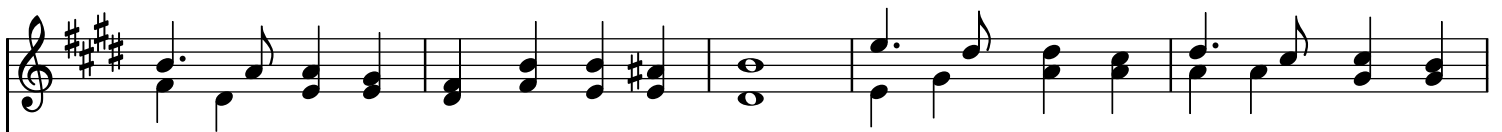


Frances Bevan

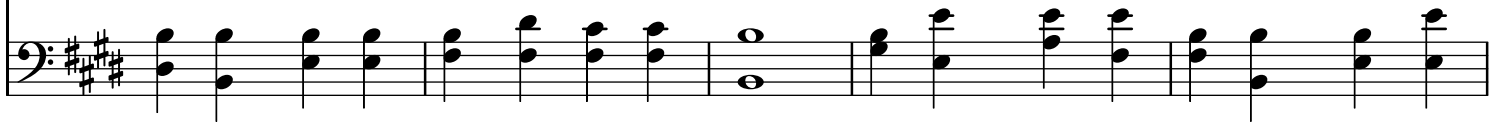
J. Revell



1. Midst the darkness, storm, and sor-row, One bright gleam I see; Well I know, the
 2. There, a-midst the songs of heaven, Sweet - er to His ear, Is the foot - fall
 3. He and I to - geth - er ent'ring Those bright courts a - bove; He and I to -
 4. Meet com-pan - ion then for Je-sus, From Him, for Him made; Glo - ry of God's



bless - ed mor-row, Christ will come for me. Midst the light, and peace, and glo - ry,
 thro' the des-ert, Ev - er drawing near. There made read - y are the mansions,
 geth - er shar-ing All the Father's love. Where no shade or stain can en - ter,
 grace for-ev - er There in me dis - played. He and I in that bright glo - ry



Of the Fa-ther's home; Christ for me is watching, wait-ing, Wait-ing till I come.
 Glorious, bright and fair; But the Bride the Fa-ther gave Him Still is want-ing there.
 Nor the gold be dim, In that ho - li-ness un - sul-ied, I shall walk with Him.
 One deep joy shall share: Mine, to be for - ev - er with Him; His, that I am there.

