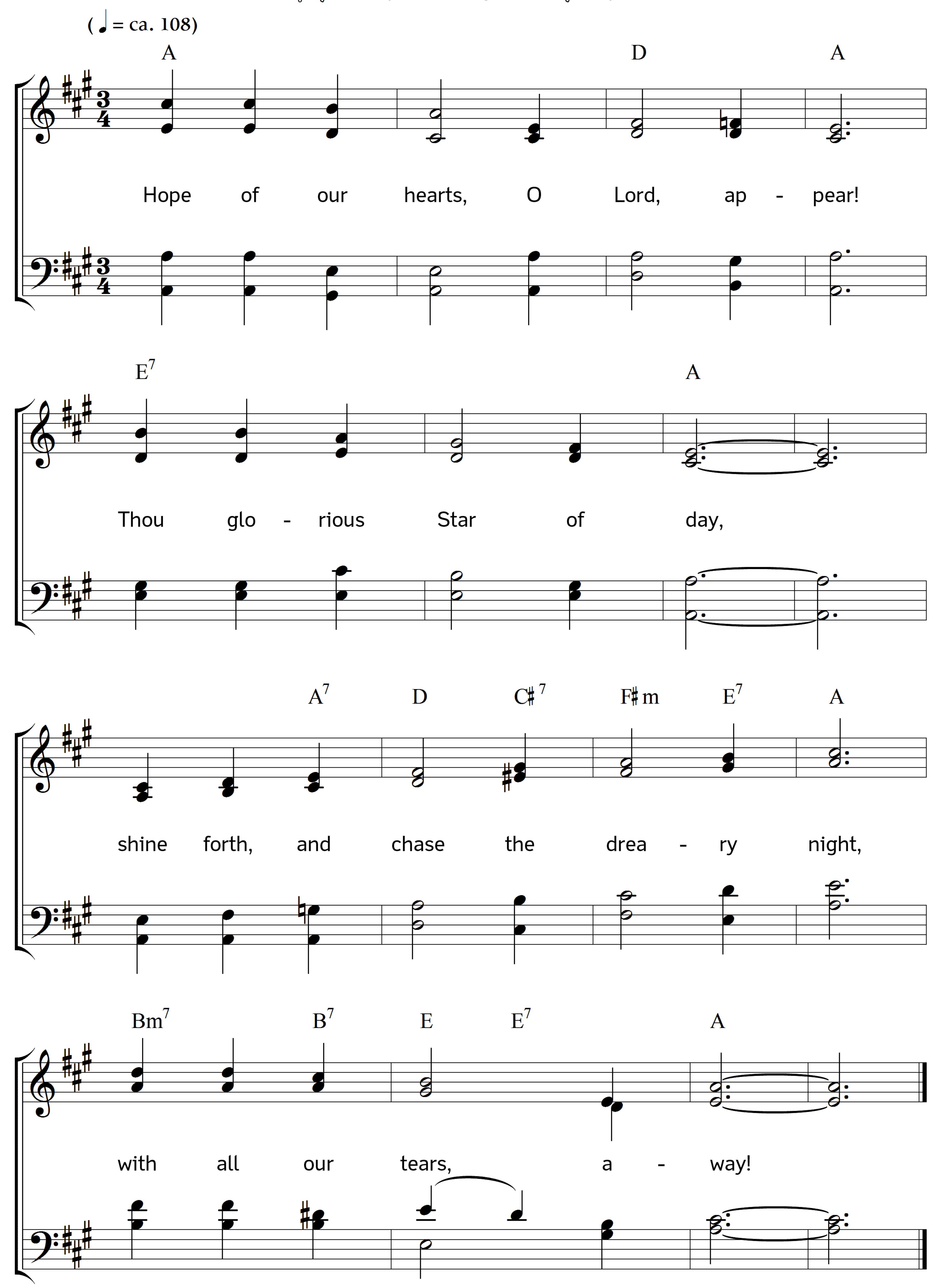
... WAITING FOR THE SON FROM HEAVEN



- 2. Strangers on earth, we wait for thee; O leave the Father's throne, come with a shout of victory, Lord, and claim us as thine own!
- 3. O bid the bright archangel, now,the trump of God prepare,to call thy saints the quick, the dead –to meet thee in the air.
- 4. No resting-place we seek on earth, no loveliness we see, our eye is on the royal crown, prepared for us and thee.
- 5. But, dearest Lord! however bright that crown of joy above, what is it to the brighter hope of dwelling in thy love?
- 6. What to the joy, the deeper joy, unmingled, pure, and free, of union with our living Head, of fellowship with thee?
- 7. This joy e'en now on earth is ours, but only, Lord, above, our hearts, without a pang, shall know the fulness of thy love.
- 8. There, near thy heart, upon the throne, thy ransomed Bride shall see what grace was in the bleeding Lamb, who died to make her free.

Words: Edward Denny. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
Copyright © 2013, 2017 Johannes Thomas Rüegg. Source: www.christmysong.com/109/