

An aerial photograph of a beach. The water is a vibrant greenish-blue, with white foam from waves crashing against a dark, rocky shore. The sand is a warm, golden-yellow color. The overall scene is bright and sunny.

AS GOLD

and other poems

by

Gladys Hall

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Hall, Gladys Ann, 1957-

As Gold

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Foreword

It is a great joy to be associated with the editing and production of this booklet of over fifty poems written by my youngest sister Gladys.

Gladys is the youngest of eight siblings. She resides in Canada at present, but has begun missionary work in the Bahamas along with her husband and my dear friend Hadley. They are the happy parents of two children Philip and Juliet.

Gladys has known and love the Lord for many years and has been a true Pheobe (Rom 16:1,2): Shining (the meaning of the name), a sister, a servant, a saint and a succourer.

This booklet is the second in the series “Heritage of Inspiration”. The first was a series of poems written by our late cousin Winifred Sealy.

We trust that you will enjoy and be greatly blessed by the reading of these poems and that you will be encouraged to go back to them again and again for inspiration and comfort. We encourage you to share these poems with others for their eternal blessing. May God, by His grace, be honoured and glorified by this work.

“For of Him, and through Him, and to Him, are all things: to whom be glory for ever. Amen”. Rom 11:36

*Samuel Rice
October 2003*

Preface

We must needs pass through the fire that *The Fourth Man* may be seen. We must needs be cast into the den of lions that it might be known that our God is able to deliver us.

Many of the following poems were composed while I was in one or another trial. I share them that they may be a source of comfort to someone in the hour of need. We need not faint for ours is a God of all comfort.

This book is dedicated to my dear husband and our children who have been very supportive over the years.

Sincere thanks to my parents and each one of my brothers and sisters who have had an influence in my life in one way or another. Special thanks to Samuel who encouraged me to put the poems into print.

*Gladys Hall
October 2003*

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I Shall Come Forth As Gold

As gold, dear Lord, I want to be as gold!
But oh! the heat, the pain, I'd sure forego.
Must it be thus- the trial- the throbbing heart, the pain,
Can I not bear your blessed beauty without the rain?

No, my dear child, I too have suffered pain,
For you my child, I groaned beneath the strain,
My blood was shed that your sins could forgiven be,
And that from shame and untold bondage, you might
be free.

As gold dear Lord, I will submissive be!
I will gladly take my cross and follow Thee,
On Thee I'll roll my every grief, my every pain,
For someday soon, I know in heaven, with Thee I'll reign.

Changed

We shall be changed-And who will I be like?
We shall be like Him-What a wondrous sight!
We shall behold Him-Whom not seen we love.
We shall be with Him in those courts above.

We shall be changed-In the twinkling of an eye.
We shall be like Him-We'll no longer die.
We shall behold Him-Our blessed Saviour's face.
We shall be with Him-What amazing grace!

Faith

Faith's like the sunshine peeping through
After the storm and rain.
It is the promise of things new
Though life may bring some pain.
Hope thou in God, you'll smile again!

I Will Return

Joy Cometh in the Morning

My dearest Friend, He said He would return,
And so for Him my inner longings yearn.
Meanwhile I watch, with lamp all trim and burning,
Because I know, "Joy cometh in the morning!"

The night is dark; the waiting is so long,
But in the night, He giveth me a song,
So I'll tell the lost of His redeeming grace,
Then together we shall soon behold His face.

He said, "I'll come again." His words are true!
Is it at morn or noon that He is due?
Am I all ready, my garments sparkling white?
When I shall see Him-It will be pure delight!

I long for home and how I long for Him.
So many tears I've cried, my eyes are dim.
The pain and struggles they are too hard too bear,
Joy is over yonder; I've no need to fear.

Hush, I hear Him calling so tenderly.
It's He, and He is calling for me.
I know in His presence there's fullness of joy,
Rapture, pure rapture, and bliss without alloy.

See those hands that were nailed and pierced for me,
Ev'n as He hung there on that cruel tree,
His face so pure, O blessed face so sweet,
I must fall adoring, prostrate at His feet.



Heritage Series No. 2

AS GOLD

Poems

by

Gladys Hall

“...for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. ³⁵A good man out of the good treasure of the heart bringeth forth good things: ...
Matt. 12:34-35

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