He Waits For Thee

Words: Mrs. A. L. Davison
Music: J. H. Filmore

1. Upon the great highways thou standest weary, standest weary,
   Thou criest evermore "Alone and dreary, lone and dreary,
   And wilt not understand that there so near thee, there so near thee,
   Thy Savior waits to love, and bless, and cheer thee, bless and cheer thee.

2. The hopes of earth-life often fade and fail thee, fade and fail thee,
   Thou hast no refuge when thy foes assault thee, foes assault thee,
   And when the night shall come, oh, who will guide thee, who will guide thee,
   If thou dost still refuse thy Friend beside thee, Friend beside thee.
He Waits For Thee

* He stands so near, and yet thy blind-ed vi-sion Is
turned a-way from hope and light-ly-sian, Thou
wilt not see, that 'tis for thee He car-eth, For
thee, for thee the heav-y cross He bear-eth.

* May be repeated to the end for chorus.