Till He Come

1. "Till He come!"—Oh, let the words linger on the trembling chords;
   Let the "little while" between In their golden light be seen;
   Let us think, how heav'n and home Lie beyond that "Till He come!"

2. When the weary ones we love Enter on that rest above,
   When the words of love and cheer Fall no longer on our ear,
   Hush! be every murmur dumb, It is only "Till He come!"

3. Clouds and darkness round us press; Would we have one sorrow less?
   All the sharpness of the cross, All that tells the world is loss,
   Death, and darkness, and the tomb, Pain us only "Till He come!"

4. See the feast of love is spread, Drink the wine and eat the bread;
   Sweet memorials, till the Lord Call us round His heav'nly board,
   Some from earth, from glory some, Severed only "Till He come!"

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

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