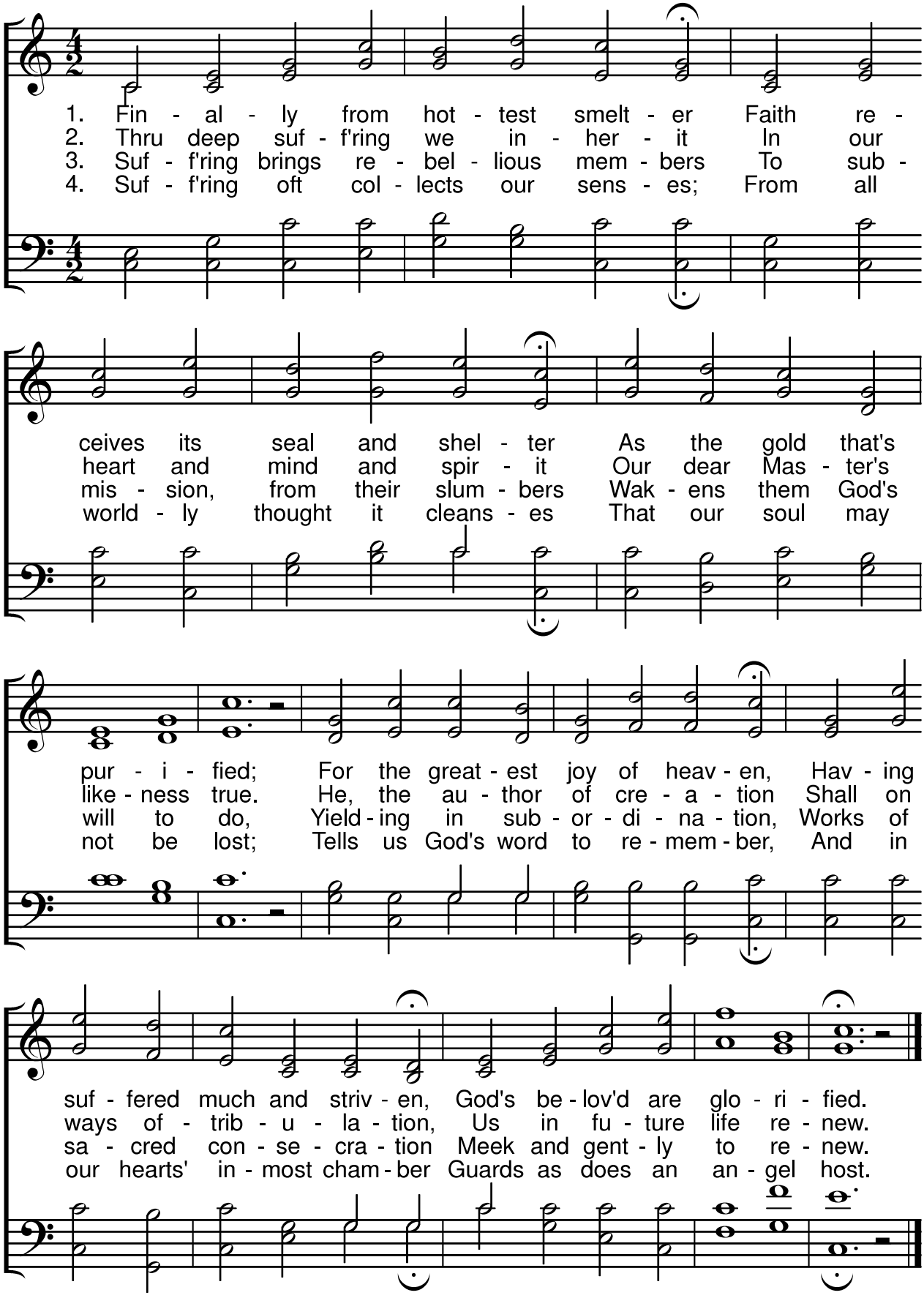
245. THE FRUIT OF SORROW

39, 40.



5. In our hearts the chords attuning,
That in psalms with God communing
We look up to yonder shore.
With the palms of peace abounding,
Where the golden harps are sounding,
Praising God forevermore.

6. Suff'ring speeds us on our journey,
Hallows soul and flesh with yearning
For that sleep in silent grave.
Bringing tidings of great gladness,
Calling all from death and sadness
Life eternal to receive.

7. Suff'ring makes our faith more ample,
Meek and humble, childlike, simple.
What can e'er with thee compare?
Here, a heavy load oppressing,
There a great and heav'nly blessing,
Which not everyone can share.

8. Brethren, suff'ring is a favor
Which in various ways the Saviour
To His own elect has shown.
Often racked by pain and sighing,
Often felt the throes of dying,
When through sleepless nights they groan.

9. Though in health and in enjoyment,
We to our good Lord's employment,
Willingly our strength did yield;
Yet we deem it no privation,
When through pain and tribulation
Our faith unto God is sealed.

10. In the depth of sore affliction,
Our hearts draw in close affection
To our loving Saviour's heart.
And for this we cry and tremble:
May we Thee in death resemble,
And in Life with Thee take part!

11. When at last our sighs are counted,
Ev'ry barrier is surmounted,
And the curtain rends in twain,
Who is able then to measure,
What of peace, and joy, and treasure
In that kingdom we shall gain?

12. Let me then behold in clearness
Yonder heights, Lord, in Thy nearness.
When at last my hour shall come,
When all earthly ties are severed,
And from death and toil delivered,
Angel bands shall bear me home!