THINGS TO COME (1)

(♩ = ca. 108)

A D A

1. Oh what will be the day when won at last
2. Oh what will be the day when we shall stand
3. Oh what will be the day when with our prayer
4. Oh what will be the day when we shall see

E7 A

the last long wea - ry bat - tle, we shall come
ir - ra - di - ate with God's e - ter - nal light;
e - ter - nal sing - ing shall be wo - ven in –
the Love that o - pened Heaven to ran - somed men!

A7 D A

to those e - ter - nal gates the King hath passed,
first tread as sin - less saints the sin - less land,
deep sound of gol - den harps far echo - ing there
Love draws us and we fol - low – we are free –

E E7 A

re - turn - ing from our ex - ile to our Home;
no shade nor stain up - on our gar - ments white;
to praise the Lamb who took a - way our sin;
nought sev - ers us from our Be - lov - èd then:

A7 D A

when earth's last dust is washed from off our feet;
no fear, no shame up - on our fac - es then,
when far and wide the ra - diant streets re - sound
that veil of faith through which we looked of old

E7 A

the last sweat from our brows is wiped a - way;
no mark of sin – oh joy be - yond all thought!
with Hal - le - lu - jah songs the ran - somed sing,
has passed a - way as mist be - fore the sun;

C♯7 D A

the hopes that made our pil - grim jour - ney sweet
A son of God, a free - born cit - i - zen
and clouds of sweet - est in - cense rise a - round
Christ throned in glo - ry do our eyes be - hold,

Bm B7 E7 A

all met a - round us, re - al - ised that day!
of that bright cit - y where the curse is not!
the Throne where sits in light the Sav - iour King!
o'er worlds, through a - ges, reign - ing ev - er on.

Words: Carl Johann Philipp Spitta. Translation: Frances Bevan. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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THINGS TO COME (2)

(♩ = ca. 108)

A D A

5. Oh what will be the day when we shall hear
6. Oh what will be the day when hand in hand,
7. Oh what will be the day when ev - ery thought
8. Oh what will be that day? no eye can see,

E7 A

"Come, oh ye bless - ed!" when we take our place
saints wan - der through the pas - tures green and fair,
of that dark val - ley we have left be - low,
no ear can hear, no heart has yet con - ceived,

A7 D A

be - fore his throne in radi - ance sweet and clear,
the trees of life up - on the gol - den strand
and all re - mem - brance of the fight we fought,
what God shall give us, and what we shall be

E E7 A

be - hold his glo - rious, his be - lov - èd Face –
as fresh as on the third day morn are there;
our pil - grim journ - ey, long and sad, and slow,
when we in - her - it what we have be - lieved.

A7 D A

be - hold the Eyes whence bit - ter tears have flowed
there all is new, and nev - er shall be old,
shall on - ly make the Glo - ry bright - er far,
O Land of Prom - ise! rough may be the road,

E7 A

for all our grief, our hard - ness, and our sin –
for time is not, nor age, nor slow de - cay;
shall make the peace but deep - er, sweet - er yet?
and long the race may be – but sweet the end;

C♯7 D A

be - hold the wounds whence streamed the pre - cious Blood,
no dy - ing eyes, no hearts grown strange and cold,
O'er that dark sea was Christ our Guid - ing Star,
the dead with Christ, the ris - en sons of God,

Bm B7 E7 A

which ran - somed us, and washed us pure and clean!
all pain, all death, all sigh - ing fled a - way!
our love were faint - er love could we for - get.
with him we jour - ney, and with him as - cend.

Words: Carl Johann Philipp Spitta. Translation: Frances Bevan. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.

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