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1914

Suppl.

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Supplement to

“Responses to The Blue Juniata
and other Poems”



BY

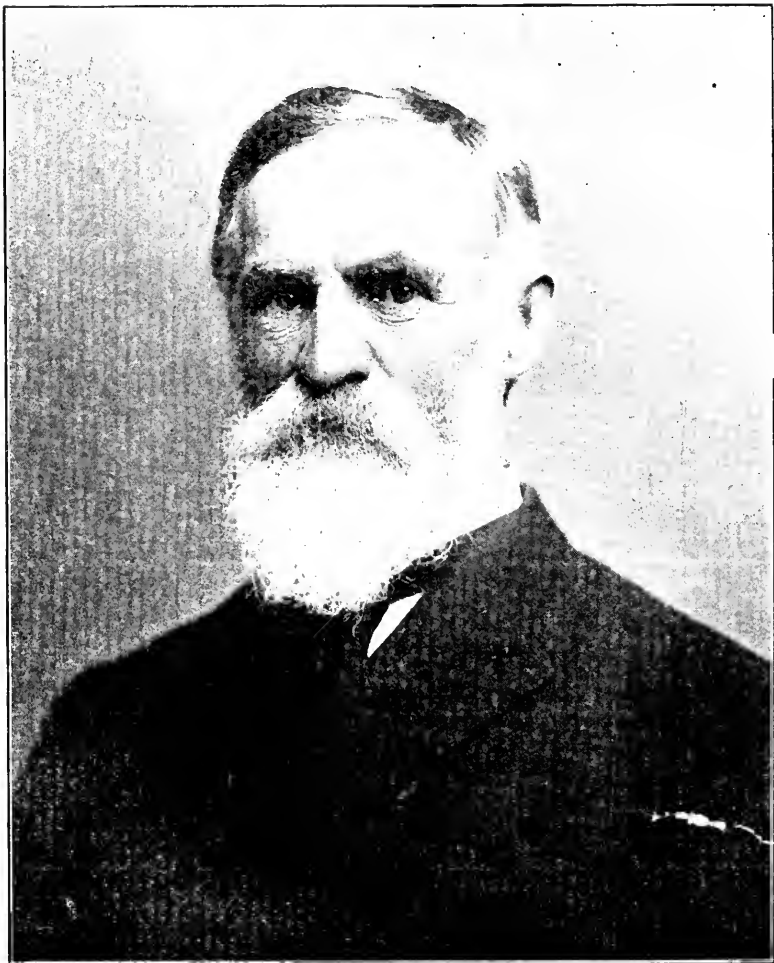
CYRUS CORT



Chaplain of the
Maryland House of Delegates
March 1914



An Eightieth Birthday Souvenir



JUBILEE REUNION of the CLASS
of 1860 at F. & M., COLLEGE in
LANCASTER, PA., June 8th, 1910

1860 **IN MEMORIAM** **1910**

Full fifty years ago our class
 Received the Bachelor's degree;
Like swift-winged birds the years do pass,
 We meet to chant our jubilee.

The lawyers and the doctors each
 Were two; two in the army died
Eleven boys went forth to preach
 The gospel of the Crucified.

We meet with grateful hearts once more
 And grasp each other by the hand,
But not as in the days of yore,
 A youthful, undivided band.

For eight have crossed life's stormy waves
 And rest, we hope, with God today
The grass grows green above their graves,
 Green be their memory for aye.

The faculty, ah! where are they
 Who taught us in the days of yore?
Not one to greet us here today
 Forget them shall we nevermore.

The past confronts us like a dream;
 It rises like a morning star;
Amid these classic shades we seem
 Renewed in youth as eagles are.

Our homes on earth are far apart,
 In north and south, in east and west;

But now we join in hand and heart,
And hope to meet among the blest.
No darkness dims the perfect sight,
No parting grieves true hearted friends;
Within that land of love and light,
The song of triumph never ends.
But we must strive to win the prize—
The good, the brave, true-hearted soul
Alone can enter paradise
And gain the victor's heavenly goal.
In Eden's bright and blissful bowers,
Beneath the many-fruited tree*
We'll rest these weary hearts of ours
And chant a grander Jubilee.

* Rev. 22 : 2.

THE 350TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE
HEIDELBERG CATECHISM

1563

1863

Awake! ye sons of noble sires,
Rekindle Reformation fires.
And cherish well our ancient creed
Which comforts hearts in time of need.
Our fathers came from near and far,
In days of fratricidal war,
Our precious creed to celebrate,
When billows rocked our Ship of State.
With grateful hearts and loyal tongue
The praise of Heidelberg they sung;
They dwelt on Reformation lore
And generous gifts their altars bore.

When peace and plenty crown our land
Shall we, as thankless laggards stand?
No! Like the men of sixty-three,
We'll keep the Golden Jubilee.

Three hundred years, and fifty more,
Since godly men, in days of yore,
Proclaimed our Apostolic faith,
Our comfort true, in life and death.

Then sound the trump of Jubilee,
From mountain top to distant sea;
A grateful song our hearts shall raise
To heroes grand, in brave old days.

Like forest leaves, we come and go,
Our years are few and frail below;
We soon must quit this pilgrim shore,
But Jesus reigns forevermore.

As Jewish pilgrims sought their home
Whenever Jubilee had come,
We'll seek our Father's house above,
Where faith and hope will change to love.

Our fathers, where are they, of old?
And where Reformers, true and bold?
The path of duty firmly trod,
They rest in Christ, at home with God.

Then cherish well their martyr faith,
That nerved their souls in life and death,
To strive for truth that set men free,
And sound the trump of Jubilee.

A grander Jubilee awaits
The souls that reach the pearly gates,
They join the great Thanksgiving psalm,
The Marriage Supper of the Lamb.*

* Rev. 19:6 &c.

BID THEM COME

(Tune 132 Reformed Church Hymnal) "Tell It Out"

Bid them come, My feast is ready, saith the blessed
Lord

Bid them come! Bid them come!

Bid them all accept the invitation, hear His word;

Bid them come! Bid them come!

Bid them come! the nuptial feast of Jesus draweth nigh;

Come! attend the royal wedding, hear the heralds cry.

Bid them come! for all are welcome at the gospel feast.

Bid them come! Bid them come!

Bid them come and heed the Sovereign's strict and sweet
command,

Bid them come! Bid them come!

Come from every tribe and nation, every clime and land,

Bid them come! Bid them come!

Bid them come, entreat, compel them, saith the Kingly
Host,

Bid them come, the feast is spread with great and
princely cost.

Bid them come! My Son and Heir to honor at the feast,

Bid them come! Bid them come!

Bid them come! for whosoever will may freely come;

Bid them come! Bid them come!

Bid them come! the Father calls the straying exiles home

Bid them come! Bid them come!

Bid them come from palace hall and hovel, rich and poor

Bid them come before alas! He shuts the open door.

Bid them come, or they shall never taste the marriage
feast.

Bid them come! Bid them come!

Bid them come before the evening ends in hopeless night.

Bid them come! Bid them come!

Bid them come and each shall wear a robe of spotless
white.

Bid them come! Bid them come!

Bid them come! and you and they shall wear a golden
crown.

Bid them come! and before the throne, you'll cast
your trophies down.

Bid them come! and they shall bless you in the judge-
ment day.

Bid them come! Bid them come!

Matthew 22.

ON MY EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY

March 15, 1834—1914

Already gone! my four-score years,
With all their hopes and all their fears,
With all their gladness and their tears;
Oh God! prepare me for the test,
To enter where the weary rest,
And be with Christ forever blest.

My earthly course will soon be run,
My thread of life will soon be spun,
Give golden setting to my sun;
That when my pilgrim state is o'er,
And earth is gone forever more,
My bark shall reach the better shore.

My hope is in the Crucified,
Upon the cross for me He died,



And bought me with the crimson tide,
That issued from His pierced side,
Lord let it never be in vain
That Christ endured for me the pain,
The Lamb of God Himself was slain,
For me eternal life to gain.

In faith and love help me to wait,
Thy time to cross the narrow strait,
When death shall end my pilgrim state
And open wide the pearly gate.
Oh grant me Lord all needed grace
Thy convenient promise to embrace
And gain at last the blessed place
Where I shall see Thee face to face.

My hope is stayed on Christ alone,
When He shall own me as His own
And I shall hail Him on His throne,
Then I shall know as I am known.
No eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard
The joy that Jesus hath reserved
For ransomed souls, who hear the word.
"Come, be forever with Thy Lord."

Thes. 4:17.

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