IN THE HILL COUNTRY OF JUDAH



- 2. All is woe and lamentation whilst our dead are in our sight; bury them, and expectation rises, spreads her pinions bright.Abraham, the pilgrim stranger learnt this mystery of old;Death, the world's entire deranger, showed to him "the place for gold."
- 3. Silver then how freely spending in the purchase of a tomb,God the work of faith commending made for him in Hebron room;Grace ensures the like confession 'mid the Hittites of today,o'er the covenant possession where we hide our dead away.
- 4. Faith, not sight, by intuition knows that Eshcol's vale must bloom, gathers grapes, in prime condition, figs, pomegranates, round the Tomb; God himself the vigil keeping do we watch beside the dead? Do we traverse Canaan weeping, like a bulrush bow the head?
- 5. In the land, as strangers, sowing, though in weakness, precious seed, to the golden city going not with flesh and blood we plead; if the Ark went on before us, took, in Jordan's bed, its stand, God hath spread his banner o'er us, in his name we hold the land.

- 6. Long before the full fruition,
 Bethlehem is seen to bloom,
 "Sychar" shines, in recognition,
 Joseph, of thy faith, thy tomb;
 dreary is the desolation,
 while on earth alone we gaze,
 fair the scene, a new creation,
 as we view God's living ways.
- 7. Human love was loudly wailing e'en in presence of the Cross,
 Jesus then o'er hell prevailing triumphed 'mid creation's loss;
 Israel's Shepherd hath been smitten,
 Death's full cup he drainèd dry,
 "died", "was buried", it is written,
 rose and lives no more to die.
- 8. "I am He", "the Resurrection",
 Lord, by this thy Word we live,
 taught thy fulness of perfection
 back in praise to God to give.
 Ended thus our days of weeping,
 faith has not a tear to shed,
 hope is love's great charter keeping,
 "Jesus liveth, and was dead."

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