When He shall come, resplendent







When He shall come resplendent in His Glory, To take His own from out this vale of night, O may I know the joy at His appearing, Only at morn to walk with Him in white.

When I shall stand within the court of Heaven Where white robed pilgrims pass before my sight, Earth's martyred saints and bloodwashed overcomers These then are they who walk with Him in white.

When He shall call from earth's remotest corners All who have stood triumphant in His might, O to be worthy then to stand beside them And in that morn to walk with Him in white.

Almeda J. Pearce

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