Ecclesia

(D.S.M.)
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- 1 The Church has waited long
 Her absent Lord to see
 And still in loneliness she waits,
 A friendless stranger she.
 Age after age has gone
 Sun after sun has set,
 And still in weeds of widowhood,
 She weeps, a mourner yet.
- 2 Saint after saint on earth
 Has lived, and loved, and died;
 And as they left us one by one,
 We laid them side by side.
 We laid them down to sleep,
 But not in hope forlorn,
 We laid them but to ripen there
 Till the last glorious morn.
- 3 The serpent's brood increase,
 The powers of hell grow bold
 The conflict thickens, faith is low,
 And love is waxing cold.
 How long, O Lord, our God
 Holy, and true, and good,
 Wilt Thou not judge Thy suffering Church,
 Her sighs, her tears, and blood?
- We long to hear Thy voice,
 To see Thee face to face,
 To share Thy crown and glory there,
 As here we share Thy grace.
 Should not the loving Bride
 The absent Bridegroom mourn;
 Should she not wear the weeds of grief
 Until her Lord return?

5 The whole creation groans,
And waits to hear that voice,
That shall restore her comeliness,
And make her wastes rejoice.
Come, Lord, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain,
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again. Amen.

Horatius Bonar, 1809 - 89.