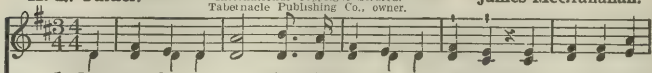


Christ Returneth.

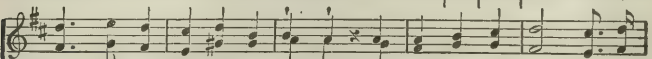
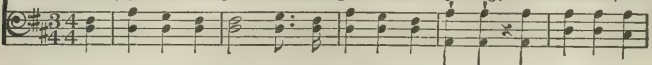
H. L. Turner.

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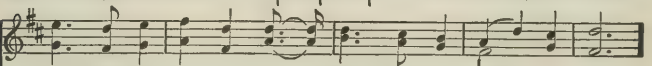
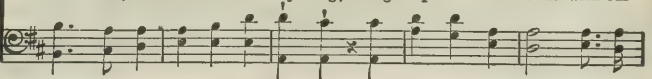
James McGranahan.



1. It may be at morn, when the day is a-wak-ing, When sunlight thro'
2. It may be at mid-day, it may be at twi-light, It may be, per-
3. While its hosts cry Hosanna, from heav-en de-scend-ing, With glo-ri-fied
4. Oh, joy! oh, de-light! should we go with-out dy-ing, No sick-ness, no



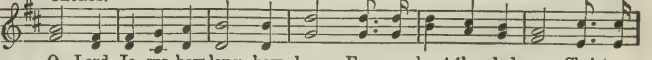
dark-ness and shad-ow is break-ing, That Je-sus will come in the
 chance, that the blackness of mid-night Will burst in-to light in the
 saints and the an-gels at-tend-ing, With grace on His brow, like a
 sad-ness, no dread and no cry-ing, Caught up thro' the clouds with our



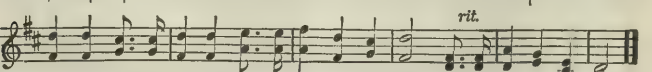
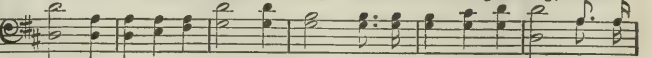
full-ness of glo-ry, To re-ceive from the world "His own,"
 blaze of His glo-ry, When Je-sus re-ceive "His own."
 ha-lo of glo-ry, Will Je-sus re-ceive "His own."
 Lord in-to glo-ry, When Je-sus re-ceive "His own."



CHORUS.



O Lord Je-sus, how long, how long Ere we shout the glad song, Christ re-



turn-eth! Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! A-men, Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men.

