1 Corinthians 7:29 (James George Deck) 96983

Hymns and Sacred Poems, Brethren, the Time Is Short: 1 Corinthians 7:29 (7:29)

THE time is now short! Our salvation draws near,

And soon to receive us our Lord may appear;

Is your lamp burning brightly,replenished with oil?

Are your loins girded, brother, for labor and toil?

Our Lord whose great love was e'en stronger than death,

Who gives each His charge, while we wait here beneath,

Looks down from the throne each true servant to cheer;

His advent, my brother, each hour brings more near.

When He comes, there can never be suffering or shame,

Cross-bearings or toil to endure for His name;

No foes to encounter, no perils to brave,

No sufferers to succor, no lost ones to save.

When He comes, then the time for love's labor is o'er,

We can preach, we can visit, can wrestle no more:

The sword will be sheathed and the race will be run,

The harvest be reaped, and the victory won.

The third watch of the night, or the fourth may be past;

Of the twelve hours for working, this may be the last;

Then wake, brother, wake; work, brother, to-day:

To-morrow the Master may call us away.