“Till He Come:” Oh, Let The Words

1. "Till He come:" Oh, let the words Linger on the trembling chords;
2. When the weary ones we love Enter on their rest above,
3. See, the feast of love is spread: Drink the wine, and break the bread

Let the little while between In their golden light be seen:
Seems the earth so poor and vast, All our life joy overcast?
Sweet memorials—till the Lord Call us round His heav’nly board—

Let us think how heav’n and home Lie beyond that—"Till He come."
Hush! be every murmur dumb: It is only—"Till He come."
Some from earth, from glory some, Seved on ly—"Till He come."

Words by E. H. Bickersteth
Music by J. B. Dykes

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