

The Coming of the Lord Draweth Nigh
Joseph Martin, 1893.
David Dortch.

Ye people of the Lord bowed with grief,
Who weep and mourn and long for relief
Lift up your heads; be glad; cease to sigh,
The coming of the Lord draweth nigh.

Refrain

Rejoice in hope, for the Lord will come;
Rejoice in hope, for the Lord will come;
Rejoice in hope, for the Lord will come,
And take you up to a blissful home.

In sorrow are you bearing the cross,
Afflicted, tried, as gold purged of dross;
With joy endure, your hope fix on high,
The coming of the Lord draweth nigh.

Refrain

When sins and fears and doubts vex thy soul,
When trials fierce like waves o'er thee roll,
Have faith, for all will end by and by,
The coming of the Lord draweth nigh.

Refrain

Press on, press on with zeal in the race;
Thy God will give thee strength, give thee grace;
Faint not, but hear a voice from the sky,
The coming of the Lord draweth nigh.

Refrain