

Land of Remembrance

Psa 88:12; Jer 31:16

Among the varied landscapes traced by the Word of God,
Are two divergent countries, of very different sod.

The land of great forgetfulness, most prominent to view,
Holds all its many citizens by chains of darkest hue.
The sins of pride and power; of malice, envy, strife;
The grip of doubt and terror; within this tract are rife.
The interlocking links of sin, of wickedness and wrong,
Hold all its many prisoners, with iron fetters strong.

Weep not! For Judah's Lion now has come to break the chains;
His holy, grace-wrought sacrifice begins a new refrain.
For those we lost to darkness' veil, we can no longer weep,
For they but wait for that glad day, when they no longer sleep.
The land of grand remembrance His sacrifice made sure,
The tomb's forgotten prisoners - it will for all inure.

And now has come the gladsome day, the day of Christ foretold,
By all those ancient, worthy ones, whose words sublime extolled.
And who of all the sleeping ones, are first to be recalled?
The ones who sealed their fate with blood, no more shall be forestalled.
And what of all those saintly ones, on this side heaven's veil?
Remembered in a twinkle they - no sleep o'er them prevails!

And when the Bride made ready is, with clothing of wrought gold,
The Marriage of the Lamb will come, which naught of earth behold.
But blessed will all those virgins be, companions of the Bride;
Called to the Marriage Feast are they - their tears have now been dried.
And thus the New Jerusalem installed above shall be;
To open up the way to life and set sin's captives free.

Who next of all the mighty throng, that lie in death's dark bed,
Shall then awake to join the light? Be summoned from the dead?
All those who lived and died in faith - the friends of God says Paul;
Recalled to perfect life are they, to be them judges, all.
Executors of justice - purveyors of God's grace,
To give His loving kindness, to all the blood-bought race.

They form the earthly city that mirrors heaven's dome,
To them shall natural Israel, in deep repentance come.
Then all the living nations that long for peace and rest,
Must take the hem of Jacob's skirt, if they would then be blessed.
And as they gladly yield to Christ allegiance and reform,
They'll think of all their loved ones lost, and want them, too, reborn.

With all of this remembering, what of forgetfulness?
Will darkness and extinction pursue those who transgress?
All of those seeds of evil - of wickedness and hate,
That Satan sowed so liberally, what is their lasting fate?
With him they all shall perish - no more to threaten they;
The seeds of love and kindness shall then hold fullest sway.

The valley of death's shadow, shall to the past belong;
The Sun of Life once risen, forbids the mourner's song.
The ebon night of sorrow, the vicious and the base;
Consigned to silent obloquy - perpetual disgrace.
Jehovah's footstool glorious, the righteous all shall see;
The land of black forgetfulness, forgot itself shall be.

Awake with lark of morning, and sing the victor's tune!
'Twill not be long to labor - we will be with Him soon!
Oh, yes, the time of trouble, prevails in this our day,
Hear ye the Lion's roar e'en now - this King will not delay!
So gather all your courage - to stand and to endure;
For all those gracious promises, thru Christ to us are sure!

The land of grand remembrance before us surely lies,
What time have we for sorrow, when glory gilds the skies?

