

John - Commentaries by Frances A. Bevan

Hymns of Ter Steegen and Others, Bride, The

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John 14:3.

'MIDST the darkness, storm, and sorrow, One bright gleam I see; Well I know the blessed morrow Christ will come for me. 'Midst the light, and peace, and glory Of the Father's home, Christ for me is watching, waiting, Waiting till I come. Long the blessed Guide has led me By the desert road; Now I see the golden towers, City of my God. There, amidst the love and glory, He is waiting yet; On His hands a name is graven He can ne'er forget. There, amidst the songs of heaven, Sweeter to His ears the footfall through the desert, Ever drawing near. There, made ready are the mansions, Radiant, still, and fair; But the Bride the Father gave Him Yet is wanting there. Who is this who comes to meet me On the desert way, As the Morning Star foretelling God's unclouded day? He it is who came to win me On the Cross of shame; In His glory well I know Him Evermore the same. Oh the blessed joy of meeting, All the desert past! Oh the wondrous words of greeting He shall speak at last! He and I together entering Those fair courts above—He and I together sharing All the Father's love. Where no shade nor stain can enter, Nor the gold be dim, In that holiness unsullied, I shall walk with Him. Meet companion then for Jesus, From Him, for Him, made—Glory of God's grace forever There in me displayed. He who in His hour of sorrow Bore the curse alone; I who through the lonely desert Trod where He had gone; He and I, in that bright glory, One deep joy shall share—Mine, to be forever with Him; His, that I am there. P. G.

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