

Prophetic Poems by Horatius Bonar

by Arno Clemens Gaebelein

The sermon calls believers to wait for Christ's return, gathering around the table of the Lord and looking forward to the marriage supper of the Lamb.

Scripture: Psalm 30:5, 1 Corinthians 11:26, 1 Thessalonians 4:16, Revelation 22:20

Topics: "Christ's Return", "Faithfulness"

Description

Arno Clemens Gaebelein preaches about eagerly anticipating the day when shadows will flee away, urging believers to remain steadfast in faith and love, keeping their focus on Christ amidst life's challenges and chaos. The sermon emphasizes the longing for Christ's return to establish His reign on earth, reminding believers to stay faithful and obedient to His will. Gaebelein also highlights the importance of remembering Christ's sacrifice, resurrection, and the promise of His second coming, encouraging believers to partake in the communion with anticipation and joy.

Transcript

"FOR SOON SHALL BREAK THE DAY"

Up to the fair myrrh-mountain,

The fresh frankincense hill,

I'll get me in this midnight,

And drink of love my fill.

O hills of fragrance, smiling

With every flower of love;

O slopes of sweetness, breathing

Your odors from above!

Ye send me silent welcome,

I waft you mine again;

Give me the wings of morning,
Burst this still-binding chain;
For soon shall break the day,
And shadows flee away.
Amid time's angry uproar,
Unmoved, unruffled still,
Keep, keep me calmly, truly,
Doing the Loved One's will.
'Mid din of stormy voices,
The clamor and the war,
Keep me with eye full-gazing
On the eternal star;
Still working, suffering, loving,
Still true and self-denied,
In the old faith abiding,
To the old names allied;
For soon shall break the day,
And shadows flee away.
From earthly power and weakness
Keep me alike apart;
From self-will and unmeekness,
From pride of lip or heart.
Without let tempests gather;--
Let all be calm within,
Unfretted and unshaken
By human strife and sin.
And when these limbs are weary,

And throbs this sleepless brain,
With breath from yon myrrh-mountain
Revive my soul again;
For soon shall break the day,
And shadows flee away.
There my beloved dwelleth,
He calls me up to him;
He bids me quit these valleys,
These moorlands brown and dim.
There my long-parted wait me,
The missed and mourned below;
Now, eager to rejoin them,
I fain would rise and go.
Not long below we linger,
Not long we here shall sigh;
The hour of dew and dawning
Is hastening from on high;
For soon shall break the day,
And shadows flee away.
O streaks of happy day-spring
Salute us from above!
O never setting sunlight,
Earth longeth for thy love;
O hymns of unknown gladness,
That hail us from these skies,
Swell till you gently silence
Earth's meaner melodies!

O hope all hope surpassing,
For evermore to be,
O Christ, the Church's Bridegroom,
In Paradise with thee;
For soon shall break the day,
And shadows flee away.

THE COMING REIGN

King of kings! ascend Thy throne;
Visit this Thine earth again;
Gird Thy sword upon Thy thigh;
Take Thy mighty power, and reign
King of nations! claim this world
With its kingdoms for Thine own.
Raze each rebel fortress here,
Level every hostile throne.
King of Israel! now arise,
And rebuild Thy Salem's walls;
Gather Jacob's scattered flock;
Hear Thine Israel when he calls.
King of saints! Thy ransomed own,
They the members, Thou the head;
Speed the great deliverance,
First-begotten of the dead.
King of glory! King of heaven!
King of earth! arise and reign;
All creation sighs for Thee;
Visit Thine own earth again.

King eternal! Son of God!

Earth and heaven shall Thee obey;

Principalities and powers

Own Thine everlasting sway.

THESE ARE THE TRUE SAYINGS OF GOD

Sure the record; Christ has come!

Rich, for us became He poor.

O my soul, then know His love;

Love Him, serve Him evermore.

Sure the record; Christ has died,

Bearing on the cross our sin;

Is not this the gate of life?

Son of Adam, enter in!

Sure the record; Christ is risen,

He hath broken every chain:

Silent stands the empty tomb,

Never to be filled again.

Sure the promise; Christ will come,

Though the promise lingers still;

Heavy seems the wing of time,

Weary with the weight of ill.

Signs are mustering everywhere,

And the world is growing old;

Love is low and faith is dull,

Truth and right are bought, and sold!

Then when men are heedless grown,

And the virgins slumber all,

When iniquity abounds,
Then He cometh, Judge of all!
Cometh He to raise His own
Wipe the tear from every eye;
Cometh He to right the wrong.
Trodden truth to lift on high.
To dethrone the lie of lies,
Each dark falsehood to destroy;
To begin the age of light,
Earth's long sighed-for Sabbath-joy.

THE SUPPER AND THE ADVENT

Till He come we own His name,
Round His table gathering;
One in love and faith and hope,
Waiting for an absent King.
Blessed table, where the Lord
Sets for us His choicest cheer;
Angels have no feast like this,
Angels wait, but sit not here.
Till He come we eat this bread,
Seated round this heaven-spread board;
Till He come we meet and feast,
In remembrance of the Lord.
In the banquet house of love,
In the Bridegroom's garden fair;
Thus we sit and feast and praise,--
Angels look, but cannot share.

Till He come we take this cup,--
Cup of blessing and of love;
Till He come we drink this wine,
Emblem of the wine above,--
Emblem of the blood once shed,
Blood of Him our sins who bare;
Angels look, but do not drink,
Angels never taste such fare.
Till He come, beneath the shade
Of His love we sit and sing;
Over us His banner waves,
In His hall of banqueting.
Happy chamber, where the Lord
Spreads the feast with viands rare;
Angels now are looking on,
Angels serve, but cannot share.
Till He come, we wear the badge
Of the ancient stranger-band;
Leaning on our pilgrim-staff,
Till we reach the glorious land.
Homeless here, like Him we love,
Watch we still in faith and prayer;
Angels have no watch like ours,
Angels have no cross to bear.
Till He come, we fain would keep
These our robes of earth unsoiled;
Looking for the festal dress,

Raiment of the undefiled.
Ha! these robes of purest light,
Fairest still among the fair!
Angels gaze, but cannot claim,--
Angels no such raiment wear.
Till He come we keep this feast,
Emblem of the feast above;
Marriage-supper of the Lamb,
Festival of joy and love.
Angels hear the bridal-song,
Angels set the festal fare;
Angels hear, but cannot join;
Angels wait, but cannot share.

Source: <https://sermonindex.net/speakers/arno-clemens-gaebelein-/prophetic-poems-by-horatius-bonar/>

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