

Ye Waiting Souls, Arise  
By Charles Wesley

Ye waiting souls, arise,  
With all the dead, awake!  
Unto salvation wise,  
Oil in your vessels take;  
Upstarting at the midnight cry,  
"Behold, the heavenly Bridegroom nigh!"

He comes, He comes to call  
The nations to His bar,  
And take to glory all  
Who meet for glory are;  
Made ready for your full reward,  
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

Go, meet Him in the sky,  
Your everlasting Friend;  
Your Head to glorify,  
With all His saints ascend;  
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace  
To see, without a veil, His face.

The everlasting doors  
Shall soon the saints receive,  
With seraphs, thrones, and powers,  
In glorious joy to live;  
Far from a world of grief and sin,  
With God eternally shut in.

Then let us wait to hear  
The trumpet's welcome sound;  
To see our Lord appear,  
May we be watching found;  
And when Thou dost the heavens bow,  
Be found as, Lord, Thou find'st us now.