

Hope of our hearts! O Lord, appear.

1. Hope of our hearts! O Lord, appear,
Thou glorious Star of day!
Shine forth, and chase the dreary night,
With all our tears, away.

2. Strangers on earth, we wait for Thee:
O leave the Father's throne;
Come, with a shout of vict'ry, Lord,
And claim us as Thine own.

3. O bid the bright archangel, then,
The trump of God prepare,
To call Thy saints—the quick—the dead—
To meet Thee in the air.

4. No resting place we seek on earth,
No loveliness we see;
Our eye is on the royal crown
Prepar'd for us and Thee.

5. But O the thought of sharing, Lord,
Thy glorious throne above,
What is it to the brighter hope
Of dwelling in Thy love?

6. What to the joy—the deeper joy,
Unmingled, pure, and free,
Of union with our living Head,—
Of fellowship with Thee?

7. This joy e'en now on earth is ours;
But only, Lord, above,¹⁴ 3
Thy saints, without a pang, shall know
The fulness of Thy love.

8. There, near Thy heart, upon the throne,
Thy ransom'd Bride shall see
What grace was in the bleeding Lamb,
Who died to make her free.