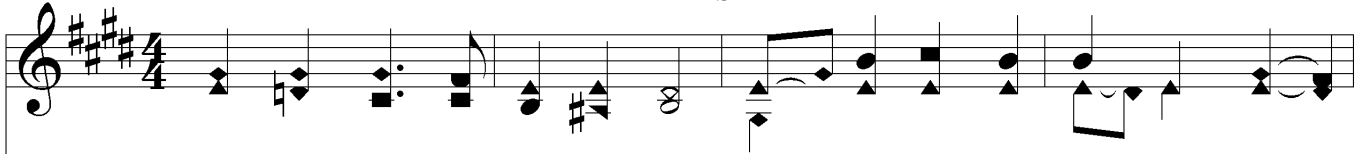
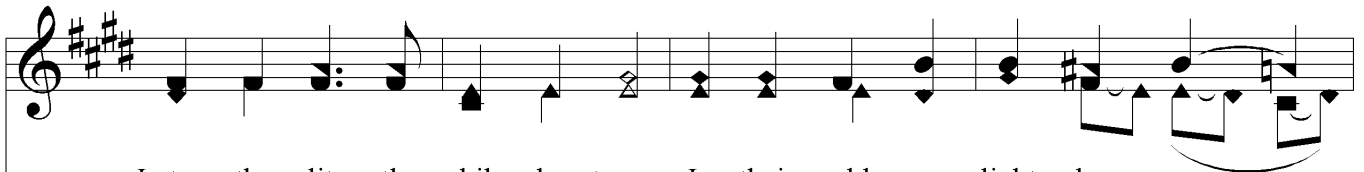


“Till He Come:” Oh, Let The Words

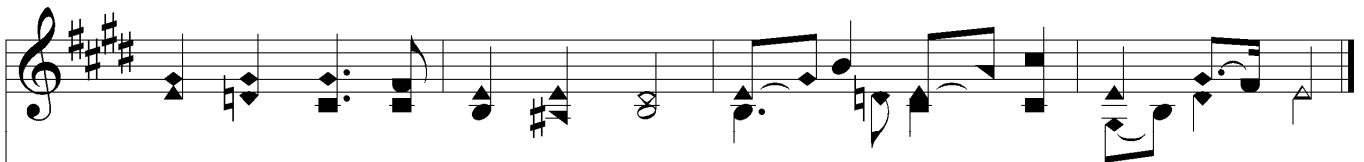
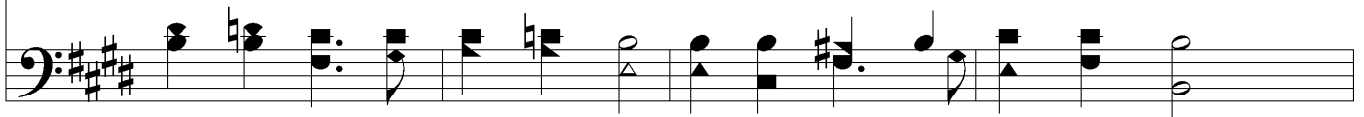
DYKES



1. "Till He come:" Oh, let the words Lin - ger on the trem - bling chords;
2. When the wea - ry ones we love En - ter on their rest a - bove,
3. See, the feast of love is spread: Drink the wine, and break the bread



Let the lit - tle while be - tween In their gold - en light be seen;
Seems the earth so poor and vast, All our life - joy o - ver - cast?
Sweet me - mo - rials - till the Lord Call us round His heav'n - ly board -



Let us think how heav'n and home Lie be - yond that - "Till He come."
Hush! be ev - 'ry mur - mur dumb: It is on - ly - "Till He come."
Some from earth, from glo - ry some, Sev - ered on - ly - "Till He come."

