

ARISE, despondent saints,
Your hymns of worship take,
And loud in praise of mighty love
Bid every note awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our home above
We every moment come.

3 His grace will, to the end,
Stronger and brighter shine;
Not present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench His light divine.

4 When we in darkness walk,
And lose the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our Lord,
And rest upon His name.

5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at His control;
His lovingkindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

6 Wait till the shadows flee;
Wait the appointed hour;
Wait till the guardian of your soul
Reveals His sovereign power.

7 The people of His choice
God will not cast away,
And they who wait upon the Lord
Shall their salvation see.