



1. Oh! for the role of white-ness, To walk with Christ in light!  
 2. 'Tis sweet, the thought of ris - ing The ris - en Lord to meet;  
 3. Je - sus, Thou King of glo - ry, We soon shall dwell with Thee,  
 4. At God's right hand in glo - ry Thou sitt'st, Thy work com - plete,



Oh! for the glo - rious bright - ness Of day with-out a night!  
 Or changed, our-selves sur - pris - ing, Like Him for whom we wait.  
 And sing Thy love's bright sto - ry, When we Thy glo - ry see.  
 Till per - fect - ed the sto - ry That gives us, too, our seat.



We would a name of fa - vor, Graved on the stone of white;  
 What joy supreme in see - ing The Sav-iour face to face-  
 E'en now our souls would en - ter The ho - li - est on high,  
 Then o'er the wide cre - a - tion Thy pow'r will stretch its arm;



We'd taste that man-na's fla - vor, Re - served for heav'n's de - light.  
 The peace-ful joy of be - ing For - ev - er in that place!  
 That all our love might cen - ter On Thee who cam'st to die.  
 Se - cure from all temp - ta - tion, Free from all hu - man harm.

