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THE WAITING VIRGIN

From Zion's watch tower gazing,
Christ's Bride perceives the morn,
Her eyes to heaven raising,
She heeds not Satan's scorn.

The smell of precious ointment
Floats on the balmy breeze,
The signs of Christ's appointment
In all around she sees.

Anon with earnest longing,
She looks across the plain,
Where rosy light is dawning,
And tunes her plaintive strain.

"I know not now the moment
When Thou, dear Lord, shalt call,
But, with the wedding garment,
I wait for my sweet Home.

Not through the grave's dark portal
May I be called, dear Lord;
But clothe e'en here this mortal
By Thine immortal word."

Still of her Bridegroom sueing,
In soft low tones she speaks;
He listens to her wooing,
And answers while she seeks.

"Cease now, my spouse, from weeping;
Thy loved one like a hart,

O'er hills and mountains leaping,
Shall cause Thy foes to start.

The morn of Thy salvation
E'en now bright gilds the sky,
Through every tribe and nation
My heralds swiftly fly.

The bridal song is swelling,
The guests are gathering fast;
Angelic hosts are telling
That life's battle's won at last."

—"M. J." Princeton, N.J.

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— September, 1880 —



Jeżeli zauważysz błąd w pisowni, powiadom nas poprzez zaznaczenie tego fragmentu tekstu i przyciśnięcie *Ctrl+Enter*.