WATCHING FOR THE MORNING



2. Dark, dark world! I would not stay, amid thy painted scenes of splendour; I hasten toward the golden day, thy tinsel treasure I surrender. Dark, dark world!

3. Sweet, sweet dawn! So fair and near, before the eastern skies are glowing, I see the morning star appear, the mountain-tops like silver showing; sweet, sweet dawn!

4. Come, Lord, come! We wait for thee, we listen still for thy returning; thy loveliness we long to see, for thee the lamp of hope is burning. Come, Lord, come!

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