

Waiting and Watching for Me
Words by F. J. Hartley, London, England.
Composed by Philip Paul Bliss
Arranged by D. Angelo.

1.
When my final farewell to the world I have said,
And gladly lie down to my rest;
When softly the watchers shall say, "He is dead,"
And fold my pale hands o'er my breast;
And when, with my glorified vision, at last
The walls of that "City" I see,
Will any one then, at the beautiful gate,
Be waiting and watching for me?
Will any one then, at the beautiful gate,
Be waiting and watching for me?

CHORUS [sung after each verse]
Be waiting (Be waiting) and watching (and watching),
Be watching and waiting for me?
Be waiting (Be waiting) and watching (and watching),
Be watching and waiting for me?

2.
There are little ones glancing about my path,
In want of a friend and a guide;
There are dear little eyes looking up into mine,
Whose tears might be easily dried.
But Jesus may beckon the children away,
In the midst of their grief and their glee,
Will any one then, at the beautiful gate,
Be waiting and watching for me?
Will any one then, at the beautiful gate,
Be waiting and watching for me?

3.
There are old and forsaken who linger awhile,
In homes which their dearest have left;
And a few gentle words or an action of love,
May cheer their sad spirits bereft.
But the Reaper is near to the long-standing corn,
The weary will soon be set free,
Will any one then, at the beautiful gate,
Be waiting and watching for me?
Will any one then, at the beautiful gate,
Be waiting and watching for me?

4.
Oh! should I be brought there by beautiful grace
Of Him who delights to forgive;
Though I bless not the weary about in my path,
Pray only for self while I live.
Methinks I should mourn o'er my sinful neglect
If sorrow in heaven can be,
Should no one I love at the beautiful gate,
Be waiting and watching for me!
Should no one I love at the beautiful gate,
Be waiting and watching for me!