He Is Near

1. I know not when the Lord will come, Or at what hour He may appear,
   Wheth-er at mid-night or at morn, Or at what sea-son of the year.

2. I know not what of time re-mains, To run its course in this low sphere,
   Or what a waits of calm or storm, Of joy or grief, of hope or fear.

3. I know not what is yet to run Of spring or sum-mer, green or sere,
   Of death or life, of pain or peace, Of shade or shine, of song or tear.

4. The cen-tu-ries have come and gone, Dark cen-tu-ries of ab-sence drear;
   I dare not chide the long de-lay, Nor ask when I His voice shall hear.

5. I do not think it can be long, 'Till in His glo-ry He appear;
   And yet I dare not name the day, Nor fix the sol-emn ad-vent year.

Chorus
I only know that He is near, And that His voice I soon shall hear;
I only know that He is near, And that His voice I soon shall hear.

Words: Horatius Bonar, D. D.
Music: George C. Stebbins

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