

By His Spirit here made known,
 Whilst that Spirit speaks the sorrows
 Of His saints before the throne.

He, of old the Man of Sorrows,
 Pleads before the Father's face,
 Knowing all the needed solace,
 Claiming all the needed grace.
 We, so faithless and oft weary,
 Serving with impatient will ;
 He unwearied in our service,
 Gladly ministering still.

Girded with the golden girdle,
 Shining as the mighty sun,
 Still His piercéd hands will finish
 All His work of love begun.
 On the night of His betrayal,
 In the glory of the throne,
 Still, with faithful patience, washing
 All defilement from His own.

When the Father's house resoundeth
 With the music and the song ;
 When the bride in glorious raiment
 Sees the One who loved so long.
 Then for new and blessed service
 Girt afresh, will He appear,
 Stand and serve, before His angels,
 Those who waited for Him here.

He who led them through the desert,
 Watch'd and guided day by day,
 Turn'd the flinty rocks to water,
 Made them brooks beside the way--
 He will bring them where the fountains
 Fresh and full spring forth above,
 Still, throughout the endless ages,
 Serving in the joy of love.