

1. The church has wait-ed long Her ab-sent Lord to see;  
 2. How long, O Lord our God, Ho-ly and true and good,  
 3. We long to hear Thy voice, To see Thee face to face,  
 4. Come, Lord, and wipe a-way The curse, the sin, the stain,

6

And still in lone-li-ness she waits, A friend-less strang-er she.  
 Wilt Thou not judge Thy suffer-ing church, Her sighs and tears and blood?  
 To share Thy crown and glo-ry then, As now we share Thy grace.  
 And make this blight-ed world of ours' Thine own fair world a-gain.