

THE DAY OF THE LORD.

OH, The Lord will come ! Let His saints rejoice,
 For He cometh to take them home !
 As they sleep in the dust they shall hear His voice,
 When the promised hour has come.
 They shall rise from the dead, with a noiseless tread,
 As its accents reach their ear ;
 But the world around shall hear no sound,
 And see no cause of fear.

Oh ! to the soul that trusts His word,
 A glorious hope is The Coming Lord !

The Lord will come, as a thief in the night ;
 And His work shall be going on,
 And by those alone that watch for the light
 Shall His working thus be known.
 From the worldling's side shall the Christian bride
 Be noiselessly taken away ;
 And two at the mill, shall be grinding still,
 And but one shall see the day ;
 As Enoch was sought for, but was not found,
 So shall the righteous be :
 For them, on the earth or under the ground,
 No more shall the worldling see.
 From their place of rest, on the mountain's crest,
 Or scattered like dust on the sod ;
 With the living saints there, caught up in the air,
 To meet with their Saviour and God,
 Coming to fulfil His word ;
 Oh ! a glorious hope is The Coming Lord.

The Lord will come ! And there by His side,
 Shall His waiting people stand ;
 Sharing His state, as His chosen Bride,
 A bright and a happy band.
 He comes, with the angel's terrible voice,
 With a shout, and the trump of God ;
 And the heavens are bent, in His swift descent,
 To the earth which His feet had trod.
 Oh ! woe to His foes, on that day of His wrath,
 And woe to the Man of Sin !
 For judgment shall swiftly, sweep down on His path,
 And The Day of The Lord begin !
 And through the long sweep of its thousand years,
 Shall His glorious reign extend ;
 And His Kingdom of Peace shall go on to increase,
 Till it's lost in the Age without End.
 Oh ! to the Soul that scorns His word,
 A fearful thought is The Coming Lord !