



ISSACHARIAN DAUGHTERS

4 Tawa Street
Palmerston North
New Zealand 4414

Phone: 011 64 6 357 4399
Fax: 011 64 6 3574389
Email: genevieve@hef.org.nz

Monday, 25 December 2006

Dear Girls,

PURITAN POETRY IN HONOUR OF THE SAVIOUR

Katie Valenti from Louisiana in the USA sent this piece of puritan poetry to me. I thought it was a fitting piece to send out on Christmas day.

Thy Maker is Thy Husband *by Ralph Erskine*

Of light and life, of grace and gloire, In Christ thou art partaker,
Rejoice in Him forevermore, Thy Husband is thy Maker.

He made thee, yea, made thee His bride, Nor heeds thine ugly patch;
To what He made He'll still abide, Thy Husband made the match.

He made all, yea, He made all thine, All to thee shall be given.
Who can thy kingdom undermine? Thy Husband made the heaven.

What earthly thing can thee annoy? He made the earth to be;
The waters cannot thee destroy, Thy Husband made the sea.

Don't fear the flaming element Thee hurt with burning ire,
Or that the scorching heart torment; Thy Husband made the fire.

Infectious streams shall ne'er destroy, While He is pleased to spare;
Thou shalt thy vital breath enjoy, Thy Husband made the air.

The sun that guides the golden day, The moon that rules the night,
The starry frame, the Milky Way, Thy Husband made for light.

The bird that wings its airy path, The fish that cuts the flood,
The creeping crowd that swarms beneath, Thy Husband made for good.

The grazing herd, the beasts of prey, The creatures great and small,
For thy behoof their tribute pay; Thy Husband made them all.

Thine's Paul, Apollos, life and death, Things present, things to be;
And everything that being hath, Thy Husband made for thee.

In Tophet, where the damned resort, Thy soul shall never dwell,
Nor needs from thence imagine hurt; Thy Husband formed hell.

Satan with instruments of his, May rage, yet dread no evil;
So far as he a creature is, Thy Husband made the devil.

His black temptations may afflict, His fiery darts annoy;
But all his works, and hellish tricks, Thy Husband will destroy.

Let armies strong of earthly gods, Combine with hellish ghosts,
They live or languish, at His nods; Thy Husband's Lord of hosts.

What can thee hurt? Whom dost thou fear? All things are at His call.
Thy Maker is thy Husband dear, Thy Husband all in all.

What dost thou seek? What dost thou want? He'll thy desires fulfill;
He gave Himself; what won't He grant? Thy Husband's at thy will.

The more thou dost of Him desire, The more He loves to give;
High let thy mounting aims aspire, Thy Husband gives thee leave.

The less thou seekest, the less thou dost His bounty set on high;
But highest seekers here do most Thy Husband glorify.

Wouldst thou have grace? Well, but 'tis meet, He should more glory gain.
Wouldst thou have Father, Son, and Spirit? Thy Husband say, "Amen."

He'll kindly act the liberal God, Devising liberal things;
With royal gifts His subjects load; Thy Husband's King of kings.

No earthly monarch has such store, As thou hast e'en in hand;
But, oh, how infinitely more Thy Husband gives on band.

Thou hast indeed the better part, The part will fail thee never.
Thy Husband's hand, thy Husband's heart, Thy Husband's all forever.

Merry Christmas! The next newsletter will see you in 2007!

For the Greater Glory of God through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ,

Genevieve Smith
Issacharian Daughter

Understanding the Times In Order To Know What To Do ~ 1 Chronicles 12v32