

Savior, Long Thy Saints Have Waited

Fanny E. Guinness (ca. 1831-ca. 1898)

Henry Grattan Guinness (1835-1910)

♩=100

1. Sav - ior, long Thy saints have wait - ed— Cen - tu - ries have passed a - way
2. Lo! the fig tree buds and blos - soms; Lo! the sha - dows flee a - way;
3. Pre - cious, pre - cious part - ing prom - ise! Sweet - ly ling - er in our ears,

Since the prom - ise first was giv - en Of a glor - ious Ad - vent day.
Glad we lift our heads ex - pect - ant, Brief will now be Thy de - lay.
Bright - ly gleam a - mid our dark - ness, Gent - ly soothe a - way our fears;

Grey and old the world is grow - ing, Loud the scof - fer's boast is heard;
Thou to raise the dead art a - ble, O'er the grave Thou didst pre - vail;
Ev - er nerve us for the con - flict, Ev - er fill our souls with joy;

Refrain
But our hearts are peace - ful know - ing We may rest up - on Thy word.
Heav'n and earth may prove un - sta - ble, But Thy word can nev - er fail. "Sure - ly I come
Christ will come and will not tar - ry— No - thing can our hope de - stroy.

quick - ly! Sure - ly I come quick - ly! Sure - ly I come quick - ly! A - men, Lord Je - sus, come!"