

A Hymn for Midnight
Charles Wesley, 1739.
Joseph Barnby, 1872.

While midnight shades the earth o'erspread,
And veil the bosom of the deep,
Nature reclines her weary head,
And care respites and sorrows sleep;
My soul still aims at nobler rest,
Aspiring to her Savior's breast.

Aid me, ye hovering spirits near,
Angels and ministers of grace;
Who ever, while you guard us here,
Behold your heavenly Father's face!
Gently my raptured soul convey
To regions of eternal day.

Fain would I leave this earth below,
Of pain and sin the dark abode;
Where shadowy joy, or solid woe,
Allures, or tears me from my God:
Doubtful and insecure of bliss,
Since death alone confirms me His.

Till then, to sorrow born, I sigh,
And gasp, and languish after home;
Upward I send my streaming eye,
Expecting till the Bridegroom come:
Come quickly, Lord! Thy own receive;
Now let me see Thy face, and live.

Absent from Thee, my exiled soul
Deep in a fleshly dungeon groans;
Around me clouds of darkness roll,
And laboring silence speaks my moans:
Come quickly, Lord! Thy face display,
And look my midnight into day.

Error, and sin, and death are o'er,
If Thou reverse the creature's doom;
Sad Rachel weeps her loss no more,
If Thou, the God, the Savior come:
Of Thee possess, in Thee we prove
The light, the life, the heaven of love.