

His Coming Draweth Nigh  
Granville Jones, 1895.  
E. M. Douthit.

Weary hands will cease from labor,  
Folded, they at rest will lie,  
For we have a burden bearer,  
And His coming draweth nigh.

Refrain

Yes, the weary night is passing,  
Dawn is breaking in the sky;  
We shall hail the glad tomorrow,  
For His coming draweth nigh.

Sorrow will not last forever,  
Tears not always dim the eye;  
Jesus is our consolation,  
And His coming draweth nigh.

Refrain

Pain is not our lasting portion,  
Balm descendeth from on high,  
For we have a great Physician,  
And His coming draweth nigh.

Refrain

Death is not to be eternal,  
Tho' we all are doomed to die;  
Jesus is the resurrection,  
And His coming draweth nigh.

Refrain