

O thou Afflicted!

By: Hannah Hurnard

O thou afflicted, tempest-tossed,
In sorrow's pathway led,
Behold thy suffering is not lost,
Thou shalt be comforted.
In fairest colors thou shalt shine,
And precious jewels shall be thine.

Foundation stones of bright sapphires
Shall garnish all thy floors,
Thy ruby windows glow like fires,
And emeralds make thy doors,
And all thy walls and borders be
Of precious stones and porphyry.

Fear not! Thy trust ends not in loss,
I'll not put thee to shame,
There is a purpose in thy cross,
And no reproach and blame.

One day, with glad, exultant voice
Thou, child of sorrow, shalt rejoice.

Stretch forth the curtains of thy tent,
Lengthen the cords, spread wide,
Strengthen thy stakes with great content,
Break forth on every side.
Thou shalt have seed through all the earth.

(Isa. 54:11-12)