

OH ! LORD, OUR HEARTS ARE WAITING.

Oh ! Lord, our hearts are waiting,
 Th' archangel's heaven sent cry,
 Which wakes the saints now sleeping,
 And to Thee brings them nigh.
 When we, with them ascending,
 Shall meet Thee in the air,
 To gaze upon Thy glory,
 And all Thy likeness bear.

Oh ! hour, for which in patience,
 Thou'st waited through the night,
 Whilst we, Thy saints, were gather'd,
 And brought into the light ;
 Then, then, the Church completed,
 God makes no more delay.
 Oh ! Lord, with shouts of triumph,
 We pass into the day.

Oh ! hour of richest blessing —
 When brought to Thee so nigh,
 To be Thy joy for ever,
 We share Thy throne on high ;
 To rest in all that brightness,
 And ever there abide ;
 To find Thy heart delighting
 In us Thy ransom'd bride.

Oh ! blessed, coming Saviour,
 Speak then the joyous word,
 To which, our hearts responding,
 " For ever with the Lord."
 For ever with Thee, Saviour—
 For evermore shall be—
 In deepest, fullest blessing
 For ever *one* with Thee.