



- 2. Thy free grace, thy love unbounded, chose, and bade me waiting stand, till the glad call should be sounded, "Lo! the Bridegroom is at hand!" Though the time seems long and dreary, and the watch is hard to keep, still, though faint and weak and weary, Lord! permit me not to sleep.
- 3. Let me watch for thine appearing, till the bridal pomp I hail; till, night's mists and shadows clearing, streaming o'er the illumined vale I discern the rising splendour, catch from far their sweet acclaim, whose unnumbered voices render praise and glory to thy name!
- 4. Then, to swell the grand procession, may we haste without a fear!
  While, enriched by our accession, sweeter anthems great thine ear.
  Then may my white robe be stainless may my lamp shed light around!
  E'en without a spot be blameless, may I at that hour be found!
- 5. Then the bride, indeed "made ready," shall be brought with joy untold; now no more defiled or needy, but in raiment of wrought gold. For this hour the whole creation groaned and travailed, as in birth now the glorious consummation fills with joy new heavens and earth.

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