

LORD JESUS, COME.

Rough is the wilderness,
 Barren and drear ;
 Pleasure or happiness,
 Who would seek here ?
There, where the Saviour is,
 Is our blest home ;
 Longing, our spirits cry,
 " Lord Jesus, come !"

We, of the Spirit born,
 Seal'd as God's own,
 Passing the desert through,
 Cannot but groan,
 Jesus while waiting for,
 Far from our home,
 Can we forbear to say,
 " Lord Jesus, come !"

Soon shall we see Thy face,
 Know as we are known ;
 Glory shall crown Thy grace,
 There on Thy throne.
 We, then, encircling Thee,
 No more shall roam ;
 Till then our cry shall be,
 " Lord Jesus, come !"

" I JESUS . . . am the root and the offspring of David, and the bright and morning Star. And the Spirit and the bride say, Come . . . Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come Lord Jesus."—
 REV. xxii. 16, 17, 20.