

Waiting for Me
Frank Hendricks, 1885.
John Sweney.

I came to the fountain that cleanseth from sin,
The life-giving fountain where millions have been;
I came in my weakness, o'erburdened with care,
To find my Redeemer and Savior was there.

Refrain

Waiting for me, waiting for me,
Jesus, my Savior, is waiting for me;
Still at the Fount, oft would I be,
Where Jesus, my Savior,
Is waiting for me.

He saw me approaching, and tenderly said
"To purchase thy ransom, My blood I have shed;
And if thou art willing just now to believe,
The light of My Spirit thy soul shall receive."

Refrain

I flew to His mercy, O joyful surprise!
For lo, my Redeemer had opened mine eyes;
I flew to the refuge no other could give,
And faithfully promised for Jesus to live.

Refrain

And now in His presence I walk with delight,
And feel His protection by day and by night;
I think of the fountain so precious and free,
Where Jesus, my Savior, was waiting for me.

Refrain