

- O** FOR the robes of whiteness!
O for the tearless eyes!
O for the glorious brightness
Of the unclouded skies!
- 2 O for the end of weeping,
Within that land of love,
The endless joy of keeping
The bridal feast above!
- 3 O for the hour of seeing
My Saviour face to face!
The hope of ever being
In that sweet meeting-place!
- 4 Jesus! Thou King of Glory,
I soon shall dwell with Thee;
I soon shall sing the story
Of Thy great love to me.
- 5 Meanwhile, my thoughts shall enter
E'en now before Thy throne,
That all my love may centre
On Thee, and Thee alone.

Charitee Lees Bancroft, 1841-1923