

(Diademata. S. M. with Refrain)

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1. The Lord Himself shall come And shout a quick-en-ing word:
 2. Then as we up-ward fly, The res-ur-rec-tion word
 3. There with un-wear-ied gaze Our eyes on Him we'll rest,
 4. "Know-ing as we are known," How shall we love that word;



Thou-sands shall an-swer from the tomb: "For-ev-er with the Lord."
 Shall be our shout of vic-to-ry, "For-ev-er with the Lord."
 And sat-is-fy with end-less praise A heart su-pre-me-ly blest.
 How oft re-peat be-fore the throne, "For-ev-er with the Lord."



REFRAIN



That res-ur-rec-tion word, That shout of vic-to-ry -



Once more: "Forev-er with the Lord." A-men, so let it be.

