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Waiting
Frances Mace, ca. 1854.
Ira Sankey, 1879.

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Till the night of death is faded
From the heart once full of day;
Till the stars of heav'n are breaking
Thro' the twilight soft and gray.

Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home;
For the summertime has faded
And the autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers! gather quickly,
All the ripe hours of my heart;
For the bloom of life has withered,
And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the pearly gate,
At whose portals long I've lingered
Weary, poor and desolate:
Even now I hear their footsteps,
And their voices far away;
If they call me, I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey.

Waiting for a brighter dwelling
Than I ever yet have seen,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
And the fields are ever green:
Waiting for my full redemption,
When my Savior shall restore,
All that sin has caused to wither;
Age and sorrow come no more.

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