
HE IS NEAR



*I know not when the Lord will come,
Or at what hour He may appear,
Whether at midnight or at morn,
Or at what season of the year.*

*I know not what of time remains,
To run its course in this low sphere,
Or what awaits of calm or storm,
Of joy or grief, of hope or fear.*

*I know not what is yet to run
Of spring or summer, green or sere,
Of death or life, of pain or peace,
Of shade or shine, of song or tear.*

*The centuries have come and gone,
Dark centuries of absence drear;
I dare not chide the long delay,
Nor ask when I His voice shall hear.*

*I do not think it can be long,
'Till in His glory He appear;
And yet I dare not name the day,
Nor fix the solemn advent year.*

*I only know that He is near,
And that His voice I soon shall hear;
I only know that He is near,
And that His voice I soon shall hear.*

-- Horatius Bonar