

**"COME UNTO ME":  
SONGS OF  
ETERNAL LIFE**

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"Come Unto Me": Songs of Eternal Life by Grace Adele Pierce

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**GRACE ADELE PIERCE**

**"COME UNTO ME":  
SONGS OF  
ETERNAL LIFE**





*Yours in Loving Service,  
Grace Adelle Pierce*

*"Come Unto Me"*

*Songs of Eternal Life*

By

*Grace Adele Pierce*

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## FOREWORD

THE Pacific Press Publishing Association feels full confidence in presenting this little volume of poems, "Come Unto Me." Although this is the first volume by this author to be published by us, Miss Pierce is not unknown to the reading public. Her sonnets on Queen Victoria and on Browning's "Saul" have made for her a reputation in England and on the Continent as well as in America. Two French societies, the *Societe Academique d'Histoire Internationale* and the *Societe des Gens de Lettres*, have honored her. She is well known to America by her volumes, "The Silver Cord and the Golden Bowl," "The Howl of the Social Wolf," and "Child Study of the Classics;" and by her varied and numerous poems, short stories, and prose articles in the foremost magazines and newspapers.

Throughout her life, Miss Pierce has been a genuine and a sincere Christian, and a deep experience in the things of God is reflected in her literary work. The late Bishop Vincent, founder of the Chautauqua, said her works "yield the pleasant aroma of a human heart that has companioned with nature, felt the spell of art, experienced the joys and sorrows of life, and found rest in God."

Our purpose in publishing this volume is that the love of God revealed in the gift of His Son, "the great Shepherd of His sheep," may strike a responsive chord in the hearts of all those who may read "Come Unto Me."

THE PUBLISHERS.

"Come Unto Me"

*The Hour of Revelation*

As one who looks across a misty land,  
And sees the first faint blossom of the day,  
In crimson petals from the Almighty hand,  
Flung earthward — slow scattering all the way

Down the steep cliffs of heaven; as one hails  
The gradual dawning of some promised morn,  
And, early waking, sees the gloom that fails  
Before the undefinable gladness born,—

So I, at last, have reached the longed-for hour,  
That to my spirit Revelation gives;  
Nor all earth's desert waste, nor clouds that lower,  
Can 'nul the message that my Saviour lives.

My Saviour is — and I, who know the Truth,  
Can walk content, though upward paths are rent  
With strong upheavals, lost in clouds of ruth  
Wherein the shadow of life's toil is pent.

I know that voice, for which my ear has longed,  
My Saviour's voice, that gladdened childhood's hour,  
Will sound again, as when the old days thronged  
With rev'rent answer to His gentle power.

Ah, blest am I who, the long waiting done,  
Can surely meet His welcome face to face,  
In time's renewing eucharist with One  
Whose presence is the Spirit of all space.

And I shall meet my loved ones — longing pain  
Throbs in the song one moment — then elate,  
The diapason rolls its gradual strain,  
Reaching for higher harmonies that wait.

This hour is but a vision. Sometime, when  
All yon vast, skyey, interstellar space  
Vibrates with angels — in earth's silence then  
I hope to stand with Love's Own, face to face.



*"Come Unto Me"*

*"Come Unto Me"*

The Shepherd seeks His sheep.  
I hear Him calling,  
Through woodlands cold and deep,  
Through shades appalling:  
"Come home, come home!  
The chill of night is falling.  
Come home, come home,  
O My beloved sheep!"

The Shepherd leads His sheep.  
I hear Him singing,  
O'er pathways dark and steep,  
His tired flock bringing:  
"Come home, come home!  
The bells of night are ringing.  
Come home, come home,  
O My beloved sheep!"

The Shepherd feeds His sheep.  
I see Him turning,  
Where by the gate I creep,  
All comfort spurning.  
"Come home, come home!  
For thee My heart is yearning.  
Come home, come home,  
O My beloved sheep!"

The Shepherd folds His sheep;  
And, from Him turning,  
No longer now I weep,  
His comfort spurning.  
I'm folded safe,  
His gracious kindness learning,  
I'm folded safe  
With His beloved sheep.



### *"Christ Is Risen"*

O melancholy bells! Let no sound linger  
Within your throats—no hallelujah note!  
For Christ is dead—is dead upon the cross!  
See, how from palm and pale outstretching finger  
Drip crimson drops, and where the scoffers smote,  
Deep crimson bars His riven breast emboss.

See, how His head in lonely anguish drooping  
On that pierced bosom, riven for our sake,  
Hangs low, as still in benediction stooping,  
One last rich blessing on His foes to make.

See, how the purple shades are softly stealing  
'Round speechless lips and straining lids that rise,  
In human weakness wistful and appealing,  
Half drawn above those heaven-beholding eyes.

But hark, oh, hark! What glorious music now  
The trumpet winds from heavenly spheres are bringing,  
As thousand angels for that thorn-crowned brow  
Were rapturous songs of coronation singing.

## *"Come Unto Me"*

A rapturous music through the world is sounding,  
Unnumbered voices echoing the name  
Of Him who, far from pain and earthly wounding,  
Reigns in that kingdom whence, for us, He came.

Ring loud, O bells, your hallelujahs high!  
He hangs no longer on the stained cross,  
For He is risen — risen from His pain!  
And 'midst the wondrous burst of harmony,  
Let your note sound! Let all the heavens across,  
A thousand bells make music — whilst refrain  
From seraph throats, His praise doth swell again!

## *Signs of the Times*

Listen, ye nations! Rulers contending!  
Hear ye the voice — trump of Apocalypse!  
Dragon of War, from the seas uprising;  
Clashing of arms and rumor of contest:  
Hear ye, O nations!  
Out of the chaos —  
Signal of mercy —  
God speaks to His own!