

Title:	Arise, O God, and shine
Name(s):	H.
Resource Type:	notated music
Note(s):	From: Music Copyright Deposits, 1870-1885 (Microfilm M 3500)
Subject(s):	Choruses, Sacred (Mixed voices, 4 parts), Unaccompanied
URL	http://lcweb2.loc.gov/diglib/ihas/loc.music.sm1882.05168

975

Arise, O God, and Shine.

5765 212

Consummation.

9s & 8s.

H., 1863.

The whole cre - a - tion now is sigh-ing, And waits till its de - liv-'rance come;

The saints with-in their hearts are cry-ing For their re-demp-tion and their home.

975 The whole creation groaneth. 9s & 8s.

Rom. viii. 22.

The whole creation now is sighing,
And waits till its deliverance come;
The saints within their hearts are crying
For their redemption and their home.

Earth, what a sorrow lies before thee!
None like it in the shadowy past;—
The sharpest throe that ever tore thee,
E'en though the briefest and the last.

I see the fair moon veil her luster,
I see the sackcloth of the sun;
The shrouding of each starry cluster,
The threefold woe of earth begun.

I see the shadows of earth's sunset;
And wrapped in these the Avenger's form;
I see the vast, terrific onset;
But I shall be above the storm.

There comes the moaning and the sighing,
There comes the hot tear's heavy fall,
The thousand agonies of dying;—
But I shall be beyond them all.

Then, when the night of desolation,
The awful hour of doom is past,
Bright shall arise the new creation,
And I shall gain my rest at last.

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976 The wells of salvation. 9s & 8s.

Isa. xii. 3.

Behold a crystal fountain springing
'Mid desert wastes and scorching sands,
Courage and strength and comfort bringing,
To travelers in weary lands.

So 'mid earth's arid desolation,
My soul with gladness all unknown,
Hails the bright waters of salvation
That issue from the eternal throne.

On the wide, trackless sands are lying
Unnumbered wasted, shriveled forms,
And many thirsting souls are dying
Amid the desert's burning storms.

Oh, Adam's fallen sons and daughters,
Why in the desert faint and die?
Behold the fount of living waters,
Behold salvation's well is nigh!

Why follow, to your own undoing,
Phantoms that mock your helpless woe?
Earth's mirage only lures to ruin,
Heaven's streams with health and blessing flow.

Ye thirsty, in the desert dreary,
Ye heavy-laden and oppressed,
Come to this fount; ye faint and weary,
Come unto Jesus and find rest.

H., 1860.