

191. NOW AND THEN

180.

1. Sing praise to God, all ye who love the Sav - iour;
 2. O, love Him, all that are His cov - 'nant's chil - dren,
 3. O, gra - cious Sav - iour, Thou hast left us du - ly
 4. There - fore, ye Christ's dis - ci - ples, all to - geth - er,

Ex - tol His ac - tions; praise His faith - ful - ness!
 Who un - to sin, and world and lust have died,
 Thy dear ex - am - ple, and we fol - low Thee;
 O, con - se - crate your - self to Him a - new!

Sing praise to Him, Who first showed us His fa - vor;
 And in His cru - el death, with Him, the Con - qu'ror,
 O, now en - fold us with Thy love most tru - ly,
 U - nit - ed stand; and let love's flame for - ev - er

His lov - ing kind - ness in your song ex - press!
 Are bur - ied by bap - tis - m's bath ap - plied!
 That will - ing bear - ers of Thy shame we be!
 In - flame your hearts with pas - sions, strong and true,

In love and grace He ev - er greets His chil - dren,
 He gave in love His life and blood so pre - cious,
 How blest, all this for Thy sake to be shar - ing!
 And love in Him a - like His hum - ble chil - dren,

Gives them sal - va - tion and con - tent - ment, grace;
To ran - som us from guilt and sin - ful debt;
Thou dwell'st in us; we fol - low faith - ful - ly.
Whom He has cho - sen as His sa - cred bride!

E - ter - nal - ly will be with them in un - ion;
He raised us up un - to a life of new - ness;
Thru cross - es here Thou art Thine own pre - par - ing;
He loves us all and names us all His breth - ren;

Be - stows on them all heav - en's bless - ed - ness.
By His great love and grace we here are kept.
For glo - ry there: O, grace tru - ly blest are we!
We are His peo - ple who in Him a - bide.

5. He will us as His people then acknowledge,
When He appears on that great Judgment day;
Before His Father He will then confess us;
His love for us no one can take away!
O, what a happiness for us is waiting
When He, our bridegroom, will appear with might,
Us as His holy bride, with Him uniting
And dry our tears in that eternal light!
6. With bliss eternal we shall be rewarded:
The crown of life will then the bride adorn.
The tears, the pain, the scorn, the gown of mourning
Shall change to rapture on that joyful morn.
Fulfilled will be what faith is hoping ever;
There we will greet the One our heart doth love;
The stream of life is flowing there forever,
So clear and crystal for us from above.

191. (Continued)

7. As King of glo - ry we shall see our Sav - iour,
 8. O, woe to all who here His Word dis - dain - ing
 9. Then shall their laugh - ter all be changed to sor - row,
 10. It shall be well, if we with tears are sow - ing

Be - fore whose face all earth and heav - en flee;
 Now proud - ly, bold - ly walk the sin - ner's way,
 When earth - ly joys their fin - al end shall gain,
 The seed in hope of blest e - ter - ni - ty,

Be - fore whose feet, as hum - ble sub - jects ev - er,
 Whose on - ly thought is gold and hon - or gain - ing,
 Yea, gnash - ing teeth shall have an end - less mor - row,
 De - spis - ing scorn our foes are here be - stow - ing,

The heav'n - ly host in rev - 'rence bows the knee.
 Who think the Chris - tian fool - ish in his day.
 In late re - morse, in tor - ment and in pain.
 And bear - ing per - se - cu - tion pa - tient - ly;

Yea, there at length must ev - 'ry knee be bow - ing,
 How the A - veng - er, then Him - self re - veal - ing,
 Their worm, the ev - il con - science, nev - er dy - ing,
 E - ter - nal - ly will pros - per fresh and ver - nal,



When He ap - pears up - on that judg - ment - morn;
 Shall re - com - pense what ev - 'ry one hath done!
 An end - less fi - re at the spir - it gnaws,
 The seed of faith that we have plant - ed here,

When He Him - self as World-Judge will be show - ing,
 How fool - ish then shall seem their earth - ly deal - ing,
 For world - ly sow - ing brings end - less de - stroy - ing;
 When we shall har - vest 'mid the joys e - ter - nal,

Of whom the pres - ent world but speaks with scorn.
 Who here up - on the scorn - er's path have gone.
 Woe him who not un - to the Spir - it sows!
 And see the rip - ened sheaves in glo - ry there.

11. The harvest there will truly our hearts gladden,
 So let us freely sow while here we may;
 And let us bear all crosses that would sadden,
 The Father will reward us in that day.
 There will the joys of heaven be unended;
 The pain of earth will soon forgotten be.
 Here sowing days with sighs and cares are blended;
 There we shall reap with joy eternally.

12. Beloved pilgrims, faith's association,
 Keep on in striving for the promised land!
 Be praying, fighting without hesitation,
 For that great harvest day is near at hand!
 Behold the fields; they are soon ripe for harvest;
 The fig tree now is putting forth its leaves.
 Up, gather in! who slothful is in harvest,
 No crown of righteousness from God receives.