

And I shall join the white-robed throng  
That cast their crowns before the throne,  
Ours, ours, the never-ending song,  
The grace, the glory, all thine own.

O haste away, ye lingering days,  
And bring the morning from above,  
When we at last shall see His face  
Whose love, unseen, has won our love.

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IV.

*"But ye know Him ; for He dwelleth with you and  
shall be in you."*

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O HAPPY day of grace and love !  
That saw Thee, Holy Spirit, come,  
A willing exile from above,  
To make the church Thy temple home.

The breath of God in tongues of flame,  
They saw Thee resting on each brow ;  
The breath of God in fire, the same,  
Within the heart we know Thee now.

For through the ages ceaselessly  
The church Thy desert home has been,  
As with the tribes that crossed the sea  
The glory-cloud of old was seen.