

The darkest hour o'ertakes the many sleeping

Hope of Glory — Longing and Praying

1. The dark-est hour o'ertakes the man - y sleep - ing, Those drunk-en with the stu-por of this
 age; A-wake! A - rise! And let Christ shine up - on you! Love His ap - pear - ing, seek-ing His dear
 face! We've been be-trothed to Christ, our Lord, our Bridegroom, So let's take sides with Him and run the
 race! May we be those who hasten His re - turning, And welcome Him, draw nigh, with bri dal love embrace!

2. While we're on earth, a sojourner and widow,
 Our Husband gone and still so far from view,
 The nuanced things that struck a spark of gladness,
 Have lost their taste and are no longer "new,"
 Because we long for Zion with foundations,
 And seek a better country as our own.
 Let's not lose heart! Beseech Him with persistence
 Till He and we are joined, the corp'rate smiting stone.

3. Recall Lot's wife, turned to a shameful pillar,
 Fit neither for the land nor rubbish hill;
 Who turned her gaze back to the cursèd city—
 Where glimm'ring things her heart did beckon still.
 Two in the field—may I be that one taken,
 My heart not stuck, while grinding at the mill,
 Not tarrying, descending from the housetop,
 Ne'er looking back while plowing, faithful in the field.

4. As we await Thy coming with long-suffring,
 God as a Farmer, eagerly waits too,
 That we Thy children, grow unto Thy fullness
 Thine early harvest, rapture-ready fruits.
 May we in all things see Thy kind arrangement,
 To strip, consume us, all Thyself infuse.
 Oh, let us seize each precious golden moment
 To let Christ grow in us by being the One we choose.

5. What is our attitude in all our living?
 Our exercise to touch the Lord each day?
 The foolish virgins fail to fill their vessels,
 The evil, slothful slave says, "He delays!"
 Heed the prophetic word—be faithful, prudent—
 As to a lamp that shines in a dark place;
 O Morning Star, our blessèd hope, we hail Thee;
 Rise in our hearts until we see Thee face to face!

6. Come, my belov'd, let's go into the vineyards,
 See if the pomegranates are in bloom;
 While in the church, while shepherding and loving,
 Our life and service hastens our Bridegroom.
 Make haste, Belovèd, on the mount of spices!
 Come quickly, Lord! How long will we delay?
 As we express our joint desire and longing,
 We foretaste Thy dear presence here in us today.