

(Work. 7. 6. 7. 6. D.)

Miss C. L. Smith

L. Mason



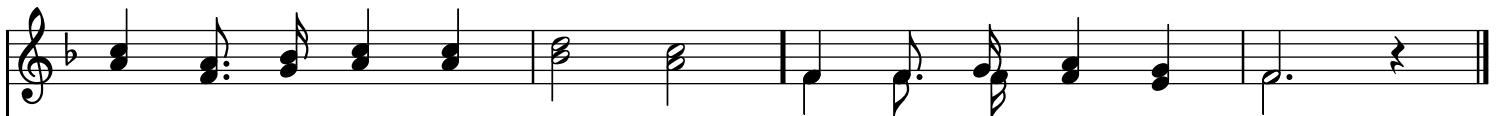
1. Oh, for the robe of white - ness, To walk with Christ in light!
 2. 'Tis sweet, the thought of ris - ing The ris - en Lord to meet;
 3. Je - sus, Thou King of glo - ry, We soon shall dwell with Thee,
 4. At God's right hand in glo - ry Thou sitt'st, Thy work com - plete,



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 heaven'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.

