

From far we see the glorious day.

1. From far we see the glorious day,
When He Who bore our sins away,
Will all His majesty display.
2. "A Man of Sorrows" once He was,
No friend was found to plead His cause,
For all preferr'd the world's applause.
3. He groan'd beneath sin's awful load,
For in the sinner's place He stood,
And died to bring us back to God.
4. But now He sits with glory crown'd,
While angel hosts the throne surround,
And still His lofty praises sound.
5. To few on earth His name is dear;
And they who in His cause appear,
The world's reproach and scorn must bear.
6. Yet soon there is a day to come,
When He will seal the scorner's doom,
And take His mourning people home.
7. Jesus, Thy name is all our boast;
And though by waves of trouble tost,
Thou wilt not let Thine own be lost.
8. Come then, come quickly from above,
Our souls impatient long to prove
The depths of Thine eternal love.