

Lord, when thy Kingdom comes, remember me

"Lord, when thy kingdom comes, remember me;"  
thus spake the dying lips to dying ears:  
O faith, which in that darkest hour could see  
the promised glory of the far-off years!

No kingly sign declares that glory now,  
no ray of hope lights up that awful hour;  
a thorny crown surrounds the bleeding brow,  
the hands are stretched in weakness, not in power.

Hark! through the gloom the dying Savior saith,  
"Thou too shalt rest in paradise today;"  
O words of love to answer words of faith!  
O words of hope for those who live to pray!

Lord, when with dying lips my prayer is said,  
grant that in faith thy kingdom I may see;  
and, thinking on thy cross and bleeding head,  
may breathe my parting words, "Remember me."

Remember me, but not my shame or sin;  
thy cleansing blood hath washed them all away;  
thy precious death for me did pardon win;  
thy blood redeemed me in that awful day.

Remember me; and, ere I pass away,  
speak thou the assuring word that sets us free,  
and make thy promise to my heart, "Today  
thou too shalt rest in paradise with me."

Words: William Dalrymple Maclagan, 1875

Music: St. Agnes (Langran), Congleton

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