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**Hymns of Ter
Steegen and
Others
(Second Series)**

Frances Bevan



Hymns of Ter Steegen and Others (Second Series)

Author(s): Bevan, Frances

Publisher: Grand Rapids, MI: Christian Classics Ethereal Library

Description: This collection contains English translations of some of the best-known German Pietist poems and hymns throughout the centuries. Characteristic of their Pietist authors, the hymns' contents are deeply personal and sometimes mystical. Fortunately, little beauty and meaning is lost in Bevan's fine translations. The works of Gerhard Tersteegen (1697- 1769) and Heinrich Seuse, also known as Henry Suso (1300-1366), among others, are included. With this second volume, Bevan expands his collection of translations with English renderings of Mechthild of Magdeburg's lyrical poetry. The medieval Catholic nun, whom some consider an "evangelical witness" of her time, influenced many of the German hymnists that followed her with *The Flowing Light of Divinity*, her single written work.

Kathleen O'Bannon
CCEL Staff

Subjects: Practical theology
Worship (Public and Private) Including the church year,
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Hymnology
Hymns in languages other than English

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JOHN TAULER, NICHOLAS OF BASLE, AND HENRY SUSO

**HYMNS
OF
TER STEEGEN
AND OTHERS**

TRANSLATED BY
FRANCES BEVAN

AUTHOR OF "THREE FRIENDS OF GOD," "MATELDA AND THE CLOISTER OF
HELLFDE," ETC. ETC.

SECOND SERIES

London

JAMES NISBET & CO., LIMITED

21 BERNERS STREET

1899

Printed by Ballantyne, Hanson & Co.
At the Ballantyne Press



PREFACE

From the writings of the “Friends of God” of old time, most of the hymns that follow have been taken. Those of Mechthild of Hellfde, known also as Mechthild of Magdeburg, may be found in her book, “Das fliessende Licht der Gottheit,” translated from Low German into High German in the year 1344, and discovered in High German in the convent library of Einsiedeln in the year 1861. Mechthild, supposed with much reason to be the Matilda of Dante, belongs to the evangelical witnesses of the middle ages, known to us through Tauler, Suso, and others of those called the “Friends of God.” How distinct was their witness to the truth of the Gospel may be easily seen by comparing their writings with those of the true servants of God who remained under the influence of Roman Catholicism only. A comparison of Thomas à Kempis with Tauler will serve as an instance of this contrast. In the case of the latter, the *present* possession and enjoyment of eternal life, and of the riches of Christ; in the case of the former, an earnest and true desire to *attain* to that possession. In the latter, forgiveness, peace, and joy, the starting-point; in the former, the goal, to be reached by strenuous effort. The joy of Heaven, Christ in glory, known and rejoiced in whilst here below, may be said to mark the Friends of God of old. And in our days is there not the same celestial mark set upon those who, having learnt the blessed truth that we have died with Christ, now rejoice in the fulness of life, in Him, and in His own, and find themselves already in the possession of the deepest joy of Heaven, having known the love of Christ which passeth knowledge? It is this link which connects true saints of old with those of our days, for of all alike it is said, “We have come unto Mount Zion, to the City of God,” even whilst walking on the earth, despised and persecuted. Whilst we look onward and forward to the day of the return of Christ, to the final deliverance from all that now hinders and clouds our enjoyment of Him, have we not already that which makes the desert to be to us as the garden of the Lord? It was for this, God the Spirit came down to us in His grace and love, and whilst He takes of the things of Christ and shows them to us, we know what are the things which God has prepared for those who love Him, and in the earnest of them we rejoice. May the many voices who join in praise for this everlasting and present joy bring comfort and cheer to the hearts of the pilgrims who are passing on to the full realisation of all that is given us in Christ!”



HYMNS

IN HIS TABERNACLE

“One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord.”—Ps. xxvii. 4.

T. S. M.

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899



Not built with hands is that fair radiant chamber
Of God's untroubled rest—
Where Christ awaits to lay His weary-hearted
In stillness on His breast.
Not built on sands of time or place to perish,
When tempests roar—
But on the mighty Rock of Ages founded,
It stands for evermore—
Not only in a day of distant dawning,
When past are desert years,
But now, amidst the turmoil and the battle,
The mocking and the tears.

That Chamber still and stately waits us ever,
That sacred pure retreat—
That rest in Arms of tenderest enfoldings,
That welcome passing sweet.
O Home of God my Father's joy and gladness,
O riven Veil whereby I enter in!
There can my soul forget the grave, the weeping,
The weariness and sin.
O Chamber, all thine agate windows opened
To face the radiant east—
O holy Temple, where the saints are singing,
Where Jesus is the Priest—
Illumined with the everlasting glory,
Still with the peace of God's eternal Now,
Thou, God, my Rest, my Refuge, and my Tower—
My Home art Thou.

ARRIVED

“Ye are come unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem.”—Heb. xii. 22.

T. S. M.

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

We are come unto Mount Zion,
On Thy holy hill we stand,
The crusaders whose march is ended,
The risen and the ascended,
All hail! Immanuel’s land!

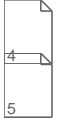
We are come unto the City,
Where our living God art Thou;
Thou Who barest our sin and sorrow,
Who comest in joy to-morrow,
Thou communest with us now—

To Jerusalem the golden,
To the Gates of Praise we come,
To the walls of Thy strong salvation,
The chambers of consolation,
The wandering ones brought home—

To the companies of Angels
We declare Thy glorious grace—
In the stoles by Thy Blood made whiter,
And crowned with a radiance brighter
Than they who behold Thy Face.

We are come to the great Assembly
Of the first-born sons of God,
The enrolled in the ancient ages,
In love’s everlasting pages,
Names registered there in Blood.

With our God, the Judge of all men,
Undismayed, unshamed we meet,



For the tears of a sinner shriven,
The kisses of lips forgiven,
For ever anoint His Feet.

With the spirits pure and holy
Of the saints of ancient years,
Of the loved ones whom death made dearer,
The absent who yet are nearer,
We worship amidst our tears.

We are come unto Thee, Lord Jesus,
We have found Thee where Thou art;
In Thy still pavilion hiding,
For ever in peace abiding—
Our eternal Home Thy heart.

We are come where the Priest has sprinkled
On the everlasting throne,
On the Ark where Thy glory dwelleth,
The Blood that for ever telleth
The work is done.

THE HEARING EAR

“The sheep hear His Voice.”—John x. 3.

T. S. M.

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

O Holy and mighty and marvellous Word
That speakest ever to me;
As of old in the silence of Eden heard
In the shade of the sacred Tree—
O Word from the depths of the ancient years,
From deserts Thy pilgrims trod,
From the hidden chambers of saints and seers,
From the secret place of God—
From the well of Sychar, the gate of Nain,
From the winds of the midnight sea,
Thou speakest in marvellous songs again
In the stillness of night to me.
From the noonday darkness the solemn Voice
Tells of my judgment borne—
And it calls to my soul to sing and rejoice
From the glow of the First-day morn.
Unsilenced yet to the ear that hears,
Thou Voice of eternal bliss,
Thou speakest in speech that is deeper than tears,
And sweet as the Father's kiss.
In Heaven the marvellous song ascends,
And in chambers mean and dim,
Where over the dead the mourner bends,
There steals the eternal Hymn.



THE SECOND TOUCH

“After that He put His hands again upon his eyes, and made him look up.”—Mark viii.

25.

C. P. C.

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

Lo! a Hand amidst the darkness
 Clasped mine own—
Led me forth the blind and helpless,
 Led me forth alone;
From the crowd and from the clamour
 To a silent place;
Touched mine eyes—I looked upon Him—
 Saw Him face to face.
Saw Him, as the dawning swiftly risen
 O'er the valleys grey;
I had passed from midnight of my prison
 Forth into the day.
Lo! again His mighty Hand hath touched me,
 Touched the eyes so dim;
Radiant in the noontide of His Heaven
 Look they now on Him.
Where He is, I see Him and I know Him;
 Where He is I am,
In the Light that is the Love eternal,
 Light that is the Lamb.
“Go not back,” so spake He, “to the city
 Where men know Me not—
Tell not there the mystery and the wonder
 I have wrought.
Go unto thy Home, O My beloved
 To thy Home and Mine;
Hear the blessed welcome of My Father,
 ‘All I have is thine.’”
Therefore am I journeying to the Father,
 And He walks with me
Over mountains, through the pastures of His valleys,
 O'er the sea—
And upwards through the heavens where His City



Burneth, gloweth with the light
Of the glory of the gems that He has gathered
In the caverns of the night.
Already come the sounds of harps and singing
When the winds arise,
And the joy of His espousals glows as morning
Arisen in His eyes.
See ye nought of Him? His glory and His beauty?
O eyes so sad and dim?
Still—hearken—He is passing—He is passing—
Come unto Him.



THE POWER

“Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.”—Zech. iv. 6.

J. Tauler, † 1361.

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

Rest from longing and desire
O thou weary heart!
Dost thou ween thy choice has been
Not the lower but the higher,
Thine the better part?
And therefore dost thou long with bitter longing
From the day dawn to the night.
For the holiness, the rest of His beloved
Who walk with Him in white?
Thou art wearied with the striving and the yearning
For the crown that thou wouldst win;
Thou hast learnt but thine immensity of weakness,
But the mystery of thy sin.
Beloved, the Lord spake to me in comfort
When thus it was with me—
“Wert thou cast all alone upon thy mantle,
All alone upon the sea—
Nought round thee but immensity of waters,
No strength in thee to swim,
How, seeing only God in Heaven above thee,
Wouldst thou cast thyself on Him?”
Therefore thank Him for thy helplessness, beloved,
And if thou needs must long,
Let it be but for the rest of utter weakness,
In the Arms for ever strong.
Long only that He make thee bare and empty—
Take all that is thine own,
Thy prowess, and thy strength, and thine endeavour,
And leave thee God alone.
In the stillness of that peace the work is ended
By Him, and not by thee;
The end of *His* desire and His longing
To see thee stand in stainless white before Him
Is that which needs must be.



THE BLESSED COUNTRY

“The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.”—Is. xxxv. 1.

C. P. C.

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

O glad the wilderness for me,
And glad the solitary place,
Since Thou hast made mine eyes to see,
To see Thy Face.

Not heavenly fields, but desert sands
Rejoice and blossom as the rose;
For through the dry and thirsty lands
Thy River flows.

O Way beside that living tide.
The Way, the Truth, the Life art Thou;
I drink, and I am satisfied,
Now, even now.

Eternal joy already won,
Eternal songs already given;
For long ago the work was done
That opened Heaven.



THE DWELLING OF THE LORD

“They said unto Him, Master, where dwellest Thou? He saith unto them, Come and see.”—John i. 38, 39.

C. P. C.

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899



Now—borne upon the still, the boundless deep,
By tempest never stirred,
The peaceful sea where song and minstrelsy
From shores that in the golden morning sleep
Alone are heard.

Now—hidden in His secret place, afar
Within the sheltering Home—
Apart as in the glory of a star
Where all the strifes that madden and that mar
May never come.

Now—o'er the dark and solitary ways
Borne onward on His breast,
Through windings of the strange and tangled maze,
Through weary nights, and through the changing days,
At rest—at rest.

Now—lips unskilful fain would tell the bliss
The heart in secret shares—
The meeting, and the welcome, and the kiss,
The blessed marvels and the mysteries
His love prepares.

Now—holy cloisters closed to strife and sin
Where Angels walk in white—
And blessed saints adoring enter in,
Their everlasting anthems to begin
In songs of night.

Now—O Beloved Lord, Thy risen ones,
In peace we walk with Thee;

Beyond the graves we dwell, beyond the suns;
Beside the fountain whence the River runs
At last to be!

RISEN AND ASCENDED

“While He blessed them, He was parted from them, and carried up into Heaven.”—Luke xxiv. 51.

G. Ter Steegen.

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

All hail! O glorious Son of God,
In triumph risen again—
All heaven resounds with joyful laud
The songs of ransomed men;
The mighty chains of death are riven,
The Risen Christ is throned in Heaven.

Before thee all the shining hosts
The mighty Angels bend;
Thy saved ones from a thousand coasts
Their psalms of victory blend—
I join that song so passing sweet,
I cast my crown before Thy Feet.

O joy! the second Adam stands
Within God’s Paradise—
No longer barred by flaming brands
The shining pathway lies—
Within, the glorious Head has passed;
Each member must be there at last.

Behind us lie the cross and grave,
Before, eternal bliss;
There blossoms from the garden cave
The Tree of Righteousness,
The Face that shame and spitting bore
Is crowned with radiance evermore.

With Mary, O my Lord, I bow
In rapture at Thy Feet;
In spirit humbly kiss them now
And soon in presence sweet;



My name upon Thy lips divine
The lips that tell me "Thou art mine."

Thou livest far from earthly strife
In God's eternal peace—
And there with Thee is hid my life,
And there my wanderings cease;
The secret place where still and blest
I rest in Thine eternal rest.

MARAH

“The Lord showed him a tree, which when he had cast into the waters, the waters were made sweet.”—Exod. xv. 25.

Richard Rolle, † 1349.

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

Many sorrows hard and bitter,
 Many comforts sweet and soft;
Thus my cry as joyful singing
 Evermore shall mount aloft.
Song of marvellous rejoicing
 As in Heaven the blessed sing,
For the love of Christ has filled me
 With His sweetest plenishing.
Joy no thought of man conceiveth,
 Howsoever deep his lore;
None can tell but he who hath it,
 Hath it now and evermore.
Ill they spake, “Can God provide us,
 Cheer amidst the wilderness?”
He a feast of joy has furnished,
 Feast of sweetness, love, and bliss.
In the desert Bread He giveth,
 So that nought we crave beside,
Raineth the delight of Heaven,
 We are more than satisfied.
Thus my sorrow turns to music
 And my cry to sweetest song;
Weeping to eternal gladness,
 Night is short—the Day is long.



THE HOME OF THE SOUL

“Giving thanks unto the Father, which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light.”—Col. i. 12.

Mechthild of Hellfde, † 1277.

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

The mind saith to the soul—

“In the glory of God no foot hath trod;

A devouring Fire dread to see;

In the blinding light of the face of God

No soul can be.

For thou knowest that all high Heaven is bright

With a glory beyond the sun,

With the radiance of the saints in light,

And the fount of that Light is one.

From the breath of the everlasting God,

From the mouth of the Man Divine,

From the counsel of God the Holy Ghost

Doth that awful glory shine.

Soul, couldst thou abide for an hour alone

In the burning fire around His throne?”

And the soul makes answer—

The fish drowns not in the mighty sea,

The bird sinks not in the air,

The gold in the furnace fire may be,

And is yet more radiant there.

For God to each of His creatures gave

The place to its nature known;

And shall it not be that my heart should crave

For that which is mine own?

For my nature seeketh her dwelling-place,

That only, and none other;

The child must joy in the Father’s face,

The brethren in the Brother.

To the bridal chamber goeth the bride,

For love is her home and rest;



And shall not I in His light abide,
When I lean upon His breast?

* * * * *

And she who is beloved with love untold,
Thus goes to Him Who is divinely fair,
In His still Chamber of unsullied gold,
And love all pure, all holy, greets her there—
The love of His eternal Godhead high,
The love of His divine Humanity.
Then speaketh He and saith, “Beloved one,
What wouldst thou? It is thine.
From self shalt thou go forth for evermore,
For thou art Mine.

O soul! no angel for an hour might dream
Of all the riches that I give to thee;
The glory and the beauty that beseeem
The heritage of life that is in Me.
Yet satisfied, thou shalt for ever long,
So sweeter shall be thine eternal song.”
O Lord my God, so small, so poor am I,
And great, Almighty, O my God, art Thou!
“Yet art thou joined to Christ eternally,
My love a changeless everlasting NOW.”
And thus the joyful soul is still
At rest in God’s eternal will;
And she is His, and thus delighteth He
Her own to be.



THE FOOTSTEPS

“Ye shall indeed drink of the cup that I drink of.”—Mark x. 39.

Mechthild of Hellfde, † 1277.

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

Behold, My bride, how fair My mouth, Mine eyes;
My heart is glowing fire, My hand is grace—
And see how swift My foot, and follow Me.
For thou with Me shalt scorned and martyred be,
Betrayed by envy, tempted in the wilds,
And seized by hate, and bound by calumny;
And they shall bind thine eyes lest thou should'st see,
By hiding Mine eternal truth from thee.
And they shall scourge thee with the world's despite,
And shrieve thee with the ban of doom and dread,
For penance thy dishonoured head shall smite,
By mockery thou to Herod shalt be led,

By misery left forlorn—

And bound by want, and by temptation crowned,

And spit upon by scorn.

The loathing of thy sin thy cross shall be,
Thy crucifixion, crossing of thy will;
The nails, obedience that shall fasten thee,
And love shall wound, and steadfastness shall slay,

Yet thou shalt love Me still.

The spear shall pierce thy heart; *My* life shall be
The life that lives and moves henceforth in thee.
Then as a conqueror loosened from the cross,
Laid in the grave of nothingness and loss,
Thou shalt awaken, and be borne above
Upon the breath of Mine Almighty love.



IN THE GARDEN OF GOD

“Tell me, O Thou whom my soul loveth, where Thou feedest, where Thou makest Thy flock to rest at noon.”—Cant. i. 7.

Mechthild of Hellfde, † 1277.

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

When mine eyes are dim with weeping,
 And my tongue with grief is dumb;
And it is as if Thou wert sleeping,
 When my heart calleth, “Come;”
When I hunger with bitter hunger
 O Lord for Thee,
Where art Thou then, Belovèd?
 Speak, speak to me—
“I am where I was in the ancient days,
 I in Myself must be;
In all things I am, and in every place,
 For there is no change in Me.
Where the sun is My Godhead, throned above,
 For thee, O Mine own I wait;
I wait for thee in the Garden of love,
 Till thou comest irradiate,
With the light that shines from My Face divine,
 And I pluck the flowers for thee;
They are thine, beloved, for they are Mine,
 And thou art one with Me.
In the tender grass by the waters still
 I have made thy resting-place;
Thy rest shall be sweet in My holy will,
 And sure in My changeless grace—
And I bend for thee the holy Tree,
 Where blossoms the mystic Rod,
The highest of all the trees that be
 In the Paradise of God.
And thou of that Tree of life shalt eat,
 Of the Life that is in Me;
Thou shalt feed on the fruit that is good for meat,
 And passing fair to see.
There, overshadowed by mighty wings



Of the Holy Spirit's peace,
Beyond the sorrow of earthly things,
The toil and the tears shall cease.
And there beneath the eternal Tree
I will teach thy lips to sing,
The sweet new song that is strange to thee
In the land of thy banishing.
They follow the Lamb where'er He goes
To whom it is revealed;
The pure and the undefiled are those,
The ransomed and the sealed.
Thou shalt learn the speech and the music rare,
And thou shalt sing as they,
Not only there in my garden fair,
But here beloved, to-day!
O Lord, a faint and a feeble voice
Is mine in this house of clay,
But Thy love hath made my lips rejoice,
And I can sing and say,
"I am pure, O Lord, for Thou art pure,
Thy love and mine are one;
And my robe is white, for Thine is white,
And brighter than the sun.
Thy mouth and mine can know no moan,
No note of man's sad mirth,
But the everlasting joy alone
Unknown to songs of earth;
And for ever fed on that living Tree,
I will sing the song of Thy love with Thee."



DWELLING IN LOVE

“We love Him, because He first loved us.”—1 John iv. 19.

Mechthild of Hellfde, † 1277.

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

I rejoice that I cannot but love Him,
Because He first loved me;
I would that measureless, changeless,
My love might be;
A love unto death and for ever;
For, soul, He died for thee.
Give thanks that for thee He delighted
To leave His glory on high;
For thee to be humbled, forsaken,
For thee to die.
Wilt thou render Him love for His loving?
Wilt thou die for Him who died?
And so by thy dying and living
Shall Christ be magnified.
And deep in the fiery stream that flows
From God's high throne,
In the burning tide that for ever glows
Of the marvellous love unknown;
For ever, O soul, thou shalt burn and glow,
And thou shalt sing and say,
“I need no call at His feet to fall,
For I cannot turn away.
I am the captive led along
With the joy of His triumphal song;
In the depths of love do I love and move,
I joy to live or to die;
For I am borne on the tide of His love
To all eternity:”
The foolishness of the fool is this,
The sorrow sweeter than joy to miss.



THE GIFT

“There came no more such abundance of spices as those which the queen of Sheba gave to King Solomon.”—1 Kings x. 10.

Mechthild of Hellfde, † 1277.

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

“What dost thou bring me, O my Queen?

Love maketh thy steps to fly.”

Lord, to Thee my jewel I bring,

Greater than mountains high;

Broader than all the earth’s broad lands,

Heavier than the ocean sands,

And higher it is than the sky:

Deeper it is than the depths of the sea,

And fairer than the sun,

Unreckoned, as if the stars could be

All gathered into one.

“O thou My Godhead’s image fair,

Thou Eve from Adam framed,

My flesh, My bone, My life to share,

My Spirit’s diadem to wear,

How is thy jewel named?”

Lord, it is called my heart’s desire,

From the world’s enchantments won;

I have borne it afar through flood and fire

And will yield it up to none;

But the burden I can bear no more—

Where shall I lay it up in store?

“There is no treasure-house but this,

My heart divine, My Manhood’s breast;

There shall My Spirit’s sacred kiss

Fill thee with rest.”



A SONG IN THE NIGHT

“Then took Mary a pound of ointment of spikenard, very costly, and anointed the feet of Jesus.”—John xii. 3.

Mechthild of Hellfde, † 1277.

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

O Jesus Lord, most fair, most passing sweet,
In darkest hours revealed in love to me,
In those dark hours I fall before Thy feet,
I sing to Thee.
I join the song of love, and I adore
With those who worship Thee for evermore.
Thou art the Sun of every eye,
The Gladness everywhere,
The guiding Voice for ever nigh,
The Strength to do and bear;
The sacred Lore of wisdom's store,
The Life of life to all,
The Order mystic, marvellous
In all things great and small.
Thy love hast Thou told from the days of old,
Thou hast written my name in Thy Book divine;
Engraved on Thy hands and Thy feet it stands,
And on Thy side as a sign;
O glorious Man in the garden of God,
Thy sacred Manhood is mine.
I kneel on the golden floor of Heaven
With my box of ointment sweet,
Grant unto me, Thy much forgiven,
To kiss and anoint Thy feet.
“Where wilt thou find that ointment rare,
O My beloved one?”
Thou brakest my heart, and didst find it there,
Rest sweetly there alone.
“There is no embalming so sweet to Me
As to dwell, my well-belovèd, in thee.”
Lord, take me home to Thy palace fair,
So will I ever anoint Thee there.
“I will, but My plighted troth saith, ‘Wait,’



And My love saith, 'Work to-day;'
My meekness saith, 'Be of low estate,'
And My longing, 'Watch and pray;'
My shame and sorrow say, 'Bear My cross;'
My song saith, 'Win the crown;'
My guerdon saith, 'All else is loss;'
My patience saith, 'Be still;'
Till thou shalt lay the burden down,
 Then, when I will.
Then, beloved, the crown and palm,
 And then the music and the psalm;
And the cup of joy My hand shall fill
 Till it overflow;
And with singing I strike the harp of gold
 I have tuned below.
The harp I tune in desolate years
 Of sorrow and tears,
Till a music sweet the chords repeat,
 Which all the heavens shall fill;
For the holy courts of God made meet,
 Then, when I will."



THINGS SEEN AND HEARD

“My Beloved is mine, and I am His; He feedeth among the lilies.”—Cant. ii. 16.

Mechthild of Hellfde, † 1277.

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

Thou hast shone within this soul of mine,
As the sun on a shrine of gold;
When I rest my heart, O Lord, on Thine,
My bliss is manifold.
My soul is the gem on Thy diadem,
And my marriage robe Thou art;
If aught could sever my heart from Thine,
The sorrow beyond all sorrows were mine,
Alone and apart.
Could I not find Thy love below,
Then would my soul as a pilgrim go
To Thy holy land above;
There would I love Thee as I were fain
With everlasting love.
Now have I sung my tuneless song,
But I hearken, Lord, for Thine;
So shall a music, sweet and strong,
Pass into mine.
“I am the Light, and the lamp thou art;
The River, and thou the thirsty land;
To thee thy sighs have drawn My heart,
And ever beneath thee is My Hand.
And when thou weepest it needs must be
Within Mine arms that encompass thee;
Thy heart from Mine can none divide,
For one are the Bridegroom and the Bride;
It is sweet, beloved, for Me and thee
To wait for the Day that is to be.”
O Lord, with hunger and thirst I wait,
With longing before Thy golden gate,
Till the Day shall dawn
When from Thy lips divine have passed
The sacred words that none may hear
But the soul that, loosed from the earth at last,



Hath laid her ear
To the mouth that speaks in the still sweet morn
Apart and alone—
Then shall the secret of love be told
The mystery known.

MADE ONE

“He that is joined unto the Lord is one spirit.”—1 Cor. vi. 17.

Mechthild of Hellfde, † 1277.

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

The mouth of the Lord hath spoken,
Hath spoken a mighty word;
My sinful heart it hath broken,
Yet sweeter I never heard;
“Thou, thou art, O soul, My deep desire
And My love’s eternal bliss:
Thou art the rest where leaneth My breast,
And My mouth’s most holy kiss.
Thou art the treasure I sought and found,
Rejoicing over thee;
I dwell in thee, and with thee am I crowned,
And thou dost dwell in Me.
Thou art joined to Me, O Mine own, for ever,
And nearer thou canst not be—
Shall aught on earth or in Heaven sever
Myself from Me?”



BENEATH HIS BANNER

“Thine are we, David, and on thy side, thou son of Jesse.”—1 Chron. xii. 18.

Mechthild of Hellfde, † 1277.

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

’Twixt God and thee but love shall be;
’Twixt earth and thee distrust and fear,
’Twixt sin and thee shall be hate and war;
And hope shall be ’twixt Heaven and thee
Till night is o’er.

THE HIGHWAY

“The Lord God is my strength, and He will make my feet like hinds’ feet, and He will make me to walk upon mine high places.”—Hab. iii. 19.

Mechthild of Hellfde, † 1277.

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

It is a wondrous and a lofty road
Wherein the faithful soul must tread,
And by the seeing there the blind are led,
The senses by the soul acquaint with God.
On that high path the soul is free,
She knows no care nor ill,
For all God wills desireth she,
And blessed is His will.



THE BRIDE, THE LAMB'S WIFE

“Whom have I in Heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee.”—Ps. lxxiii. 25.

Mechthild of Hellfde, † 1277.

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

Thus speaks the Bride whose feet have trod
The chamber of eternal rest,
The secret treasure-house of God,
Where God is manifest:
“Created things, arise and flee,
Ye are but sorrow and care to me.”
This wide, wide world, so rich and fair,
Thou sure canst find thy solace there?
“Nay, ’neath the flowers the serpent glides,
Amidst the bravery envy hides.”
And is not Heaven enough for thee?
“Were God not there, ’twere a tomb to Me.”
O Bride, the saints in glory shine;
Can *they* not fill this heart of thine?
“Nay, were the Lamb their Light withdrawn,
The saints in gloom would weep and mourn.”
Can the Son of God not comfort thee?
“Yea, Christ and none besides for me.
For mine is a soul of noble birth,
That needeth more than Heaven and earth;
And the breath of God must draw me in
To the Heart that was riven for my sin.
For the Sun of the Godhead pours His rays
Through the crystal depths of His Manhood’s grace.
And the Spirit sent by Father and Son
Hath filled my soul, and my heart hath won;
And the longing and love are past and gone,
For all that is less than God alone—
God only, sweet to this heart of mine,
O wondrous death that is life divine!”

35

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ECCE HOMO

“Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth.”—Is. xlv. 22.

Mechthild of Hellfde, † 1277.

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

Wilt thou, sinner, be converted?
Christ the Lord of glory see
By His own denied, deserted,
Bleeding, bound, and scourged for thee.
Look again, O soul, behold Him
On the cross uplifted high;
See the precious life-blood flowing,
See the tears that dim His eye.
Love has pierced the heart that brake,
Loveless sinner, for thy sake.
Hearken till thy heart is broken
To His cry so sad and sweet,
Hearken to the hammer smiting
Nails that pierce His hands and feet.
See the side whence flows the fountain
Of His love and life divine,
Riven by a hand unthankful—
Lo! that hand is thine.
See the crown of thorns adorning
God's beloved, holy Son;
Then fall down in bitter mourning,
Weep for that which *thou* hast done.
Thank Him that His heart was willing
So to die for love of thee;
Thank Him for the joy that maketh
This world's joy but gall to be.
And till thou in Heaven adore Him
Fight for Him in knightly guise,
Joy in shame and scorn and sorrow;
Glorious is the prize!



THE EXCHANGE

“I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord.”—Phil. iii. 8.

Mechthild of Hellfde, † 1277.

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

If the world were mine and all its store,
And were it of crystal gold;
Could I reign on its throne for evermore
From the ancient days of old,
An empress noble and fair as day,
O gladly might it be,
That I might cast it all away;
Christ, only Christ for me.
For Christ my Lord my spirit longs,
For Christ, my Saviour dear;
The joy and sweetness of my songs
The whilst I wander here—
O Lord, my spirit fain would flee
From the lonely desert away to Thee.



SEVEN-FOLD JOY

“Seven times a day do I praise Thee because of Thy righteous judgments.”—Ps. cxix.
164.

Mechthild of Hellfde, † 1277.

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

I bring unto Thy grace a seven-fold praise,
 Thy wondrous love I bless—
I praise, remembering my sinful days,
 My worthlessness.
I praise that I am waiting, Lord, for Thee,
 When, all my wanderings past,
Thyself wilt bear me, and wilt welcome me
 To home at last.
I praise Thee that for Thee I long and pine,
 For Thee I ever yearn;
I praise Thee that such fitful love as mine
 Thou dost not spurn;
I praise Thee for the hour when first I saw
 The glory of Thy face,
Here dimly, but in fulness evermore
 In that high place.
I praise Thee for a mystery unnamed,
 Unuttered here below;
Unspeakable in words the lips have framed,
 Yet passing sweet to know.
It is the still, the everlasting tide,
 The stream of Love Divine,
That from the heart of God for evermore
 Flows into mine.
To that deep joy that bindeth Heart to heart
 In one eternal love,
A still small stream that flows unseen below
 An endless sea above,
To that high love, that fathomless delight,
 No thought of man may reach;
And yet beyond it is a seven-fold bliss
Most holy of God's holy mysteries,
 Untold in speech.



Faith only hath beheld that secret place,
Faith only knows how great, how high, how fair,
The Temple where the Lord unveils His Face
To His beloved there.
O how unfading is that pure delight!
How full the joy of that exhaustless tide
Which flows for ever in its glorious might,
So still, so wide!
And deep we drink with sweet eternal thirst,
With lips for ever eager as at first,
Yet ever satisfied.



CALLED UP

“Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.”—Ps. cxvi. 15.

Mechthild of Hellfde, † 1277.

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

He laid him down upon the breast of God
In measureless delight—
Enfolded in the tenderness untold,
The sweetness infinite.

CHANGE OF RAIMENT

“Behold, I have caused thine iniquity to pass from thee, and I will clothe thee with change of raiment. And I said, Let them set a fair mitre upon his head. So they set a fair mitre upon his head, and clothed him with garments.”—Zech. iii. 4, 5.

G. Ter Steegen.

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

Lord Jesus, all my sin and guilt
Love laid of old on Thee,
Thy love the cross and sorrow willed,
Love undeserved by me.
The victory over death and hell
Thou, Lord, for me didst win;
And Thou hast nailed upon Thy Cross
All, all my sin.

The way into the Holiest Place
Stands open now to me;
Where I can see Thy glorious Face,
Nor tremble thus to see.
For as I am to Thee I come,
I clasp Thy blessed Feet,
And learn the mystery of love
So deep, so sweet.

Enfolded, O my Lord, in Thee,
And hid in Thee I rest,
Enwrapped in Christ's own purity
Secure upon Thy breast.
Had I an Angel's raiment—fair
With heavenly gems unpriced,
That glorious garb I would not wear,
My robe is Christ.



ABOVE AND BELOW

“As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing.”—2 Cor. vi. 10.

P. G.

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

In the bosom of the Father,
Centre of His endless love,
In the light and in the glory,
Thus in Christ I dwell above.

Filling up His bitter sufferings,
Drinking of His cup of woe,
And rejoicing as I do it,
Thus with Christ I walk below.

There above I rest, untroubled,
All my service to adore;
Cross and shame and death and sorrow
Left behind for evermore.

Therefore am I never weary
Journeying onward through the waste;
And the bitter Marah waters
Have but sweetness to my taste.

While He tells the wondrous secret
Of His perfect love to me,
While His heart's exhaustless fulness
In His blessed face I see;

Can there be but joy and glory
In His Cross and shame below?
Sweet each mark of His rejection;
Where His steps are, I must go.

One the path, and one the sorrow—
Path the angels cannot tread;
Sorrow giving sweet assurance



We are members, He the Head,

Blessed path that ends to-morrow
In the place where He is gone;
Thus, the silver trumpets sounding,
Through the waste we journey on.

BROUGHT NIGH

“Riches of His grace.”—Eph. i. 7.

“Riches of His glory.”—Eph. iii. 16.

W. R.

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

Rich, our God, art Thou in mercy,
Dead in sins were we,
When Thy great love rested on us,
Sinners, dear to Thee.

Blessed path of grace that led us
From the depths of death
To the fair eternal mansions
Quickened by Thy breath.

Riches of Thy grace have brought us
There, in Christ, to Thee;
Riches of Thy glory make us
Thy delight to be.

Not alone the stream that cleansed us
Flowed from Jesus dead,
Tides of glory now are flowing
From our living Head.

Down to us from Christ in Heaven
Those bright rivers run—
In His lowest saint and feeblest,
God beholds His Son.

He with deep delight is tracing
Every feature fair
Of His Son, His well-belovèd,
Throned beside Him there.

And those lines of glorious beauty
Here His eye can see,



Back to God in light reflected,
Christ revealed in me.

Gazing on the cloudless glory
Of the Lord we love,
Where unveiled He fills with radiance
Those bright courts above,

Day by day a change is passing
O'er each lifted brow,
Soon to shine like Christ in glory,
Though so dimly now.

Evermore that light transforms us
In the Father's sight,
Not His love alone our portion,
But His full delight.

Not because of guilt, but glory,
Doth His love provide
That fair robe so well beseeming
Christ's unspotted Bride.

Fair amidst His new creation
Formed from Christ alone,
God in us His Son beholding,
Rests, the work is done.

Wondrous riches of the glory
Won in shame and blood,
And from heaven outpoured in fulness,
Endless love of God.

THE SONG OF HIS JOY

“He will save, He will rejoice over thee with joy; He will rest in His love, He will joy over thee with singing.”—Zeph. iii. 17.

T. P.

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

Wondrous joy, Thy joy, Lord Jesus,
Deep, eternal, pure, and bright—
Thou alone the Man of Sorrows,
Thus couldst tell of joy aright.

Lord, we know that joy, that gladness,
Which in fulness Thou hast given—
Sharing all that countless treasure,
We on earth with Thee in Heaven.

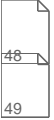
... Even as He went before us
Through the wilderness below.
So, in strength unworn, unfailing,
Onward also would we go.

All the earth a desert round Him,
All His springs in God alone;
Every heart, save God's heart only,
Making discord with His own.

There to walk alone, rejoicing—
Through the ruin and the sin;
Darkness of the midnight round Him,
Glory of God's love within.

From no lower fountain flowing
Than the heart of God above,
All the gladness of that glory,
All the power of that love.

Onward to the cross rejoicing,
Where all powers of evil met,



Giving thanks 'midst deepest darkness
That God's love was deeper yet.

Then ascended in the glory,
By that love's unfailing spring,
There to sing the song of triumph,
There the song of songs to sing.

Hearken to that hymn of glory
Filling all the holy place,
Golden psalm of Him who looketh
On the Father's blessed face.

Voice of measureless rejoicing,
Joy unmingled, deep and clear,
Wonder to the listening Heavens,
Music to the Father's ear.

Won in travail of His Spirit,
Agony, and shame, and blood,
That blest place beside the Father,
Nearest to the heart of God.

Won for *me!* my praises leading,
Jesus sings that song divine;
All His joy my own for ever,
All His peace for ever mine.

What though drought be all around me,
Desert land on every side—
With that spring of love and gladness
Shall I not be satisfied?

THE HIDDEN PATH

“There is a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture’s eye hath not seen.”—Job
xxviii. 7.

T. P.

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

One place have I in heaven above
 The glory of His throne—
On this dark earth, whence He is gone,
 I have one place alone,
And if His rest in Heaven I know,
I joy to find His path below,

We meet to own that place alone
 Around the broken bread—
The dead whose life is hid with Christ
 Remembering Jesus dead.
For us has set the earthly light,
 Above, the glory; here, the night.

And dear as is His place on high,
 His footsteps are below,
Where He has gone through scorn and wrong,
 There also would I go.
Lord, where Thou diedst I would die,
 For where Thou livest, there am I.

One lonely path across the waste,
 Thy lowly path of shame;
I would adore Thy wondrous grace
 That I should tread the same.
The Stranger and the Alien, Thou—
 And I the stranger, alien, now.

Thy Cross a mighty barrier stands
 Between the world and me—
Not yielding with reluctant hands,
 But glorying to be free,



From that which now is dung and dross,
Beside Thy Glory, and Thy Cross.

I see Thee there amidst the light,
The Father's blessed Son;
I know that I in Thee am there,
That light and love mine own.
What has this barren world to give,
If there in Thy deep joy I live?

Sent hither from that glorious Home,
As Thou wert sent before,
Of that great love from whence I come
To witness evermore,
For this would I count all things loss,
Thy joy, Thy glory, and Thy Cross.

THE PEARL

“When he had found one pearl of great price, he went and sold all that he had, and bought it.”—Matt. xiii. 46.

C. P. C.

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

Tale of tenderness unfathomed
Told by God to me—
Tale of love, mysterious, awful—
Thus God’s love must be.

God the Seeker—one fair image
Ever in His thought,
Pure, and radiant, and faultless,
Yet He found it not.

Not amongst His holy Angels,
Was there one so bright;
Not amongst His stars of glory
Dwelt His heart’s delight.

Yet there was a depth unfathomed
In a lonely place;
One great deep of endless sorrow,
Darkness on its face.

Restless sea of black pollution
Moaning evermore,
Weary waves for ever breaking
On a barren shore.

There below in midnight darkness,
Under those wild waves,
Lies the treasure God is seeking,
Jewel that He craves.

Down beneath those sunless waters
He from Heaven has passed,



He has found His heart's desire,
Found His pearl at last.

All He had His heart has given
For that gem unpriced—
Such art thou, O ransomed sinner,
Yea, for such is Christ.

TER STEEGEN'S GOLDEN TIMEPIECE

G. Ter Steegen, † 1769.
tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

[John xiii. 5.](#)

6 P.M.

Wilt Thou be the sinner's servant,
Humble, loving Lord,
Wash my ways, and all my converse,
Thought, and deed, and word.
Make me bend, the least and lowest,
At my brethren's feet;
Love saith, "As the task is meanest,
Is the service sweet."

[Matt. xxvi. 28.](#)

7 P.M.

Givest thou Thyself, Lord Jesus,
Thus my life to be?
Thy most precious Blood and Body
Offered up for me?
Thou, O Lord, my food eternal
My eternal feast—
All my hunger stilled for ever,
All my thirst appeased.

[John xvii. 9, 20.](#)

8 P.M.

Great High Priest whose prayers are music
In the Father's ears,
I shall know their glorious answer
Through eternal years.
Even now, O Lord, I know it,
Made by love Divine,
One with Thee, henceforth, for ever,
Therefore one with Thine.

[John xviii. 1.](#)



9 P.M.

Lo! I see the shadow falling
 Awful in its gloom—
See Thee passing, O Belovèd,
 To Thy place of doom—
Mine the sin that veiled the glory,
 Thine the burden sore—
Yet, O world, so sweet that sorrow,
 Thou art sweet no more.

[Luke xxii. 41.](#)

10 P.M.

Sorrowful, I see Thee kneeling
 That dread cup to take;
Filled with wrath of my deserving
 Given Thee for my sake.
Yet to Thee how sweet the bitter,
 Sweet the Father's will!
Lord, may I, Thy love recalling,
 Suffer, and be still.

[Luke xxii. 44.](#)

11 P.M.

For Thine agony of weeping,
 For Thy sweat of Blood,
For Thy prayer that told the marvel
 Of the love of God;
Lord, I thank Thee—still ascendeth
 That unceasing prayer,
Incense from my heart's still temple;
 God's High Priest is there.

[Luke xxii. 48.](#)

MIDNIGHT.

On! the traitor's kiss to suffer
 On Thy lips Divine—
Yield Thyself to foemen, stricken

By one word of Thine—
Give me, Lord, to bear rejoicing
Cross and shame for Thee—
Meet with loving lips and gentle
Him who hateth me.

[John xviii. 12.](#)

1 A.M.

Unresisting, uncomplaining,
Holy, harmless, calm;
Driven, beaten, led to slaughter,
God's unblemished Lamb—
Bind me in eternal fetters,
Lead me, Thine alone;
Silent when contempt and hatred
Mark me for Thine own.

[Mark xiv. 64.](#)

2 A.M.

Lo! they judge Thee as a traitor,
All the treachery mine—
Scourge Thee as a malefactor,
Saviour Divine.
Search me, O my God, and try me,
Cleanse my inmost will;
Give to me, if men misjudge me,
Patience sweet and still.

[Mark xiv. 71.](#)

3 A.M.

Peter hath denied Thee—wilder
Rise the waters deep—
Smitten by Thine eyes of pity
He hath fled to weep.
Make me strong, and true and faithful,
All my strength in Thee;
When my faithless steps would wander,

Look Thou, Lord, on me.

[Mark xv. 5.](#)

4 A.M.

Silent midst the false accusers,
Thou the Witness true;
Proud, false lips revile and sentence
Him they never knew.
I, the guilty one, acquitted
By Thy lips Divine;
Thine the curse and condemnation,
Life and glory mine.

[Mark xv. 19.](#)

5 A.M.

Lo! they mock Thee, spit upon Thee,
Smite the Face of God;
I shall stand in shining raiment,
Whitened in Thy Blood—
Stand before Thy Throne of judgment
Faultless, glad, and free;
Grant me love to men who hate me
As Thy love to me.

[John xix. 9.](#)

6 A.M.

As a sheep before her shearers
Dumb and still art Thou;
For the kingdom and the glory
Are not given Thee now.
Not for me the courts enchanted
Of the world's delight—
With Thee in Thy palace gardens
I shall walk in white.

[John xix. 16.](#)

7 A.M.

Dragged from Thy beloved city,
Zion's holy hill,
Mirth of fools and song of drunkards,
Thou art silent still.
Silently, O Lord, I follow
In that path of shame,
Thy reproach and Thy dishonour
Glory of my name.

[John xviii. 40.](#)

8 A.M.

Thou, the Prince of Life, rejected,
And the murderer claimed;
Stripped and scourged by hands ungentle,
Mocked by tongues untamed—
Strip from me, Lord, self's foul raiment,
Clothe me with Thine own;
I am fit for courts of Heaven,
Clad in Christ alone.

[John xix. 2.](#)

9 A.M.

With the crown of thorns they crown Thee,
Scornfully they bow;
On the Father's throne in glory
Thou art seated now.
Mighty God, I bow before Thee,
Thee, the Saviour King;
Here, my joy to love and suffer;
There, to love and sing.

[John xix. 5.](#)

10 A.M.

Mocked and spit upon, and bleeding,
Pilate leads Thee forth;
In Thy face they see no beauty,
In Thy Blood no worth.

O despised and humble Jesus,
What, compared with Thee,
Are the glory and the beauty
Of all worlds to me.

[John xix. 16.](#)

11 A.M.

Sentence passed on Thee, the guiltless
By a sinner's tongue—
I before Thy throne am speechless
I, who did the wrong.
By Thy holy lips acquitted,
Wondering, I go free—
Past for me are death and judgment,
Crucified with Thee.

[John xix. 17, 18.](#)

NOON.

Thou must bear Thy cross, Lord Jesus,
With the robbers twain—
Wearied, bleeding, and forsaken
In Thy shame and pain.
Taking up my cross I follow,
All my glory this,
With Thee here to toil and suffer,
Thy reproach my bliss.

[Luke xxiii. 33.](#)

Lo! unto the cross they nail Thee,
Bitter gall prepare,
Those all-holy lips to moisten,
Praying for them there.
When that wounded hand shall sweetly
Pass that cup to me,
May it all the world embitter,
Leave me naught but Thee.

[Luke xxiii. 43; John xix. 25-27.](#)

Hanging in Thy shame and anguish,
Words of love and grace
Welcome the forgiven felon
To Thy Holiest place—
Guide Thy mother, broken-hearted,
To a home of rest—
Comfort him, who yester even
Lay upon Thy Breast.

[Matt. xxvii. 46; John xix. 30.](#)

In Thy direst need forsaken,
Now the work is done—
Thou dost bow Thy Head to welcome
Me, Thy wandering one—
Bend to kiss Thine own, Thy ransomed—
In that kiss to die—
My Belovèd, Thine for ever,
Thine alone am I.

[John xix. 34.](#)

4 P.M.

From Thy side the blood and water
Flow to cleanse my sin—
Rent the mystic veil of Heaven;
I have entered in.
Heart of love, to sinners open,
Place where God can meet
His beloved, His priest anointed
At His mercy seat.

[John xix. 41.](#)

5 P.M.

New the grave wherein Thou liest
Wound in linen fine—
I an old cold grave have found Thee,
This poor heart of mine.

So shall that dark grave be glorious,
New, and pure, and fair;
I shall worship Thee for ever
In Thy glory there.

THE BELOVED

“He is altogether lovely.”—Cant. v. i6.

Mechthild of Hellfde, † 1277.

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899



Dew abundant from the depths divine,
O sweet white Flower, pure as mountain snow,
O precious Fruit of that celestial Flower,
O Ransom from the everlasting woe—
Thou holy sacrifice for sins of men,
The gift that the eternal Father gave—
O Dew of life, by Thee I live again,
By Thee Who camest down to seek and save.
I see Thee small in low and humble guise,
And me Thou seest, great in shame and sin—
Lord, I would be Thy daily sacrifice,
Though I am worthless, vile, and foul within.
Yet into that mean cup Thy grace will pour
The love that overflows for evermore.

THE LAMB OF GOD

“A Lamb without blemish and without spot.”—1 Pet. i. 19.

T. S. M.

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

Lamb, Thy white-robed people feeding
 ’Neath the shadowing wings—
Lamb, Thy weary, thirsty leading,
 To the living springs.
Once upon the altar bleeding,
 Now on God’s high throne—
Unto Thee salvation, glory,
 Lamb of God, alone.
We before the throne in Heaven
 Day and night adore
Thee, the Lamb, amongst us dwelling
 Now, and evermore!
Lo, we hunger not and thirst not,
 Nor can sun or heat
Smite us in Thy rest and shadow
 Deep, and still, and sweet.
Days and nights of lonely sorrow,
 Long and changeful years,
Tell but of the Hand most tender,
 Wiping all our tears.
For our robes, so white, so radiant,
 Witness as they shine
Of the Sacred Blood that washed us,
 Thine, O Lamb Divine.



THE GREAT UNKNOWN

“I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out My hand, and no man regarded.”—Prov. i. 24.

“There standeth One among you, whom ye know not.”—John i. 26.

C. P. C.

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

Why dost Thou pass unheeded,
 Treading with piercèd feet
The halls of the kingly palace,
 The busy street?
Oh marvellous in Thy beauty,
 Crowned with the light of God,
Why fall they not down to worship
 Where Thou has trod?
Why are Thy hands extended
 Beseeching whilst men pass by
With their empty words and their laughter,
 Yet passing on to die?
Unseen, unknown, unregarded,
 Calling and waiting yet—
They hear Thy knock and they tremble—
 They hear, and they forget.
And Thou in the midst art standing
 Of old and for ever the same—
Thou hearest their songs and their jesting,
 But not Thy Name.
The thirty-three years forgotten
 Of the weary way Thou hast trod—
Thou art but a name unwelcome,
 O Saviour God!
Yet amongst the highways and hedges,
 Amongst the lame and the blind,
The poor and the maimed and the outcast,
 Still dost Thou seek and find—
There by the wayside lying
 The eyes of Thy love can see
The wounded, the naked, the dying,
 Too helpless to come to Thee.



So art Thou watching and waiting
Till the wedding is furnished with guests—
And the last of the sorrowful singeth,
And the last of the weary rests.

TRANSFORMED

C. P. C.

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

“I send thee to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in Me.”—Acts xxvi. 18.



Dark lay the plain, a tangled wilderness,
And dark the mountains in the mists afar—
A land of darkness where no order is,
Nor moon, nor star—

There was the line of drear confusion drawn,
The stones of emptiness lay wide and bare,
As though the ancient peoples of the dawn
Lay buried there.

There did the wild beasts of the desert meet
The creatures from the waste and lonely isles—
And there did nameless shadows glide and fleet
Through ruined piles.

There in the mouldered palaces there spread
The nettles, and the brambles and the thorn;
Now and again there brake the silence dread
Some cry forlorn.

And now and yet again a pallid light,
A magic gleam from out the darkness shone—
And then into a deeper, drearier night
It wandered on.

And he who dwells there dwelleth all alone,
All unaware of those who wander by;
They unto him, and he to them unknown,
They live and die.

Know'st thou the land? the land where wandered first
The two who could remember Paradise—
The land of hunger, and of quenchless thirst,
Of tear-worn eyes.

Know'st thou the land? too early known—too well,
Though veiled awhile in childhood's golden haze;
But bare and drear when past the song and spell,



The infant days.
Thy land, O soul, thy fatherland of old—
The far, far country thou didst choose for thee;
Choose, rather than the palaces of gold,
Where God must be.

* * * * *

The wilderness, the solitary place,
No more are sad—
Are lit with radiance of His glorious Face—
The wastes are glad;
They blossom as the roses thousand-fold,
They sing and they rejoice;
The glory of the mighty cedars old,
The summer's voice,
The fresh green pastures, and the waters still
From fountains fed,
Where far aloft upon God's holy hill
The Angels tread—
These, where the ancient land of darkness lay,
Lie still and fair;
The eyes unsealed to that eternal Day
Behold Him there.
Amidst the wilderness the waters flow,
The streams for ever spring;
Beside them in their raiment white as snow
The ransomed sing.
They pass along with music and with song,
And joy their diadem—
To God's fair city wends the glorious throng,
And Jesus walks with them.
Know'st thou the Way? the one Highway of God
That leads therein?
The pathway of the Lamb's most precious blood
Who bore thy sin?
Know'st thou the Way? the glorious Way He made
Through death's deep sea?
O Lamb of God, I bless the love that laid
My sins on Thee.



LIGHT AND SOUND

“Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped.”—Is. xxxv. 5.

C. P. C.

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

Thou glorious Lord! mine eyes at last unsealed
Behold Thee now—
In sudden radiance to my soul revealed,
Light, sight, art Thou.
One moment—and the night has passed away,
Unbarred the prison;
And I pass forth to God’s eternal day,
The dead arisen.
One moment—and I see Thy glorious Face
Look down on me,
Unutterable love that fills all space,
Where’er I be.
Here, nearer than myself, and far away
And everywhere,
Thou shinest, Light of that celestial day,
“The Lord is there.”
Thou showest me the land of living springs,
The land that lies
Beneath the shadow of Thy mighty wings,
The glory of Thine eyes.
And all is lit with love that hath no end,
Illimitable love—
Wherein for ever wheresoe’er I wend
I live and move.
Such, O my God, that moment of delight—
The sudden light that shone
Upon the fields of Bethlehem at night—
Thou givest me Thy Son.

* * * * *

And now the silence of the dead is past;
My ears have heard
The voice of Him who is the First and Last,
The living Word.



But not in one short moment hath He told
 His heart to me,
The everlasting love that was of old,
 That evermore shall be.
My ears have heard the first entrancing chord
 Of that unending song,
The joyful psalm, the music of the Lord,¹
 So sweet, so long.
The song that through the everlasting days
 The Lord's beloved hears;
His Light has filled illimitable space,
 His Voice, eternal years.
O glorious moment of the opened eyes,
 Himself revealed!
O endless years of songs of Paradise
 For ears unsealed!

¹ 2 Chron. vii. 6.

TO-MORROW

“There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.”—Heb. iv. 9.

J. S. Kunth, † 1700.

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

There is a Day of rest before thee—
Thou weary soul, arise and shine.
Awhile the clouds hung darkly o’er thee,
Awhile the captive’s chains were thine.
Behold, the Lamb of God will lead thee
To still green pastures round the throne;
Cast off thy burden, rise and speed thee,
For soon the battle storm is done—
For soon the weary race is past,
And thou shalt rest in Love at last.

God ’stablished ere the days of Heaven
Rest, gentle rest, for evermore—
Men long have wept, and toiled, and striven
But rest was ordered long before.
For this the Saviour left the skies,
The Home beyond the thousand suns—
He stretches forth His hands and cries,
“Come, come to Me, ye weary ones!
Ye long have laboured, come and rest,
Lie still, beloved, on My breast.”

Then come, ye sorrowful and weary.
Ye heavy laden, come to Him,
From desert places lone and dreary,
With fainting heart and aching limb;
For ye have borne the heat of day,
And now the hour of rest is come;
To you the Lord doth call and say,
“My people, I will be your Home;
Fear not for devil, world, and sin,
But saved and pardoned, enter in.”



Come in, the sheaves of glory bringing,
The seed-time of our tears is past,
More sweet than dreams of joy the singing
That fills our Father's house at last.
And grief and fear, and death and pain,
Are fled, and are forgotten things;
We see the Lamb that once was slain,
He leads us to the living springs;
Himself He wipes our tears away—
Such blessedness words cannot say.

The day of deep refreshing dawneth;
No sun lights on us, and no heat;
No longer is there one who mourneth,
And there the hearts long severed meet—
And God Himself shall be with them;
They who the weary desert trod,
Shall be a royal Diadem
For ever in the Hand of God;
All hail! thou glorious Sabbath day
When toil and strife are past away!

And peace is round us as a river,
And glory as a flowing stream;
With Christ our Lord we dwell for ever,
For ever lean in love on Him.
Oh give me wings to flee away
Afar into that holy home!
Why seek we still on earth to stay?
The Spirit and the Bride say "Come!"
Arise! Salvation draweth near
The everlasting Sabbath year.



THE BREATH OF GOD

“The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof.”—John iii. 8.

G. Ter Steegen, † 1769.

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

Thou Breath from still eternity
 Breathe o’er my spirit’s barren land—
The pine-tree and the myrtle-tree
 Shall spring amidst the desert sand;
And where Thy living water flows
The waste shall blossom as the rose.

May I in will and deed and word
 Obey Thee as a little child;
And keep me in Thy love, my Lord,
 For ever holy, undefiled;
Within me teach, and strive, and pray,
Lest I should choose my own wild way.

O Spirit, Stream that by the Son
 Is opened to us crystal pure,
Forth flowing from the heavenly Throne
 To waiting hearts and spirits poor,
Athirst and weary do I sink
Beside Thy waters, there to drink.

My spirit turns to Thee and clings,
 All else forsaking, unto Thee;
Forgetting all created things,
 Remembering only “God in me.”
O living Stream; O gracious rain,
None wait for Thee, and wait in vain.



THE WILL OF GOD

“Here am I, let Him do to me as seemeth good unto Him.”—2 Sam. xv. 26.

G. Ter Steegen.

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

Thou sweet beloved Will of God,
My anchor ground, my fortress hill,
The Spirit’s silent fair abode,
In Thee I hide me and am still.

O Will, that willest good alone,
Lead Thou the way, Thou guidest best;
A silent child, I follow on,
And trusting, lean upon Thy Breast.

God’s Will doth make the bitter sweet,
And all is well when it is done;
Unless His Will doth hallow it,
The glory of all joy is gone.

Self, Sense, and Reason, they may scorn
That hidden way that leads on high—
Still be my deepest will uptorn,
And so the power of Nature die.

And if in gloom I see Thee not,
I lean upon Thy love unknown—
In me Thy blessed Will is wrought,
If I will nothing of my own.

O spirit of a little child,
Of will bereft, untroubled, pure,
I seek thy glory undefiled;
Lord, take my will, Thy love is sure.

O Will of God, my soul’s desire,
My Bread of life in want and pain;
O Will of God, my guiding fire,



Unite my will to Thine again.

O Will, in me Thy work be done,
For time, and for eternity—
Give joy or sorrow, all are one
To that blest soul that loveth Thee.

THE VICTORY OF THE LAMB

“If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him.”—2 Tim. ii. 12.

J. Heerman, † 1647.

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

I go from grief and sighing, the valley and the clod,
To join the chosen people in the palaces of God—
There sounds no cry of battle amidst the shadowing palms,
But the mighty song of victory, and glorious golden psalms.

The army of the conquerors, a palm in every hand,
In robes of state and splendour, in rest eternal stand;
Those marriage robes of glory, the righteousness of God—
He bought them for His people with His most precious Blood.

The Lamb of God has saved them from Hell’s deep sea of fire—
The Lamb of God adorns them in spotless white attire;
The Lamb of God presents them as Kings in crowns of light—
As Priests in God’s own temple to serve Him day and night.

Salvation, strength, and wisdom to Him whose works and ways
Are wonderful and glorious—eternal is His praise:
The Lamb Who died and liveth, alive for evermore,
The Saviour Who redeemed us, for ever we adore.



THE CITY THAT HATH FOUNDATIONS

“I ... saw the Holy City, New Jerusalem.”— Rev. xxi. 2.

J. M. Meyfart, † 1642.

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

Jerusalem! thou glorious City-height,
Oh might I enter in!
My spirit wearieth for thy love and light,
Amidst this world of sin—
Far over the dark mountains,
The moorlands cold and grey,
She looketh with sad longing,
And fain would flee away.

O fair sweet day! and hour yet more fair
When wilt thou come to me?
My spirit, safe within my Saviour's care
Made glad, and pure, and free—
And calmly, surely trusting
His faithful loving Hand,
Shall she be led in safety
To Heaven, her Fatherland.

One moment! Ere she is aware, she treads
The glorious shore that lies
Beyond the stars, beyond the midnight shades,
Beyond the stormy skies,—
The chariot of Elijah,
The shining angel throng
Shall bear her through the Heavens,
With triumph and with song.

O City beautiful! Thy light appears—
The gates by grace set wide—
The Home for which through long, long exile years,
My weary spirit sighed—
The false and empty shadows,
The life of sin, are past—



God gives me mine inheritance,
The land of life at last.

But who are they that come—the glorious ones,
As stars along the way—
A royal diadem of pleasant stones?
My Lord's elect are they:
He sent them forth to meet me,
Where dark with mist of fears,
The land of gloom lay round me.
My distant land of tears.

The Patriarchs and Saints of olden days,
The Christians all unknown,
Who bore the heat of persecution blaze,
Or nameless Cross alone—
I see them crowned with glory,
And shining from afar;
To them the Lord their Saviour,
Has given the Morning-Star.

Oh when at last I reach that City fair,
That beauteous Paradise,
To sing unto the Love that led me there,
Eternal melodies,
Then only can I give Thee
The praises that are meet,
With Hallelujah thunder,
With psaltery clear and sweet.

Before the emerald encircled throne,
The thousand choirs fall;
Their song of praises echoing ever on
Through Heaven's high palace hall.
The throng that none can number,
Of every race and tongue,
Join like the mighty waters



In that eternal Song.

THE WELCOME

“This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them.”—Luke xv. 2.

E. Neumeister, † 1756.

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

Sinners Jesus will receive—
Say this word of grace to all
Who the heavenly pathway leave.
All who linger, all who fall!—
This can bring them back again,
Christ receiveth sinful men.

Shepherds seek their wandering sheep
O'er the mountains bleak and cold—
Jesus such a watch doth keep
O'er the lost ones of His fold—
Seeking them o'er moor and fen;
Christ receiveth sinful men.

Come, and He will give you rest;
Sorrow stricken, sin defiled—
He can make the sinfullest
God the Father's blessed child;
Trust Him, for His word is plain,
Christ receiveth sinful men.

Sick, and sorrowful, and blind,
I with all my sins draw nigh;
O my Saviour, Thou canst find
Help for sinners such as I.
Speak that word of love again,
Christ receiveth sinful men.

Yea, my soul is comforted.
For Thy Blood hath washed away
All my sins though crimson red,
And I stand in white array—
Purged from every spot and stain—



Christ receiveth sinful men.

Now my heart condemns me not,
Pure before the Law I stand;
He who cleansed me from all spot
Satisfied its last demand;
Who shall dare accuse me then?
Christ receiveth sinful men.

Christ receiveth sinful men—
Even me with all my sin;
Openeth to me Heaven again,
With Him I may enter in.
Death hath no more sting nor pain,
Christ receiveth sinful men.

THY HIDDEN ONES

“The world knoweth us not, because it knew Him not.”—1 John iii. 1.

C. F. Richter, † 1711.

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

All fair within those Children of the light,
Though dark their brows beneath the desert sun;
Mysterious joys, far hidden from all sight,
The King of Glory giveth to each one—
 No thought of man has pictured them,
 No hand may touch that diadem;
 Within God’s light His own abide
 With hidden glory glorified.

To earthly eyes they are as Adam’s race—
They wear the earthly form, and scars of pain,
On them as on all sinners leave their trace;
Their outward needs are those of other men.
 And theirs the forms of earthly life,
 Theirs sleeping, waking, want, and strife,
 Yet this they have that they despise
 What fairest seems to earthly eyes.

And inwardly their life is from above,
The Lord’s Almighty Word hath quickened them;
Flames kindled from the everlasting Love,
The children of the New Jerusalem;
 Their brethren are the Saints in light,
 And songs of sweetness infinite
 They sing with them to God Most High,
 A deep and wondrous melody.

They walk upon the earth, and dwell in Heaven,
Though powerless, guard the world with arms unseen;
Deep peace to them in midst of strife is given,
And all they wish they have, though poor and mean.
 Storms beat them, but may not destroy,
 Fast rooted in eternal joy;



They walk as in the shade of death,
Yet living on in silent faith.

When Christ their Life shall be made manifest,
When He shall come with all His power to rule,
Their glory, hidden long, shall be confessed;
Arise and shine! O bright and beautiful!
 With Christ ye shall ascend on high,
 Victorious in His victory—
 The hidden light shall shine afar,
 Each saint an everlasting star.

Rejoice, thou Earth! Be glad, O field and hill,
That ye are for a little while their home;
The Lord Jehovah thus doth set His seal
In token of His blessing yet to come.
 And when to make His diadem
 He bringeth forth each hidden gem,
 He then shall hear thy weary sighs,
 The earth shall be as Paradise.

Thou hidden Life of faithful souls—Thou Light
Of that mysterious inner world of thought,
Oh give us grace to follow Thee aright,
From cross and toil and sorrow shrinking not;
 Content to be but little known,
 Content to wander on alone;
 Here—hidden inwardly in Thee;
 There—Light in thine own Light to be.

THE BLESSED HOPE

“Faultless before the presence of His glory.”—Jude 24.

Moravian Brethren.

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

In faith we sing this song of thankfulness
For that deep comfort Christ’s beloved share;
The blessed Hope of everlasting peace,
The Home in God’s high glory bright and fair;
Awhile we wander in the wilderness,
But that eternal Home awaits us there.

True is it that no heart may comprehend
The glory God prepareth for His own,
And what will happen when this age shall end;
But yet in vision Jesus hath made known
How fair and holy shall His Church descend,
Lit up with light of precious jasper stone.

And He shall give her honour in that day,
For unto Him all power and might are given;
In soul and body, freed from earth’s decay,
Her mortal semblance purified and shriven,
Shall she put on her beautiful array
Of new eternal Life, He brought from Heaven.

And Heaven and Earth, and all created things,
In wondrous beauty then shall be restored;
And we shall rest from all our wanderings,
Partakers of the nature of our Lord,
And made to God our Father priests and kings,
In light whereto the Angels never soared.

And He shall make His Church all heavenly fair,
With gold and pearls, and every radiant stone,
And reign in Holiness and Glory there,
And shine as suns and stars have never shone;
And He shall lead His Bride, His Joy and Care,



With blissful singing to His Father's throne.

With eyes undimmed shall she her God behold,
Behold Him face to face, and walk by sight,
Not trusting only, as in days of old,
But seeing with her eyes eternal Light.
The great Salvation mystery shall unfold
In that high vision of Love infinite.

And then the Saints shall rest in victory,
Their weary battle-day is at an end;
Amidst the Holy Angels joy shall be,
That we and they can love as friend and friend;
We weep no more, for one with Christ are we,
In oneness love alone may comprehend.

And then shall be the blest Communion,
Of God's dear children meeting from afar;
Within His burning Love they blend as one,
Yet each, according as His counsels are,
Shall have peculiar glory of his own,
As one star differeth from another star.

And God is all in all in that great day,
And He is their exceeding great Reward;
Their stream of Life, their beautiful array,
Their food, their joy, their radiance, Christ the Lord:
The music of their wondrous song shall say,
How great the joy that passeth thought or word.

And this is that eternal life of Heaven,
Laid up with Christ in God, the mystery
Of Resurrection Life which He hath given:
A Fount of living waters full and free;
A Life by which the gates of death are riven,
A Life which on the throne of Christ shall be.

And here in this waste wilderness begun,
So soon as we believe in Christ aright,
And quickened by the Spirit of the Son,
Receive Him as our only Life and Light,
As all the branches in the Vine are one,
So we are one for ever in His sight.

Now come Thou quickly, Jesus, from above,
Do Thou sustain us on the desert road,
And draw us after Thee by might of love,
Our Fatherland art Thou, O Love of God:
Once safe in Thee, no more shall we remove,
O Thou our everlasting sure abode.

MY HIGH TOWER

“He only is my rock and my salvation: He is my defence, I shall not be moved.”—Ps. lxii. 6.

Paul Gerhardt, † 1676.

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

Is God for me? I fear not, though all against me rise;
I call on Christ my Saviour, the host of evil flies.
My friend the Lord Almighty, and He who loves me, God,
What enemy shall harm me, though coming as a flood?
I know it, I believe it, I say it fearlessly,
That God, the Highest, Mightiest, for ever loveth me;
At all times, in all places, He standeth at my side,
He rules the battle fury, the tempest and the tide.



A Rock that stands for ever is Christ my Righteousness,
And there I stand unfearing in everlasting bliss;
No earthly thing is needful to this my life from Heaven,
And nought of love is worthy, save that which Christ has given.
Christ, all my praise and glory, my Light most sweet and fair,
The ship wherein He saileth is scatheless everywhere;
In Him I dare be joyful, a hero in the war,
The judgment of the sinner affrighteth me no more.



There is no condemnation, there is no hell for me,
The torment and the fire my eyes shall never see;
For me there is no sentence, for me has death no stings,
Because the Lord Who saved me shall shield me with His wings.
Above my soul's dark waters His Spirit hovers still,
He guards me from all sorrow, from terror and from ill;
In me He works and blesses the life-seed He has sown,
From Him I learn the Abba, that prayer of faith alone.

And if in lonely places, a fearful child, I shrink,
He prays the prayers within me I cannot ask or think;
In deep unspoken language, known only to that Love
Who fathoms the heart's mystery from the Throne of Light above.
His Spirit to my spirit sweet words of comfort saith,



How God the weak one strengthens who leans on Him in faith;
How He hath built a City, of love, and light, and song,
Where the eye at last beholdeth what the heart had loved so long.

And there is mine inheritance, my kingly palace-home;
The leaf may fall and perish, not less the spring will come;
As wind and rain of winter, our earthly sighs and tears,
Till the golden summer dawneth of the endless Year of years.
The world may pass and perish, Thou, God, wilt not remove—
No hatred of all devils can part me from Thy Love;
No hungering nor thirsting, no poverty nor care,
No wrath of mighty princes can reach my shelter there.



No Angel, and no Heaven, no throne, nor power, nor might,
No love, no tribulation, no danger, fear, nor fight,
No height, no depth, no creature that has been or can be,
Can drive me from Thy bosom, can sever me from Thee.
My heart in joy upleapeth, grief cannot linger there—
While singing high in glory amidst the sunshine fair;
The source of all my singing is high in Heaven above;
The Sun that shines upon me is Jesus and His Love.

THE LAND OF PROMISE

“All the Land which thou seest, to thee will I give it.”—Gen. xiii. 15.

Gertrude of Helfde, † 1330.

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

It was as if upon His breast
He laid His piercèd hand,
And said “To thee, beloved and blest,
I give this goodly land.”

O Land of fountains and of deeps,
Of God’s exhaustless store—
O blessed Land, where he who reaps
Shall never hunger more—

O summer Land, for ever fair
With God’s unfading flowers;
O Land, where spices fill the air,
And songs the golden towers—

O Land of safety, Land of home,
Of God my Father’s kiss,
To Thee, O glorious Land, I come,
My heritage of bliss.

Lord, not through works of righteousness,
The works that I have done,
But through the glory of Thy grace,
The merit of Thy Son,

To me this goodly Land is given,
The heart of Christ to me—
My Home, my Blessedness, my Heaven;
My God, I worship Thee.



THE FRIEND

“We will come unto him, and make Our abode with him.”—John xiv. 23.

Gertrude of Helfde, † 1330.

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

It thus befell me on a day
When gladsome was the month of May,
I sat alone in pleasant thought
Beside the fish-pond in the court;
Above me spread the lindens tall,
And deep-blue heavens were over all,
How dear is that old court to me!
So sunny, still, and fair to see—
The water flowing clear and bright,
And many a tree with blossoms dight,
And singing birds, and doves that fly
All white across the summer sky;
And there, of all delights the best,
The blessed stillness and the rest.

Then thought I, “All is fair and sweet—
What need I more in my retreat,
In sooth that this still hour may be
As dew from Heaven that falls on me?
So were it, if there came from Heaven
A faithful friend and dear,
Whose words should be a dew to me
Of comfort and of cheer.
Then I should grow as lilies sweet
That in God’s garden are,
Whose strange and wondrous odours greet
Some wandering soul afar.”

Then answered, ere I was aware,
The Voice beloved and true—
The blessed Friend from Heaven was there,
My Sunshine and my Dew;



The Fountain for the souls that thirst,
The cup that runneth o'er—
The Lord Who gives the longing first,
Then stills it evermore—

He told me of the River bright
That flows from Him to me,
That I might be for His delight
A fair and fruitful tree.

He told me that as doves that rise
Far through the golden light,
So He would lead me through the skies
In raiment pure and white.

That as the still fair court to me
Afar from strife and din,
So unto Him my heart should be,
And He would rest therein.

And when the evening shadows fell,
And all was silent in my cell,
And on my knees I knelt and prayed
To Him Who is my Sun and Shade,
There came to me that saying deep,
“Who loveth Me, My words will keep.
And him My Father loveth well,
And We will come with him to dwell.”
Yea, Lord, through Thy most precious Blood,
Am I the resting-place of God.



MORE THAN HEAVEN

“A throne was set in Heaven, and One sat on the throne.”—Rev. iv. 2.

C. P. C.

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

Jesus, Lord, in Whom the Father
Tells His heart to me—
Jesus, God Who made the Heavens,
Made the earth to be—

Jesus, Lamb of God once offered
For the guilt of men,
In the Heavens interceding
Till Thou come again—

Jesus, once by God abandoned,
Smitten, cursed for me,
Sentenced at the throne of judgment,
Dying on the tree—

Jesus, risen and ascended,
On the Father's throne,
All the Heaven of Heavens resounding
With Thy Name alone—

There, beholding Thee, forgetting
Sorrow, sin, and care,
Know I not that earth is darkened;
Nor that Heaven is fair—

Songs and psalteries of Heaven
Hushed the while I hear
Thy beloved Voice that speaketh,
Sweet, and still, and near;

That entrancing Song that ever
Thou shalt sing alone—
Joy that Thou hast sought and found me,



Won me for Thine own.

Barred to me that Heavenly Eden
Till the flaming Sword,
In God's righteous wrath uplifted,
Smote Thee, O my Lord.

Led within those gates unguarded,
Paradise is mine;
But the glory and the beauty
Is that love of Thine.

Therefore, O my Lord, I reckon
All things else as loss;
More than Heaven itself is precious,
Memory of Thy Cross.

More than Heaven itself Thou givest
In the desert now,
For the crown of my rejoicing,
Jesus, Lord, art Thou.

TWILIGHT

“Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent.”—Luke xxiv. 29.

J. A. Freylinghausen, † 1739.

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

The day is gone—my soul looks on
To that eternal Day,
When all our sorrow, all our sin,
Have fled and passed away.

The golden sun is sunk and gone,
Thou Light of Heaven above,
Thou Glory of eternal day,
My sunshine is Thy love.

Each living thing lies slumbering
From care and labour free;
May I, O Lord, be still and watch
Thy hidden work in me.

But when shall cease the changefulness
Of morning and of night?
Then when the Glory of the Lord
Is our eternal Light.

No cloud shall come, no evening gloom
On Salem shall descend;
The Lord her everlasting Day,
Her mourning at an end.

All praise to Thee! Oh there to be
Amidst that music-flood!
The many waters echoing round
The golden shores of God.

O Jesus mine, Thou Rest divine,
Lead me to Zion's height,
Where I, with all Thy ransomed ones,



Shall walk with Thee in white.

ANCHORED

“An Anchor of the soul, both sure and stedfast.”—Heb. vi. 19.

J. A. Rothe, † 1758.

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899



My soul hath found the steadfast ground,
There ever shall my anchor hold—
That ground is in my Saviour Christ,
Before the world was from of old—
And that sure ground shall be my stay,
When Heaven and Earth shall pass away.

That ground is Thine Eternal Love,
Thy Love that through all ages burns—
The open arms of mercy stretched
To meet the sinner who returns;
The Love that calleth everywhere,
If men will hear or will forbear.

God willeth not we should be lost,
He wills to save the sons of men;
For this His Son came down from Heaven,
For this returned to Heaven again;
For this He standeth at the door,
He knocketh, waiteth, evermore—

Unseen, unheard, He calleth yet;
Rejected, still He waits to bless—
The Shepherd never will forget
His lost sheep in the wilderness;
Though far as east from west they stray,
He seeketh them by night and day.

O deep, deep sea, where all our sins
By God are cast, and found no more!
There is no condemnation now,
The Lord hath healed our deadly sore;
Because the voice of Jesu's Blood

Still cries for mercy unto God.

In that deep sea of love I sink
In perfect peace and endless rest,
And when my sins condemn my soul,
Cling closer to my Saviour's breast—
For there I find, go when I will,
Unchanging love and mercy still.

THE EVERLASTING ARMS

“His left hand is under my head, and His right hand doth embrace me.”—Cant. ii. 6.

J. J. Winkler, † 1722.

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

Wearily my spirit sinketh
 Into Jesu’s Heart and Hands,
Calmly trusting, though the journey
 Lie through strange untrodden lands.
All my spirit is at rest
On the loving Father’s breast.

There my spirit cannot murmur,
 Pleased with all that may betide—
What the will of Self would cherish
 Is already crucified—
Buried is each murmuring word
In the grave of Christ my Lord.

There my spirit cannot question,
 Little doth she think or say;
All the thorns of life around her
 Cannot take her peace away—
He who made me guideth best,
And my heart is left at rest.

There my spirit knows no darkness,
 Love remains when all is gone—
Sorrows crushing soul and body
 Do the heathens know alone—
Resting in Christ’s blessed light,
Fears she not the earthly night.

There my spirit is not careful,
 For she knoweth of no ill;
Hanging still upon her Father,
 Though He slay her, trusting still;
How shall flesh and blood repine



Where the chastening is divine?

Thus on God my spirit waiteth,
Even so doth overcome;
Silently enduring all things,
Mockery and martyrdom;
Like a still sea doth she lie,
Full of praise to God most high.

THINGS TO COME

“He will show you things to come.”—John xvi. 13.

Spitta, 1800.

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

Oh what will be the day when won at last
The last long weary battle, we shall come
To those eternal gates the King hath passed,
Returning from our exile to our Home;
When earth's last dust is washed from off our feet;
The last sweat from our brows is wiped away;
The hopes that made our pilgrim journey sweet
All met around us, realised that day!

Oh what will be the day, when we shall stand
Irradiate with God's eternal light;
First tread as sinless saints the sinless land,
No shade nor stain upon our garments white;
No fear, no shame upon our faces then,
No mark of sin—oh joy beyond all thought!
A son of God, a free-born citizen
Of that bright city where the curse is not!

Oh what will be the day when with our prayer
Eternal singing shall be woven in—
Deep sound of golden harps far echoing there
To praise the Lamb who took away our sin;
When far and wide the radiant streets resound
With Hallelujah songs the ransomed sing,
And clouds of sweetest incense rise around
The Throne where sits in light the Saviour King!

Oh what will be the day when we shall see
The Love that opened Heaven to ransomed men!
Love draws us and we follow—we are free—
Nought severs us from our Belovèd then:
That veil of faith through which we looked of old
Has passed away as mist before the sun;



Christ throned in glory do our eyes behold,
O'er worlds, through ages, reigning ever on.

Oh what will be the day when we shall hear
"Come, oh ye blessed!" when we take our place
Before His throne in radiance sweet and clear,
Behold His glorious, His beloved Face—
Behold the Eyes whence bitter tears have flowed
For all our grief, our hardness, and our sin—
Behold the wounds whence streamed the precious Blood,
Which ransomed us, and washed us pure and clean!

Oh what will be the day when hand in hand,
Saints wander through the pastures green and fair,
The trees of life upon the golden strand
As fresh as on the third day morn are there;
There all is new, and never shall be old,
For time is not, nor age, nor slow decay;
No dying eyes, no hearts grown strange and cold,
All pain, all death, all sighing fled away!

Oh what will be the day when every thought
Of that dark valley we have left below,
And all remembrance of the fight we fought,
Our pilgrim journey, long and sad, and slow,
Shall only make the Glory brighter far,
Shall make the peace but deeper, sweeter yet?
O'er that dark sea was Christ our Guiding Star,
Our love were fainter love could we forget.

Oh what will be that day? no eye can see,
No ear can hear, no heart has yet conceived,
What God shall give us, and what we shall be
When we inherit what we have believed.
O Land of Promise! rough may be the road,
And long the race may be—but sweet the end;
The dead with Christ, the risen sons of God,

With Him we journey, and with Him ascend.

A NEW SONG

“He hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God.”—Ps. xl. 3.

R. Rolle, † 1349.

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899



I know not the song of Thy praises,
Till Thou teach it, my God, to me—
Till I hear the still voice of Thy Spirit,
Who speaketh for ever of Thee—
Till I hear the celestial singing,
And learn the new song of Thy grace,
And then shall I tell forth the marvels
I learnt in Thy secret place.
Thy marvels, not mine, far surpassing
All thoughts of my heart must they be—
I can but declare the glad tidings,
As Thou hast declared them to me.

THE COURTS OF GOD

“Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house, and the place where Thine honour dwelleth.”—Ps. xxvi. 8.

R. Rolle, † 1349.

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

O Lord, I have loved the fair beauty
Of the house Thou hast chosen for Thee,
The courts where Thy gladness rejoiceth,
And where Thou delightest to be.
For I love to be made the fair dwelling
Where God in His grace may abide;
I would cast forth whatever may grieve Thee,
And welcome none other beside.
Oh blessed the grace that has made me
The home of the gladness of God,
The dwelling wherein Thou delightest,
The house Thou hast bought with Thy blood.
'Tis there that Thy joy overfloweth,
I feel it, I take of it there;
By the work that Thou workest within me,
The temple is holy and fair.
In the secret of that inner chamber,
Is Thy settle of heavenly rest;
The stillness of thoughts that adore Thee,
The shrine that Thou lovest the best.
The temple where Christ hath His dwelling,
The soul He hath ransomed and shriven—
The temple where I have my dwelling,
Is Christ in the glory of Heaven.



A SONG OF THE TEMPLE

“In His Temple doth every one speak of His glory.”—Ps. xxix. 9.

R. Rolle, † 1349.

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899



In Thy tabernacle, Lord, I offer
Sacrifice of psalmody and song—
Thine uncounted mercies there recalling,
Praising Thee with music sweet and strong.

With a marvellous, a mighty gladness,
For the love of Christ is shed abroad
In the soul that is His holy temple,
And she singeth therefore unto God.

She ascends aloft to join the singing,
Heard afar from God's Jerusalem—²
Blessed music of the saints she heareth,
And adoring singeth she with them.

None can know though skilled in learning ancient,
What the sweetness of that song may be;
Till he know the glory and the gladness,
There the blessed Face of God to see.

Lord, to Thee my heart is ever yearning,
In this absence seeking still Thy Face;
Blessed hour when I shall find!—adoring
In the glory of Thy holy place!

² Neh. xii. 43.

FOR THE CHILDREN



PREFACE

Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

Everywhere, everywhere,
A tale is told to me—
It is told in the sunny air,
It is told on the sparkling sea;

It is told in the forest brakes,
It is told on the purple hills,
By the silent mountain lakes,
By the singing and leaping rills.

In the ancient gardens grand,
With their old-world flowers aglow,
Where the stately cedars stand,
And the sweet limes all a-row.

In the meadows that stretch away
As a sea of golden green,
With hedges of sweet white may
And the reedy brooks between.

Where I wander, and run, and rest,
The tale is told to me,
The sweetest tale and the best
Of all the tales that be.

* * * *

The tale is the tale of Jesus—
It is told in Heaven above,
On the sea and the moors and the mountains,
In language of all the peoples,
The speech of love.

The morning star and the dayspring,
The sun and the cloud and the shower,
The grass and the rose and the cedar,



His glory and love are telling
From hour to hour.

The birds in the greenwood singing,
The sea that is deep and wide,
The sheep in the folds of the mountains,
The corn in the golden valleys,
And all beside.

All round me the glorious pictures
Of Him who has made them fair;
Through the long bright day I can see Him,
And I fear not the silent darkness,
For He is there.

ALL THAT IS WHITE

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

Come forth in the fields and the gardens;
 There let us seek and find
All that will tell us of Jesus,
 And bring His love to mind.
All white on the thymy hillside
 Lambs by their mothers play;
All white stand the stately lilies
 In the garden borders gay.
All white in the sunny heavens
 The piled-up clouds sail slow—
They were crimson when rose the morning,
 Now whiter are they than snow,
All white on the lonely mountains
 The snow where no foot has trod—
All white is the foam on the fountains
 That flow from the hills of God.



Oh tell me what yet is whiter
 Than the lambs and the lilies white,
Than the clouds piled up in the noontide,
 Like a mountain land of light?
Than the snow on the ancient mountains,
 Where only the angels go?
Than the foam where the wild bright fountains
 Dance down to the glens below?



Child, hast thou trusted Jesus?
 Canst thou believe and say,
“He loved me, He died to save me,
 He has borne my sins away;
For my sins were laid upon Jesus;
 In my stead, for my guilt, He died”?
Then child, fall down and adore Him,
 Thou art whiter than all beside.
A lamb washed white for ever

In the Lamb's most precious blood—
A lily by God's still river,
That lies in the light of God.
The clouds through the sunny heavens
As an army walk in white,
On to the gates of glory,
To the glow of the western light;
So in the snow-white raiment
That Christ for His child has won,
Thou shalt pass the golden gateway,
And tell that His work is done.

THE DOOR

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

All within are love and gladness,
Light and warmth and cheer;
All without the night wind wailing
O'er the lonely mere.

There within the child beloved—
There the welcome sweet;
There without the wandering orphan
And the weary feet.

Wandering child! the Door is open—
That fair palace-door;
There thy Father's kiss awaits thee,
Fatherless no more.

One fair golden Door—one only,
Jesus Who has died;
Jesus is that blessed Doorway
Open free and wide.

Child, no need to knock, to ask Him
If thou mayest come;
Lo! He stands in love beseeching,
Saying, "Child! come home."

Saying, "Child, the night is dreary
On the mountains lone;
Pass within thy Father's palace,
Heaven is all thine own.

"Thou hast sinned, and I have suffered
Curse and death for thee;
Now as I to Him am precious,
Thou art dear to Me."



THE MORNING STAR

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

I woke, and the night was passing,
And over the hills there shone
A star all alone in its beauty
When the other stars were gone—

For a glory was filling the heavens
That came before the day,
And the gloom and the stars together
Faded and passed away.

Only the star of the morning
Glowed in the crimson sky—
It was like a clear voice singing,
“Rejoice! for the Sun is nigh!”

O children! a Star is shining
Into the hearts of men—
It is Christ with a voice of singing,
“Rejoice! for I come again!

“For the long, long night is passing,
And there cometh the golden day;
I come to My own who love Me,
To take them all away.

“It may be to-day or to-morrow,
Soon it will surely be;
Then past are the tears and the sorrow—
Then Home for ever with Me.”



“WHO PROVIDETH FOR THE RAVEN HIS FOOD?”

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

All the world lay still and silent in the morning grey,
And at once a thousand voices hail the glorious day;
For the great Sun glowing crimson rises o’er the sea—
“Welcome, Day!” they sing together, “Day that is to be!”
Oh how glad and sweet and joyous is that morning hymn!
Whilst the golden day is stealing through the valleys dim—
Thrush and blackbird, lark and linnet, doves that coo and hum
Wild delight, and soft rejoicing, for the day is come.
Not a thought of care or wonder what the day will bring.
For the Father careth for them in the smallest thing.
There upon the pathless mountains is their table spread,
All by God are known and numbered, by His Hands are fed.
Some in deep and tangled forests where the berries glow,
Some where children’s crumbs are scattered on the garden snow,
Some where through the river sedges mayflies glance and play,
Some where mountain tarns lie gleaming in the hollows grey.
For the wild and hungry eagle, for the wren so small,
All is ready—food and gladness, free to each and all.

“Ye are of more value than many sparrows.”



THE RED, RED SKY

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

In the early, early morning, beyond the islands green,
Beyond the pines and palm-trees, and the purple sea between,



Like the glow through a crimson window
The morning rises slow,
And the isles lie dim in the glory,
And the sea is all aglow.

In the dim and misty evening the purple mountains stand,
And the glooms that hush the woodlands lie over all the land,
And high in dark-blue heavens the red light burns and glows,
Like the jasper of God's city, like the deep heart of the rose.
Oh why does morning dawn, and why ends the golden day,
With the crimson glow and glory, while children kneel and pray?
Is it thus that God would tell me before the day begins
Of the morn of the Day of pardon, the Blood that has washed my sins?
The morn of the Day of gladness, the Day of His love and grace,
When like the Sun in his glory, the Lord unveiled His Face,
And His love shone forth in beauty where all was dark before,
For the Blood had been shed which saved me, once and for evermore.
Is it thus that God would tell me the evening draweth nigh,
When we pass beyond the mountains, beyond the purple sky?
And then, in God's great glory the golden gates I see,
And sing, "The Blood of Jesus has opened them for me!"



MAY DAYS

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

God made the sun to give me light,
The trees to give me shade;
The cowslips and the violets
For me His Hands have made.



He made the birds to sing to me,
The blossoms on the tree,
To make me glad in summer days;
But why did He make me?

O child, how wonderful and sweet
The answer God has given!
The blessed Lord, who died for thee,
Has need of thee in Heaven.

To make Him glad in Paradise
He needs thy little song;
He needs thee for His love and joy
Where He has waited long.

Oh glad art thou when spring comes in,
And flowers and birds and bees
Make all the sunny fields rejoice,
And leaves are on the trees.

O child! the Lord will have His spring
When these long years are past.
His little ones from every land
Shall be with Him at last.

His lilies and His roses sweet,
His buds and blossoms rare,
All, all His children then shall meet,
And all His joy shall be complete
When they are round Him there.

WHAT SHOULD I SEE?

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

If I had the eyes of Heaven,
That could all things see,
Oh what glorious surprises
All around would be!
I should see all still and stately
God's white Angels tread,
Watch me with their eyes of glory,
Sit beside my bed.
When I take the broth to Granny
In her garret mean,
I should see them wait around her,
As around a Queen.
Through the snow in dusky twilight,
When the winds are wild,
See them speed where lost and lonely
Strays a little child.
Through the stillness of the noonday
See them swiftly rise,
Bearing one with face uplighted
Far into the skies.
Meet them in the lonely places,
In the busy street,
Ever calm as skies of summer,
Ever strong and fleet.
Glad and tender in their service,
For God's love they know
To the smallest and the meanest
Of His own below.



COWSLIPS

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

Long ago, in springs of old,
 Happy days would be,
When in meadows green and gold
 I might wander free.
High the sunny clouds up-piled,
 Blue the April sky,
Birds and flowers and all things wild
 Glad and free as I.
Oh how merry was the shout,
 When the stile was passed,
“Joy! the cowslips all are out!
 Spring is come at last!”
There in sweet and sunny air
 Who can tell the bliss?
Costly shops and gardens fair
 Have no joys like this.
Playthings, countless, fresh, and sweet,
 Scattered wide and free,
All around the children’s feet,
 Gifts of God to me.
Whilst I waked, and whilst I slept,
 Through the winter wild,
All the tender flowers He kept
 For His little child—
Kept them safe beneath the snow,
 Safe through wind and rain,
Till in sunshine all aglow
 They arise again.
Oh what joys are kept for me
 In His secret place,
Till the Spring that soon shall be,
 When I see His Face!



A TRUE STORY

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

All alone in the evening grey,
Sick and dying, poor Hannah lay;
Through the broken pane the cold wind swept,
Poor Hannah shivered, and moaned, and wept.
But it was not cold, and it was not pain,
That made her shiver and moan again:
She did not say, "My pain is sore,"
But "Where shall I be when all is o'er?"
For Hannah remembered the years gone by,
And she said, "A sinner—a sinner am I!
All black and fearful the sins appear,
That I had forgotten for many a year;
And thousands, thousands, they come to mind—
There is hell before and sin behind.
The Lord is holy, and just, and true,
And what He has said He will surely do.
He hath for sin an awful doom,
A lake of fire beyond the tomb;
And my soul is black with the sins of years,
They cannot be washed away with tears.
And sure it is vain to pray and cry;
He cannot hear such a sinner as I.
I am going—going—to stand alone,
Before the Lord on His awful throne!"

* * * * *

Bright and glad as the stars came out,
With many a laugh and many a shout,
Jack and Will in the garden played,
And they heeded not the noise they made.
But the neighbour calling said, "Children, dear,
A woman is sick in that house so near;
There, where the broken pane you see,
She is lying as ill as she can be.



She soon must die, and you see 'tis best
You should be still, and let her rest.”
Then in a moment they were still,
For tender hearts had both Jack and Will,
And they sat and looked at the casement lone,
Till the stars shone bright, and the day was gone.
Then Jack said, “Will, she will go to Heaven,
If she has had her sins forgiven.
I learned at school that when Jesus died
The door of Heaven was opened wide,
Because He was punished Himself for sin.
So now if we die, we can all go in;
Of our sins there will not a word be said,
For Jesus Christ was punished instead;
And if she believes He loves her so,
Beyond the stars her soul will go.
He will lead her in through the golden door,
And she will be happy for evermore.”
Then Will said, “Jack, that is all quite true—
But does she know it as well as you?
What Jesus did we have both been taught,
But some know this, and some do not.
O Jack, maybe she has never known
What it is that the Lord has done!”
Then Jack said, “If you would help me, Will,
I would climb up to the window sill,
And through the hole I would call and say,
‘Jesus washes our sins away.’”

* * * * *

The neighbour said when her work was done,
“It may be Hannah is all alone,
And oh! it’s an awful thing to lie
Too ill to live, and afraid to die.
So just to sit with her I will go,
But how to help her I do not know.”

So the neighbour went, and she heard no moan,
And she thought, "Poor Hannah is dead and gone;"
She lighted the candle with fear and dread,
And stooped to see if Hannah was dead.
But there she lay with her face so bright!
It shone with glory and not with light.
And she said, "O neighbour, the Lord is good!
He has washed me white in His precious Blood,
My sins are gone from before His Face,
And He has prepared a glorious place,
Where those He loves with Himself shall be,
And to that sweet Home He is calling me.
O neighbour, here in the dark I lay,
I felt so guilty I could not pray,
And all my sins like a mountain stood
Before the terrible Face of God.
Then all in a moment, sweet and clear,
A voice spake loud, though none was near,
Like an Angel speaking I heard it say,
'Jesus washes our sins away!'
And whilst I thought, Do my ears tell true?
It said, 'Poor woman, He died for you.'
And then did the words come sweet and low
That I had forgotten long ago;
I once heard tell in the years gone by,
How Jesus came on the cross to die,
And there He hung in the darkness dread,
With a crown of thorns on His holy Head.
And some old, old words came back to me,
'He bore our sins on the cursed tree.'
Yes, it was true that mine He bore,
So the guilt is gone, and the judgment o'er;
And more than that, if He died for me,
What must the love of Jesus be!
He in His Home of glory waits
To see me enter the golden gates;
Whilst I lay moaning in black despair;
His heart was longing to have me there.



And oh for the welcome I soon shall know!
No words can tell how I long to go!"

* * * * *

And so, ere many a day was done,
There was joy in the Home beyond the sun,
For Hannah had entered the golden door
To dwell with her Saviour for evermore.
God saith that all who to Jesus come
He in His love will welcome home.
The Lord is holy, and just, and true,
And what He hath said, He will surely do.

THE REED

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

When flowers are red and gold and white,
And fair is every weed,
The green reeds have no blossom bright—
I would not be a reed.

For all the summer flowers declare
In beauty men can see,
How sweet, how glorious, how fair,
The thoughts of God must be.

Then cut a wandering shepherd boy
A hollow pipe of reed;
His little tune of mirth and joy
Rang far across the mead.

It was the gladness of his heart
That flowed in music free,
The wild bird has no sweeter art
That sings upon the tree.

Oh, could I be the little reed,
To tell afar and near
The joy and love of God above,
In music sweet and clear!

And all around should hear the sound,
And know that love Divine
Is not my own, but God's alone,
His music, and not mine.

Sweet words should cheer the weary ear,
And tender words the sad,
And none should heed how small the reed;
God's love would make them glad.



WINTER AND SUMMER

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

“The sky is dreary and rainy,
And the wind makes a restless moan—
And the yellow leaves drift and wander,
And the songs and the summer are gone.”

Not so, for the gardens are glowing
In summer beyond the sea,
In the glory of songs and of flowers,
Whilst here it is winter for thee.

And land after land wakes in sunshine,
And the grass and the lilies upspring,
And the children shout loud in the meadows,
And madly the wild birds sing.

There is never an end of the summer,
For round the great world it goes;
There are somewhere the fields of narcissus,
And somewhere the sweet red rose.

“Why can I not follow the summer,
Far over the hills and the sea,
And be always for ever and ever
Wherever the summer may be?”

O child, there is summer for ever,
Here under the wintry sky,
Where the Lord is the light and the glory,
And His lambs in His pastures lie.

When the snow and the wild sleet are driven
Far over the lonely mere,
There is summer beyond all the summers,
Where Jesus the Lord is near.



WATER-LILIES

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

Who are like the lilies white,
With their crowns all golden bright,
Resting on the waters still,
Underneath the purple hill?

They are like the saints who stand,
Every one with harp in hand,
On the crystal sea that lies
Far beyond the summer skies.

They are clad in white array,
For their sin is washed away;
Golden crowns for every one,
For they reign beyond the sun,

Over all the Heavens afar,
Over sun and moon and star;
They who low before Him fall,
Reign with Jesus over all.



THE SECRET

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

Long ago, within a castle
Far beyond the purple sea,
Dwelt a fair and gracious lady—
Thus her tale was told to me.

She was like a mystic story
Of an angel clad in white—
She was like the rest and glory
Of the starry summer night.

For where sickness was, or sorrow,
Pain or hunger, want or care,
Bright and sweet and calm and tender,
Never wearied, she was there.

Unto her the weary-hearted,
Unto her the sinners came—
She had comfort for their sorrow,
She had pity for their shame.

And afar in distant countries
Many a blessed tale was told,
Of the lady sweet and gracious
Dwelling in the castle old.

Then went one who longed to comfort
All the sorrowing and distressed,
There to learn the blessed secret
How to give the weary rest.

All day long he watched the lady,
For he thought that she must pray
Somewhere in a holy chapel
Surely seven times a day.



But he could not learn the secret,
Where the lady prayed, or when;
Nor what book of prayers could make her
Like a well of life to men.

Then another went to watch her—
Did she fast like hermits old?
Go to services at midnight
When the winter winds blew cold?

Nay—she ate her food with gladness,
And at night she only slept;
Rose again refreshed and thankful,
Fit to comfort those who wept.

Then another went to watch her
Far across the purple sea;
But her ways were sweet and simple,
Just as others, so did she.

Yet she seemed attuned to music
Sounding from a golden chord;
Suddenly he said, “Dear Lady,
Lovest thou the blessed Lord?”

“Yea,” she said, “Full well I love Him,
For I know He loveth me.”
Gladly then he sped him homewards
Far across the purple sea.

IN THE LANES

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

It is summer all over the meadows,
All over the woods and the sea;
How many the glad days of summer
My Father has given to me!
I think of the long-ago summers,
With their woodbine and feathery fern—
Of the rambling lanes and the hedgerows—
Of the tumbling mountain burn.
The foxgloves afar in the forest,
And the cranesbill soft and blue,
As eyes that look into Heaven
Till the Heaven itself shines through.
As a story of rapture and wonder
Are those hedge flowers wild and free,
The travellers' joy and the mullein,
And the pink thrift near the sea.
The thyme and the marjoram purple,
The meadow-sweet fair and cool,
Where the reedy streams go wandering
Down to the deep mill-pool.
The scabious and the yarrow
Over the chalky down,
The flowering rush in the trenches,
With rose and crimson crown;
The water violet stately,
And the frosted bog-bean white
The whole wide world was a marvel,
A garden of strange delight!
O ye thousand thousand flowers,
To me as a sign ye stand,
Of the things of joy and wonder
In the glorious summer land—
The Lord, who has strewn them broadcast
Over the lonely hills,
Who has filled the woods with music,
And has gemmed the mountain rills—



Oh what has He made to greet us
In the land of fair delight,
Where His own shall rejoice before Him,
And shall walk with Him in white?

ON THE DOWNS

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

Up the chalky path we wander,
Higher, higher still—
Gather thyme and hawkweed slender,
Bluebells of the hill;
Pale musk mallows by the cornfields,
Poppies bright and bold,
Scabious like the evening purple,
Gems amongst the gold.
And the knapweed and the bindweed,
Yarrow pink and white,
And St. John's wort golden tufted,
Everywhere delight!
Up the chalky path we wander,
Higher, higher still,
Now upon the sunny hill-top
We can rest at will.
Far below the quiet valleys
Farms and sheep-cotes lie,
All above us deep and cloudless
Glow the summer sky.
Lying there we look in wonder
Through the skies afar,
Where unseen to us, are shining
Thousand thousand stars.
When the daylight sinks in purple
O'er the silent plain,
One by one, like gathering angels,
They appear again.
Soon, oh soon, the sweet still evening
Of our days will come—
Then will shine the hidden glory
Of our Father's home.
Thousand, thousand radiant faces,
Faces of the past,
Our beloved, hidden from us,
Smile to us at last.



Wonderful and blessed evening—
 Sudden, sweet surprise—
We shall hear the ancient voices,
 See the long-lost eyes.
Here upon the sunny hill-top
 Let us thank and praise,
For the blessed eve that follows
 All our summer days.

THE CHILD'S WORK

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

Oh what can I do for my Lord?
I am foolish, and small, and weak;
And I know not what to do,
And I know not how to speak.



“O child, there is nought you can do—
Sit down at His Feet and be still;
But what can He do by you?
O child, He can do what He will.

“He asks for your heart alone,
Then leave to Him all the rest,
For the smallest and weakest one
Is the one He can work with best.

“He will work His mighty will
All through the livelong day,
By the child who loves Him well,
Whether at work or play.

“His love through your eyes will shine
Till some sad hearts rejoice,
His tenderness move your hands,
Make music in your voice.

“His Name will be sweet on your lips,
As the flowers when the year is young;
He tells the tale of His love
The best by a childish tongue.

“Where He leads you by the hand,
The power of God shall go—
A mystery and a might
As when He walked below.

“For Jesus is still the same,
And He does His marvels still;
And by His children small
He works His glorious will.”

THE LOST LAMB

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

Like a little wandering lamb
Lost upon the hills I am;
Like a shepherd Jesus stands,
Holding out His blessed Hands.

“Come,” He says, “come back to Me;
Little lamb, I died for thee;
I will take thee to My home,
Little lamb, I pray thee come.

“Thou wouldst like to have thy way,
On the lonely hills to stray,
Where the hungry lion hides,
Where the fiery serpent glides.

“I would have thee lie at rest,
Little lamb, upon My breast;
Thou shalt be My sweet delight
All the day and all the night.

“Though thou hast a wayward will,
Little lamb, I love thee still;
Come to Me and be forgiven,
I will bear thee safe to Heaven.”



LONG AGO

tr., Emma Frances Bevan, 1899

O Lord Jesus, high in Heaven,
God's beloved One,
Crowned with glory and with honour,
Brighter than the sun—



Art Thou Him whom little children
Knew long years ago,
When a little child amongst them
Thou didst come and go?

Well they knew the little cottage,
Small, and poor, and mean,
Where Thou wert a child obedient
As no child has been—

Holy, true, and tender, doing
All Thy Father's will;
If men loved, or if they hated,
Loving, serving still.

Well they knew the workshop lowly
Where Thy days were spent,
Through the summer and the winter,
Peaceful and content.

O Lord Jesus, not as Thou wert
Have I ever been;
Selfishness and pride and anger
In my ways are seen.

Yet I would that I were like Thee,
Holy, tender, true,
As Thou didst and as Thou spakest
Would I speak and do.

Never selfish, never murmuring,
Loving, serving all,
Till in heaven amidst Thy glory
At Thy feet I fall—

See Thee who a child becamest
In a cottage poor,
That I might in Thy fair palace
Dwell for evermore.

THE END.
Printed by Ballantyne, Hanson & Co.
Edinburgh & London

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