

THE MAN IN THE GLORY

"The Man Christ Jesus"

(1 TIM. 2.5)

I wake in the morning with thoughts of His love
Who is living for me in the glory above,
Ev'ry minute expecting He'll call me away,
And that keeps me bright all the rest of the day!

But the moments speed forward, and on comes the noon
Yet still I am singing "He'll come very soon"
And thus I am watching from morning till night
And pluming my wings to be ready for flight!

There's *a Man in the glory* I know very well
I have known Him for years, and His goodness can tell:
One day in His mercy He knock'd at my door,
And, seeking admission, knock'd many times o'er

But when I went to Him, and stood face to face,
And listen'd awhile to His story of grace,
How He suffer'd for sinners, and put away sin,
I heartily, thankfully welcomed Him in.

We have *lived on together* a number of years,
And that's why I neither have doubtings nor fears,
For my sins are all hid in the depths of the sea,
They were carried down there by the *Man on the tree*.

I am often surprised why the lip should be curl'd,
When I speak of my Lord to the *man of the world*;
And notice with sorrow his look of disdain,
When I tell him that Jesus is coming again.

He seems *so content* with his houses and gold,
While despising the ark, like the people of old,
And yet at His coming I'm sure he would flee,
Like *the man in the garden*, who ate of the tree.

I cannot but think it is foolish of souls
To put all their money "in bags which have holes,"
To find, in the day that is coming apace,
How lightly they valued the "riches of grace."

As fond as I am of *His work* in the field,
I would let go the plough, I would lay down the shield:
The weapons of service I'd put on the shelf,
And the sword in its scabbard, to be with Himself.

But I'll work on with pleasure, while keeping my eyes
On the end of the field where standeth the prize.
I would work for His glory, that when we shall meet
I may have a large sheaf to lay down at His feet;

That He, too, with pleasure His fruit may review:
Is the Man in the glory a stranger to you?
A stranger to Jesus! what, do you not know
He is washing poor sinners much whiter than snow?

Have you lived in a land where the Bible's unknown
That you don't know *the Man* who is now on the throne?
Ah, did you but know half His beauty and power,
You would not be a stranger another half-hour. .

I have known Him so long that I'm able to say,
The very worst sinner He'll not turn away.
The question of sin I adoringly see,
The *Man in the glory* has settled for me!

And as to my footsteps whatever the scene,
The *Man in the glory* is keeping me clean;
And therefore I'm singing from morning till night
The *Man in the glory* is all my delight.

G.C.

Made and Printed in England

Kingston Bible Trust
Wembley Gardens
Lancing, Sussex, BN15 9LX