lit up with light of precious jasper-stone.

And He shall give her honour in that day,
For unto Him all power and might are given ;
In soul and body, freed from earth's decay,
Her mortal semblance purified and shriven,
Shall she put on her beautiful array,
The new eternal Life He brought from Heaven.

And Heaven, and Earth, and all created things,
In wond'rous beauty then shall be restored ;
And we shall rest from all our wanderings,
Partakers of the nature of our Lord ;
And made to God our Father priests and kings,
In light whereto the Angels never soared.

And He shall make His Church all heavenly-fair
With gold and pearls, and every radiant stone,
And reign in Holiness and Glory there,
And shine as suns and stars have never shone.
And He shall lead His Bride, His Joy and Care,
With blissful singing to His Father's throne :

With eyes undimmed shall she her God behold,—
Behold Him face to face, and walk by sight ;
Not trusting only, as in days of old,
But seeing with her eyes Eternal Light :
The great Salvation mystery shall unfold
In that high Vision of Love Infinite.

And then the Saints shall rest in victory,
Their weary battle-day is at an end ;
Amidst the Holy Angels joy shall be,
That we and they can love as friend and friend.
We weep no more, for one with God are we,
In oneness Love alone may comprehend.

And then shall be the blest communion
Of God's dear children meeting from afar ;
Within His burning Love they blend as one,
Yet each, according as His counsels are,
Shall have peculiar glory of his own,
As one star differeth from another star.



And then will be the blest communion
Of His dear children meeting from a far

And God is all in all in that Great Day,
And He is their exceeding great reward,
Their stream of life, their beautiful array ;
Their food, their joy, their light shall be the Lord,—
The music of their wond'rous song shall say,
How great the joy that passeth thought or word !

And this is that eternal life of Heaven
Laid up with Christ in God, the mystery
Of Resurrection-life which He hath given:
A Fount of living waters full and free ;
A Life by which the gates of Death are riven,—
A Life which on the throne of God shall be.

And even here is this new life begun,
So soon as we believe in Christ aright,
And quickened by the Spirit of the Son,
Receive Him as our only Life and Light,
As all the branches in the Vine are one,
All we are changed into His image bright.

Now come Thou quickly, Jesus from above !

Do Thou sustain us on our weary road,
And draw us after Thee by might of Love.

Our Fatherland art Thou, O Love of God;
Once safe in Thee, no more shall we remove,
O Thou our everlasting sure abode.

MORAVIAN BRETHREN.

Song in the Day of the East Wind.

“WHAT TIME I AM AFRAID, I WILL TRUST IN THEE.”

Is God for me!—I fear not, though all against me rise ;
I call on Christ my Saviour, the host of evil flies.
My friend the Lord Almighty, and He who loves me, God,
What enemy shall harm me, though coming as a flood ?
I know it, I believe it, I say it fearlessly,
That God, the Highest, Mightiest, for ever loveth me.
At all times, in all places, He standeth at my side,
He rules the battle-fury, the tempest and the tide.

A rock that stands for ever is Christ my Righteousness,
And there I stand unfearing in everlasting bliss ;
No earthly thing is needful to this my life from Heaven,
And naught of love is worthy, save that which Christ has given.

Christ all my praise and glory, my Light most sweet and fair,
The ship wherein He saileth is scatheless everywhere :
In Him I dare be joyful, a hero in the war,
The judgment of the sinner affrighteth me no more.

There is no condemnation, there is no hell for me,
The torment and the fire my eyes shall never see :
For me there is no Sentence, for me has Death no stings,
Because the Lord who loves me shall shield me with His wings.
Above my soul's dark waters His Spirit hovers still,
He guards me from all sorrow, from terror and from ill:
In me He works and blesses the life-seed He has sown,
From Him I learn the Abba, that prayer of faith alone.

And if in lonely places, a fearful child, I shrink,
He prays the prayers within me I cannot ask or think :
The deep unspoken language, known only to that Love
Who fathoms the heart's mystery from the Throne of Light above.
His Spirit to my spirit sweet words of comfort saith,
How God the weak one strengthens who leans on Him in faith—
How He hath built a City of Love, and Light, and Song,
Where the eye at last beholdeth what the heart had loved so long.

And there is mine inheritance, my kingly palace-home :
The leaf may fall and perish, not less the Spring will come ;
Like wind and rain of Winter, our earthly sighs and tears,
Till the golden Summer dawneth of the endless year of years.
The World may pass and perish, Thou, God, wilt not remove,—
No hatred of all devils can part me from Thy Love ;
No hungering nor thirsting, no poverty nor care,
No wrath of mighty princes, can reach my shelter there.

No Angel and no Heaven, no throne, nor power, nor might,
No love, no tribulation, no danger, fear, nor fight ;
No height, no depth, no creature that has been or can be,
Can drive me from Thy bosom, can sever me from Thee.
My heart in joy uleapeth ; Grief cannot linger there ;
While singing high in glory, amidst the sunshine fair :
The source of all my singing is high in Heaven above,
The Sun that shines upon me is Jesus and His Love.

PAUL GERHARDT. 1660—1676.

Song of the Departed.

“ I WILL GIVE UNTO HIM, THAT IS ATHIRST, OF THE FOUNTAIN OF THE WATER
OF LIFE FREELY.”

IN JESUS' arms her soul doth rest,
In earth her ashes sweetly sleep,—
Now heart to heart is warmly press'd
In rest unutterably deep.
Her pain and grief have found an end
In that sweet peace of Christ, her Friend ;
She floats o'er Heaven's tranquil sea—
The Lamb her Light of endless day.
Our God hath wiped her tears away,
Hath healed her wondrously.

She hath escaped from sin and strife ;
Where she is, they have never been :
She hath received the Crown of Life ;
She standeth as a Bride and Queen

By Him who is our King of old,
In glorious raiment of wrought gold :
She sees His face in vision bright ; —
His deep love, filling all her soul,
For evermore hath made her whole,
A light in the Great Light.

The Child can see the Father's face,
Can love as none on earth can do,—
Can understand those words of grace,
“ Himself, the Father, loveth you.”
A fathomless abyss of peace,
An endless sea of blessedness,
Her spirit-eyes have looked upon :
The Lord Almighty she hath seen,—
She knows what Heir of God may mean,
And joint-heir with His Son.

The weary body rests in Earth,
Till Jesus calleth, sleeping on ;
Till in the new Immortal Birth
The dust shall rise a glorious Sun.

How joyful to behold it then
In heavenly beauty clothe again
The spirit pure and glorified :
The blessed soul and ransom'd clay
Shall give, on that great marriage day,
High praise to Him who died.

From this waste wilderness below,
Oh when shall we thus take our flight ?
Still yearn we 'midst our tears that flow
For that the tearless Land of Light,
Where we with all Christ's Saints shall meet,—
It may be ere we look for it,
And be with Christ eternally,—
For evermore to see His face,—
Oh deep mysterious gift of grace !
Lord, make us meet for Thee.

JOHANN LUDWIG KONRAD ALLENDORF. 1693—1774.

Song in the Dark Day.

“WHOM THE LORD LOVETH, HE CHASTENETH.”

SHOULD I not be meek and still
In the darkness of the Cross,
Knowing that God's loving Will
Is to cleanse me from all dross?

Jesus loved me unto death :
Is it much a sinner bends
Humbly when He chasteneth,
Bears the lighter Cross He sends?

Should the clay not deem it good,
Even as the potter will?
Should I sink in grief's dark flood,—
Shall I not trust Jesus still?

Like a child without a will,
Cling I to my Father's breast,—
Stretch my hands and close my eyes ;
Do, Lord, what Thou seest best.

I will trust Thee if Thou slay ;
In Thy Will my rest shall be :
Heed not what the flesh may say,
Still my spirit praiseth Thee.

Purge away what is not Thine,
In the Sorrow's furnace-heat :
Saviour, cleanse me and refine,
Till Thy work is all complete.

O that now it so might be,
Now that blessed work be done,
And my spirit, pure and free,
Live to Thee, and Thee alone.

Help me, gracious Lord, to bear
Perfectly all grief and pain,
Blessed if at last I wear
Thy lost likeness yet again.

GERHARDT TERSTEEGEN. 1697—1769.

Evening Song.

“THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT THERE.”

THE DAY is gone—my soul looks on
To that Eternal Day,
When our sorrow and our sin
Shall all have passed away.

The night is here—O be Thou near,
Lord Jesus, with Thy light,
That my sin may flee away
Like shadows of the night.

The golden sun is sunk and gone,
Thou Light of Heaven above,
Shine through clouds and darkness down,
And light me with Thy love.



The day is gone, my soul looks on
To that eternal day -

1847 for Miss W. the Queen

Each living thing lies slumbering,
From care and labour free ;
May I, Lord, be still, and watch
Thy hidden work in me.

But when shall cease the changefulness
Of morning and of night ?
When the Glory of the Lord
Shall be the living Light.

No cloud shall come, no evening gloom
On Salem shall descend ;
The Lord her everlasting light,—
Her mourning at an end.

All praise to Thee ! O there to be,
Amidst that music-flood !
The many waters echoing round
The golden shores of God.

O Jesus mine, Thou Rest Divine,
Lead me to Zion's height,
That I, with all Thy ransomed ones,
May walk with Thee in white.

JOHANN ANASTASIUS FREYLINGHAUSEN. 1670—1739.

Battle Song.

“FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT OF FAITH, LAY HOLD ON ETERNAL LIFE.”

THOU Who breakest every fetter,
Thou Who art for ever near,
Thou with whom all shame and sorrow
Are as Heaven even here—
Conquer Thou our earthly nature
With the strong arm of Thy might ;
Lead us from the House of Bondage,
O thou glorious guiding Light.

It is willed by God the Father,
Thou shouldst end His work at length ;
So in Thee all fulness dwelleth,
Power and wisdom, love and strength,

That the least one should not perish,
Whom to Thee His Love has given,
But that Thou shouldst bring us safely
To the perfect rest of Heaven.

Therefore *must* Thou make us perfect—
Wilt not, canst not, otherwise,—
We are in Thy hands of Power,
Watched by Thine all-loving eyes;—
Whilst to eyes untaught and earthly
All our gain is counted loss,
And we seem to toil in darkness,
Bearing each his weary Cross.

But look Thou upon our fetters ;
We with all creation groan
For redemption, for deliverance,
For the freedom of Thine own ;
From the long and bitter slavery,
Which is evermore at strife
With the yearning of the Spirit
For the pure and glorious life.

Unto all eternal ages
For the flesh we ask not rest,—
During this our time of trial,
Give us as Thou seest best !
But the Spirit will not leave Thee,
Clings to Thee in endless prayer,
Till Thou give her perfect freedom,
Life-breath of the heavenly air.

Rule, Thou Might ; Thou Conqueror, conquer !
Reign, Thou King, go forth to war,
Till Thy kingdom is victorious,
And till slavery is no more.
Bring the captives forth from prison,
Ransomed by Thy Covenant-blood ;
Take away our weight of sadness,
Thou hast made us all for good.

O how glorious was the ransom,
Given to make us pure and free !
Deep and true as was Thy passion,
Must our purifying be.

Holy, stainless, free and perfect,
In the kingdom of the Lord
Shall the saved ones stand in glory,
The redeemed and the restored.

Love, give us Thy deep communion ;
May we in Thy life arise,
Guided onward by Thy glory,
To the depths of Paradise,—
Deepen through the kindling heavens,
Dawn of the immortal day !
As a dream shall heaven entrance us,
And shall never pass away.

GOTTFRIED ARNOLD. 1666—1714.

Song of Rest.

"GOD HAS LOVED US IN HIS SON BEFORE THE FOUNDATION OF THE WORLD."

My soul hath found the steadfast ground,
There ever shall my anchor hold,—
That ground is in my Saviour Christ,
Before the world was from of old,—
And that sure ground shall be my stay,
When Heaven and Earth shall pass away.

That ground is Thine Eternal Love,—
Thy Love which through all ages burns,
The open arms of mercy stretched
To meet the sinner who returns ;
The Love that calleth everywhere,
If men will hear or will forbear.

God willeth not we should be lost,
He wills to save all sons of men ;
For this His Son came down from Heaven,
For this He conquered Heaven again ;—
For this He standeth at the door,
He knocketh, waiteth evermore.

Unseen, unheard, He calleth yet ;
Rejected, still He waits to bless ;
The Shepherd never will forget
His lost sheep in the wilderness ;
Though far as East from West they stray,
He calleth them by night and day.

O deep, deep sea, where all our sins
By Christ are cast and found no more ;—
There is no condemnation now,
The Lord hath healed our deadly sore,
Because the voice of Jesu's Blood
Still cries for mercy unto God.



The Shepherd never will forget
His lost sheep in the wilderness.

In that deep sea I cast myself,
Sink down amidst that perfect Rest;
And when my sins condemn my soul,
Cling closer to my Saviour's Breast,
For there I find, go when I will,
Unchanging Love and Mercy still.

If all things else should pass away,
All other joy be lost and gone,—
If heart and flesh should faint and fail,
And I in darkness left alone,—
No help and no deliverer see,
Yet Mercy would be left to me.

Lord Christ, Thou art my steadfast Rock,
So long as on the Earth I dwell,—
O may each thought and word and work
Of Thy redeeming Mercy tell,
Till I shall sing to Thee above,
O endless depth of saving Love.

JOHANN ANDREAS ROTHE. 1688--1758.

Song to the Well Beloved.

“ LORD, THOU KNOWEST ALL THINGS, THOU KNOWEST THAT I LOVE THEE.”

SOMETHING every heart is loving,—
If not Jesus, none can rest ;
Lord, my heart to Thee is given,
Take it, for it loves Thee best.

Thus I cast the world behind me,
Jesus most beloved shall be,
Beauteous more than all things beauteous,
He alone is joy to me.

Bright with all eternal radiance
Is the glory of Thy face—
Thou art loving, sweet, and tender,
Full of pity, full of grace.—

When I hated, Thou didst love me,
Shedd'st for me Thy precious blood ;—
Still Thou lovest, lovest ever,—
Shall I not love Thee, my God ?

I embrace with Thee Thy sorrows,
All Thy shame and poverty ;
This world's honour, good and pleasure
Are but weariness to me.

I will seek beside Thee nothing,
Howsoever fair and sweet ;
Will not waste my heart's love-treasure,
Keep it to anoint Thy feet.

Be Thou to me yet more glorious,
Daily dearer, ever nigh ;—
Be my Peace unharmed untroubled,
If I live or if I die.

Keep my heart still faithful to Thee,
That my earthly life may be
But a shadow to that Glory
Of my hidden life in Thee.

GERHARDT TERSTEEGEN. 1697—1769.

Song of the Love of God.

“GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD THAT HE GAVE HIS ONLY-BEGOTTEN SON.”

O FIRE of Love, what earthly words
Are meet to speak of Thee?
Amidst Thy depths I lose myself,
As in an endless sea—
Thy glory burneth evermore,
A Sea of light without a shore—
And is my heart still cold?

O Love, for which God's only Son
Forsook His Father's breast—
For us He left His starry throne,
His glory, and His rest—
His tears, His Cross, His burial stone,
Are signs in which that love is shewn
Wherewith God loveth us.

O question not, but only trust—
Thou canst not sound that sea ;
Then cast thee in with all thy sin,
Whate'er thy sin may be—
To Him let all thy heart be given,
Whose heart for love to thee was riven,
To Him give heart for heart.

O blessed Father, give Thou us
To love Thee perfectly—
Desire, and heart, and mind, and will,
To offer up to Thee ;
Consume in us, Thou heavenly Fire,
Earth's latest lingering desire,
And burn in us alone.

FREDERICK ADOLPHUS LAMPE. 1683—1729.

Song of the New Heavens and New Earth.

“ I AM COME INTO MY GARDEN, MY SISTER, MY SPOUSE.”

O PAST are the fast-days—the Feast-day, the Feast-day is come,
The solitude endeth, the Guest most beloved is come ;
Deserted one, thou hast deserted thy desert at last ;
O Love, the Beloved, who cannot desert thee, is come.
And severed the severing, departed for ever the parting,
And met is the meeting, the One, the most Blessed is come ;
The fleeting has fled, the ban of the exile is banished,
Far distant the distance, the bird to the nestlings is come ;
The moon to the sky, to the desolate garden the rose,
To the palace forsaken the King in His glory is come ;
The life to the root, and the sap to the height of the tree,
The wreath to the sprays, and the crown to the branches is come.

And now let him come, the assaulter who fain would assault me,
I am safe in the tower, my Tower of shelter is come ;
Now cast on me ever and ever the fire of Love,
I fear not the fire, my Robe of asbestos is come.
As soon as they heard it that Thou with salvation wert nigh,
Behold every heart, heavy-laden with sorrow, is come.
O Vessel of Fulness, poured out for the thirst of the worlds,
We thank Thee, we thank Thee, to us Thy refreshing is come ;
For long came no breeze to the deserts unblest, and now one
With wings which the dew of all blessing has moistened is come.
We have waited till voice of the Spring should awaken the dead,
Behold from the East to the West the Spring-glory is come.

RUMI. 1207—1273.

Desert Song.

“TRULY MY SOUL WAITETH STILL UPON GOD, FROM HIM COMETH MY SALVATION.”

WEARILY my spirit sinketh
Into Jesu's Heart and Hands,
Calmly trusting, though the journey
Lie through strange untrodden lands:
All my spirit is at rest
On the loving Father's breast.

Never doth my spirit murmur,
Pleased with all that may betide,
What the will of Self would cherish
Is already crucified,—
Buried is each murmuring word
In the grave of Christ my Lord.

Never doth my spirit question,
Little doth she think or say,
All the thorns of life around her
Cannot take her peace away,—
He who made me guideth best,
And my heart is left at rest.

Never doth my spirit darken,
Love remains when all is gone ;
Sorrows, crushing all the spirit,
Do the heathens know alone :
Resting in Christ's blessed light,
Fears she not the earthly night.

Never is my spirit careful,
For she knoweth of no ill,
Hanging still upon Jehovah,
Though he slay her, trusting still :
Where the flesh and blood repine,
Light of Heaven will dimly shine.

Still on God my spirit waiteth,
Even so doth overcome ;
Silently enduring all things,
Moekery and martyrdom :
Like a still sea doth she lie,
Full of praise to God Most High.

JOHN JOSEPH WINKLER. 1670—1722.

Song of the Redeemed.

“ HE HATH MADE US KINGS AND PRIESTS UNTO GOD AND HIS FATHER.”

O WHAT joy for them is stored,
The espoused of Christ the Lord ;
Quickened by His living breath,
Looking to Him hour by hour,
Leaning on His Love and Power,
Joined to Him in faith !

O how glorious even now
Is the crown upon their brow,
Glory to the world unknown,—
More than Heaven upon Heaven,
Christ their King to them has given,
Sealed them for His own !

When the Angels, pure and bright,
Veil their faces in His light,
Sinners ransomed by His blood
Can behold, with open face,
All His beauty, all His grace,
All the Light of God.

For His glory He decrees
In Heaven's golden palaces
None shall shine and none shall sing,
As the soul by Him foreknown,
To sit with Christ upon His throne—
One with Christ the King.

O, who else shall have our heart?
Shall we not with all things part,
For the love of Christ our Lord?
Should it be a weary strife,
Should it cost no less than life,
Christ is our reward.

Fit me, O my Lord, for this
Sealed and covenant blessedness,
King-like, God-like, make me be ;
Spotless, as beseems Thy Bride,
Casting other love aside,
Seeking only Thee.

Self and Sense may pass away ;
If my earthly house decay,
Jesus leaves me not alone,—
When no comfort is in sight,
Still within my soul is light,
I am still His own.

Now I walk, by faith made strong,
I shall walk by sight ere long ;
When the last night-gloom is past—
Then my spirit breaks her sleep,
Rises upward from the deep,
Like her Lord at last.

C. FREDERICK RICHTER. 1676—1711.

Song of the Blessed Hope.

“ THERE SHALL BE NO MORE CURSE.”

O WHAT will be the day, when won at last,
The last long weary battle, we shall come
To those eternal gates our King hath passed,
Returning from our exile to our Home ;
When Earth's last dust is washed from off our feet,
The last sweat from our brows is wiped away,
The hopes that made our pilgrim journey sweet,
All met around us realized that day.

O what will be the day when we shall stand
Amidst the sun-flood of eternal light ;
First tread as sinless saints the sinless land,
No shade nor stain upon our garments white,

No fear, no shame, upon our faces then,
No mark of sin, O joy beyond all thought!
A son of God, a free-born citizen
Of that bright City where the curse is not.

O what will be the day, when with our prayer
The Angel-singing shall be woven in,
Deep sound of golden harps far echoing there,
To praise the Lamb who took away our sin;
When far and wide the shining streets resound
With Hallelujah songs the ransomed sing,
And clouds of sweetest incense rise around
The Throne where sits in light the Saviour King.

O what will be the day, when we shall see
The Love which opened Heaven to sinful men,
Love draws us, and we follow—we are free!
Naught severs us from our Beloved then:
That veil of Faith, through which we looked of old,
Has passed away as mist before the sun,
Christ throned in glory do our eyes behold
O'er worlds, through ages, reigning ever on.



Day & Son Lith^{rs} to The Queen.

O what will be the day, when we shall hear,
“Come, O ye blessed!”—when we take our place
Before His Throne in radiance sweet and clear,
Behold His glorious, His beloved face :
Behold the eyes whence bitter tears have flowed
For all our grief, our hardness, and our sin :
Behold the wounds whence streamed the precious Blood
Which ransomed us, and washed us pure and clean !

O, what will be the day, when, hand in hand,
Saints wander through the pastures green and fair !
The trees of life upon the golden strand,
As fresh as on the third-day morn, are there.
There all is new, and never shall be old ;
For time is not, nor age, nor slow decay ;—
No dying eyes, no hearts grown strange and cold,—
All pain, all death, all sighing, fled away.

O what will be the day, when every thought
Of that dark valley we have left below,
And all remembrance of the fight we fought,
Our pilgrim-journey, long and sad and slow,

Shall only make the Glory brighter far,—
Shall make the peace but deeper, sweeter yet !
O'er that dark sea, was Christ our Guiding Star ;
Our love were fainter love could we forget.

O what will be that day ! no eye can see,
No ear can hear, no heart has yet conceived
What God shall give us, and what we shall be,
When we inherit what we have believed.
O, Land of Promise ! rough may be the road,
And long the race may be, and fierce the war,
But O to fight, resisting unto blood,
If there we reign with Christ for evermore.

SPITTA. 1800.

Hallelujah Song.

“ WORTHY IS THE LAMB THAT WAS SLAIN TO RECEIVE POWER, AND RICHES, AND WISDOM, AND STRENGTH, AND HONOUR, AND GLORY, AND BLESSING.”

GIVE glory to the Son of God,
Who hath redeeméd us ;—
Through Him, through His most precious blood,
Are we victorious.
Glory to Him who hath made us free,
Blessing and praise everlastingly !

Far hidden from our sinful eyes,
Light, life, and grace had been
A seven-sealed book of mysteries,
And none might look therein.
Angel and man, they had sought in vain,
Weep not, the Lamb He hath made it plain.

Within the heavenly Sanctuary
The mighty spirits kneel,
The Angels through eternity
Are worshipping Thee still.
Creatures all glorious, and fair, and bright,
Sing to Thee hidden aloft in light.

The Patriarchs, who through long years
Desired to see Thy Day,—
The Prophets, men of toil and tears,
Who watched along Thy way ;—
All Thine Apostles, and we with them,
Hail Thee, O King of Jerusalem !

The Martyrs' crowns are shining bright,
They bring Thee glorious palms,—
The ransomed in their robes of white,
Sing new and wondrous psalms :—
Thousand the voices, the song is one,—
“ What hath the blood of the slain Lamb done ! ”

They come from the far wilderness,
And bring the harvest home ;
And saints and heroes numberless,
The brave Cross-bearers come :—
Living and dying, they still confessed
Jesus their Victory, Heaven and Rest.

And we on Earth draw boldly near,
For us, too, was He slain :
Amen and Hallelujah here
Repeat Heaven's songs again,
Till there shall join in one chorus-song
Every kindred, and race, and tongue.

O, what shall be that meeting sweet,
When praise by each is given
To Him who led his wandering feet
Within the gates of Heaven !
Led through the tempests to endless calm,
Each one shall sing Him a golden psalm.

GERHARDT TERSTIEGEN. 1697—1769.

Christmas Hymn.

"UNTO US A CHILD IS BORN."

LITTLE children, God above,
In His tenderness and love,
 Has become a child like you.
See Him in a manger sleeping,
Weeping, in this world of weeping,
 For the evil that you do.

He hath left the world of light,
He hath left the Angels bright ;
 Seeking you a Child He came.
Seek Him, children, He is near,
Be His little Angels here,
 Singing praises to His Name.

From this evil world I flee,
Child of Heaven, I seek but Thee :
 Thou dost love a little child.
Sweet Child Jesus, take my will,
Make it holy, pure and still,
 Loving, meek, and undefiled.

Reverently I kiss Thy feet ;
In me let Thy childhood sweet
 Clear as in a mirror shine.
Little child, so meek and mild,
Make Thou me a little child,
 And a little Lamb of Thine.

Unto such the life of Heaven
Even here on Earth is given,
 And on earth they dwell with Thee.
Through the desert passing on,
As the silent streamlets run,
And their meeting-place is one,
Love's eternal shoreless sea.

GERHARDT TERSTIEGEN. 1697—1769.

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