

Christ - a poem

s.n.] - Serving Those In Need, We Are The Hands Of Christ, Religious Poem

Description: -

-Christ - a poem

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A Lythway romance

A Lythway book

Percorsi (Bologna, Italy)

Percorsi

Veröffentlichungen aus dem Projektbereich Ostdeutsche

Landesgeschichte an der Universität Bonn -- Heft 9.

Veröffentlichungen des Instituts für Kultur und Geschichte der

Deutschen im Östlichen Europa -- Bd. 5.

Publications of the Project Area for the History of Germans in Eastern

Countries at the University of Bonn -- Vol. 14

Publications for the Institute of Culture and History of the Germans in

Eastern Europe at the University of Düsseldorf -- Vol. 5

Veröffentlichungen der Modern History Faculty der Universität

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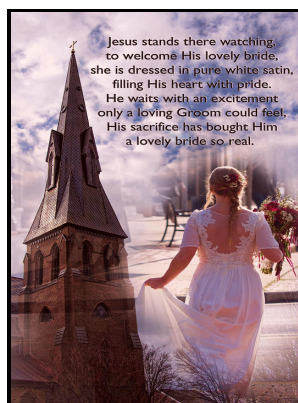
CIHM/ICMH Microfiche series -- no. 11038Christ - a poem

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Tags: #Christian #Poems

Christian Poems, Christian Poetry to Uplift, Religious Poems

Not just my parents but all parents. There is a need for your mercy—that you should redeem us and grant us the soothfast grace of your salvation, so that we may henceforth prosper the better in your fellowship at your will. I continually pray to be the person God wants me to be for you.

Christ I

Of times He weaveth sorrow, And I in foolish pride, Forget he sees the upper, And I, the underside. Nature that heard such sound Beneath the hollow round Of Cynthia's seat, the Airy region thrilling, Now was almost won To think her part was don, And that her reign had here its last fulfilling; She knew such harmony alone Could hold all Heav'n and Earth in happier union.

Christian Poems about the Jesus of the Bible

God gave me a great job To nurse the sick.

98 Christian Poems To Inspire, Uplift, Short Poems

Christian Poetry for Women is on the Poetry To Inspire page in the Women's Corner area. When I had got these parcels, instantly I sat me down to spell them, and perceived That to my broken heart he was I ease you, And to my whole is Jesu.

Christ I

Another year of service, Of witness of Thy love, Another year of training For holier work above. At last surrounds their sight A Globe of circular light, That with long beams the shame-fac't night array'd, The helmed Cherubim And sworded Seraphim, Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displaid, Harping in loud and solemn quire, With unexpressive notes to Heav'ns new-born Heir. Are you a comfy Christian? Thou art coming, loving Saviour, Coming first to claim Thine own.

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