
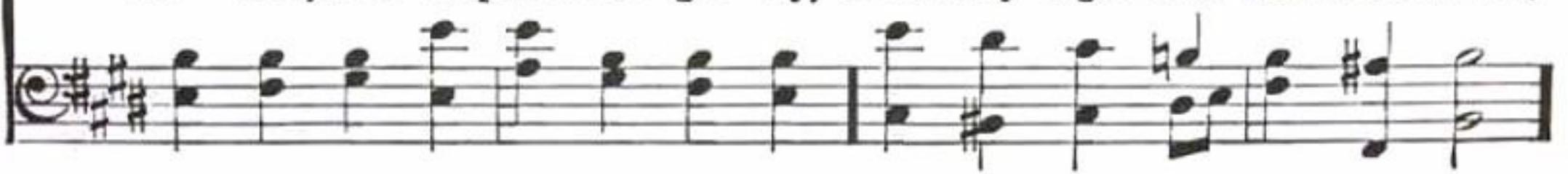




HIS SECOND COMING



Count-less an - gels, Him at - tend - ing, Swell the tri - umph of His train:
Those who set at nought and sold Him, Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,
All who hate Him, must, con-found-ed, Hear the sum-mons of that day—
Sav - iour, take the power and glo - ry, Make Thy right-eous sen-tence known;

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus comes, and comes to reign.
Deep - ly wail - ing, Deep - ly wail - ing, Shall the true Mes - si - ah see!
"Come to judg-ment! Come to judgment! Come to judg-ment! Come a - way!"
O come quick-ly, O come quick-ly, Claim the king-dom for Thine own!




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The Church Has Waited Long



Garden City. S.M.

HORATIUS BONAR (1808-1889)

HORATIO W. PARKER, 1890



1. The church has wait - ed long Her ab - sent Lord to see;
2. How long, O Lord our God, Ho - ly and true and good,
3. Saint aft - er saint on earth, Has lived and loved and died;
4. We laid them down to sleep, But not in hope for - lorn;
5. We long to hear Thy voice, To see Thee face to face,
6. Come, Lord, and wipe a - way The curse, the sin, the stain,

And still in lone - li - ness she waits, A friend - less stran-ger she.
Wilt Thou not judge Thy suffering church, Her sighs and tears and blood?
And as they left us, one by one, We laid them side by side.
We left them but to slum-ber there, Till the last glo - rious morn.
To share Thy crown and glo - ry then, As now we share Thy grace.
And make this blight-ed world of ours Thine own fair world a - gain.

