

PUT ON THY BEAUTIFUL ROBES, BRIDE OF CHRIST

Put on thy beautiful robes, Bride of Christ,
For the King shall embrace thee to-day;
Break forth into singing; the morning has dawned,
And the shadows of night flee away.

Shake off the dust from thy feet, Bride of Christ;
For the Conqueror, girded with might,
Shall vanquish the foe, the dragon cast down,
And the cohorts of hell put to flight.

Thou art the Bride of His love, His elect;
Dry thy tears, for thy sorrows are past;
Lone were the hours when thy Lord was away,
But He came with the morning at last.

The winds bear the noise of His chariot-wheels,
And the thunders of victory roar;
Lift up thy beautiful gates, Bride of Christ,
For the grave has dominion no more.

Once they arrayed Him with scorning; but see!
His apparel is glorious now:
In His hand are the keys of death and of hell,
And the diadem gleams on His brow.

Hark! 'tis her voice: Alleluia she sings,
Alleluia! the captives go free!
Unfolded the gates of Paradise stand,
And unfolded forever shall be.

Choir answers choir, where the song has no end;
All the saints raise hosannas on high;
Deep calls unto deep in the ocean of love,
As the Bride lifts her jubilant cry.

—Selected.

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— November, 1880 —