(P. M.)

Miss C. A. Wellesley

Mrs. E. Milne



5 Longing for the bride, Lord Jesus, Of Thy heart;

To be with Thee in the glory,

Where Thou art.

Love so groundless,

Grace so boundless,

Grace so boundless

Wins my heart.

6 When Thy blood-bought church, Lord Jesus, Is complete;

When each soul is safely landed

At Thy feet:

What a story

In the glory,

In the glory
She'll repeat.

7 Oh, to praise Thee there, Lord Jesus, Evermore!

Oh, to grieve and wander from Thee

Nevermore!

Earth's sad story

Closed in glory,

Closed in glory

On yon shore.

8 Then Thy church will be, Lord Jesus, The display

Of God's richest grace and kindness In that day:

Marking pages,

Wondrous stages,

Wondrous stages,

O'er earth's way.