

Till He Come

Words: Edward Bickersteth, 1862

Music: Johann Rosenmuller (1615-1685).

"Till He come," O let the words
Linger on the trembling chords,
Let the "little while" between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how Heaven and home
Lie beyond that, "Till He come."

When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life joy overcast?
Hush, be every murmur dumb;
It is only, "Till He come."

Clouds and conflicts round us press;
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is lost,
Death and darkness, and the tomb,
Only whisper, "Till He come."

See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine, and break the bread;
Sweet memorials, till the Lord
Calls us round His heavenly board;
Some from earth, from glory some
Severed only, "Till He come."