Christ Returneth

1. It may be at morn, when the day is awaking, When sunlight thru darkness and shadow is breaking, That Jesus will may be, perchance, that the blackness of midnight Will burst into glo- ri-fied saints and the an-gels attend-ing, With grace on His sickness, no sadness, no dread and no crying, Caught up thru the

2. It may be at mid-day, it may be at twilight, It light in the blaze of His glory, When Jesus receives His own. That Jesus will may be, perchance, that the blackness of midnight Will burst into glo- ri-fied saints and the an-gels attend-ing, With grace on His sickness, no sadness, no dread and no crying, Caught up thru the

3. While His hosts cry, "Ho-san-na," from heaven descending, With come in the fulness of glory To receive from the world His own. brow, like a halo of glory, Will Jesus receive His own. clouds with our Lord into glory, When Jesus receives His own.


Words by H. L. Turner
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