Midst the darkness, storm, and sorrow
Hope of Glory — Face to Face with the Lord

1. Midst the darkness, storm, and sorrow, One bright gleam I see; Well I know the blessed morn I come. 'Midst the peace, the joy, the glory And the light, God's own, Christ for me is watching, waiting, Waiting 'til I come.

2. Long the blessed Guide has led me, By the desert road; Now I see the coming splendor, Splendor of my God. There amidst the love and glory He is waiting yet; On His hands a name is graven He can ne'er forget.

3. Who is this, who comes to meet me, On the desert way, As the Morning Star foretelling God's unclouded day? He it is who came to win me, On the cross of shame; In His glory well I know Him, Evermore the same.

4. O the blessed joy of meeting, All the desert past; O the wondrous words of greeting, He shall speak at last! He and I together ent'ring The fair realm above; He and I together sharing All the Father's love.

5. Where no shade nor stain can enter, Nor the gold be dim, In His holiness be unsullied, I shall walk with Him. Meet companion then for Jesus, From Him, for Him, made— Glory of God's grace forever There in me displayed.

6. He who in His hour of sorrow Bore the curse alone; I who through the lonely desert Trod where He had gone; He and I, in that bright glory, One deep joy shall share— Mine, to be forever with Him; His, that I am there.