

Revelation - Commentaries by James George Deck

Hymns and Sacred Poems, Surely I Come Quickly (22:20)

"He which testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

REV. 22: 20.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.

"I am persuaded we have to wait on The Lord about His coming, and the state of His people as being in that day (if they will welcome it) practically ready for it. I have no theory that I know of beyond this: that I hold it will be to His dishonor, who has loved us and given Himself for us (that we might live alone unto Him), if He were to come, and find none actually and practically waiting for Him. To our dishonor surely; but more than that, to His; and I use this oft in prayer to the Father."-G. V. W. to

J. G. D.

BRETHREN, hark! the midnight cry!

Lo! the Bridegroom draweth nigh!

Let us all with joy proclaim Him,

Lest our careless slumbers shame Him;

Shame, were ready none to meet Him,

None prepared with joy to greet Him!

Shame to us, were robes not white;

Shame, were lamps not burning bright;

Shame, if not our vigils keeping,

He should find the virgins sleeping!

Hark! my brethren, hear the cry,

"Lo, the Bridegroom draweth nigh!"

Let us each repeat the cry,

Louder let the tidings fly;

Every virgin swell the story

Of the Bridegroom's coming glory!

Lamps all burning, hearts all beating,

Longing for the joyous meeting. AMEN!

Hymns and Sacred Poems, The Apocalypse (5:5-6)

REV. 5: 5, 6.

How dark the night around us! Sin and death

Are reigning conquerors o'er this rebel world;

The serpent's trail defiles; and error's breath

Corrupts the very truth that grace unfurled

To rescue man from sin's vile slavery,
And make him, as God's freed-man, truly free.
Alas 1 the name of Christ Himself is used
By those, who call Him Lord, to sanction ill;
The time of God's long-suffering is abused!
Because He smites not, man grows viler still;
"The mystery of iniquity" abounds,
While the false watchman "peace and safety" sounds.
But here we see, in Heaven's unclouded light,
An object hidden from man's earth-closed eyes;
The Lamb, once slain, now raised beyond all height,
His name the theme of all heaven's symphonies:
We hear His praise from harps divinely sweet,
And see the elders worship at His feet.
Oh, how delightsome are the heavenly scenes,
Which John, in Patmos, favored was to view!
The soul, that on the Savior's bosom leans,
Knows in itself that all His words are true;
Breaks out in songs to see the Lamb once slain,
Now crowned in heaven, and soon o'er earth to reign
His coming glories with Himself are ours!
His Bride shall share the honors of His name.
Oh, how this hope the faithful heart empowers
His cross to bear, and smile at toil and shame!
"Lo, I come quickly!" is His last sweet word:
Amen, e'en so; come, quickly come, O Lord.

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