

# **HYMNS OF TER STEEGEN AND OTHERS SECOND SERIES**

by Frances Bevan

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*The second series of hymns by Gerhard Ter Steegen and other mystical writers, translated by Frances Bevan. These spiritual poems explore themes of the soul finding rest in God's presence and the blessedness of eternal communion with the divine.*

76 Chapters

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## Hymns Of Ter Steegen And Others Second Series

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## PREFACE

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From the writings of the "Friends of God" of old time, most of the hymns that follow have been taken. Those of Mechthild of Hellfde, known also as Mechthild of Magdeburg, may be found in her book, "Das fliessende Licht der Gottheit," translated from Low German into High German in the year 1344, and discovered in High German in the convent library of Einsiedeln in the year 1861. Mechthild, supposed with much reason to be the Matilda of Dante, belongs to the evangelical witnesses of the middle ages, known to us through Tauler, Suso, and others of those called the "Friends of God." How distinct was their witness to the truth of the Gospel may be easily seen by comparing their writings with those of the true servants of God who remained under the influence of Roman Catholicism only. A comparison of Thomas à Kempis with Tauler will serve as an instance of this contrast. In the case of the latter, the present possession and enjoyment of eternal life, and of the riches of Christ; in the case of the former, an earnest and true desire to attain to that possession. In the latter, forgiveness, peace, and joy, the starting-point; in the former, the goal, to be reached by strenuous effort. The joy of Heaven, Christ in glory, known and rejoiced in whilst here below, may be said to mark the Friends of God of old. And in our days is there not the same celestial mark set upon those who, having learnt the blessed truth that we have died with Christ, now rejoice in the fulness of life, in Him, and in His own, and find themselves already in the possession of the deepest joy of Heaven, having known the love of Christ which passeth knowledge? It is this link which connects true saints of old with those of our days, for of all alike it is said, "We have come unto Mount Zion, to the City of God," even whilst walking on the earth, despised and persecuted. Whilst we look onward and forward to the day of the return of Christ, to the final deliverance from all that now hinders and clouds our enjoyment of Him, have we not already that which makes the desert to be to us as the garden of the Lord? It was for this, God the Spirit came down to us in His grace and love, and whilst He takes of the things of Christ and shows them to us, we know what are the things which God has prepared for those who love Him, and in the earnest of them we rejoice. May the many voices who join in praise for this everlasting and present joy bring comfort and cheer to the hearts of the pilgrims who are passing on to the full realisation of all that is given us in Christ!"

## IN HIS TABERNACLE

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"One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord." -- Ps. xxvii.4.T. S. M.tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899  
Not built with hands is that fair radiant chamber  
Of God's untroubled rest -- Where  
Christ awaits to lay His weary-hearted  
In stillness on His breast.  
Not built on sands of time or place  
to perish, When tempests roar -- But on the mighty Rock of Ages founded,  
It stands for evermore --  
Not only in a day of distant dawning,  
When past are desert years, But now, amidst the turmoil and  
the battle, The mocking and the tears.  
That Chamber still and stately waits us ever,  
That sacred pure retreat -- That rest in Arms of tenderest enfoldings,  
That welcome passing sweet.  
O Home of God my Father's joy and gladness,  
O riven Veil whereby I enter in!  
There can my soul forget the grave, the weeping,  
The weariness and sin.  
O Chamber, all thine agate windows opened  
To face the radiant east -- O holy Temple, where the saints are singing,  
Where Jesus is the Priest --  
Illumined with the everlasting glory,  
Still with the peace of God's eternal Now,  
Thou, God, my Rest,  
my Refuge, and my Tower -- My Home art Thou.

## ARRIVED

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"Ye are come unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem." -- Heb. xii.22. T. S. M. tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899 We are come unto Mount Zion, On Thy holy hill we stand, The crusaders whose march is ended, The risen and the ascended, All hail! Immanuel's land! We are come unto the City, Where our living God art Thou; Thou Who barest our sin and sorrow, Who comest in joy to-morrow, Thou communest with us now -- To Jerusalem the golden, To the Gates of Praise we come, To the walls of Thy strong salvation, The chambers of consolation, The wandering ones brought home -- To the companies of Angels We declare Thy glorious grace -- In the stoles by Thy Blood made whiter, And crowned with a radiance brighter Than they who behold Thy Face. We are come to the great Assembly Of the first-born sons of God, The enrolled in the ancient ages, In love's everlasting pages, Names registered there in Blood. With our God, the Judge of all men, Undismayed, unshamed we meet, For the tears of a sinner shaven, The kisses of lips forgiven, For ever anoint His Feet. With the spirits pure and holy Of the saints of ancient years, Of the loved ones whom death made dearer, The absent who yet are nearer, We worship amidst our tears. We are come unto Thee, Lord Jesus, We have found Thee where Thou art; In Thy still pavilion hiding, For ever in peace abiding -- Our eternal Home Thy heart. We are come where the Priest has sprinkled On the everlasting throne, On the Ark where Thy glory dwelleth, The Blood that for ever telleth The work is done.

## THE HEARING EAR

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"The sheep hear His Voice." -- John x.3. T. S. M. tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899  
O Holy and mighty and marvellous Word That speakest ever to me;  
As of old in the silence of Eden heard In the shade of the sacred Tree --  
O Word from the depths of the ancient years, From deserts Thy pilgrims trod,  
From the hidden chambers of saints and seers, From the secret place of God --  
From the well of Sychar, the gate of Nain, From the winds of the midnight sea,  
Thou speakest in marvellous songs again In the stillness of night to me.  
From the noonday darkness the solemn Voice Tells of my judgment borne --  
And it calls to my soul to sing and rejoice From the glow of the First-day morn.  
Unsilenced yet to the ear that hears, Thou Voice of eternal bliss, Thou speakest in  
speech that is deeper than tears, And sweet as the Father's kiss. In Heaven the marvellous song  
ascends, And in chambers mean and dim, Where over the dead the mourner bends,  
There steals the eternal Hymn.

## THE SECOND TOUCH

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"After that He put His hands again upon his eyes, and made him look up." -- Mark viii.25. C. P. C. tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899  
Lo! a Hand amidst the darkness Clasped mine own -- Led me forth the blind and helpless, Led me forth alone; From the crowd and from the clamour To a silent place; Touched mine eyes -- I looked upon Him -- Saw Him face to face. Saw Him, as the dawning swiftly risen O'er the valleys grey; I had passed from midnight of my prison Forth into the day. Lo! again His mighty Hand hath touched me, Touched the eyes so dim; Radiant in the noontide of His Heaven Look they now on Him. Where He is, I see Him and I know Him; Where He is I am, In the Light that is the Love eternal, Light that is the Lamb. "Go not back," so spake He, "to the city Where men know Me not -- Tell not there the mystery and the wonder I have wrought. Go unto thy Home, O My beloved To thy Home and Mine; Hear the blessed welcome of My Father, All I have is thine." Therefore am I journeying to the Father, And He walks with me Over mountains, through the pastures of His valleys, O'er the sea -- And upwards through the heavens where His City Burneth, gloweth with the light Of the glory of the gems that He has gathered In the caverns of the night. Already come the sounds of harps and singing When the winds arise, And the joy of His espousals glows as morning Arisen in His eyes. See ye nought of Him? His glory and His beauty? O eyes so sad and dim? Still -- hearken -- He is passing -- He is passing -- Come unto Him.

## THE POWER

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"Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." -- Zech. iv.6. J. Tauler, 1361. tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899 Rest from longing and desire O thou weary heart! Dost thou ween thy choice has been Not the lower but the higher, Thine the better part? And therefore dost thou long with bitter longing From the day dawn to the night. For the holiness, the rest of His beloved Who walk with Him in white? Thou art wearied with the striving and the yearning For the crown that thou wouldst win; Thou hast learnt but thine immensity of weakness, But the mystery of thy sin. Beloved, the Lord spake to me in comfort When thus it was with me -- "Wert thou cast all alone upon thy mantle, All alone upon the sea -- Nought round thee but immensity of waters, No strength in thee to swim, How, seeing only God in Heaven above thee, Wouldst thou cast thyself on Him?" Therefore thank Him for thy helplessness, beloved, And if thou needs must long, Let it be but for the rest of utter weakness, In the Arms for ever strong. Long only that He make thee bare and empty -- Take all that is thine own, Thy prowess, and thy strength, and thine endeavour, And leave thee God alone. In the stillness of that peace the work is ended By Him, and not by thee; The end of His desire and His longing To see thee stand in stainless white before Him Is that which needs must be.

## THE BLESSED COUNTRY

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"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose." -- Is. xxxv.1. C. P. C. tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899  
O glad the wilderness for me,  
And glad the solitary place,  
Since Thou hast made mine eyes to see,  
To see Thy Face.  
Not heavenly fields, but desert sands  
Rejoice and blossom as the rose;  
For through the dry and thirsty lands  
Thy River flows.  
O Way beside that living tide.  
The Way, the Truth, the Life art Thou;  
I drink, and I am satisfied,  
Now, even now.  
Eternal joy already won,  
Eternal songs already given;  
For long ago the work was done  
That opened Heaven.

## THE DWELLING OF THE LORD

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"They said unto Him, Master, where dwellest Thou? He saith unto them, Come and see." -- John i.38, 39. C. P. C. tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899  
Now -- borne upon the still, the boundless deep,  
By tempest never stirred, The peaceful sea where song and minstrelsy  
From shores that in the golden morning sleep Alone are heard.  
Now -- hidden in His secret place, afar Within the sheltering Home --  
Apart as in the glory of a star Where all the strifes that madden and that mar  
May never come. Now -- o'er the dark and solitary ways  
Borne onward on His breast, Through windings of the strange and tangled maze,  
Through weary nights, and through the changing days,  
At rest -- at rest. Now -- lips unskilful fain would tell the bliss  
The heart in secret shares -- The meeting, and the welcome, and the kiss,  
The blessed marvels and the mysteries His love prepares.  
Now -- holy cloisters closed to strife and sin  
Where Angels walk in white -- And blessed saints adoring enter in,  
Their everlasting anthems to begin In songs of night.  
Now -- O Beloved Lord, Thy risen ones,  
In peace we walk with Thee; Beyond the graves we dwell, beyond the suns;  
Beside the fountain whence the River runs At last to be!

## RISEN AND ASCENDED

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"While He blessed them, He was parted from them, and carried up into Heaven." -- Luke xxiv.51.  
G. Ter Steegen. tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899 All hail! O glorious Son of God, In triumph risen again -- All heaven resounds with joyful laud The songs of ransomed men; The mighty chains of death are riven, The Risen Christ is throned in Heaven. Before thee all the shining hosts The mighty Angels bend; Thy saved ones from a thousand coasts Their psalms of victory blend -- I join that song so passing sweet, I cast my crown before Thy Feet. O joy! the second Adam stands Within God's Paradise -- No longer barred by flaming brands The shining pathway lies -- Within, the glorious Head has passed; Each member must be there at last. Behind us lie the cross and grave, Before, eternal bliss; There blossoms from the garden cave The Tree of Righteousness, The Face that shame and spitting bore is crowned with radiance evermore. With Mary, O my Lord, I bow In rapture at Thy Feet; In spirit humbly kiss them now And soon in presence sweet; My name upon Thy lips divine The lips that tell me "Thou art mine." Thou livest far from earthly strife In God's eternal peace -- And there with Thee is hid my life, And there my wanderings cease; The secret place where still and blest I rest in Thine eternal rest.

## MARAH

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"The Lord showed him a tree, which when he had cast into the waters, the waters were made sweet." -- Exod. xv.25. Richard Rolle, 1349. tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899 Many sorrows hard and bitter, Many comforts sweet and soft; Thus my cry as joyful singing Evermore shall mount aloft. Song of marvellous rejoicing As in Heaven the blessed sing, For the love of Christ has filled me With His sweetest plenishing. Joy no thought of man conceiveth,Howsoever deep his lore;None can tell but he who hath it,Hath it now and evermore.Ill they spake, "Can God provide us,Cheer amidst the wilderness?"He a feast of joy has furnished,Feast of sweetness, love, and bliss.In the desert Bread He giveth,So that nought we crave beside,Raineth the delight of Heaven,We are more than satisfied.Thus my sorrow turns to musicAnd my cry to sweetest song;Weeping to eternal gladness,Night is short -- the Day is long.

## THE HOME OF THE SOUL

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"Giving thanks unto the Father, which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light." -- Col. i.12. Mechthild of Helfde, 1277. tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899 The mind saith to the soul -- "In the glory of God no foot hath trod; A devouring Fire dread to see; In the blinding light of the face of God No soul can be. For thou knowest that all high Heaven is bright With a glory beyond the sun, With the radiance of the saints in light, And the fount of that Light is one. From the breath of the everlasting God, From the mouth of the Man Divine, From the counsel of God the Holy Ghost Doth that awful glory shine. Soul, couldst thou abide for an hour alone In the burning fire around His throne?" And the soul makes answer -- The fish drowns not in the mighty sea, The bird sinks not in the air, The gold in the furnace fire may be, And is yet more radiant there. For God to each of His creatures gave The place to its nature known; And shall it not be that my heart should crave For that which is mine own? For my nature seeketh her dwelling-place, That only, and none other; The child must joy in the Father's face, The brethren in the Brother. To the bridal chamber goeth the bride, For love is her home and rest; And shall not I in His light abide, When I lean upon His breast? \* \* \* \* And she who is beloved with love untold, Thus goes to Him Who is divinely fair, In His still Chamber of unsullied gold, And love all pure, all holy, greets her there -- The love of His eternal Godhead high, The love of His divine Humanity. Then speaketh He and saith, "Beloved one, What wouldst thou? It is thine. From self shalt thou go forth for evermore, For thou art Mine. O soul! no angel for an hour might dream Of all the riches that I give to thee; The glory and the beauty that beseem The heritage of life that is in Me. Yet satisfied, thou shalt for ever long, So sweeter shall be thine eternal song." "O Lord my God, so small, so poor am I, And great, Almighty, O my God, art Thou!" Yet art thou joined to Christ eternally, My love a changeless everlasting NOW. And thus the joyful soul is still At rest in God's eternal will; And she is His, and thus delighteth He Her own to be.

## THE FOOTSTEPS

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"Ye shall indeed drink of the cup that I drink of." -- Mark x.39. Mechthild of Hellfde, 1277. tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899 Behold, My bride, how fair My mouth, Mine eyes; My heart is glowing fire, My hand is grace -- And see how swift My foot, and follow Me. For thou with Me shalt scorned and martyred be, Betrayed by envy, tempted in the wilds, And seized by hate, and bound by calumny; And they shall bind thine eyes lest thou should'st see, By hiding Mine eternal truth from thee. And they shall scourge thee with the world's despite, And shrive thee with the ban of doom and dread, For penance thy dishonoured head shall smite, By mockery thou to Herod shalt be led, By misery left forlorn -- And bound by want, and by temptation crowned, And spit upon by scorn. The loathing of thy sin thy cross shall be, Thy crucifixion, crossing of thy will; The nails, obedience that shall fasten thee, And love shall wound, and steadfastness shall slay, Yet thou shalt love Me still. The spear shall pierce thy heart; My life shall be The life that lives and moves henceforth in thee. Then as a conqueror loosened from the cross, Laid in the grave of nothingness and loss, Thou shalt awaken, and be borne above Upon the breath of Mine Almighty love.

## IN THE GARDEN OF GOD

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"Tell me, O Thou whom my soul loveth, where Thou feedest, where Thou makest Thy flock to rest at noon." -- Cant. i.7. Mechthild of Hellfde, 1277. tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899  
When mine eyes are dim with weeping, And my tongue with grief is dumb; And it is as if Thou wert sleeping, When my heart calleth, "Come;" When I hunger with bitter hunger O Lord for Thee, Where art Thou then, Belovèd? Speak, speak to me -- "I am where I was in the ancient days, I in Myself must be; In all things I am, and in every place, For there is no change in Me. Where the sun is My Godhead, throned above, For thee, O Mine own I wait; I wait for thee in the Garden of love, Till thou comest irradiate, With the light that shines from My Face divine, And I pluck the flowers for thee; They are thine, beloved, for they are Mine, And thou art one with Me. In the tender grass by the waters still have made thy resting-place; Thy rest shall be sweet in My holy will, And sure in My changeless grace -- And I bend for thee the holy Tree, Where blossoms the mystic Rod, The highest of all the trees that beln the Paradise of God. And thou of that Tree of life shalt eat, Of the Life that is in Me; Thou shalt feed on the fruit that is good for meat, And passing fair to see. There, overshadowed by mighty wings Of the Holy Spirit's peace, Beyond the sorrow of earthly things, The toil and the tears shall cease. And there beneath the eternal Tree I will teach thy lips to sing, The sweet new song that is strange to thee In the land of thy banishing. They follow the Lamb where'er He goes To whom it is revealed; The pure and the undefiled are those, The ransomed and the sealed. Thou shalt learn the speech and the music rare, And thou shalt sing as they, Not only there in my garden fair, But here belovèd, to-day! O Lord, a faint and a feeble voice I mine in this house of clay, But Thy love hath made my lips rejoice, And I can sing and say, "I am pure, O Lord, for Thou art pure, Thy love and mine are one; And my robe is white, for Thine is white, And brighter than the sun. Thy mouth and mine can know no moan, No note of man's sad mirth, But the everlasting joy alone Unknown to songs of earth; And for ever fed on that living Tree, I will sing the song of Thy love with Thee."

## DWELLING IN LOVE

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"We love Him, because He first loved us." -- 1 John iv.19. Mechthild of Hellfde, 1277. tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899 I rejoice that I cannot but love Him, Because He first loved me; I would that measureless, changeless, My love might be; A love unto death and for ever; For, soul, He died for thee. Give thanks that for thee He delighted To leave His glory on high; For thee to be humbled, forsaken, For thee to die. Wilt thou render Him love for His loving? Wilt thou die for Him who died? And so by thy dying and living Shall Christ be magnified. And deep in the fiery stream that flows From God's high throne, In the burning tide that for ever glows Of the marvellous love unknown; For ever, O soul, thou shalt burn and glow, And thou shalt sing and say, "I need no call at His feet to fall, For I cannot turn away. I am the captive led along With the joy of His triumphal song; In the depths of love do I love and move, I joy to live or to die; For I am borne on the tide of His love To all eternity: "The foolishness of the fool is this, The sorrow sweeter than joy to miss.

## THE GIFT

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"There came no more such abundance of spices as those which the queen of Sheba gave to King Solomon." -- 1 Kings x.10. Mechthild of Hellfde, 1277. tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899 "What dost thou bring me, O my Queen? Love maketh thy steps to fly." Lord, to Thee my jewel I bring, Greater than mountains high; Broader than all the earth's broad lands, Heavier than the ocean sands, And higher it is than the sky: Deeper it is than the depths of the sea, And fairer than the sun, Unreckoned, as if the stars could be All gathered into one. "O thou My Godhead's image fair, Thou Eve from Adam framed, My flesh, My bone, My life to share, My Spirit's diadem to wear, How is thy jewel named?" Lord, it is called my heart's desire, From the world's enchantments won; I have borne it afar through flood and fire And will yield it up to none; But the burden I can bear no more -- Where shall I lay it up in store? "There is no treasure-house but this, My heart divine, My Manhood's breast; There shall My Spirit's sacred kiss Fill thee with rest."

## A SONG IN THE NIGHT

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"Then took Mary a pound of ointment of spikenard, very costly, and anointed the feet of Jesus." -- John xii.3. Mechthild of Hellfde, 1277. tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899 O Jesus Lord, most fair, most passing sweet, In darkest hours revealed in love to me, In those dark hours I fall before Thy feet, I sing to Thee. I join the song of love, and I adore With those who worship Thee for evermore. Thou art the Sun of every eye, The Gladness everywhere, The guiding Voice for ever nigh, The Strength to do and bear; The sacred Lore of wisdom's store, The Life of life to all, The Order mystic, marvellous In all things great and small. Thy love hast Thou told from the days of old, Thou hast written my name in Thy Book divine; Engraved on Thy hands and Thy feet it stands, And on Thy side as a sign; O glorious Man in the garden of God, Thy sacred Manhood is mine. I kneel on the golden floor of Heaven With my box of ointment sweet, Grant unto me, Thy much forgiven, To kiss and anoint Thy feet. "Where wilt thou find that ointment rare, O My beloved one?" Thou brakest my heart, and didst find it there, Rest sweetly there alone. "There is no embalming so sweet to Me As to dwell, my well-beloved, in thee." Lord, take me home to Thy palace fair, So will I ever anoint Thee there. "I will, but My plighted troth saith, Wait, 'And My love saith, Work to-day; 'My meekness saith, Be of low estate, 'And My longing, Watch and pray; 'My shame and sorrow say, Bear My cross; 'My song saith, Win the crown; 'My guerdon saith, All else is loss; 'My patience saith, Be still; 'Till thou shalt lay the burden down, Then, when I will. Then, beloved, the crown and palm, And then the music and the psalm; And the cup of joy My hand shall fill Till it overflow; And with singing I strike the harp of gold I have tuned below. The harp I tune in desolate years Of sorrow and tears, Till a music sweet the chords repeat, Which all the heavens shall fill; For the holy courts of God made meet, Then, when I will."

## THINGS SEEN AND HEARD

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"My Beloved is mine, and I am His; He feedeth among the lilies." -- Cant. ii.16. Mechthild of Hellfde, 1277. tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899 Thou hast shone within this soul of mine, As the sun on a shrine of gold; When I rest my heart, O Lord, on Thine, My bliss is manifold. My soul is the gem on Thy diadem, And my marriage robe Thou art; If aught could sever my heart from Thine, The sorrow beyond all sorrows were mine, Alone and apart. Could I not find Thy love below, Then would my soul as a pilgrim go To Thy holy land above; There would I love Thee as I were fain With everlasting love. Now have I sung my tuneless song, But I hearken, Lord, for Thine; So shall a music, sweet and strong, Pass into mine. "I am the Light, and the lamp thou art; The River, and thou the thirsty land; To thee thy sighs have drawn My heart, And ever beneath thee is My Hand. And when thou weepest it needs must be Within Mine arms that encompass thee; Thy heart from Mine can none divide, For one are the Bridegroom and the Bride; It is sweet, beloved, for Me and thee To wait for the Day that is to be. "O Lord, with hunger and thirst I wait, With longing before Thy golden gate, Till the Day shall dawn When from Thy lips divine have passed The sacred words that none may hear But the soul that, loosed from the earth at last, Hath laid her ear To the mouth that speaks in the still sweet morn Apart and alone -- Then shall the secret of love be told The mystery known.

## MADE ONE

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"He that is joined unto the Lord is one spirit." -- 1 Cor. vi.17. Mechthild of Hellfde, 1277. tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899 The mouth of the Lord hath spoken, Hath spoken a mighty word; My sinful heart it hath broken, Yet sweeter I never heard; "Thou, thou art, O soul, My deep desire And My love's eternal bliss: Thou art the rest where leaneth My breast, And My mouth's most holy kiss. Thou art the treasure I sought and found, Rejoicing over thee; I dwell in thee, and with thee am I crowned, And thou dost dwell in Me. Thou art joined to Me, O Mine own, for ever, And nearer thou canst not be -- Shall aught on earth or in Heaven sever Myself from Me?"

## BENEATH HIS BANNER

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"Thine are we, David, and on thy side, thou son of Jesse." -- 1 Chron. xii.18. Mechthild of Hellfde, 1277. tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899 'Twixt God and thee but love shall be; 'Twixt earth and thee distrust and fear, 'Twixt sin and thee shall be hate and war; And hope shall be 'twixt Heaven and thee Till night is o'er.

## THE HIGHWAY

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"The Lord God is my strength, and He will make my feet like hinds' feet, and He will make me to walk upon mine high places." -- Hab. iii.19. Mechthild of Hellfde, 1277. tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899 It is a wondrous and a lofty road Wherein the faithful soul must tread, And by the seeing there the blind are led, The senses by the soul acquaint with God. On that high path the soul is free, She knows no care nor ill, For all God wills desireth she, And blessed is His will.

## THE BRIDE, THE LAMB'S WIFE

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"Whom have I in Heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee." -- Ps. lxxiii.25. Mechthild of Hellfde, 1277. tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899 Thus speaks the Bride whose feet have trod The chamber of eternal rest, The secret treasure-house of God, Where God is manifest: "Created things, arise and flee, Ye are but sorrow and care to me." This wide, wide world, so rich and fair, Thou sure canst find thy solace there? "Nay, 'neath the flowers the serpent glides, Amidst the bravery envy hides." And is not Heaven enough for thee? "Were God not there, 'twere a tomb to Me." "O Bride, the saints in glory shine; Can they not fill this heart of thine?" "Nay, were the Lamb their Light withdrawn, The saints in gloom would weep and mourn." "Can the Son of God not comfort thee?" "Yea, Christ and none besides for me. For mine is a soul of noble birth, That needeth more than Heaven and earth; And the breath of God must draw me in To the Heart that was riven for my sin. For the Sun of the Godhead pours His rays Through the crystal depths of His Manhood's grace. And the Spirit sent by Father and Son Hath filled my soul, and my heart hath won; And the longing and love are past and gone, For all that is less than God alone -- God only, sweet to this heart of mine, O wondrous death that is life divine!"

## ECCE HOMO

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"Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." -- Is. xlv.22. Mechthild of Hellfde, 1277.  
tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899 Wilt thou, sinner, be converted? Christ the Lord of glory see By  
His own denied, deserted, Bleeding, bound, and scourged for thee. Look again, O soul, behold  
Him On the cross uplifted high; See the precious life-blood flowing, See the tears that dim His eye.  
Love has pierced the heart that brake, Loveless sinner, for thy sake. Hearken till thy heart is  
broken To His cry so sad and sweet, Hearken to the hammer smiting Nails that pierce His hands  
and feet. See the side whence flows the fountain Of His love and life divine, Riven by a hand  
unthankful -- Lo! that hand is thine. See the crown of thorns adorning God's beloved, holy Son; Then  
fall down in bitter mourning, Weep for that which thou hast done. Thank Him that His heart was  
willing So to die for love of thee; Thank Him for the joy that maketh This world's joy but gall to  
be. And till thou in Heaven adore Him Fight for Him in knightly guise, Joy in shame and scorn and  
sorrow; Glorious is the prize!

## THE EXCHANGE

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"I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord." -- Phil. iii.8. Mechthild of Helfde, 1277. tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899  
If the world were mine and all its store,  
And were it of crystal gold;  
Could I reign on its throne for evermore  
From the ancient days of old,  
An empress noble and fair as day,  
O gladly might it be,  
That I might cast it all away;  
Christ, only Christ for me.  
For Christ my Lord my spirit longs,  
For Christ, my Saviour dear;  
The joy and sweetness of my songs  
The whilst I wander here --  
O Lord, my spirit fain would flee  
From the lonely desert away to Thee.

## SEVEN-FOLD JOY

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"Seven times a day do I praise Thee because of Thy righteous judgments." -- Ps. cxix.164.  
Mechthild of Hellfde, 1277. tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899 I bring unto Thy grace a seven-fold  
praise, Thy wondrous love I bless -- I praise, remembering my sinful days, My worthlessness. I  
praise that I am waiting, Lord, for Thee, When, all my wanderings past, Thyself wilt bear me, and  
wilt welcome me To home at last. I praise Thee that for Thee I long and pine, For Thee I ever  
yearn; I praise Thee that such fitful love as mine Thou dost not spurn; I praise Thee for the hour  
when first I saw The glory of Thy face, Here dimly, but in fulness evermore In that high place. I praise  
Thee for a mystery unnamed, Unuttered here below; Unspeakable in words the lips have  
framed, Yet passing sweet to know. It is the still, the everlasting tide, The stream of Love  
Divine, That from the heart of God for evermore Flows into mine. To that deep joy that bindeth Heart  
to heart In one eternal love, A still small stream that flows unseen below An endless sea above, To  
that high love, that fathomless delight, No thought of man may reach; And yet beyond it is a  
seven-fold bliss Most holy of God's holy mysteries, Untold in speech. Faith only hath beheld that  
secret place, Faith only knows how great, how high, how fair, The Temple where the Lord unveils  
His Face To His beloved there. O how unfading is that pure delight! How full the joy of that  
exhaustless tide Which flows for ever in its glorious might, So still, so wide! And deep we drink with  
sweet eternal thirst, With lips for ever eager as at first, Yet ever satisfied.

## CALLED UP

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"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." -- Ps. cxvi.15. Mechthild of Hellfde, 1277. tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899 He laid him down upon the breast of God In measureless delight -- Enfolded in the tenderness untold, The sweetness infinite.

## CHANGE OF RAIMENT

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"Behold, I have caused thine iniquity to pass from thee, and I will clothe thee with change of raiment. And I said, Let them set a fair mitre upon his head. So they set a fair mitre upon his head, and clothed him with garments." -- Zech. iii.4, 5. G. Ter Steegen. tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

Lord Jesus, all my sin and guilt  
Love laid of old on Thee,  
Thy love the cross and sorrow willed,  
Love undeserved by me.  
The victory over death and hell  
Thou, Lord, for me didst win;  
And Thou hast nailed upon Thy Cross  
All, all my sin.  
The way into the Holiest Place  
Stands open now to me;  
Where I can see Thy glorious Face,  
Nor tremble thus to see.  
For as I am to Thee I come,  
I clasp Thy blessed Feet,  
And learn the mystery of love  
So deep, so sweet.  
Enfolded, O my Lord, in Thee,  
And hid in Thee I rest,  
Enwrapped in Christ's own purity  
Secure upon Thy breast.  
Had I an Angel's raiment -- fair  
With heavenly gems unpriced,  
That glorious garb I would not wear,  
My robe is Christ.

## ABOVE AND BELOW

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"As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing." -- 2 Cor. vi.10. P. G. tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899  
In the bosom of the Father, Centre of His endless love,  
In the light and in the glory, Thus in Christ I dwell  
above. Filling up His bitter sufferings, Drinking of His cup of woe,  
And rejoicing as I do it, Thus with Christ I walk below.  
There above I rest, untroubled, All my service to adore;  
Cross and shame and death and sorrow Left behind for evermore.  
Therefore am I never weary Journeying onward through  
the waste; And the bitter Marah waters Have but sweetness to my taste.  
While He tells the wondrous secret Of His perfect love to me,  
While His heart's exhaustless fulness In His blessed face I see;  
Can there be but joy and glory In His Cross and shame below?  
Sweet each mark of His rejection; Where His steps are, I must go.  
One the path, and one the sorrow -- Path the angels cannot tread;  
Sorrow giving sweet assurance We are members, He the Head,  
Blessed path that ends to-morrow In the place where He is gone;  
Thus, the silver trumpets sounding, Through the waste we journey on.

## BROUGHT NIGH

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"Riches of His grace." -- Eph. i.7. "Riches of His glory." -- Eph. iii.16. W. R. tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899 Rich, our God, art Thou in mercy, Dead in sins were we, When Thy great love rested on us, Sinners, dear to Thee. Blessed path of grace that led us From the depths of death To the fair eternal mansions Quicken'd by Thy breath. Riches of Thy grace have brought us There, in Christ, to Thee; Riches of Thy glory make us Thy delight to be. Not alone the stream that cleansed us Flowed from Jesus dead, Tides of glory now are flowing From our living Head. Down to us from Christ in Heaven Those bright rivers run -- In His lowest saint and feeblest, God beholds His Son. He with deep delight is tracing Every feature fair Of His Son, His well-belovèd, Throned beside Him there. And those lines of glorious beauty Here His eye can see, Back to God in light reflected, Christ revealed in me. Gazing on the cloudless glory Of the Lord we love, Where unveiled He fills with radiance Those bright courts above, Day by day a change is passing O'er each lifted brow, Soon to shine like Christ in glory, Though so dimly now. Evermore that light transforms us In the Father's sight, Not His love alone our portion, But His full delight. Not because of guilt, but glory, Doth His love provide That fair robe so well beseeming Christ's unspotted Bride. Fair amidst His new creation Formed from Christ alone, God in us His Son beholding, Rests, the work is done. Wondrous riches of the glory Won in shame and blood, And from heaven outpoured in fulness, Endless love of God.

## THE SONG OF HIS JOY

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"He will save, He will rejoice over thee with joy; He will rest in His love, He will joy over thee with singing." -- Zeph. iii.17. T. P. tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899 Wondrous joy, Thy joy, Lord Jesus, Deep, eternal, pure, and bright -- Thou alone the Man of Sorrows, Thus couldst tell of joy aright. Lord, we know that joy, that gladness, Which in fulness Thou hast given -- Sharing all that countless treasure, We on earth with Thee in Heaven. ... Even as He went before us Through the wilderness below. So, in strength unworn, unfailing, Onward also would we go. All the earth a desert round Him, All His springs in God alone; Every heart, save God's heart only, Making discord with His own. There to walk alone, rejoicing -- Through the ruin and the sin; Darkness of the midnight round Him, Glory of God's love within. From no lower fountain flowing Than the heart of God above, All the gladness of that glory, All the power of that love. Onward to the cross rejoicing, Where all powers of evil met, Giving thanks 'midst deepest darkness That God's love was deeper yet. Then ascended in the glory, By that love's unfailing spring, There to sing the song of triumph, There the song of songs to sing. Harken to that hymn of glory Filling all the holy place, Golden psalm of Him who looketh On the Father's blessed face. Voice of measureless rejoicing, Joy unmingled, deep and clear, Wonder to the listening Heavens, Music to the Father's ear. Won in travail of His Spirit, Agony, and shame, and blood, That blest place beside the Father, Nearest to the heart of God. Won for me! my praises leading, Jesus sings that song divine; All His joy my own for ever, All His peace for ever mine. What though drought be all around me, Desert land on every side -- With that spring of love and gladness Shall I not be satisfied?

## THE HIDDEN PATH

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"There is a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen." -- Job xxviii.7.  
T. P. tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899 One place have I in heaven above The glory of His throne --  
On this dark earth, whence He is gone, I have one place alone, And if His rest in Heaven I know, I  
joy to find His path below, We meet to own that place alone Around the broken bread -- The dead  
whose life is hid with Christ Remembering Jesus dead. For us has set the earthly light, Above, the  
glory; here, the night. And dear as is His place on high, His footsteps are below, Where He has gone  
through scorn and wrong, There also would I go. Lord, where Thou diedst I would die, For where  
Thou livest, there am I. One lonely path across the waste, Thy lowly path of shame; I would adore  
Thy wondrous grace That I should tread the same. The Stranger and the Alien, Thou -- And I the  
stranger, alien, now. Thy Cross a mighty barrier stands Between the world and me -- Not yielding  
with reluctant hands, But glorying to be free, From that which now is dung and dross, Beside Thy  
Glory, and Thy Cross. I see Thee there amidst the light, The Father's blessed Son; I know that I in  
Thee am there, That light and love mine own. What has this barren world to give, If there in Thy  
deep joy I live? Sent hither from that glorious Home, As Thou wert sent before, Of that great love  
from whence I come To witness evermore, For this would I count all things loss, Thy joy, Thy glory,  
and Thy Cross.

## THE PEARL

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"When he had found one pearl of great price, he went and sold all that he had, and bought it." -- Matt. xiii.46. C. P. C. tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899  
Tale of tenderness unfathomed  
Told by God to me --  
Tale of love, mysterious, awful --  
Thus God's love must be. God the Seeker --  
one fair image Ever in His thought,  
Pure, and radiant, and faultless,  
Yet He found it not. Not amongst His holy Angels,  
Was there one so bright;  
Not amongst His stars of glory  
Dwelt His heart's delight. Yet there was a depth unfathomed  
In a lonely place;  
One great deep of endless sorrow,  
Darkness on its face.  
Restless sea of black pollution  
Moaning evermore,  
Weary waves for ever breaking  
On a barren shore.  
There below in midnight darkness,  
Under those wild waves,  
Lies the treasure God is seeking,  
Jewel that He craves.  
Down beneath those sunless waters  
He from Heaven has passed,  
He has found His heart's desire,  
Found His pearl at last.  
All He had His heart has given  
For that gem unpriced --  
Such art thou, O ransomed sinner,  
Yea, for such is Christ.

## TER STEEGEN'S GOLDEN TIMEPIECE

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G. Ter Steegen, 1769. tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899 John xiii.5. 6 P.M. Wilt Thou be the sinner's servant, Humble, loving Lord, Wash my ways, and all my converse, Thought, and deed, and word. Make me bend, the least and lowest, At my brethren's feet; Love saith, "As the task is meanest, Is the service sweet." Matt. xxvi.28.7 P.M. Givest thou Thyself, Lord Jesus, Thus my life to be? Thy most precious Blood and Body Offered up for me? Thou, O Lord, my food eternal My eternal feast -- All my hunger stilled for ever, All my thirst appeased. John xvii.9, 20.8 P.M. Great High Priest whose prayers are music In the Father's ears, I shall know their glorious answer Through eternal years. Even now, O Lord, I know it, Made by love Divine, One with Thee, henceforth, for ever, Therefore one with Thine. John xviii.1.9 P.M. Lo! I see the shadow falling Awful in its gloom -- See Thee passing, O Belovèd, To Thy place of doom -- Mine the sin that veiled the glory, Thine the burden sore -- Yet, O world, so sweet that sorrow, Thou art sweet no more. Luke xxii.41.10 P.M. Sorrowful, I see Thee kneeling That dread cup to take; Filled with wrath of my deserving Given Thee for my sake. Yet to Thee how sweet the bitter, Sweet the Father's will! Lord, may I, Thy love recalling, Suffer, and be still. Luke xxii.44.11 P.M. For Thine agony of weeping, For Thy sweat of Blood, For Thy prayer that told the marvel Of the love of God; Lord, I thank Thee -- still ascendeth That unceasing prayer, Incense from my heart's still temple; God's High Priest is there. Luke xxii.48. MIDNIGHT. On! the traitor's kiss to suffer On Thy lips Divine -- Yield Thyself to foemen, stricken By one word of Thine -- Give me, Lord, to bear rejoicing Cross and shame for Thee -- Meet with loving lips and gentle Him who hateth me. John xviii.12.1 A.M. Unresisting, uncomplaining, Holy, harmless, calm; Driven, beaten, led to slaughter, God's unblemished Lamb -- Bind me in eternal fetters, Lead me, Thine alone; Silent when contempt and hatred Mark me for Thine own. Mark xiv.64.2 A.M. Lo! they judge Thee as a traitor, All the treachery mine -- Scourge Thee as a malefactor, Saviour Divine. Search me, O my God, and try me, Cleanse my inmost will; Give to me, if men misjudge me, Patience sweet and still. Mark xiv.71.3 A.M. Peter hath denied Thee -- wilder Rise the waters deep -- Smitten by Thine eyes of pity He hath fled to weep. Make me strong, and true and faithful, All my strength in Thee; When my faithless steps would wander, Look Thou, Lord, on me. Mark xv.5.4 A.M. Silent midst the false accusers, Thou the Witness true; Proud, false lips revile and sentence Him they never knew. I, the guilty one, acquitted By Thy lips Divine; Thine the curse and condemnation, Life and glory mine. Mark xv.19.5 A.M. Lo! they mock Thee, spit upon Thee, Smite the Face of God; I shall stand in shining raiment, Whitened in Thy Blood -- Stand before Thy Throne of judgment Faultless, glad, and free; Grant me love to men who hate me As Thy love to me. John xix.9.6 A.M. As a sheep before her shearers Dumb and still art Thou; For the kingdom and the glory Are not given Thee now. Not for me the courts enchanted Of the world's delight -- With Thee in Thy palace gardens I shall walk in white. John xix.16.7 A.M. Dragged from Thy belovèd city, Zion's holy hill, Mirth of fools and song of drunkards, Thou art silent still. Silently, O Lord, I follow In that path of shame, Thy reproach and Thy dishonour Glory of my name. John xviii.40.8 A.M. Thou, the Prince of Life, rejected, And the murderer claimed; Stripped and scourged by hands ungentle, Mocked by tongues untamed -- Strip from me, Lord, self's foul raiment, Clothe me with Thine own; I am fit for courts of Heaven, Clad in Christ alone. John xix.2.9

A.M. With the crown of thorns they crown Thee, Scornfully they bow; On the Father's throne in glory Thou art seated now. Mighty God, I bow before Thee, Thee, the Saviour King; Here, my joy to love and suffer; There, to love and sing. John xix.5. 10 A.M. Mocked and spit upon, and bleeding, Pilate leads Thee forth; In Thy face they see no beauty, In Thy Blood no worth. O despised and humble Jesus, What, compared with Thee, Are the glory and the beauty Of all worlds to me. John xix.16. 11 A.M. Sentence passed on Thee, the guiltless By a sinner's tongue -- I before Thy throne am speechless, who did the wrong. By Thy holy lips acquitted, Wondering, I go free -- Past for me are death and judgment, Crucified with Thee. John xix.17, 18. NOON. Thou must bear Thy cross, Lord Jesus, With the robbers twain -- Wearied, bleeding, and forsaken In Thy shame and pain. Taking up my cross I follow, All my glory this, With Thee here to toil and suffer, Thy reproach my bliss. Luke xxiii.33. Lo! unto the cross they nail Thee, Bitter gall prepare, Those all-holy lips to moisten, Praying for them there. When that wounded hand shall sweetly Pass that cup to me, May it all the world embitter, Leave me naught but Thee. Luke xxiii.43; John xix.25-27. Hanging in Thy shame and anguish, Words of love and grace Welcome the forgiven felon To Thy Holiest place -- Guide Thy mother, broken-hearted, To a home of rest -- Comfort him, who yester even Lay upon Thy Breast. Matt. xxvii.46; John xix.30. In Thy direst need forsaken, Now the work is done -- Thou dost bow Thy Head to welcome Me, Thy wandering one -- Bend to kiss Thine own, Thy ransomed -- In that kiss to die -- My Belovèd, Thine for ever, Thine alone am I. John xix.34. 4 P.M. From Thy side the blood and water Flow to cleanse my sin -- Rent the mystic veil of Heaven; I have entered in. Heart of love, to sinners open, Place where God can meet His beloved, His priest anointed At His mercy seat. John xix.41. 5 P.M. New the grave wherein Thou liest Wound in linen fine -- I an old cold grave have found Thee, This poor heart of mine. So shall that dark grave be glorious, New, and pure, and fair; I shall worship Thee for ever In Thy glory there.

## THE BELOVED

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"He is altogether lovely." -- Cant. v. i6. Mechthild of Hellfde, 1277. tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899  
Dew abundant from the depths divine, O sweet white Flower, pure as mountain snow, O precious  
Fruit of that celestial Flower, O Ransom from the everlasting woe -- Thou holy sacrifice for sins of  
men, The gift that the eternal Father gave -- O Dew of life, by Thee I live again, By Thee Who  
camest down to seek and save. I see Thee small in low and humble guise, And me Thou seest,  
great in shame and sin -- Lord, I would be Thy daily sacrifice, Though I am worthless, vile, and foul  
within. Yet into that mean cup Thy grace will pour The love that overflows for evermore.

## THE LAMB OF GOD

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"A Lamb without blemish and without spot." -- 1 Pet. i.19. T. S. M. tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899  
Lamb, Thy white-robed people feeding 'Neath the shadowing wings -- Lamb, Thy weary, thirsty  
leading, To the living springs. Once upon the altar bleeding, Now on God's high throne -- Unto  
Thee salvation, glory, Lamb of God, alone. We before the throne in Heaven Day and night  
adore Thee, the Lamb, amongst us dwelling Now, and evermore! Lo, we hunger not and thirst  
not, Nor can sun or heat smite us in Thy rest and shadow Deep, and still, and sweet. Days and  
nights of lonely sorrow, Long and changeful years, Tell but of the Hand most tender, Wiping all our  
tears. For our robes, so white, so radiant, Witness as they shine Of the Sacred Blood that washed  
us, Thine, O Lamb Divine.

## THE GREAT UNKNOWN

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"I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out My hand, and no man regarded." -- Prov. i.24.  
"There standeth One among you, whom ye know not." -- John i.26. C. P. C. tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899  
Why dost Thou pass unheeded, Treading with piercèd feet The halls of the kingly palace, The busy street? Oh marvellous in Thy beauty, Crowned with the light of God, Why fall they not down to worship Where Thou has trod? Why are Thy hands extended Beseeching whilst men pass by With their empty words and their laughter, Yet passing on to die? Unseen, unknown, unregarded, Calling and waiting yet -- They hear Thy knock and they tremble -- They hear, and they forget. And Thou in the midst art standing Of old and for ever the same -- Thou hearest their songs and their jesting, But not Thy Name. The thirty-three years forgotten Of the weary way Thou hast trod -- Thou art but a name unwelcome, O Saviour God! Yet amongst the highways and hedges, Amongst the lame and the blind, The poor and the maimed and the outcast, Still dost Thou seek and find -- There by the wayside lying The eyes of Thy love can see The wounded, the naked, the dying, Too helpless to come to Thee. So art Thou watching and waiting Till the wedding is furnished with guests -- And the last of the sorrowful singeth, And the last of the weary rests.

## TRANSFORMED

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C. P. C. tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899 "I send thee to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in Me." -- Acts xxvi.18. Dark lay the plain, a tangled wilderness, And dark the mountains in the mists afar -- A land of darkness where no order is, Nor moon, nor star -- There was the line of drear confusion drawn, The stones of emptiness lay wide and bare, As though the ancient peoples of the dawn Lay buried there. There did the wild beasts of the desert meet The creatures from the waste and lonely isles -- And there did nameless shadows glide and fleet Through ruined piles. There in the mouldered palaces there spread The nettles, and the brambles and the thorn; Now and again there brake the silence dread Some cry forlorn. And now and yet again a pallid light, A magic gleam from out the darkness shone -- And then into a deeper, drearier night It wandered on. And he who dwells there dwelleth all alone, All unaware of those who wander by; They unto him, and he to them unknown, They live and die. Know'st thou the land? the land where wandered first The two who could remember Paradise -- The land of hunger, and of quenchless thirst, Of tear-worn eyes. Know'st thou the land? too early known -- too well, Though veiled awhile in childhood's golden haze; But bare and drear when past the song and spell, The infant days. Thy land, O soul, thy fatherland of old -- The far, far country thou didst choose for thee; Choose, rather than the palaces of gold, Where God must be. \* \* \* \* \*

\*The wilderness, the solitary place, No more are sad -- Are lit with radiance of His glorious Face -- The wastes are glad; They blossom as the roses thousand-fold, They sing and they rejoice; The glory of the mighty cedars old, The summer's voice, The fresh green pastures, and the waters still From fountains fed, Where far aloft upon God's holy hill The Angels tread -- These, where the ancient land of darkness lay, Lie still and fair; The eyes unsealed to that eternal Day Behold Him there. Amidst the wilderness the waters flow, The streams for ever spring; Beside them in their raiment white as snow The ransomed sing. They pass along with music and with song, And joy their diadem -- To God's fair city wends the glorious throng, And Jesus walks with them. Know'st thou the Way? the one Highway of God That leads therein? The pathway of the Lamb's most precious blood Who bore thy sin? Know'st thou the Way? the glorious Way He made Through death's deep sea? O Lamb of God, I bless the love that laid My sins on Thee.

## LIGHT AND SOUND

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"Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped." -- Is. xxxv.5. C. P. C. tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899  
Thou glorious Lord! mine eyes at last unsealed  
Behold Thee now -- In sudden radiance to my soul revealed, Light, sight, art Thou. One moment --  
and the night has passed away, Unbarred the prison; And I pass forth to God's eternal day, The  
dead arisen. One moment -- and I see Thy glorious Face  
Look down on me, Unutterable love that fills all space,  
Where'er I be. Here, nearer than myself, and far away  
And everywhere, Thou shinest, Light of that celestial day,  
"The Lord is there." Thou showest me the land of living springs,  
The land that lies Beneath the shadow of Thy mighty wings,  
The glory of Thine eyes. And all is lit with love that hath no end,  
Illimitable love -- Wherein for ever wheresoe'er I wend I live and move.  
Such, O my God, that moment of delight -- The sudden light that shone  
Upon the fields of Bethlehem at night -- Thou givest me Thy Son.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
And now the silence of the dead is past; My ears have heard  
The voice of Him who is the First and Last, The living Word.  
But not in one short moment hath He told His heart to me,  
The everlasting love that was of old, That evermore shall be.  
My ears have heard the first entrancing chord  
Of that unending song, The joyful psalm, the music of the Lord,  
[1] So sweet, so long. The song that through the everlasting days  
The Lord's beloved hears; His Light has filled illimitable space,  
His Voice, eternal years. O glorious moment of the opened eyes,  
Himself revealed! O endless years of songs of Paradise  
For ears unsealed!

## TO-MORROW

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"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God." -- Heb. iv.9. J. S. Kunth, 1700. tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899 There is a Day of rest before thee -- Thou weary soul, arise and shine. Awhile the clouds hung darkly o'er thee, Awhile the captive's chains were 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 words cannot 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 hearts 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 past 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 give me 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.

## THE BREATH OF GOD

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"The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof." -- John iii.8. G. Ter Steegen, 1769. tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899  
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, my 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's opened to us crystal pure, Forth flowing from the heavenly Throne To waiting hearts and spirits poor, Athirst and weary do I sink Beside Thy waters, there to drink. My spirit turns to Thee and clings, All else forsaking, unto Thee; Forgetting all created things, Remembering only "God in me." O living Stream; O gracious rain, None wait for Thee, and wait in vain.

## THE WILL OF GOD

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"Here am I, let Him do to me as seemeth good unto Him." -- 2 Sam. xv.26. G. Ter Steegen. tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899  
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 well when it is done;Unless His Will doth hallow  
it,The glory of all joy is gone.Self, Sense, and Reason, they may scornThat hidden way that leads  
on high -- Still be my deepest will uptorn,And so the power 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, untroubled, 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 are oneTo that blest soul that loveth Thee.

## THE VICTORY OF THE LAMB

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"If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him." -- 2 Tim. ii.12. J. Heerman, 1647. tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899 I go from grief and sighing, the valley and the clod, To join the chosen people in the palaces 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 robes of glory, the righteousness of God -- He bought them for His people with His most precious Blood. The Lamb of God has saved 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.

## THE CITY THAT HATH FOUNDATIONS

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"I ... saw the Holy City, New Jerusalem." -- Rev. xxi.2. J. M. Meyfart, 1642. tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899  
Jerusalem! thou glorious City-height, Oh might I enter in! My spirit wearie for thy love and light, Amidst this world of sin -- Far over the dark mountains, The moorlands cold and grey, 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, The land of 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. Oh when at last I reach that City fair, That beautiful 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, With psaltery 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.

## THE WELCOME

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"This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them." -- Luke xv.2. E. Neumeister, 1756. tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899 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. 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. 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.

## THY HIDDEN ONES

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"The world knoweth us not, because it knew Him not." -- 1 John iii.1. C. F. Richter, 1711. tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899 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 Saints in light, And songs of sweetness infinite They sing with them to God Most High, A deep and wondrous 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 faithful souls -- Thou Light Of that mysterious inner world of thought, Oh give us grace to follow Thee aright, From cross and toil and sorrow shrinking not; Content to be but little known, Content to wander on alone; Here -- hidden inwardly in Thee; There -- Light in thine own Light to be.

## THE BLESSED HOPE

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"Faultless before the presence of His glory." -- Jude 24. Moravian Brethren. tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899 In faith we sing this song of thankfulness For that deep comfort Christ's beloved share; The blessed Hope of everlasting peace, The 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 this age shall end; But yet in vision 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 Of new eternal Life, He brought from Heaven. And Heaven and Earth, and all created things, In wondrous 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 Christ 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 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 radiance, Christ the Lord: The music of their wondrous 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 Christ shall be. And here in this waste wilderness 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, So we are one for ever in His sight. Now come Thou quickly, Jesus, from above, Do Thou sustain us on the desert 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.

## MY HIGH TOWER

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"He only is my rock and my salvation: He is my defence, I shall not be moved." -- Ps. lxii.6. Paul Gerhardt, 1676. tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899 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 nought 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 saved 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; In 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; As 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.

## THE LAND OF PROMISE

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"All the Land which thou seest, to thee will I give it." -- Gen. xiii.15. Gertrude of Helfde, 1330. tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899 It was as if upon His breast He laid His piercèd hand, And said "To thee, beloved and blest, I give this goodly land." O Land of fountains and of deeps, Of God's exhaustless store -- O blessed Land, where he who reaps Shall never hunger more -- O summer Land, for ever fair With God's unfading flowers; O Land, where spices fill the air, And songs the golden towers -- O Land of safety, Land of home, Of God my Father's kiss, To Thee, O glorious Land, I come, My heritage of bliss. Lord, not through works of righteousness, The works that I have done, But through the glory of Thy grace, The merit of Thy Son, To me this goodly Land is given, The heart of Christ to me -- My Home, my Blessedness, my Heaven; My God, I worship Thee.

## THE FRIEND

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"We will come unto him, and make Our abode with him." -- John xiv.23. Gertrude of Hellfde, 1330. tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899 It thus befell me on a day When gladsome was the month of May, I sat alone in pleasant thought Beside the fish-pond in the court; Above me spread the lindens tall, And deep-blue heavens were over all, How dear is that old court to me! So sunny, still, and fair to see -- The water flowing clear and bright, And many a tree with blossoms dight, And singing birds, and doves that fly All white across the summer sky; And there, of all delights the best, The blessed stillness and the rest. Then thought I, "All is fair and sweet -- What need I more in my retreat, In sooth that this still hour may be As dew from Heaven that falls on me? So were it, if there came from Heaven A faithful friend and dear, Whose words should be a dew to me Of comfort and of cheer. Then I should grow as lilies sweet That in God's garden are, Whose strange and wondrous odours greet Some wandering soul afar." Then answered, ere I was aware, The Voice beloved and true -- The blessed Friend from Heaven was there, My Sunshine and my Dew; The Fountain for the souls that thirst, The cup that runneth o'er -- The Lord Who gives the longing first, Then stills it evermore -- He told me of the River bright That flows from Him to me, That I might be for His delight A fair and fruitful tree. He told me that as doves that rise Far through the golden light, So He would lead me through the skies In raiment pure and white. That as the still fair court to me Afar from strife and din, So unto Him my heart should be, And He would rest therein. And when the evening shadows fell, And all was silent in my cell, And on my knees I knelt and prayed To Him Who is my Sun and Shade, There came to me that saying deep, "Who loveth Me, My words will keep. And him My Father loveth well, And We will come with him to dwell." Yea, Lord, through Thy most precious Blood, Am I the resting-place of God.

## MORE THAN HEAVEN

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"A throne was set in Heaven, and One sat on the throne." -- Rev. iv.2. C. P. C. tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899 Jesus, Lord, in Whom the Father Tells His heart to me -- Jesus, God Who made the Heavens, Made the earth to be -- Jesus, Lamb of God once offered For the guilt of men, In the Heavens interceding Till Thou come again -- Jesus, once by God abandoned, Smitten, cursed for me, Sentenced at the throne of judgment, Dying on the tree -- Jesus, risen and ascended, On the Father's throne, All the Heaven of Heavens resounding With Thy Name alone -- There, beholding Thee, forgetting Sorrow, sin, and care, Know I not that earth is darkened; Nor that Heaven is fair -- Songs and psalteries of Heaven Hushed the while I hear Thy beloved Voice that speaketh, Sweet, and still, and near; That entrancing Song that ever Thou shalt sing alone -- Joy that Thou hast sought and found me, Won me for Thine own. Barred to me that Heavenly Eden Till the flaming Sword, In God's righteous wrath uplifted, Smote Thee, O my Lord. Led within those gates unguarded, Paradise is mine; But the glory and the beauty Is that love of Thine. Therefore, O my Lord, I reckon All things else as loss; More than Heaven itself is precious, Memory of Thy Cross. More than Heaven itself Thou givest In the desert now, For the crown of my rejoicing, Jesus, Lord, art Thou.

## TWILIGHT

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"Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent." -- Luke xxiv.29. J. A. Freylinghausen, 1739. tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899 The day is gone -- my soul looks on To that eternal Day, When all our sorrow, all our sin, Have fled and passed away. The golden sun is sunk and gone, Thou Light of Heaven above, Thou Glory of eternal day, My sunshine is Thy love. Each living thing lies slumbering From care and labour free; May I, O Lord, be still and watch Thy hidden work in me. But when shall cease the changefulness Of morning and of night? Then when the Glory of the Lord is our eternal Light. No cloud shall come, no evening gloom On Salem shall descend; The Lord her everlasting Day, Her mourning at an end. All praise to Thee! Oh 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, Where I, with all Thy ransomed ones, Shall walk with Thee in white.

## ANCHORED

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"An Anchor of the soul, both sure and stedfast." -- Heb. vi.19. J. A. Rothe, 1758. tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899 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 that 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 the sons of men; For this His Son came down from Heaven, For this returned to 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 seeketh them by night and day. O deep, deep sea, where all our sins By God 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. In that deep sea of love I sink In perfect peace and endless 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.

## THE EVERLASTING ARMS

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"His left hand is under my head, and His right hand doth embrace me." -- Cant. ii.6. J. J. Winkler, 1722. tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899 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. There my spirit cannot 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. There my spirit cannot 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. There my spirit knows no darkness, Love remains when all is gone -- Sorrows crushing soul and body Do the heathens know alone -- Resting in Christ's blessed light, Fears she not the earthly night. There my spirit is not careful, For she knoweth of no ill; Hanging still upon her Father, Though He slay her, trusting still; How shall flesh and blood repine Where the chastening is divine? Thus on God my spirit waiteth, Even so doth overcome; Silently enduring all things, Mockery and martyrdom; Like a still sea doth she lie, Full of praise to God most high.

## THINGS TO COME

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"He will show you things to come." -- John xvi.13. Spitta, 1800. tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899  
Oh what will be the day when won at last The last long weary battle, we shall come To those eternal gates the 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, realised that day! Oh what will be the day, when we shall stand irradiate with God's 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 -- oh joy beyond all thought! A son of God, a free-born citizen Of that bright city where the curse is not! Oh what will be the day when with our prayer Eternal 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 radiant streets resound With Hallelujah songs the ransomed sing, And clouds of sweetest incense rise around The Throne where sits in light the Saviour King! Oh what will be the day when we shall see The Love that opened Heaven to ransomed men! Love draws us and we follow -- we are free -- Nought severs us from our Belovèd 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. Oh what will be the day when we shall hear "Come, oh ye blessed!" when we take our place Before His throne in radiance sweet and clear, Behold His glorious, His belovèd 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! Oh 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! Oh 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. Oh 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 -- but sweet the end; The dead with Christ, the risen sons of God, With Him we journey, and with Him ascend.

## A NEW SONG

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"He hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God." -- Ps. xl.3. R. Rolle, 1349. tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899 I know not the song of Thy praises, Till Thou teach it, my God, to me -- Till I hear the still voice of Thy Spirit, Who speaketh for ever of Thee -- Till I hear the celestial singing, And learn the new song of Thy grace, And then shall I tell forth the marvels I learnt in Thy secret place. Thy marvels, not mine, far surpassing All thoughts of my heart must they be -- I can but declare the glad tidings, As Thou hast declared them to me.

## THE COURTS OF GOD

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"Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house, and the place where Thine honour dwelleth." -- Ps. xxvi.8. R. Rolle, 1349. tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899 O Lord, I have loved the fair beauty Of the house Thou hast chosen for Thee, The courts where Thy gladness rejoiceth, And where Thou delightest to be. For I love to be made the fair dwelling Where God in His grace may abide; I would cast forth whatever may grieve Thee, And welcome none other beside. Oh blessed the grace that has made me The home of the gladness of God, The dwelling wherein Thou delightest, The house Thou hast bought with Thy blood. 'Tis there that Thy joy overfloweth, I feel it, I take of it there; By the work that Thou workest within me, The temple is holy and fair. In the secret of that inner chamber, Is Thy settle of heavenly rest; The stillness of thoughts that adore Thee, The shrine that Thou lovest the best. The temple where Christ hath His dwelling, The soul He hath ransomed and shriven -- The temple where I have my dwelling, Is Christ in the glory of Heaven.

## A SONG OF THE TEMPLE

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"In His Temple doth every one speak of His glory." -- Ps. xxix.9. R. Rolle, 1349. tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899 In Thy tabernacle, Lord, I offer Sacrifice of psalmody and song -- Thine uncounted mercies there recalling, Praising Thee with music sweet and strong. With a marvellous, a mighty gladness, For the love of Christ is shed abroad In the soul that is His holy temple, And she singeth therefore unto God. She ascends aloft to join the singing, Heard afar from God's Jerusalem -- [2]Blessed music of the saints she heareth, And adoring singeth she with them. None can know though skilled in learning ancient, What the sweetness of that song may be; Till he know the glory and the gladness, There the blessed Face of God to see. Lord, to Thee my heart is ever yearning, In this absence seeking still Thy Face; Blessed hour when I shall find! -- adoring In the glory of Thy holy place!

## PREFACE

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Emma Frances Bevan, 1899  
Everywhere, everywhere,  
A tale is told to me -- It is told in the sunny  
air, It is told on the sparkling sea;  
It is told in the forest brakes, It is told on the purple hills,  
By the silent mountain lakes, By the singing and leaping rills.  
In the ancient gardens grand, With their  
old-world flowers aglow, Where the stately cedars stand,  
And the sweet limes all a-row. In the  
meadows that stretch away As a sea of golden green,  
With hedges of sweet white may And the  
reedy brooks between. Where I wander, and run, and rest,  
The tale is told to me, The sweetest tale  
and the best Of all the tales that be. \* \* \*  
The tale is the tale of Jesus -- It is told in Heaven  
above, On the sea and the moors and the mountains,  
In language of all the peoples, The speech of  
love. The morning star and the dayspring,  
The sun and the cloud and the shower, The grass and the  
rose and the cedar, His glory and love are telling  
From hour to hour. The birds in the greenwood  
singing, The sea that is deep and wide,  
The sheep in the folds of the mountains, The corn in the  
golden valleys, And all beside. All round me the glorious pictures  
Of Him who has made them  
fair; Through the long bright day I can see Him,  
And I fear not the silent darkness, For He is there.

## ALL THAT IS WHITE

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tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899  
Come forth in the fields and the gardens;  
There let us seek and find  
All that will tell us of Jesus,  
And bring His love to mind.  
All white on the thymy hillside  
Lambs by their mothers play;  
All white stand the stately lilies  
In the garden borders gay.  
All white in the sunny heavens  
The piled-up clouds sail slow --  
They were crimson when rose the morning,  
Now whiter are they than snow,  
All white on the lonely mountains  
The snow where no foot has trod --  
All white is the foam on the fountains  
That flow from the hills of God.  
Oh tell me what yet is whiter  
Than the lambs and the lilies white,  
Than the clouds piled up in the noontide,  
Like a mountain land of light?  
Than the snow on the ancient mountains,  
Where only the angels go?  
Than the foam where the wild bright fountains  
Dance down to the glens below?  
Child, hast thou trusted Jesus?  
Canst thou believe and say,  
"He loved me, He died to save me,  
He has borne my sins away;  
For my sins were laid upon Jesus;  
In my stead, for my guilt, He died"  
Then child, fall down and adore Him,  
Thou art whiter than all beside.  
A lamb washed white for ever  
In the Lamb's most precious blood --  
A lily by God's still river,  
That lies in the light of God.  
The clouds through the sunny heavens  
As an army walk in white,  
On to the gates of glory,  
To the glow of the western light;  
So in the snow-white raiment  
That Christ for His child has won,  
Thou shalt pass the golden gateway,  
And tell that His work is done.

## THE DOOR

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tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899 All within are love and gladness, Light and warmth and cheer; All without the night wind wailing O'er the lonely mere. There within the child belovèd -- There the welcome sweet; There without the wandering orphan And the weary feet. Wandering child! the Door is open -- That fair palace-door; There thy Father's kiss awaits thee, Fatherless no more. One fair golden Door -- one only, Jesus Who has died; Jesus is that blessed Doorway Open free and wide. Child, no need to knock, to ask Him If thou mayest come; Lo! He stands in love beseeching, Saying, "Child! come home." Saying, "Child, the night is dreary On the mountains lone; Pass within thy Father's palace, Heaven is all thine own." Thou hast sinned, and I have suffered Curse and death for thee; Now as I to Him am precious, Thou art dear to Me."

## THE MORNING STAR

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tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899 I woke, and the night was passing, And over the hills there shone  
A star all alone in its beauty When the other stars were gone -- For a glory was filling the heavens  
That came before the day, And the gloom and the stars together Faded and passed away. Only  
the star of the morning Glowed in the crimson sky -- It was like a clear voice singing, "Rejoice! for  
the Sun is nigh!" "O children! a Star is shining Into the hearts of men -- It is Christ with a voice of  
singing, "Rejoice! for I come again!" "For the long, long night is passing, And there cometh the golden  
day; I come to My own who love Me, To take them all away." "It may be to-day or to-morrow, Soon it  
will surely be; Then past are the tears and the sorrow -- Then Home for ever with Me."

## **|WHO PROVIDETH FOR THE RAVEN HIS FOOD?|**

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tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899 All the world lay still and silent in the morning grey, And at once a thousand voices hail the glorious day; For the great Sun glowing crimson rises o'er the sea -- "Welcome, Day!" they sing together, "Day that is to be!" Oh how glad and sweet and joyous is that morning hymn! Whilst the golden day is stealing through the valleys dim -- Thrush and blackbird, lark and linnet, doves that coo and hum Wild delight, and soft rejoicing, for the day is come. Not a thought of care or wonder what the day will bring. For the Father careth for them in the smallest thing. There upon the pathless mountains is their table spread, All by God are known and numbered, by His Hands are fed. Some in deep and tangled forests where the berries glow, Some where children's crumbs are scattered on the garden snow, Some where through the river sedges mayflies glance and play, Some where mountain tarns lie gleaming in the hollows grey. For the wild and hungry eagle, for the wren so small, All is ready -- food and gladness, free to each and all. "Ye are of more value than many sparrows."

## THE RED, RED SKY

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tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899 In the early, early morning, beyond the islands green, Beyond the pines and palm-trees, and the purple sea between, Like the glow through a crimson window The morning rises slow, And the isles lie dim in the glory, And the sea is all aglow. In the dim and misty evening the purple mountains stand, And the glooms that hush the woodlands lie over all the land, And high in dark-blue heavens the red light burns and glows, Like the jasper of God's city, like the deep heart of the rose. Oh why does morning dawn, and why ends the golden day, With the crimson glow and glory, while children kneel and pray? Is it thus that God would tell me before the day begins Of the morn of the Day of pardon, the Blood that has washed my sins? The morn of the Day of gladness, the Day of His love and grace, When like the Sun in his glory, the Lord unveiled His Face, And His love shone forth in beauty where all was dark before, For the Blood had been shed which saved me, once and for evermore. Is it thus that God would tell me the evening draweth nigh, When we pass beyond the mountains, beyond the purple sky? And then, in God's great glory the golden gates I see, And sing, "The Blood of Jesus has opened them for me!"

## MAY DAYS

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tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899 God made the sun to give me light, The trees to give me shade;  
The cowslips and the violets For me His Hands have made. He made the birds to sing to me, The  
blossoms on the tree, To make me glad in summer days; But why did He make me? O child, how  
wonderful and sweet The answer God has given! The blessed Lord, who died for thee, Has need of  
thee in Heaven. To make Him glad in Paradise He needs thy little song; He needs thee for His love  
and joy Where He has waited long. Oh glad art thou when spring comes in, And flowers and birds  
and bees Make all the sunny fields rejoice, And leaves are on the trees. O child! the Lord will have  
His spring When these long years are past. His little ones from every land Shall be with Him at  
last. His lilies and His roses sweet, His buds and blossoms rare, All, all His children then shall  
meet, And all His joy shall be complete When they are round Him there.

## WHAT SHOULD I SEE?

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tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899 If I had the eyes of Heaven, That could all things see, Oh what glorious surprises All around would be! I should see all still and stately God's white Angels tread, Watch me with their eyes of glory, Sit beside my bed. When I take the broth to Granny In her garret mean, I should see them wait around her, As around a Queen. Through the snow in dusky twilight, When the winds are wild, See them speed where lost and lonely Strays a little child. Through the stillness of the noonday See them swiftly rise, Bearing one with face uplighted Far into the skies. Meet them in the lonely places, In the busy street, Ever calm as skies of summer, Ever strong and fleet. Glad and tender in their service, For God's love they know To the smallest and the meanest Of His own below.

## COWSLIPS

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tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899 Long ago, in springs of old, Happy days would be, When in meadows green and gold I might wander free. High the sunny clouds up-piled, Blue the April sky, Birds and flowers and all things wild Glad and free as I. Oh how merry was the shout, When the stile was passed, "Joy! the cowslips all are out! Spring is come at last!" There in sweet and sunny air Who can tell the bliss? Costly shops and gardens fair Have no joys like this. Playthings, countless, fresh, and sweet, Scattered wide and free, All around the children's feet, Gifts of God to me. Whilst I waked, and whilst I slept, Through the winter wild, All the tender flowers He kept For His little child -- Kept them safe beneath the snow, Safe through wind and rain, Till in sunshine all aglow They arise again. Oh what joys are kept for me in His secret place, Till the Spring that soon shall be, When I see His Face!

## A TRUE STORY

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tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899 All alone in the evening grey, Sick and dying, poor Hannah lay; Through the broken pane the cold wind swept, Poor Hannah shivered, and moaned, and wept. But it was not cold, and it was not pain, That made her shiver and moan again: She did not say, "My pain is sore," But "Where shall I be when all is o'er?" For Hannah remembered the years gone by, And she said, "A sinner -- a sinner am I! All black and fearful the sins appear, That I had forgotten for many a year; And thousands, thousands, they come to mind -- There is hell before and sin behind. The Lord is holy, and just, and true, And what He has said He will surely do. He hath for sin an awful doom, A lake of fire beyond the tomb; And my soul is black with the sins of years, They cannot be washed away with tears. And sure it is vain to pray and cry; He cannot hear such a sinner as I. I am going -- going -- to stand alone, Before the Lord on His awful throne!" \* \* \* \* \* Bright and glad as the stars came out, With many a laugh and many a shout, Jack and Will in the garden played, And they heeded not the noise they made. But the neighbour calling said, "Children, dear, A woman is sick in that house so near; There, where the broken pane you see, She is lying as ill as she can be. She soon must die, and you see 'tis best You should be still, and let her rest." Then in a moment they were still, For tender hearts had both Jack and Will, And they sat and looked at the casement lone, Till the stars shone bright, and the day was gone. Then Jack said, "Will, she will go to Heaven, If she has had her sins forgiven. I learned at school that when Jesus died The door of Heaven was opened wide, Because He was punished Himself for sin. So now if we die, we can all go in; Of our sins there will not a word be said, For Jesus Christ was punished instead; And if she believes He loves her so, Beyond the stars her soul will go. He will lead her in through the golden door, And she will be happy for evermore." Then Will said, "Jack, that is all quite true -- But does she know it as well as you? What Jesus did we have both been taught, But some know this, and some do not. O Jack, maybe she has never known What it is that the Lord has done!" Then Jack said, "If you would help me, Will, I would climb up to the window sill, And through the hole I would call and say, Jesus washes our sins away." \* \* \* \* \* The neighbour said when her work was done, "It may be Hannah is all alone, And oh! it's an awful thing to lie Too ill to live, and afraid to die. So just to sit with her I will go, But how to help her I do not know." So the neighbour went, and she heard no moan, And she thought, "Poor Hannah is dead and gone;" She lighted the candle with fear and dread, And stooped to see if Hannah was dead. But there she lay with her face so bright! It shone with glory and not with light. And she said, "O neighbour, the Lord is good! He has washed me white in His precious Blood, My sins are gone from before His Face, And He has prepared a glorious place, Where those He loves with Himself shall be, And to that sweet Home He is calling me. O neighbour, here in the dark I lay, I felt so guilty I could not pray, And all my sins like a mountain stood Before the terrible Face of God. Then all in a moment, sweet and clear, A voice spake loud, though none was near, Like an Angel speaking I heard it say, Jesus washes our sins away! And whilst I thought, Do my ears tell true? It said, Poor woman, He died for you. And then did the words come sweet and low That I had forgotten long ago; I once heard tell in the years gone by, How Jesus came on the cross to die, And there He hung in the darkness dread, With a crown of thorns on His holy Head. And some old, old words came back to me, He bore our sins on the cursed

tree.'Yes, it was true that mine He bore,So the guilt is gone, and the judgment o'er;And more than that, if He died for me,What must the love of Jesus be!He in His Home of glory waitsTo see me enter the golden gates;Whilst I lay moaning in black despair;His heart was longing to have me there.And oh for the welcome I soon shall know!No words can tell how I long to go!"\* \* \* \* \*And so, ere many a day was done,There was joy in the Home beyond the sun,For Hannah had entered the golden doorTo dwell with her Saviour for evermore.God saith that all who to Jesus comeHe in His love will welcome home.The Lord is holy, and just, and true,And what He hath said, He will surely do.

## THE REED

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tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899  
When flowers are red and gold and white, And fair is every weed,  
The green reeds have no blossom bright -- I would not be a reed. For all the summer flowers  
declare In beauty men can see, How sweet, how glorious, how fair, The thoughts of God must be.  
Then cut a wandering shepherd boy A hollow pipe of reed; His little tune of mirth and joy  
rang far across the mead. It was the gladness of his heart That flowed in music free,  
The wild bird has no sweeter art That sings upon the tree. Oh, could I be the little reed,  
To tell afar and near The joy and love of God above, In music sweet and clear!  
And all around should hear the sound, And know that love Divine is not my own,  
but God's alone, His music, and not mine. Sweet words should cheer the  
weary ear, And tender words the sad, And none should heed how small the reed;  
God's love would make them glad.

## WINTER AND SUMMER

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tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899 "The sky is dreary and rainy, And the wind makes a restless moan -- And the yellow leaves drift and wander, And the songs and the summer are gone." Not so, for the gardens are glowing In summer beyond the sea, In the glory of songs and of flowers, Whilst here it is winter for thee. And land after land wakes in sunshine, And the grass and the lilies upspring, And the children shout loud in the meadows, And madly the wild birds sing. There is never an end of the summer, For round the great world it goes; There are somewhere the fields of narcissus, And somewhere the sweet red rose. "Why can I not follow the summer, Far over the hills and the sea, And be always for ever and ever Wherever the summer may be?" "O child, there is summer for ever, Here under the wintry sky, Where the Lord is the light and the glory, And His lambs in His pastures lie. When the snow and the wild sleet are driven Far over the lonely mere, There is summer beyond all the summers, Where Jesus the Lord is near.

## WATER-LILIES

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tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899 Who are like the lilies white, With their crowns all golden bright,  
Resting on the waters still, Underneath the purple hill? They are like the saints who stand, Every  
one with harp in hand, On the crystal sea that lies Far beyond the summer skies. They are clad in  
white array, For their sin is washed away; Golden crowns for every one, For they reign beyond the  
sun, Over all the Heavens afar, Over sun and moon and star; They who low before Him fall, Reign  
with Jesus over all.

## THE SECRET

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tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899 Long ago, within a castle Far beyond the purple sea, Dwelt a fair and gracious lady -- Thus her tale was told to me. She was like a mystic story Of an angel clad in white -- She was like the rest and glory Of the starry summer night. For where sickness was, or sorrow, Pain or hunger, want or care, Bright and sweet and calm and tender, Never wearied, she was there. Unto her the weary-hearted, Unto her the sinners came -- She had comfort for their sorrow, She had pity for their shame. And afar in distant countries Many a blessed tale was told, Of the lady sweet and gracious Dwelling in the castle old. Then went one who longed to comfort All the sorrowing and distressed, There to learn the blessed secret How to give the weary rest. All day long he watched the lady, For he thought that she must pray Somewhere in a holy chapel Surely seven times a day. But he could not learn the secret, Where the lady prayed, or when; Nor what book of prayers could make her Like a well of life to men. Then another went to watch her -- Did she fast like hermits old? Go to services at midnight When the winter winds blew cold? Nay -- she ate her food with gladness, And at night she only slept; Rose again refreshed and thankful, Fit to comfort those who wept. Then another went to watch her Far across the purple sea; But her ways were sweet and simple, Just as others, so did she. Yet she seemed attuned to music Sounding from a golden chord; Suddenly he said, "Dear Lady, Lovest thou the blessed Lord?" "Yea," she said, "Full well I love Him, For I know He loveth me." Gladly then he sped him homewards Far across the purple sea.

## IN THE LANES

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tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899 It is summer all over the meadows, All over the woods and the sea; How many the glad days of summer My Father has given to me! I think of the long-ago summers, With their woodbine and feathery fern -- Of the rambling lanes and the hedgerows -- Of the tumbling mountain burn. The foxgloves afar in the forest, And the cranesbill soft and blue, As eyes that look into Heaven Till the Heaven itself shines through. As a story of rapture and wonder Are those hedge flowers wild and free, The travellers' joy and the mullein, And the pink thrift near the sea. The thyme and the marjoram purple, The meadow-sweet fair and cool, Where the reedy streams go wandering Down to the deep mill-pool. The scabious and the yarrow Over the chalky down, The flowering rush in the trenches, With rose and crimson crown; The water violet stately, And the frosted bog-bean white The whole wide world was a marvel, A garden of strange delight! O ye thousand thousand flowers, To me as a sign ye stand, Of the things of joy and wonder In the glorious summer land -- The Lord, who has strewn them broadcast Over the lonely hills, Who has filled the woods with music, And has gemmed the mountain rills -- Oh what has He made to greet us In the land of fair delight, Where His own shall rejoice before Him, And shall walk with Him in white?

## ON THE DOWNS

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tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899 Up the chalky path we wander, Higher, higher still -- Gather thyme and hawkweed slender, Bluebells of the hill; Pale musk mallows by the cornfields, Poppies bright and bold, Scabious like the evening purple, Gems amongst the gold. And the knapweed and the bindweed, Yarrow pink and white, And St. John's wort golden tufted, Everywhere delight! Up the chalky path we wander, Higher, higher still, Now upon the sunny hill-top We can rest at will. Far below the quiet valleys Farms and sheep-cotes lie, All above us deep and cloudless Glows the summer sky. Lying there we look in wonder Through the skies afar, Where unseen to us, are shining Thousand thousand stars. When the daylight sinks in purple O'er the silent plain, One by one, like gathering angels, They appear again. Soon, oh soon, the sweet still evening Of our days will come -- Then will shine the hidden glory Of our Father's home. Thousand, thousand radiant faces, Faces of the past, Our beloved, hidden from us, Smile to us at last. Wonderful and blessed evening -- Sudden, sweet surprise -- We shall hear the ancient voices, See the long-lost eyes. Here upon the sunny hill-top Let us thank and praise, For the blessed eve that follows All our summer days.

## THE CHILD'S WORK

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tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899 Oh what can I do for my Lord? I am foolish, and small, and weak;  
And I know not what to do, And I know not how to speak. "O child, there is nought you can do -- Sit  
down at His Feet and be still; But what can He do by you? O child, He can do what He will. "He  
asks for your heart alone, Then leave to Him all the rest, For the smallest and weakest onels the  
one He can work with best."He will work His mighty willAll through the livelong day,By the child  
who loves Him well,Whether at work or play."His love through your eyes will shineTill some sad  
hearts rejoice,His tenderness move your hands,Make music in your voice."His Name will be sweet  
on your lips,As the flowers when the year is young;He tells the tale of His loveThe best by a  
childish tongue."Where He leads you by the hand,The power of God shall go -- A mystery and a  
mightAs when He walked below."For Jesus is still the same,And He does His marvels still;And by  
His children smallHe works His glorious will."

## THE LOST LAMB

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tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899 Like a little wandering lamb Lost upon the hills I am; Like a shepherd Jesus stands, Holding out His blessed Hands. "Come," He says, "come back to Me; Little lamb, I died for thee; I will take thee to My home, Little lamb, I pray thee come. "Thou wouldst like to have thy way, On the lonely hills to stray, Where the hungry lion hides,Where the fiery serpent glides."I would have thee lie at rest,Little lamb, upon My breast;Thou shalt be My sweet delightAll the day and all the night."Though thou hast a wayward will,Little lamb, I love thee still;Come to Me and be forgiven,I will bear thee safe to Heaven."

## LONG AGO

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tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899 O Lord Jesus, high in Heaven, God's beloved One, Crowned with glory and with honour, Brighter than the sun -- Art Thou Him whom little children Knew long years ago, When a little child amongst them Thou didst come and go? Well they knew the little cottage, Small, and poor, and mean, Where Thou wert a child obedient As no child has been -- Holy, true, and tender, doing All Thy Father's will; If men loved, or if they hated, Loving, serving still. Well they knew the workshop lowly Where Thy days were spent, Through the summer and the winter, Peaceful and content. O Lord Jesus, not as Thou wert Have I ever been; Selfishness and pride and anger In my ways are seen. Yet I would that I were like Thee, Holy, tender, true, As Thou didst and as Thou spakest Would I speak and do. Never selfish, never murmuring, Loving, serving all, Till in heaven amidst Thy glory At Thy feet I fall -- See Thee who a child became In a cottage poor, That I might in Thy fair palace Dwell for evermore. THE END. Printed by Ballantyne, Hanson & Co.

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