John - Commentaries by Frances A. Bevan

Hymns of Ter Steegen and Others, Bride, The

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John 14:3.

'MIDST the darkness, storm, and sorrow,One bright gleam I see;Well I know the blessed morrowChrist will come for me.'Midst the light, and peace, and gloryOf the Father's home,Christ for me is watching, waiting,Waiting till I come.Long the blessed Guide has led meBy the desert road;Now I see the golden towers,City of my God.There, amidst the love and glory,He is waiting yet;On His hands a name is gravenHe can ne'er forget.There, amidst the songs of heaven,Sweeter to His earIs the footfall through the desert,Ever drawing near.There, made ready are the mansions,Radiant, still, and fair;But the Bride the Father gave HimYet is wanting there.Who is this who comes to meet meOn the desert way,As the Morning Star foretellingGod's unclouded day?He it is who came to win meOn the Cross of shame;In His glory well I know HimEvermore the same.Oh the blessed joy of meeting,All the desert past!Oh the wondrous words of greetingHe shall speak at last!He and I together enteringThose fair courts above—He and I together sharingAll the Father's love.Where no shade nor stain can enter,Nor the gold be dim,In that holiness unsullied,I shall walk with Him.Meet companion then for Jesus,From Him, for Him, made—Glory of God's grace foreverThere in me displayed.He who in His hour of sorrowBore the curse alone;I who through the lonely desertTrod where He had gone;He and I, in that bright glory,One deep joy shall share—Mine, to be forever with Him;His, that I am there. P. G.