

THE BRIDE OF THE LAMB.

In the world despised, neglected,
Deemed its refuse and its dross,
She whose Lord the earth rejected,
Shares his sorrow, bears his cross.

By the Dragon's fury driven,
Nourished in the desert drear,
Rocks and caves and stars of heaven,
All her lonely sighings hear.

In the worldlings' gay carousal,
How her bridal hope they spurn!
"Where's the vow of his espousal,
Where the pledge of his return?"

Yet, in all the gloomy midnight,
Sang her heart its virgin lay;
Watching, waiting, till the daylight,
"Till the shadows flee away."

From the wilderness returning,
Who is she with radiant face;
In the early dawn of morning,
Coming to her rightful place?

'Tis the Bride – the Lord's espoused,
Leaning on the Bridegroom's arm;
Shafts of error, words of malice,

Now are vain, to do her harm.

Then He's present – came the Bridegroom,
To escort her to his home?
Ended is her night of sorrow –
Has Millennial morning come?

Yes, He's present and in power;
Soon his glory all shall see;
For 'tis written, "Filled with knowledge,
All of earth, now soon shall be."

"In a moment" – Oh what wonder! –
"In the twinkling of an eye,"
Parted from the earth asunder,
She is with her Lord on high.

Come up hither! I will show thee
THE Lamb's wife enthroned in light,
Sharing all his kingly glory,
Clothed with glory and with might.

He has kept the vow he plighted;
Praise the Lord in song and psalm!
Blessed they who are united,
By the marriage, to the Lamb.

– Repaired.