

— Awake, Awake! —

Bride of the Lamb ! awake ! awake !
Why sleep for sorrow now ?
The hope of glory, Christ, is thine,
A child of glory thou.

Thy spirit through the lonely night,
From earthly joy apart,
Hath sigh'd for One that's far away,
The Bridegroom of thy heart.

But see, the night is waning fast,
The breaking morn is near,
And Jesus comes with voice of love,
Thy drooping heart to cheer.

He comes; for, oh, His yearning heart
no more can bear delay,
To scenes of full unmingled joy
To call His Bride away.

This earth, the scene of all His woe,
A homeless wild to thee,
Full soon upon His heav'nly throne
Its rightful king shall see.

Thou too shalt reign, He will not wear
His crown of joy alone,
And earth His royal Bride shall see
Beside Him on the throne.

Then weep no more, 'tis all thine own
His crown, His joy divine,
And sweeter far than all beside
He, He HIMSELF is thine.

From J.G.B.'s Book, "*The Patriarchs*"