



www.scripturaltruths.org

Watch

Oh, the glory fast approaching of Ascension's happy morn,
When the watchful servants quickly to His bosom shall be borne;
When the dear ones left behind us shall for us oft seek in vain,
But our spirits shall have risen to the Lamb for sinners slain.

Caught up in the air to meet Him, Oh! the heights and depths of joy,
Lengths and breadths of love surpassing, purest bliss without alloy;
Now we see with darkened vision, then we'll see Him face to face,
And we will, through countless ages, sing the glories of His grace.

Two shall at the mill be grinding, one be taken, one be left,
Two shall in a bed be sleeping, one of these shall be bereft;
Oh, what wonder and amazement, shall the ones on earth possess,
They shall pass through tribulation, pain, and sorrow and distress.

We shall live with Him forever in the sunshine of His love,
We shall meet to part, no never, with the angelic host above;
There we'll hear our Father's welcome, as He calls us, one by one,
Saying to each one in person, "Faithful servant, 'tis well done."

Let us then our lamps keep burning, and our wedding garments on,
Ready to go forth to meet Him, when we hear Him say, "I come;"
There will be no time to slumber, lest He comes whilst we're asleep,
And the door be shut between us; let us then our vigil keep.

. . . Warren M. Smith