

The Dayspring of Salvation

by Joshua Nielsen

Praise be to Yeshua ben David whose star has risen upon mankind:
The dayspring whose light has been cast upon the vale of deathshade.
Seated Zebulun and Naphtali – beholding a great light – jubilantly cried,
Rising when the dawn of brilliance to industrious Capernaum was made.

He came a child – raised as a horn of salvation in the house of David.
By so ennobled an epithet he was known as the salvation of Yah.
At mercy's visitation, Israel's Redeemer their bondage for freedom traded;
His oil-smear'd head bespoke to Greeks the Christos – to Jews, Meshiach.

Because God's beloved creation hurled itself without hope beyond the pale,
In Satan's clutches by accusing adversary they found themselves ensnared.
Yet for oath's sake to Abraham the dayspring descended to lowest vale:
So appeared the kindness of God to ransom the flock for whom he cared.

Sheol's welcoming depths against covenanted people could have never prevailed,
Since vanquished is death for those who in the promised christchild do believe.
And by consequence of Yeshua's life, death, and resurrection it faintly quailed,
That now the believing he may into everlasting fellowship with himself receive.

Blessed be Yeshua ben David! May forever his name be magnified:
His great deeds forever to be confessed upon the lips of the nations.
Even seated at the Father's right hand, by surrounding angels his fame is cried,
And 'Holiness unto Yahweh' shall be the heart-brand of his people brought salvation.

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