THE BRIDE



- 'Midst the light, and peace, and glory of the Father's home,
 Christ for me is watching, waiting, waiting till I come.
- Jong the blessed Guide has led me by the desert road;now I see the golden towers,City of my God.
- 4. There, amidst the love and glory, he is waiting yet; on his hands a name is graven he can ne'er forget.
- 5. There, amidst the songs of heaven, sweeter to his ear is the footfall through the desert, ever drawing near.
- 6. There, made ready are the mansions, radiant, still, and fair; but the Bride the Father gave him yet is wanting there.
- 7. Who is this who comes to meet me on the desert way, as the Morning Star foretelling God's unclouded day?
- 8. He it is who came to win me on the Cross of shame; in his glory well I know him evermore the same.

- 9. Oh the blessed joy of meeting, all the desert past!Oh the wondrous words of greeting he shall speak at last!
- 10. He and I together entering those fair courts above he and I together sharing all the Father's love.
- 11. Where no shade nor stain can enter, nor the gold be dim, in that holiness unsullied,I shall walk with him.
- 12. Meet companion then for Jesus, from him, for him, made glory of God's grace for ever there in me displayed.
- 13. He who in his hour of sorrow bore the curse alone;I who through the lonely desert trod where he had gone;
- 14. He and I, in that bright glory, one deep joy shall share mine, to be for ever with him; his, that I am there.

Words: Frances Bevan. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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