

A Glorious Morrow

When we smile up - on our sor - row, And the storms have passed a-way.

The Cloudless Day Is Nearing

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1. The cloud - less day is near - ing, When Thou, O Lord, wilt come,
 2. But how shall I then know Thee A - mid those hosts a - bove?
 3. Thy wounds, Thy wounds, Lord Je - sus, Those deep, deep wounds will tell
 4. O Je - sus! Lord most bless - ed, Thou Lamb of God di - vine,

Thy ra - diant beau - ty wear - ing, To take Thy peo - ple home!
 What to - kens true will show me The ob - ject of my love?
 The sac - ri - fice that frees us From self, and death, and hell!
 Thou stand - est forth con - fess - ed, I, won - d'ring, claim Thee mine.

Bright hosts on hosts a - round Thee Shall catch Thy liv - ing rays,
 Thy glo - ries, all ex - cel - ling, In pure ef - ful - gence shine;
 These link Thee once for - ev - er With all who own Thy grace;
 I wor - ship and a - dore Thee, Trans - port - ed with Thy love;

And all who once have found Thee Breathe out new songs of praise.
 But glo - ry in Thee dwell - ing Will ne'er pro - claim Thee mine.
 No hand these bonds can sev - er, No hand these scars ef - face.
 Pros - trate my - self be - fore Thee, And dwell in light a - bove.