

## THE LAST WATCH OF THE NIGHT.

REV. XIX. 7.

It ends—the vigil of high festival,  
 The solemn night of song ;  
 For lo ! the crimson day has lit the hills,  
 The day desired so long.

From peak to peak there spreads the jasper glow,  
 The morning star grows dim ;  
 How passing strange the joy that now we know—  
 So soon to look on Him.

Oh, deeper than our longing and our love,  
 More wondrous than our bliss,  
*His* love that waited while the ages rolled  
 To welcome us as *His* !

And now, the watching and the waiting o'er,  
 The sin and sadness passed,  
 Behold, within the palaces of gold,  
 The harps are strung at last !

“The Bridegroom from His chamber goeth forth,  
 Resplendent as the sun ;  
 O Bride, arise, and put thy jewels on,  
 The desert journey done.”

Thus do the morning stars together sing,  
 Our shout of joy replies ;  
 For lo ! He cometh as the solemn dawn  
 Awakes the silent skies.

The joy of God's high city peals afar,  
 Through portals open wide ;  
 All Heaven awaits the shining marriage train,  
 The Bridegroom and the Bride.



“SURELY I COME QUICKLY. AMEN. EVEN SO  
 COME, LORD JESUS.”