

I AM waiting for the dawning
Of the bright and blessed day,
When the darksome night of sorrow
Shall have vanished far away:
When, for ever with the Saviour,
Far beyond this vale of tears,
I shall swell the song of worship
Through the everlasting years.

2 I am looking at the brightness—
See, it shineth from afar—
Of the clear and joyous beaming
Of the bright and morning Star.
Through the dark grey mist of morning
Do I see its glorious light;
Then away with every shadow
Of this sad and weary night!

3 I am waiting for the coming
Of the Lord Who died for me;
O, His words have thrilled my spirit,
'I will come again for thee.'
I can almost hear the footfall
On the threshold of the door,
And my heart, my heart is longing
To be with Him evermore.

Samuel Trevor Francis, 1834-1925