

Rise Up, My Love

Megan I. Neill, age 18

Rise up, My Love, and come away,
My Fair One, come with Me;
My love, My Dove, My Perfect One,
For I have chosen thee.

My arms will bear you upward,
My strength will make you strong;
My love for you is better,
And this shall be your song.

My love might take you to be threshed,
Beaten, wounded, bruised;
The chaff removed, the good grain left,
But whole, it can't be used.

My love might take you to be ground,
Though beautiful, you're whole;
My eyes behold the *broken* heart,
The humble, contrite soul.

My love might take you to be formed,
The Potter's wheel might be,
The way I choose to shape and mold
A vessel just for Me.

As clay is in the potter's hand,
The same are you to Me;
Cut, then kneaded, shaped, and formed,
Though now, you may not see.

But while you lay yourself away,
Have your will lost in Mine;
Then I can shape as I see fit,
A vessel fair and fine.

My love might take you to the fire,
Though hot the furnace be;
For only gold refined from dross
Is fit enough for Me.

And glorious jewels and choicest stones
Don't come without the heat;
Pain is before the victory,
As with the clay and wheat.

And if in love I see a cross
Of other sorts would be,
A better way to draw you up,
And bring you up to Me,

Then lay your will aside again,
Accept the cross I bring;
For though you may not understand,
Just closer to Me cling.

And as your will be more of Mine,
The pain will lesser be;
And as you walk this rugged trail,
I'll walk along with thee.

Then let your gaze be set on high,
Your pathway upward lead;
Your thoughts be that of Me alone,
And in My pastures feed.

For My love to you is boundless,
It passes measured line;
My Loved One, thou art pleasant,
My Treasure, thou art Mine.

Thou art all fair, My Loved One,
There is no spot in thee;
Arise, My Love, My Fair One,
And come away with Me.

*Megan Neill lives near Lancaster,
Pennsylvania, where she attends Living
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