

# Come Quickly, Lord Jesus

( 1 )

Come quickly, Lord Jesus,  
The heart of Your bride  
Re-echoes her yearning  
To be at Your side.  
We long, blessed Savior,  
to enter our rest,  
And pillow our heads on  
Your welcoming breast.  
Our sins, which were many,  
Are all washed away;  
Our souls, from their darkness,  
Are flooded with day;  
O, blessed Redeemer,  
The blood from Your side  
Has cleansed us and made us  
A part of your bride.

( 2 )

Come quickly, Lord Jesus,  
The world lies in sin;  
It strives to ensnare us  
In evil again.  
It scoffs at Your promise,  
It mocks at our God;  
We're pilgrims and strangers  
On enemy sod.  
The tears of the righteous  
Like raindrops abound.  
The blood of the martyrs  
Cries out from the ground.  
How long, blessed Savior,  
Lord Jesus, how long,  
We'll join in the chorus of  
Heaven's new song?

( 3 )

Come quickly, Lord Jesus,  
Grant us to endure;  
The hope of Your coming  
To keep our hearts pure.  
Our eyes fixed upon You,  
Who suffered such loss,  
We're privileged to share the  
Reproach of Your cross.  
Our service is nothing  
Compared to Your love.  
The glories that follow  
Await us above.  
And should any trophies  
Be ours when we meet,  
We'd joyfully lay them  
At Your blessed feet.

( 4 )

Come quickly, Lord Jesus,  
And be our reward.  
We long for the shout of  
Our Savior and Lord.  
The voice of the Bridegroom  
Will be to the bride  
A full compensation  
For all else beside.  
The bride in her glory  
Will see You at last  
Without spots or wrinkles  
Reflecting her past.  
O, blessed Redeemer,  
The Spirit says, "Come!"  
The bride in her rapture  
Re-echoes, "Amen!"

*(May be sung to the tune of, Flow Gently, Sweet Afton.)*

*Bud Morris, 1990/91*