

BE VIGILANT

Up, then, and linger not, thou saint of God,
Fling from thy shoulders each impeding load;
Be brave and wise, shake off earth's soil and sin,
That with the Bridegroom thou mayest enter in –
Oh, watch and pray!

Clear hath the voice been heard, Behold, I've come –
That voice that calls thee to thy glorious home,
That bids thee leave these vales and take swift wing,
To meet the hosts of thy descending King; –
And thou may'st rise!

'Tis a thick throng of foes, afar and near;
The grave in front, a hating world in rear;
Yet flee thou canst not, victory must be won,
Ere fall the shadows of thy setting sun: –
And thou must fight.

Gird on thy armor; face each weaponed foe;
Deal with the sword of heaven the deadly blow;
Forward, still forward, till the prize divine
Rewards thy zeal, and victory is thine.
Win thou the crown.

– Selected.