

BEHOLD THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH.

Her trickling tears, her piteous cries,
 Her struggles, fears and agonies
 Appeal to Thy deep sympathies.
 Lord Jesus, quickly come.

By doubts and sorrows inly pressed,
 By foes beleaguered and oppressed,
 Hear the strong plea of her unrest ;
 Lord Jesus, quickly come !
 Hope of the blood-bought, blood-washed host,
 Their only glory, joy and boast ;
 Without thy advent all is lost.
 Lord Jesus, quickly come.

Flush the dark firmament afar,
 And let thy flaming sign appear ;
 Shine forth, O lustrous Morning Star !
 Lord Jesus, quickly come.
 Break through the lowering clouds of night ;
 Put these sepulchral shades to flight,
 Flash out, O resurrection Light :
 Lord Jesus, quickly come.

Come with Thy beauteous diadem ;
 Come with embattled cherubim—
 Come with the shout of seraphim—
 Lord Jesus, quickly come.
 Come on Thy seat of radiant cloud ;
 Come with the archangel's trumpet loud ;
 Come Saviour, let the heavens be bowed,
 Lord Jesus, quickly come.

And when the astonished heavens shall flee ;
 When powers of earth and hell to Thee
 Shall bend the reverential knee,
 In that great day of doom
 Be ours the happy lot to stand
 Among the white-robed ransomed band,
 And hear Thee say with outstretched hand,
 " Ye blessed children, come."

—Sel.