

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.

