

Some day the silver cord will break,
And I no more, as now, shall sing;
But O the joy when I shall wake
Within the palace of the King!

And I shall see Him face to face,
And tell the story, saved by grace,
And I shall see Him face to face,
And tell the story, saved by grace.

Some day my earthly house will fall
I cannot tell how soon 'twill be;
But this I know, my All in All
Has now a place in heaven for me.

Some day when fades the golden sun
Beneath the rosy-tinted west,
My blessed Lord shall say "Well done!"
And I shall enter into rest.

Some day: till then I'll watch and wait,
My lamp all trimmed and burning bright,
That when my Saviour ope's the gate,
My soul to Him may take its flight.

Words by Fanny J. Crosby.

● King, Rt. Hon. William Lyon Mackenzie (MG
26 J 7 volume 18) Miss Isabel King - re:
● Death of Isabel King - Other
● correspondence 1915-1930

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