

2. Caught up in the air, Lord, that glory we'll share, Lord; each saint will be there, at thy coming again. How glorious the grace, Lord, that gave such a place, Lord; it's nearing apace, at thy coming again.

3. We'll sit on thy throne, Lord, confessed as thine own, Lord, of all to be known at thy coming again; but glory on high,Lord, is not like being nigh, Lord when all is gone by, at thy coming again.

4. The traits of that face, Lord, once marred through thy grace, Lord, our joy'll be to trace at thy coming again; with thee evermore, Lord, our hearts will adore, Lord, our sorrow'll be o'er at thy coming again.

5. But, better than all, Lord, to rise at thy call, Lord, adoring to fall, at thy coming again; with thee, clothed in white, Lord, to walk in the light, Lord, where all will be bright at thy coming again.

6. For ever with thee, Lord, and like thee to be, Lord, for ever with thee, at thy coming again; I'll live in thy grace, Lord, I'll gaze on thy face, Lord, when finished my race, at thy coming again.

7. I'll talk of thy love, Lord, with thee there above, Lord, thy goodness still prove, at thy coming again. I'm waiting for thee, Lord, thyself then to see, Lord; I'm waiting for thee, at thy coming again.

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