

A Voice upon the Midnight Air

James Martineau, 1840.

Albert Peace, 1885.

A voice upon the midnight air,
Where Kedron's moonlit waters stray,
Weeps forth in agony of prayer,
"O Father, take this cup away."

Ah! Thou who sorrowest unto death,
We conquer in Thy mortal fray;
And earth for all her children saith,
"O God, take not this cup away."

O Lord of sorrow, meekly die:
Thou'lt heal or hallow all our woe;
Thy name refresh the mourner's sigh,
Thy peace revive the faint and low.

Great chief of faithful souls, arise,
None else can lead the martyr band,
Who teach the brave how peril flies,
When faith, unarmed, uplifts the hand.

O king of earth, the cross ascend;
O'er climes and ages 'tis Thy throne;
Where'er Thy fading eye may bend,
The desert blooms, and is Thine own.

Thy parting blessing, Lord, we pray;
Make but one fold, below, above;
And when we go the last lone way,
O give the welcome of Thy love.