

Frances Bevan

J. Revell



1. Midst the dark-ness, storm and sor - row One bright gleam I see;
2. There, a-midst the songs of heav-en, Sweet - er to His ear,
3. He and I to - geth - er en - t'ring Those bright courts a - bove;
4. Meet com-pan - ion then for Je - sus, From Him, for Him made;



Well I know, the bless - ed mor - row, Christ will come for me.  
 Is the foot - fall thro' the des - ert, Ev - er draw - ing near.  
 He and I to - geth - er shar - ing All the Fa - ther's love.  
 Glo - ry of God's grace for - ev - er There in me dis - played.



Midst the light, and peace, and glo - ry Of the Fa - ther's home,  
 There made read - y are the mansions, Glo - rious, bright and fair;  
 Where no shade or stain can en - ter, Nor the gold be dim;  
 He and I in that bright glo - ry One deep joy shall share:



Christ for me is watch - ing, wait - ing— Wait - ing till I come.  
 But the bride the Fa - ther gave Him Still is want - ing there.  
 In that ho - li - ness un - sul - lied, I shall walk with Him.  
 Mine, to be for - ev - er with Him; His, that I am there.

