

Mistful Are Our Waiting Eyes

Samuel Stone, 1866.

Richard Redhead, 1853.

Mistful are our waiting eyes,  
As of them who saw Him rise  
From that mountain to the skies.  
Then the holy angels near  
Gave them tidings of good cheer:  
"Jesus shall again appear."

And we wait an angel's cry,  
Piercing earthward from the sky:  
"Now, behold your Lord is nigh!"  
Yet, who shall abide that day,  
When the Judge with dread array  
Comes for universal sway?

Dreadly shall His summons sweep,  
Heard by those who wake or sleep,  
On the height or in the deep:  
Heard by Life 'mid all its bloom,  
Heard by Death in every tomb  
Terrible decree of doom.

For the gathered souls who stand,  
Waiting that supreme command,  
He shall part on either hand.  
To those souls of quick and dead,  
"Come," shall be the blessing said,  
"Go," shall be the cursing dread.

Lord, dwell in us now, we pray,  
That, in the dividing day,  
We be not the cast away!  
So shall we till Thou appear  
Blend, in longing eye and ear,  
Holy joy with holy fear!