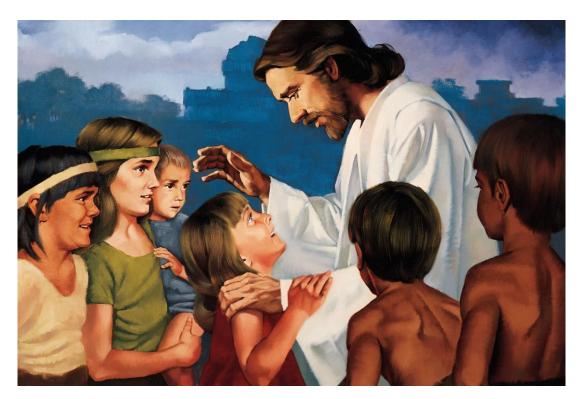


I wonder, when He comes again, will herald angels sing? Will earth be WHITE with

drifted snow or will the world know spring?

I wonder if one star will shine far brighter than the rest; will daylight stay the

whole night through? Will songbirds leave their nests?



I'm
Sure
He'll
Call

His little ones together 'round his knee, because He said in days gone by, "Suffer them to come to me."

I wonder, when He comes again, will I be ready there to look



upon His loving face and join with Him in prayer?

Each day I'll try to do His will and let my light so shine –



that others seeing me may seek for greater light divine.

Then, when that blessed day is here, He'll love me and



He'll say
"You've
served
me well,

my little child; come unto my arms to stay."