

HYMNS AND TRANSLATIONS

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Hymns and translations by Samuel Garratt

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SAMUEL GARRATT

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TRANSLATIONS**

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HYMNS AND TRANSLATIONS.

I.

“COME, LORD, QUICKLY.”

Speedily, speedily, wilt Thou not come?

For the world is awaiting the hour

When the clash of the steel and the roll of the drum

Shall cease from the field and the tower.

Speedily, speedily, wilt Thou not come?

For the Church is all faint by the way;

There are hands that hang down, there are lips that
are dumb,

And hearts that are ceasing to pray.

Speedily, speedily, wilt Thou not come?
For the days are so darksome and chill,
That the long shadows fall, and the cold winds benumb
Our feet, as we climb Zion's hill.

Speedily, speedily, wilt Thou not come?
For our hearts are all stricken and sad;
And we wait till the morning appears, to become
Like the morning itself, bright and glad.

Speedily, speedily, come in Thy power,
Thy kingdom, and glory, and might;
For we long for the day and we long for the hour,
For the morning without a night.

When the saints in their robes of flame and snow
Shall glitter along Thy train;
And the heaven all above and the earth all below
In Thy smile shall grow young again.

Speedily, speedily, come in Thy love,
And translate Thy waiting Bride;
In the ivory palaces place her above,
And enthrone her by Thy side.

Then the heart that has wept shall weep no more,
And peace enter the sorrowing breast;
For the pilgrimage days of the Bride shall be o'er,
And the Bridegroom shall be at rest.

II.

GOING HOME.

An exile I roam, afar from my home,
Chained fast with sin's iron band ;
But a voice of love has reached my ear,
It falls from the sky in accents clear,
Thy sins are forgiven thee, do not fear,
Thou shalt reach thy fatherland.

Home, home, home,
To the haven of rest, the abode of the blest,
Where the bright ones are dressed in a sunlight vest,
We are going, going home.

A seaman I sweep o'er the billows deep,
While the winds whistle wild and drear ;
But Jesus speaks, and the hoary crest
Reclines on old Ocean's heaving breast,
And the winds rebuked sink down to rest,
And I see the harbour near.

Home, home, home,
To the haven of rest, the abode of the blest,
Where the bright ones are dressed in a sunlight vest,
We are going, going home.

I'm a soldier sworn, by the body torn,
Of my Captain the Prince of life,
By the crown of thorns and bleeding side,
By the pierced hands of Him who died,
By the anguish of the Crucified,
To follow Him in the strife.

Home, home, home,
To the haven of rest, the abode of the blest,
Where the bright ones are dressed in a sunlight vest,
We are going, going home.

I'm a pilgrim away to realms of day,
Where the towers of Zion rise,
Where the angels walk with amber feet,

Through pearly gates, on the golden street,
And the Church of the First-born with them meet,
In the temple of the skies.

Home, home, home,
To the haven of rest, the abode of the blest,
Where the bright ones are dressed in a sunlight vest,
We are going, going home.

I see those before who have reached the shore,
And they beckon from on high ;
They have gazed on the face of their King,
They have heard the choirs of angels sing,
They have made the halls of Zion ring
With their new-born minstrelsy.

Home, home, home,
To the haven of rest, the abode of the blest,
Where the bright ones are dressed in a sunlight vest,
We are going, going home.