He Stood in the Midst
Words: Anonymous, 1891.
Music: From Lortzing.

He stood in the midst of His chosen,
At Easter He stood at e'en;
The wounds that were made by the iron
In the hands and the feet were seen.
And he showed where the barbarous spearhead,
Transfixing His heart, had been.

He stood as the sun 'mid the planets,
Enriching their orbs with light;
He stood as a captain inspiring
His soldiers to brave the fight;
And He stood as a rose in a garden,
Its ornament and delight.

He stood to revive the drooping,
He stood to sustain the frail;
He stood to infuse fresh courage
In those that begin to fail;
As a guide and a help to the pilgrims
Who traverse this tearful vale.

In the midst of the Church He standeth,
A fountain whence virtue flows;
He lightens, He leads, He pastures,
His sheep by their name He knows;
And wherever His flock He leadeth,
Before them the Pastor goes.

In the midst of the fiercest battle
He standeth with succor near;
In the blackest and wildest tempest,
A beacon the tossed to cheer.
I walk through the valley of shadows;
I see Him, and I have no fear.