


## III.

THE HEART LONGING FOR THE INNER  
ADVENT.


 HEREFORÉ dost Thou longer tarry,  
 Blessed of the Lord, afar?  
 Would it were Thy will to enter  
 To my heart, O Thou my Star,  
 Thou my Jesus, Fount of power,  
 Helper in the needful hour!  
 Sharpest wounds my heart is feeling,  
 Touch them, Saviour, with Thy healing!

For I shrink beneath the terrors  
 Of the law's tremendous sway;  
 All my countless crimes and errors  
 Stand before me night and day.  
 Oh the heavy, fearful load  
 Of the righteous wrath of God!  
 Oh the awful voice of thunder  
 Cleaving heart and soul asunder!

While the foe my soul is telling,  
 "There is grace no more for thee,  
 Thou must make thy endless dwelling  
 In the pains that torture me."

Yes, and keener still thy smart,  
 Conscience, in my anguished heart,  
 By thy venom'd tooth tormented,  
 Long-past sins are fore repented.

Would I then, to soothe my sorrow  
 And my pain awhile forget,  
 From the world a comfort borrow,  
 I but sink the deeper yet ;  
 She hath comforts that but grieve,  
 Joys that stinging memories leave,  
 Helpers that my heart are breaking,  
 Friends that do but mock its aching.

All the world can give is cheating,  
 Strengthless all, and merely nought ;  
 Have I greatness, it is fleeting ;  
 Have I riches, are they aught  
 But a heap of glittering earth ?  
 Pleasure ? Little is it worth  
 When it brings no joy or laughter  
 That thou wilt not rue hereafter.

All delight, all consolation  
 Lies in Thee, Lord Jesus Christ,  
 Feed my soul with Thy salvation,  
 O Thou Bread of Life unpriced.  
 Blessed Light, within me glow,  
 Ere my heart breaks in its woe ;  
 Oh refresh me and uphold me,  
 Jesus, come, let me behold Thee.

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Joy, my foul, for He hath heard thee,  
He will come and enter in ;  
Lo! He turns and draweth toward thee,  
Let thy welcome-song begin ;  
Oh prepare thee for fuch gueft,  
Give thee wholly to thy reft,  
With an open'd heart adore Him,  
Pour thy griefs and fears before Him.

'Thy misdeeds are thine no longer,  
He hath caft them in the fea,  
And the love of God fhall conquer  
All the ftrength of fin in thee.  
Chrift is victor in the field,  
Mightieft wrong to Him muft yield,  
He with bleffing will exalt thee  
O'er whate'er would here affault thee.

What would feem to hurt or shame thee  
Shall but work thy good at laft ;  
Since that Chrift hath deign'd to claim thee,  
And His truth ftands ever faft ;  
And if thine can but endure,  
There is nought fo fixed and fure,  
As that thou fhalt hymn His praifes  
In the happy heavenly places.

GERHARDT. 1653.