

"WILL YOU BE THERE?"

Beyond this life of hopes and fears,
 Beyond this world of griefs and tears,
 There is a region fair.
 It knows no change and no decay,
 No night, but one unending day.
 O say, will you be there?

Its glorious gates are closed to sin;
 Nought that defiles can enter in
 To mar its beauty rare.
 Upon that bright, eternal shore,
 Earth's bitter curse is known no more.
 O say, will you be there?"

No drooping form, no tearful eye,
 No hoary head, no weary sigh,
 No pain, no grief, no care;
 But joys which mortals may not know,
 Like a calm river, ever flow.
 O say, will you be there?

Our Saviour, once a mortal child,
 As mortal man, by man reviled,
 There many crowns doth wear;
 While thousand thousands swell the strain
 Of glory to the Lamb once slain!
 O say, will you be there?

Who shall be there? The lowly here
 All those who serve the Lord in fear,
 The world's proud mockery dare!
 Who by the Holy Spirit led,
 Rejoice the narrow path to tread;—
 These, these shall all be there!

Those who have learnt at Jesus' cross
 All earthly gain to count but loss,
 So that His love they share,
 Who gazing on the Crucified,
 By faith can say, "For me He died,"—
 These, these shall all be there!

Will you be there? You shall, you must,
 If, hating sin, in Christ you trust,
 Who did that place prepare.
 Still doth His voice sound sweetly, "Come!
 I am the way—I'll lead you home—
 With me you will be there!"

"With a childlike trust I give my hand
 To the mighty Friend at my side;
 And the only thing that to Him I say,
 As He takes it, is, 'Hold me fast;'
 Suffer me not to lose my way,
 And bring me home at last."