

A Song of Hope

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In Christ we're loved, in Christ we're blest,
In Him we surely stand;
And all is made to work for good,
Beneath His skilful hand.

His home above shines ever fair,
Before our raptur'd eyes;
This world – defiled – is not our rest,
“Arise! depart!” He cries.

He comes! He comes! the gladd'ning word,
Falls sweet upon our ear;
The right is His, the crown He'll wear,
God's victory is near.

This storm-swept world, at His command,
From waging war will cease;
The King shall reign in righteousness,
The nations be at peace.

Come then, Lord Jesus, claim Thy bride,
Come, Lord, and take Thy throne;
Come and fulfil God's counsels vast,
Come! hush creation's groan.

Earth calls in pain, 'tis Thou alone
Canst it from bondage free;
Lord! make the deserts bloom;
Lord, bring the year of Jubilee.

Scripture Truth, 1916, p. 51