

## The Promise and the Word.

## I.

The Lord, the Holy One of Israel,  
 He who inhabiteth eternity,  
 Hath sworn a promise in His righteousness.  
 And tho' the hills and mountains pass away,  
 The earth, the seas and islands of the seas,  
 The heavens and all that is therein, one jot  
 Or tittle of that promise shall not fail.  
 Awake, O Zion, captive daughter, wake,  
 Awake and sing, thy impuring days shall cease,  
 For th' glory of the Lord on thee shall dawn.  
 The solitary places shall be glad;  
 The deserts bud and blossom as the rose,  
 Abundantly shall blossom and rejoice  
 With joy and singing. Say to them that fear,  
 Fear not, be strong, behold your God shall come.  
 With vengeance, even with a recompense,  
 Yea, He will come and save you. Then the eyes  
 Of all the blind shall be unsealed for aye,  
 The ears of all the deaf shall be unstopped;  
 The dumb shall sing; the lame shall leap for joy.  
 The springs shall issue from the thirsty land,  
 The dry and parched ground become a pool.  
 And in the place of dragons where each lay,  
 The grass shall grow with rushes and with reeds.  
 And where the briar flourished shall be seen  
 The myrtle tree, and in the place of thorns  
 The fir tree shall come up; and o'er the way  
 (That shall be called the way of holiness)  
 A thing unclean shall never, never pass.  
 The wolf shall dwell together with the lamb,  
 The leopard and the kid lie side by side.  
 The knowledge of the Lord shall fill the earth  
 As waters o'er the sea; and ev'ry vale  
 Shall be exalted, ev'ry hill made low.  
 The crooked shall be straight, the rough be plain;  
 The small one shall become a nation strong,  
 The little one a thousand. Lo! the prince  
 Shall come from Egypt, Ethiopia  
 Shall stretch her hands unto the living God.  
 The heathen shall be His inheritance,  
 The utmost parts of earth shall He possess.  
 All flesh shall see the glory of the Lord.  
 The floods shall clap their hands, the sea shall roar,  
 The hill and vale and mountain sing for joy.  
 Then shall the ransomed of the Lord return  
 And come with songs and everlasting joy,  
 And sorrowing and sighing flee away.

## II.

The church of Christ in longings accents sing  
 "We wait so long the promise of the King,  
 When shall we see His holy arm made bare!"  
 O ye who mourn a dying world's despair,  
 Why robe ye with the sackcloth of your woe?  
 Arise, put on your strength, do ye not know  
 That He who gave the promise gave command,  
 "Go ye and preach good news to ev'ry land!"  
 How shall He keep the covenant He made  
 Till His commands are faithfully obeyed?  
 How shall He bring the world to Christ and heaven  
 Until His Christ unto the world is given?  
 How shall this earthly wilderness rejoice  
 Till ev'ry ear has heard the still, small voice  
 Calling so softly thro' the world's dark night:  
 "Come unto Me, lost one, I am thy Light."  
 We look above us longingly and say,  
 O that His promise were fulfilled to-day,  
 And that the myriads of the world were won.—  
 While God waits only till our part is done.

The Lord will give the increase, but our hand  
 Must sow the seed and cultivate the land.  
 Around us there are wastes of briar and weed  
 Where never has been sown the precious seed,  
 And fields fast ripening as the cycle rolls  
 Await the reapers of immortal souls.  
 And there are broader fields beyond the seas,  
 The white grain bending in the Eastern breeze,  
 And oh! the boundless stretches lying there  
 Untilled, unclaimed, all desolate and bare.  
 O ye who sit at ease in Zion, rise!  
 Go forth to labor ere the daylight flies.  
 Fear not, for ye shall doubtless come again  
 Rejoicing with your sheaves of ripened grain,  
 Go for Christ's sake and on His word depend—  
 "Lo! I am with you even to the end."  
 Christ at our side, tho' rough or smooth the way!  
 Christ at our side, tho' dark or bright the day!  
 To stay our hands, to cheer the heart oppressed,  
 To give the desolate and burdened rest.  
 O weary children, tolling all the day,  
 What tho' the storm-cloud overcast the way!  
 Tho' none your heart's true faith may ever know!  
 Tho' none may ever hear the strains that flow  
 In love and adoration as ye sing  
 In feeble effort to exalt your King!  
 Tho' fallen man, enlarged in petty pride,  
 Presume to judge the brother at his side,  
 Tho' many voices clamoring in strife  
 Rehearse the seeming failures of your life!  
 Tho' love and solace ever be denied,  
 Brave souls toil on, for God is at your side.  
 The poorest piece of work your hands have wrought,  
 The Lord beholdeth and "upbraideth not."  
 Yea, He, the infinitely pure and just,  
 Looks kindly on His creatures of the dust,  
 And where we lack (O, wonderful the thought)  
 He freely giveth and "upbraideth not."  
 Near us are lives whose light is never dim,  
 Tho' shining long and constantly for Him,  
 The Light of all the world. O, that our light  
 Before a darkened world may shine so bright  
 That all may see and glorify our God  
 Whom men redeemed and hosts of heaven laud.  
 E'en yet a little while be true, be strong,  
 So short is time, eternity so long,  
 That when our work is finished we shall spend  
 Unnumbered years in rest that has no end.  
 Yea, in the rest of God shall we repose,  
 When o'er our lives the evening shadows close.

## III.

Break into joy waste places of the earth!  
 O sing together in a song of mirth!  
 The glimmer of the daydawning from on high  
 Grows bright and brighter, over all the sky  
 Its glory is reflected, and the light  
 Illumines into day a world of night.  
 Far o'er the Western wilds the soft-wind blows  
 The fragrance of the lily and the rose.  
 From out the parched ground beneath our feet  
 Spring founts of living water, cool and sweet.  
 And in the East, where once the dragon lay,  
 The rushes and the reeds are seen to-day.  
 E'en on barren fields of Burmah, Hindoestan,  
 And wastes of Afric, China and Japan,  
 Now bud and blossom where the willing hands  
 Have faithfully obeyed the King's commands.  
 O sons and daughters of the kingdom sing!  
 Lo! in the distance cometh now the King:  
 And soon a world rejoicing shall proclaim:  
 The Lord is God, Hosanna to His name!