





- 2. Oh, that before His pow'r divine
 The earth and skies were fleeing;
 And that we now His very sign
 Upon the clouds were seeing
 In all His godly majesty!
 Oh, how the trumpet's sound would be
 With His just will agreeing!
- 3. Lord Jesus, come, I wait for Thee With all, Thy name revering!
 O tarry not, but come to me—
 I joy in Thine appearing!
 I would rejoice if even now
 I heard Thee saying, "Come!" and Thou,
 To take me home, wert nearing.
- 4. "Amen, so come," Thy Bride, by grace,
 Doth call Thee, Lord, in greeting;
 Until she may behold Thy face
 And Thee, in heav'n, be meeting!
 "He comes!" the earth and heavens cry;
 "Amen! He comes!" rings her reply,
 A thousand times repeating!