THE PATIENCE OF HOPE



Lord, we are weary oft and sore distressed, pacing the desert way:
 this dark polluted world is not our rest, we wait the dawn of day –
 that glorious sunrise which the morning star foretells with its calm light,
 so steadfast shining on us from afar, piercing the shades of night.

3. Let us have patience, Lord, till thou dost come; thine own time is the best; thou still art offering to the lost a home, to the soul-weary, rest; there are yet hidden ones whom thou wilt free from Satan's cruel chains; thou tarriest, Lord, that these may share with thee the fruit of all thy pains.

4. "The morning cometh!" Solemn, precious word, thrilling the inmost soul!
Oh, let us hasten on with fixed accord until we reach the goal.
What things were gain we count but dung and dross, nor to be looked at more.
Gazing behind, – our eye rests on the Cross, the Glory lies before!

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