

How Long, O Lord  
James Deck, 1838.  
Felix Mendelssohn(1809-1847)

How long, O Lord, our Savior,  
Wilt Thou remain away?  
Our hearts are growing weary  
At Thy so long delay.  
Oh, when shall come the moment,  
When, brighter than the morn,  
The sunshine of Thy glory  
Shall on Thy people dawn?  
The sunshine of Thy glory  
Shall on Thy people dawn?

How long, O heav'nly Bridegroom,  
How long wilt Thou delay?  
And yet how few are grieving,  
That Thou dost absent stay.  
Thy very bride her portion  
And calling hath forgot,  
And seeks for ease and glory  
Where Thou, her lord, art not;  
And seeks for ease and glory  
Where Thou, her lord, art not.

Oh, wake Thy slumbering virgins;  
Send forth the solemn cry,  
Let all Thy saints repeat it  
"The Bridegroom draweth nigh!"  
May all our lamps be burning,  
Our loins well girded be,  
Each longing heart preparing  
With joy Thy face to see;  
Each longing heart preparing  
With joy Thy face to see.