

**Devotional Thoughts :: A poem of the coming King****A poem of the coming King, on: 2011/3/4 19:35**

As the dusk of life is falling
And the sands of time run swift
As we approach the edge of glory
To Him our hands we lift

Hallelujah to the King of Kings
All glory to the Son
An angel in the distance sings
The battle it is won

Oh death where is thy victory
Oh grave where be thy sting
You are swallowed up and overcome
By Christ the Risen King

The desert sands are shifting
And the time is drawing nigh
The Bridegroom fast approaches
And His angels fill the sky

And if you look with Spirit's eye
Your sure to see this site
Of heavenly angels from on high
Who sing with all their might

All glory to the coming King
The Christ, the risen One
The Lamb of God, the prince of peace
Exalted Holy Son

Right now's the time to fill your lamp
The Masters on His way
Awake! Arise! Get on your knees
Now is the time to pray

The Remnant stand , with forehead marked
Oh Bridegroom take your bride
The time has come, the day is now
The door is open wide

Awake , arise the Bridegroom comes
All ties to this world, cut
For when He comes, He'll take His Bride
Then the door is tightly shut

Re: A poem of the coming King - posted by Lysa (), on: 2011/3/4 19:43

God bless you brother for listening to the Spirit and writing this!! Spot on.

Re: A poem of the coming King - posted by InTheLight (), on: 2011/3/4 19:55

This is very good Frank, thanks for sharing it. It reminds me of something I read from AB Simpson recently...

The last song of the bride is a note of the heavenly anthem. It reminds us that the spirit of that happy age will be the spirit of praise, and that our songs will be for Him. We are going to a home where we shall spend eternity in the celebration of our Redeemer's praise. The songs of heaven are but repetitions of the earth's songs with an added refrain. There are two songs in the book of Canticles, the earth song and the home song of the bride. The first song has for its refrain a minor chord, and the sad thought of the mountains of Bether, or separation; but the last song is about the mountain of Besamim, or the mountain of spices, that is love. Oh, what a difference there will be! All the songs of earth have a touch of sorrow. It is said that the song of every bird that warbles in the air is on a minor key. All earth is tainted with the sadness of the Fall, but there is a day coming when the key will be changed and the everlasting song will be without a chorus of sorrow.

There shall be no more crying,
There shall be no more pain,
There shall be no more dying,
There shall be no more stain.
Savior, our watch we are keeping,
Longing for thee to come;
Then shall be ended our night of weeping,
Then shall we reach our home.

-excerpted from The Love Life of the Lord by AB Simpson

Re: , on: 2011/3/4 20:48

"but there is a day coming when the key will be changed and the everlasting song will be without a chorus of sorrow." Praise the Lord!

Re: , on: 2011/3/4 20:49

Hi Lysa, yes, I was out walking last night and the dusk began to fall and the Spirit whispered in my ear..... brother Frank

Re: A poem of the coming King - posted by Joyful_Heart, on: 2011/3/5 13:51

Hallelujah & Glory to our most wonderful Savior!

Beautiful, from the heart of a Bride to her Bridegroom.
Oh, Hallelujah!