



- 2. 'Mid danger and fear, Lord,
   I'm oft weary here, Lord,
   the day must be near
   of thy coming again.
  'Tis all sunshine there, Lord,
   no sighing or care, Lord,
   but glory so fair
   at thy coming again.
- J. Whilst thou art away, Lord, I stumble and stray, Lord, oh! hasten the day of thy coming again.
  This is not my rest, Lord; a pilgrim confessed, Lord, I wait to be blessed at thy coming again.
- 4. Our loved ones before, Lord,
  their troubles are o'er, Lord,
  I'll meet them once more
  at thy coming again.
  The blood was the sign, Lord,
  that marked them as thine, Lord,
  and brightly they'll shine
  at thy coming again.
- 5. E'en now let my ways, Lord,
  be bright with thy praise, Lord,
  for brief are the days
  ere thy coming again.
  I'm waiting for thee, Lord,
  thy beauty to see, Lord,
  no triumph for me
  like thy coming again.

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