

Waiting so long, wearily waiting,
For faith and great patience had he ;
Waiting so long, wearily waiting,
From the evils of sin to be free,
By coming next after the angel,
Whatever its virtue might be.

He's commanded no longer to linger,
And seek the first place in the strife,
But arise with the vigour imparted—
The vigour derived from new life—
The healing obtain'd from these waters
Is got from the Giver of Life.

He's bidd'n to arise and to walk,
He obeys and is instantly well ;
But who was this Stranger that healed him,
This impotent man could not tell ;
His cure was wrought on the Sabbath—
Was it wrong ?—He knew he was well.

In life men fail over and over,
When the storms on its waters are seen,
Is He there waiting to help them.
Or to aid in their cure, then, I ween ?
Some friend helps his friend in before them,
They have fail'd, though the contest was keen.