

## *God's Glory in the Joy of Men*

Bryan Elliff

*"I will," God said, "forge for Myself,  
Out of the vastness of My wealth,  
An immeasurable expanse  
With stars and planets in a dance  
Rejoined by all of heaven's host  
For joy that I would choose to boast  
The power of My potent hand.  
In this, I will have caused to stand  
The earth. Like some immense platform;  
A battle-ground for battle-storm  
Laid bare before heaven's wondering eye.  
That it might be the place where I  
Display My power and wrath—  
But also, there, My grace."*

*"And then, mid all bursting life  
That teems upon a land that's rife  
With verdant greens and growing things  
And crashing waves and flowing streams  
At my command, I will, from dust,  
Beget man. Who, though from the crust  
Of earth was wrought, will have, above  
All things that I create, My love.  
For this I will have fashioned men:  
That they be satisfied in Me, and then,  
In their great joy in My great fame,  
I will get glory for My Name."*

*"But though with mirth I will create  
This race in high and blessed estate,  
They will not long continue there.  
But will, in lust, attempt to wear  
The crown alone reserved for me,  
And will refuse to bow their knee.  
Thus, through their sin the world will fall—  
Plunged into death; a crimson ball  
That spins amid the vast expanse*

*And rives into the heavenly dance.  
In righteous wrath I'll turn My face  
From them. Who strive to, in My Place,  
Erect themselves as mighty God.  
Rightly shall they bear My rod!"*

*And then God said,  
"But even though they will rebel  
And justly be condemned to hell,  
I have counseled deep within My-  
Self, and purpose long what I  
Will do. In mercy, I shall save  
A remnant from the burning grave;  
Will capture for My Son a bride  
So that We may be glorified  
By all the joy that they receive  
At My hand. Indeed, to achieve  
This end I will create and then  
Redeem a people from the race of men."*

*And as He spoke, so is done.  
In mercy, Christ—the very Son  
Of God—from heaven's lofty seat, came  
And bore our guilt and took our blame.*

*Now, O Christ, fill our hearts with joy!  
Let us, with all the heaven, employ  
Our songs of exultation in  
Your triumph over death and sin.  
Oh let once-mournful hearts rejoice  
And grant our feeble spirits voice.  
For this You have redeemed our souls:  
That we be satisfied in You; and so,  
By our great joy in Your great fame,  
You will get glory for Your name.*

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