Till He Come

Words: Rev. Edward H. Bickersteth
Music: Dr. Lowell Mason, 1840

1. "Till He come!"—Oh, let the words linger on the trembling chords;
2. When the weary ones we love enter on that rest above,
3. Clouds and darkness round us press; Would we have one sorrow less?
4. See the feast of love is spread, Drink the wine and eat the bread;

Let the "little while" between In their golden light be seen;
When the words of love and cheer Fall no longer on our ear,
All the sharpness of the cross, All that tells the world is loss,
Sweet memoirs, 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!"
Death, and darkness, and the tomb, Pain us only "Till He come!"
Some from earth, from glory some, Severed only "Till He come!"

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