

# The Church has waited long

Hope of Glory — Longing and Praying

961

1. The Church has wait - ed long, Her ab - sent Lord to  
 see, And still in lone - li - ness she waits, A friend - less strang - er  
**Chorus**  
 she. (C) Age aft - er age has gone, Sun aft - er sun has  
 set, And still in weeds of wi - dow-hood, She weeps a mourn - er yet.

2. Saint after saint on earth  
 Has lived, and loved, and died;  
 And as they left us one by one,  
 We laid them side by side;  
 We laid them down to sleep,  
 But not in hope forlorn;  
 We laid them but to ripen there,  
 Till the last glorious morn.

3. The serpent's brood increase,  
 The powers of hell grow bold,  
 The conflict thickens, faith is low,  
 And love is waxing cold.  
 How long, O Lord our God,  
 Holy, and true, and good,  
 Wilt Thou not judge Thy suffering Church,  
 Her sighs, and tears, and blood?

4. We long to hear Thy voice,  
 To see Thee face to face,  
 To share Thy crown and glory then,  
 As now we share Thy grace.  
 Should not the loving bride  
 Her absent bridegroom mourn?  
 Should she not wear the signs of grief  
 Until her Lord return?

5. The whole creation groans,  
 And waits to hear that voice  
 That shall her beauteousness restore,  
 And make her wastes rejoice.  
 Come, Lord, and wipe away  
 The curse, the sin, the stain,  
 And make this blighted world of ours  
 Thine own fair world again.