

Waiting and Watching for Me

Marianne Hearn, 1862.

Philip Bliss.

When my final farewell to the world I have said,
[originally, When mysterious whispers are floating about]
And gladly lie down to my rest;
When softly the watchers shall say, "He is dead,"
And fold my pale hands o'er my breast;
And when, with my glorified vision at last
The walls of "That City" I see,
Will any one then at the beautiful gate,
Be waiting and watching for me?
Will any one then at the beautiful gate,
Be waiting and watching for me?

Refrain

Be waiting and watching,
Be waiting and watching for me?
Be waiting and watching,
Be waiting and watching for me?

There are little ones glancing about in my path,
In want of a friend and a guide;
There are dear little eyes looking up into mine,
Whose tears might be easily dried.
But Jesus may beckon the children away
In the midst of their grief and their glee?
Will any of them, at the beautiful gate,
Be waiting and watching for me?
Will any of them, at the beautiful gate,
Be waiting and watching for me?

Refrain

There are old and forsaken who linger awhile
In homes which their dearest have left;
And a few gentle words or an action of love
May cheer their sad spirits bereft.
But the Reaper is near to the long standing corn,
The weary will soon be set free?
Will any of them, at the beautiful gate,
Be waiting and watching for me?
Will any of them, at the beautiful gate,
Be waiting and watching for me?

Refrain

Oh, should I be brought there by the bountiful grace
Of Him who delights to forgive,
Though I bless not the weary about in my path,
Pray only for self while I live,
Methinks I should mourn o'er my sinful neglect,
If sorrow in Heaven can be,
Should no one I love, at the beautiful gate,
Be waiting and watching for me!
Should no one I love, at the beautiful gate,
Be waiting and watching for me!

Refrain