

Nothing Know We of the Season
Thomas Kelly, 1809.
Darmstadt Gesangbuch, 1698.

Nothing know we of the season
When the world shall pass away;
But we know, the saints have reason
To expect a glorious day;
When the Savior shall return,
And His people cease to mourn.

While a careless world is sleeping,
Then it is the day will come;
Mirth will then be turned to weeping,
Sinners then must meet their doom;
But the people of the Lord
Shall obtain their bright reward.

O what sacred joys await them!
They shall see the Savior then;
Those who now oppose and hate them
Never can oppose again;
Brethren, let us think of this:
All is ours, if we are His.

Waiting for the Lord's returning,
Be it ours His word to keep;
Let our lamps be always burning;
Let us watch while others sleep;
We're no longer of the night;
We are children of the light.

Being of the favored number
Whom the Savior calls His own,
'Tis not meet that we should slumber,
Nothing should be left undone:
This should be His people's aim,
Still to glorify His name!