

How Sweet Are the Tidings

Anonymous.

John Thomas, 1858.

How sweet are the tidings that greet the pilgrim's ear,
As he wanders in exile from home!
Soon, soon will the Savior in glory appear,
And soon will the kingdom come.

Refrain

He's coming, coming, coming soon I know,
Coming back to this earth again;
And the weary pilgrims will to glory go,
When the Savior comes to reign.

The mossy old graves where the pilgrims sleep
Shall open as wide as before,
And the millions that sleep in the mighty deep
Shall live on this earth once more.

Refrain

There we'll meet ne'er to part in our happy Eden home,
Sweet songs of redemption we'll sing;
From the north, from the south, all the ransomed shall come,
And worship our heav'nly King.

Refrain

Hallelujah, Amen! hallelujah again!
Soon, if faithful, we all shall be there;
O, be watchful, be hopeful, be joyful till then,
And a crown of bright glory we'll wear.

Refrain