

James Montgomery

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1. The Lord Himself shall come      And shout a quick-ening 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-pea-t 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.