

'Mid the Splendors of the Glory

William Reed, 1863.

Arthur Mann, 1879.

'Mid the splendors of the glory,  
Which we hope ere long to share;  
Christ our head, and we His members,  
Shall appear divinely fair.  
Oh, how wondrous!  
When we meet Him in the air!

From the dateless, timeless periods,  
He has loved us without cause;  
And for all His blood-bought myriads,  
His is love that knows no pause.  
Matchless Lover!  
Changeless as the eternal laws!

Oh what gifts shall yet be granted,  
Palms, and crowns, and robes of white,  
When the hope for which we panted,  
Bursts upon our gladdened sight,  
And our Savior  
Makes us glorious through His might.

Bright the prospect soon that greets us  
Of that longed-for nuptial day,  
When our heavenly Bridegroom meets us  
On His kingly, conquering way;  
In the glory,  
Bride and Bridegroom reign for aye!