



Til He Come

Til He come, how bright the promise,
Things of time and sense grow dim,
None can take the prospect from us,
Soon, how soon we'll be with Him.

What though darkness gathers round us
And great weakness holds us fast,
That same grace that sought and found us,
Will receive us home at last.

Til He come we'll sing the praises
Of the love that made us Thine,
And through everlasting ages
Never will that love decline.

So while sorrows here abide us
E'er the victors crown is won,
We will sing whate'er betide us,
It is only til He come.

Jean Jones