

Loving Christ for the Kingdom Reward

The Kingdom — As an Exercise and a Reward

(Guitar)

1. Called are man - y, few are cho - sen, For the fi - nal feast of love;
As wise vir - gins they will en - ter, Ves - sels filled with their Be - loved.
Wed - ding gar - ments we're pre - par - ing; Nee - dle - work each thread we sew,
Righ - teous - ness our king - ly liv - ing, Love to Christ our Head bes - towed.

2. Jesus rests with His dear loved ones;
Mary's ointment fills the air.
On Christ's head the flask is emptied,
Fragrance of a life not spared.
Though some mocked her sweet burnt offering,
Asking sharply, "Why this waste?"
We'd like Mary hold back nothing;
Toward the Kingdom let us race.

3. Praise our Christ whose steps we follow,
To Mt. Zion's peak ascend.
Saints in sweet coordination
On our Lord of Hosts depend.
Christ is coming soon to conquer;
From the cloud He will descend.
Every day our heart must seek Him,
For this age one day will end.

4. Faithful servants walked before us,
Patterns in the price they paid;
Endless years of consecration,
Christ their Husband they obeyed.
Still their faithful labor guides us,
Each his soul not loved or spared,
May we earn our crown of glory
Joining them as Kingdom heirs.