

# Christian's Hope

1. A few more days on earth to spend,      And all my toils and cares shall  
 2. Then, O my soul, de - spond no more;      The storm of life will soon be  
 3. My soul an - tic - i - pates the day,      I'll joy - ful - ly the call o -  
 4. Tho' dire af - flic - tions press me sore,      And death's dark bil - lows roll be -

end,      And I shall see my God and Friend,      And praise His name on  
 o'er,      And I shall find the peace - ful shore      Of ev - er - last - ing  
 bey,      Which comes to sum - mon me a - way      To seats pre - pared a -  
 fore,      Yet still by faith I see the shore,      Be - yond the roll - ing

high: No more to sigh nor shed a tear,      No more to suf - fer pain or  
 rest. Oh hap - py day! Oh joy - ful hour!      When, freed from earth, my soul shall  
 bove. There shall I see my Sav - ior's face,      And dwell in His be - lov'd em -  
 flood, The banks of Ca - naan, sweet and fair,      Be - fore my rap - tured eyes ap -

fear;      But God and Christ and heav'n ap - pear      Un - to the rap - tured eye.  
 tow'r,      Be - yond the reach of Sa - tan's pow'r,      To be for - ev - er blest.  
 brace,      And taste the full - ness of His grace,      And sing re - deem - ing love.  
 pear;      It makes me think I'm al - most there      In yon - der bright a - bode.