

## THE COMING OF THE LORD DRAWETH NIGH.

IT may be in the evening  
 When in the glowing west  
 The glorious sun is sinking  
 So peacefully to rest ;  
 And while the evening shadows  
 Are gathering in the room,  
 Before the lamps are lighted,  
 The LORD HIMSELF may come.

It may be when at midnight  
 As on our couch we lie  
 We shall from sleep be wakened  
 To hear the midnight cry :  
 " Behold the BRIDEGROOM cometh !  
 Be ready at HIS word ;  
 With lamps all trimmed and burning,  
 Go forth to meet your Lord."

If we are always watching  
 Looking from earth away  
 And through the night watch longing  
 For the first glimpse of day :  
 If we are only ready  
 Our Blessed LORD to meet,  
 To welcome with rejoicing  
 The coming of HIS feet.

With joy we then shall enter  
 Those mansions bright and fair,  
 Where HE is now preparing  
 A home for us up there ;  
 There we shall dwell for ever  
 In HIS own home above,  
 Feeding upon HIS fullness,  
 Drinking deep draughts of love.

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