

## IX.

*Longing.*  
—

HE is coming from the ages,  
Surely now He must be near;  
Weary Nature! hush thy wailing,  
If His footsteps we may hear.  
Long has been the dreary watch-night,  
Sick our hearts with hope deferred;  
Oh, my longing soul! be patient,  
Resting on His faithful word.

Lord, how long? Thy plighted promise  
Bids us trust the hour is nigh:  
"Quickly, lo! I come:" Thou sayest;  
"Quickly, Lord," our hearts reply.  
Blessed day of endless brightness,  
Dawning on the troubled night,  
When the glory, long expected,  
Bursts upon our raptured sight.

Oh! to see Him crowned in glory,  
Once by men in mockery crowned,  
Join the myriad-voiced Hosanna,  
Raised by ransomed hosts around!  
Oh! to fill the lowliest station  
In Emmanuel's kingly train!  
Solace this for many a lifetime  
Spent in watching, toil, and pain.