

Through the Ages Saints Have Wondered

Words: Richard Adams, 2005

Music: Harry Mason, 1924.

Through the ages saints have wondered
When the promised day will be,
When in power and brightest glory
Our returning Lord we'll see;
Searching the Scripture for signs of the times:
Plague, earthquake, famine, false Christs and shrines;
War and commotion, and signs in the sky;
So lift up your heads, redemption then is nigh!

But the scoffers mock the promise,
Walking in their lust and pride,
Saying, Where, then, is your savior?
Nothing changes she has lied.
Prophecy fails not! He knew they would speak
Against His Word, deceiving the weak.
Yes, we know Jesus is faithful and true,
Preparing our mansion, making all things new.

At the time appointed, angels
Will the silver trumpet peal;
In the heavens shall the nations
See the Son of Man revealed.
Tombs, graves and oceans, relinquish their hold
Saints from the four winds, now crowned with gold;
Those making merry, now shaking with dread,
For He has returned to judge the quick and dead.

But we know not of the hour,
When His promise He will keep;
Therefore must we keep awatching,
Lest our Lord find us asleep.
For all will see Him, with scales and a sword,
Dispensing justice, sure as His Word;
Prepare to meet Him, with lamp in your hand,
The Bridegroom is coming rise and greet the Lamb!