





2. For the coming of the Bridegroom, whom, though yet unseen, we love; for the King of saints, returning in his glory from above; for the shout that shakes the prison, for the trumpet loud and clear, for the voice of the archangel, she is waiting, waiting here! Morn of morns, it comes at last, all the gloom of ages past. For the day of days the brightest she is waiting, waiting here!

- 3. For the light beyond the darkness, when the reign of sin is done, when the storm has ceased its raging, and the haven has been won; for the joy beyond the sorrow, joy of the eternal year, for the resurrection splendour, she is waiting, waiting here! Morn of morns, it comes at last, all the gloom of ages past. For the day of days the brightest she is waiting, waiting here!
- 4. For the day of ended battle, for the victor's palm and crown, for the day of recognition, when the King shall claim his own; for the day when he who loved her shall in glory reappear, for the day of revelation, she is waiting, waiting here! Morn of morns, it comes at last, all the gloom of ages past. For the day of days the brightest she is waiting, waiting here!

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