

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.

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William Walker

1. A few more days on earth to spend, And all my toils and cares shall end, And I shall see my God and friend, And praise His name on high:

2. Then, O my soul, de-spond no more; The storm of life will soon be o'er, And I shall find the peace-ful shore Of ev-er-last-ing rest.

3. My soul an-ti-ci-pates the day, I'll joy-ful-ly the call o-bey, Which comes to sum-mon me a-way To seats pre-pared a-bove.

No more to sigh nor shed a tear, No more to suf-fer pain or fear; But God, and Christ, and heav'n ap-pear, Un-to the rap-tured eye.

O hap-py day! O joy-ful hour When, freed from earth my soul shall tow'r Be-yond the reach of Sa-tan's pow'r, To be for-ev-er blest.

There shall I see my Sav-ior's face, And dwell in His be-loved em-brace, And taste the full-ness of His grace, And sing re-deem-ing love.