Till He come

Dmitri S. Bortniansky, 1752-1825

Wells 77.77.77







"Till He come," O let the words Linger on the trembling chords, Let the "little while" between In their golden light be seen; Let us think how Heaven and home Lie beyond that, "Till He come."

When the weary ones we love Enter on their rest above, Seems the earth so poor and vast, All our life joy overcast? Hush, be every murmur dumb; It is only, "Till He come." Clouds and conflicts round us press; Would we have one sorrow less? All the sharpness of the cross, All that tells the world is lost, Death and darkness, and the tomb, Only whisper, "Till He come."

See, the feast of love is spread, Drink the wine, and break the bread; Sweet memorials, till the Lord Calls us round His heavenly board; Some from earth, from glory some Severed only, "Till He come."

Edward H. Bickerstet